The Mystery of

Belicena Villca

NIMROD DE ROSARIO

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INTRODUCTION

The Fundamentals of Hyperborean Wisdom

I – Greetings to the readers of the Fundamentals of Hyperborean Wisdom.

In the name of the Tyrodal Knights, the author offers you a comrade salute, a signal of honor, to those who have been Chosen to receive the Fundamentals of Hyperborean Wisdom. If you have this book on your hands and have received it from ours, I had nothing else than say welcome and wish you luck in the first test: its lecture and comprehension. The success of this test will depend on the following steps: The Hyperborean Initiation, the not temporal nor spatial transit but strategic to the selbst, towards the terrestrial Hyperborea, to Thule, to Agartha, Valhalla, Venus, the Origin, the Original Hyperborea, out of the insane created material Universe by The One, towards the Spirit's eternity, near to the Unknowable God and Kristos Lucifer, the Great Leader of the Hyperborean Spirit Race.

II – The Tyrodal Knights Mission.

The Tyrodal Knights are Initiates in the Hyperborean Wisdom and are, also, their depositaries in this part of the world. To the Tyrodal Knights, the Hyperborean Wisdom was directly entrusted by the Loyal Siddhas of Agartha. But the Loyal Siddhas did not encourage the Order of Tyrodal Knights' constitution only to study; on the contrary, since the beginning, the Order had a specific mission, for which execution was necessary to dispose of the Hyperborean Wisdom, perhaps for the first time with such dept. The objective is straightforward to expose it, although its metaphysical meaning will be hardly understood in the first instance by the Chosen ones. The Tyrodal Knights mission consists of localizing the Chosen ones and, if they accept it, initiate them to face with honor the End of History.

Surely this statement will become clear if we define what must be understood for "localize the Chosen ones" and what means "the End of History". That is what will be explained now.

III – The Tyrodal Knights mission demand to localize the chosen ones and reveal them the Fundamentals of Hyperborean Wisdom.

First of all, it is necessary to affirm that the Chosen ones that we refer to, are people whose inclination for the Hyperborean Wisdom do not come from a rational decision adopted in the course of their lives. The Chosen one is who, paradoxically, chose to fight against the Demiurge Jehovah Satan to liberate the Eternal Spirit, which is himself, from the material incarceration. But such choice, the Chosen one not made it in this life neither in this Earth, but in another plane of existence, not spatial nor temporal, where resides chained the Hyperborean Spirit. However, even if the decision to fight for the Spirit's freedom is taken, every new incarnation produces its partial oblivion. At the moment of being localized by the Tyrodal Knights, the Chosen one is asleep: the first act consists then, in to awake in them the remembrance of their own decision. It makes necessary, then, to sustain a dialogue with the asleep Chosen one to try to awake in him, his spiritual nature; but such dialogue, to be effective, must surpass all the cultural hurdles that the Enemy has mounted in the interior of the psychic structure and reach directly to Manifestation of the Spirit. Naturally, such dialogue can't be attempted counting only with profane language.

This book, just as will be explained later, has as finality: teach to the Chosen one a method of thoughts which will allow him to comprehend the metaphysical meaning of the expressed concepts by the Tyrodal Knights. For this reason, previously to the reading of this book, it is not possible to satisfy any question of the Chosen one about the Mystery of the Hyperborean Initiation and the possibility of the spiritual liberation. After its reading, that will be only possible if it is accepted and understood.

The Chosen one, although asleep, exhibit unequivocal signals of who is he. Fundamentally he treats about two inheritances: one genetic and the other spiritual. The genetic inheritance consists in the content of the blood: the Origin's Remembrance, which is more intense as purer is the blood; for this reason, the Hyperborean Wisdom distinguish between the blood purity and racial purity: the second is not indispensable for the Hyperborean Initiation, but the first yes due to, without purity of blood, without Origin's Remembrance, there is no possibility of spiritual liberation. In what treats about the spiritual inheritance, this is manifested in the Self's volitional character: as will be demonstrated in this book. The Self is a consequence of the spiritual incarceration; from this that its aspect reveals us immediately the grade of misplacement and submission of the Chosen One.

If by their dominion of the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Tyrodal Knights dispose of the perfect methods to determine if someone is a Chosen One and, if it is a Chosen One, in what grade of misplacement is and when the Tyrodal Knights had determinate with precision that someone is a Chosen One. If it

is possible the awakening, is then realized the consultation to the Loyal Siddhas, those who never err, to confirm or refuse the Judgment of the Order.

There is not, then, error if a Chosen One is convoked to participate from the Hyperborean Wisdom: that means that, in two worlds, his awakening is considered possible.

IV – The Tyrodal Knights mission proposes to the Chosen ones the Hyperborean Initiation, to face with honor the next End of History.

About the Hyperborean Initiation, nothing can be advanced here. Only those who had studied step by step, and understood the Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom, will be able to perceive in what consists. The Second Part of this knowledge, which has been bounded separated, is an introduction to the Hyperborean Initiation, and there is the theme developed with great detail. However, that part of the Fundamentals will only be given to those who have manifested conformity with the Order's mission and have assumed the compromise to continue until being initiated. Anyway, the most important now is to stand out who continues through the proposed path after receiving the Hyperborean Initiation, in the condition to face with honor the next End of History.

Multiple paths can take a strayed man in our days; some of them are parallels or even coincident with some tactic way of the Loyal Siddhas Strategy; others, most of them, are paths that in favor of the Enemy plans or an ambush destined to avoid that such plans be disadvantaged. Each one must discern, in the measure of the possibilities, the path of his convenience: wrong or not, his election absolutely no interest in Tyrodal Knights' Order. The Order, in fact, is not composed by judges but from Hyperborean Kshatriyas, Warriors of the End of History; whose mission is not to judge the actual times, and even less to condemn anyone, but to prepare the Chosen ones to face with honor the End of Times, the inevitable struggle that will take place and that will include many worlds in its operation theatre. This mission is commended to the Loyal Siddhas Order, and that end guides the Tyrodal Knights Guard. The ones who go through this particular path must comprehend and accept that, even if the Hyperborean Wisdom of which they are depositaries would make it possible, the Tyrodal Knights will not try to change the course of History. And if you do not share this condition you can, as has been already said, take another path of your convenience, especially if you believe that something of this world deserves to be saved. The Hyperborean Wisdom is not meant for weak natures; the Hyperborean Initiate must exhibit a heart of ice and a will of fire.

At this moment, the main variants of History are controlled by the Enemy. The White Hierarchy of Chang Shambhala sustains the center of all cultures on Earth and the agents of the International Synarchy: thousands of man and

organizations of every kind and function, are working for the World Government's concretion. Behind the White Hierarchy are the Traitor Siddhas, the ancient responsible for the spiritual incarceration: their pact with the Demiurge obeys them to enthrone over mankind the "Sacred Races". The actual "Sacred Race" of the Demiurge is the Hebrew and to them will be conferred the power of the World Government. If the objective of such vile conspiracy is achieved, the sure consequence would be a materialization even more intense of man and his collective moral degradation.

Naturally, the Enemy assures the success of the Plan and does not consider possible the End of History.

But the Loyal Siddhas, who remains loyal since the Origin to Kristos Lucifer, assures that the End of History is imminent: a moment of maximum dramatic pressure will manifest, when the enemy's plans seem to be fulfilled, they will intervene to put an End to History. Will be a struggle of Gods in which will participate, also, man; a struggle that will begin in Heaven and then will extend to the Earth, and not inverse. Therefore, it has no sense to begin the struggle before, when the enemy forces are overwhelmingly superior. Wisdom is, and the Wise will be the Chosen ones who will comprehend, in preparing to face with honor the End of History. And to prepare the Chosen ones, this book will awake in them the Origin's Remembrance, the certainty of their eternal Spirit chained to matter, teaching the noological Ethic of the Hyperborean Wisdom which practice allows accessing to the Initiation, and enforce, finally, the Hyperborean Initiation, which is the Order of Tyrodal Knights mission.

When the End of History finally takes place, the Loyal Siddhas will manifest themselves at the light of the day; and with them will return the Führer, the Great Leader of the White Race, the Sent of the Lord of War. Then the Chosen ones whose honor is courage, it means, the Order of Tyrodal Knights Hyperborean Initiates, will alienate behind of their ancient spiritual Leaders to definitively go out from the material Universe.

That is the Tyrodal Knights mission: in localizing the Chosen ones and, if they admit it, prepare them, iniciatically, to face with honor the next End of History. The Hyperborean Initiates, when dominating the Hyperborean Wisdom, reach the highest level of esoteric knowledge, the Secret Science of the Runes, and they gain terrible powers. However they do not employ their powers to change the course of History; they wait, until the End of History, when the accounts with the Enemy will be definitively adjusted.

The Chosen ones must comprehend and accept this condition as inevitable; it is the path that signalizes and guards the Tyrodal Knights.

V – Admonition and final salute.

The Chosen ones have to know from the beginning that this material is confidential. The Order has trusted in them when giving it, and they must demonstrate their loyalty being prudent on its usage: in this way, not only protect the Order but protect themselves. Must not insist, and it is no concession to admit it, that the Enemy of the Hyperborean Wisdom is terrible and ruthless and that not consent or tolerate the order's mission. Respect the law of secrecy is part of the test, and the order has the mediums to know who commits infidence or betrayal: no one for whom the honor does not imply his loyalty will be able to enter in a Order of initiates for whom their honor is courage. As will remain clear at reading the "fundamentals", the Hyperborean Initiate, the awake Virya, is who has remembered that exists a metaphysical war and that his side is with Kristos Lucifer.

This war has already millions of years with no truce or forgiveness from both combating sides; the Hyperborean Initiates must be implacable because the Enemy is implacable. And among such fierce struggle, the common man has no value because doesn't know the Strategies of the game and does not comply with any tactical function. But the situation will brusquely change for the Chosen One in the same moment that this material is in his hands: since then, War that he always ignored will become patent, and powerful psychic forces will act to induce him to the defection or to commit an irreparable error. The Chosen one must understand that if until now he has not acted consciously in favor of any side, when reading the content of this book not make him friendly to the Enemy eyes; and the situation will not change if he betrays the order divulging this material recklessly. In return, what can occur is that the doors of the Order will be closed for him. After deceiving him to profane the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Enemy will destroy him with no mercy: as always occurs in such cases. Then, it is understood that Warning is directed more to protect the Chosen one than the Order, which, anyway, knows how to take care of itself.

Finally, we will make another warning, this time about the mode of how the work has to read. The fundamentals of Hyperborean Wisdom are systematically developed, in such form that the subsections, articles and commentaries, are enlaced with precise arguments and conclusions: it is not possible to skip nothing and, since the first to the last page. After such lineal lecture, which will allow a vision of the Hyperborean Wisdom conjunction, will make it possible to go deeper with no order those themes which requires major comprehension.

It is convenient that the Chosen ones internalize as soon as possible in the Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom and for it, this letter must end now. Many questions proposed here will be answered in the next pages;

however, the Questions of Questions, the fundamental ethic question of the Hyperborean Wisdom: What can I do to liberate my Spirit from the material prison? has remained with no answer, at least, until now. The author, and the Tyrodal Knights, want to assure the Chosen ones that the Order offers this answer to those who understand and accept the Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom and want to add to its mission.

In the Day of the Spirit, and in the name of the Loyal Siddhas of Agartha, and the Order of Tyrodal Knights of the Republic of Argentina, receive the Chosen ones the salute of

Nimrod de Rosario
August 1985

FIRST BOOK

The disappeared of Tafí Del Valle

Chapter I

I met Belicena Villca when she was interned in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital «Dr. Javier Patrón Isla» in the city of Salta, under-diagnosis of *irreversible senile dementia*. Being Medic of the «B» pavilion of incurable patients, I had to pay attention to the referred patient for a long year in which I applied all the resources that the psychiatric science and my extensive experience in the profession gave to attempt, vainly, her recuperation. As will be seen later, her story was written by herself while she remained in that joyless confinement. She dedicated to that purpose all the available time, which was a lot because the medical joint had authorized her to write «due to the activity redounded in evident therapeutic results on the patient's mood.» Although no one knew what referred her writes and if they revealed some logic coherence, information which possession would have been helpful to confirm or correct the adverse diagnosis. Two reasons avoided to know the content of her writings: the first, and main reason, consisted in that the patient wrote in «*Quechua santiagueño*,» a language which is only spoken in her natal region; in secrecy, it seems, Belicena Villca translated the writings into Spanish a few days before she died; the second reason was the homicidal zeal that she put to avoid the reading of the texts, what ended, one day, in a violent incident with a nurse who dared to look at one of its pages.

But, as what concerned was to maintain her calm, and the writing contributed to maintaining her in that state, they opted not to contradict her maniac desires, and they allowed her to hide the writings in a briefcase from which she was never separated. However, part of her story was related to me by herself, during her convalescence, either through large monologues that were frequently on her psychoanalytic sessions, in the days in which some mental stability allowed this therapy, or, involuntarily, when the narcosis treatment plunged her into a heavy stupor were, however, never decreased her oral activity. Naturally, it was not possible to give credit to her statements, not only due to her diseased condition but for the tenor of them, which were incredible

and hallucinative: her writings would never be qualified, with more justice, as a *story from a madwoman.*

The alienated situation of Belicena Villca surely will discourage the readers about the veracity of the narrated events. It is comprehensible because just one year ago, I'd have made all possible to avoid divulgating a material that prudence, and the professional ethic, counsel to maintain in the reserved ambits of the *Clinical History* and the *personal expedient*.

But, while this was happening, the sudden death of Belicena Villca came to derange this rational perspective and took me to think that History registers the pass of venerable figures by the cells of famous madhouses. I remembered Nietzsche, Ezra Pound, Antonin Artaud, the chess player Morphy, the mathematician Cantor, and many others. I reasoned that those famous personages suffered from acute schizophrenia, as my patient, which means that the consciousness remains fragmented but not dissolved, and it is possible, eventually, that some temporal lucidity states can occur where the behavior is more or less normal. I said to myself that if Cantor elaborated the brilliant theory of the transfinite numbers in mental hospital and if Nietzsche during his ten years of internee could quote Homer, Empedocles, and almost any classic, by rote, and in ancient Greek, was possible, in an infinite fewer way that the narration of Belicena Villca was real in part. Of course, this apparently inconsistent syllogism will surprise the reader; but all this I thought very quickly, very quickly: *because Belicena Villca has been murdered.*

Chapter II

That unpleasant incident perturbed the impeccable march of the Hospital submerge in an indescribable state of discomfort and anguish. Significantly affected was our Director, the eminent Dr. Cortez, who feared that the scandal could reach to smirch the name of the illustrious local excellence that the hospital had, fact that, according to his clear logic, would influence in the checks that the powerful family of the deceased gave monthly. I will not fatigue the reader with details because this case was very commented on by the news and if it is desired can consult the newspaper «El Heraldo» from Salta, in the editions of the week from the 7 to the15 days of January 1980, where will find all the information. I will only remember here the essential, due to the development of this *veridical case*, requires to consider the strange circumstances in which the crime occurred and the mystery that surrounded it; ... and that still persist, because the police didn't achieve to clarify it and dignified functionaries manifest doubts about if that will be possible one day. Because two elements, such absurd as irrational, intervene definitively in the fatal denouement, impeding any possibility to realize coherent conjectures; the first is a verified unobjectionable fact: the crime was

committed in a cell for psychotic patients hermetically closed by a heavy steel door, between the 0:00 hrs. and 2:00 hrs. Of January 6, without *anyone*, absolutely *anyone* would have entered during that lapse. This was proved, happily, due to a fortuitous incident.

On the last night before January 5, i.e., the day of celebration of the Three Wise men, part of the staff went to distribute gifts to the Children Hospital and the Orphanage San Francisco de Asís. Within them was our distinguished Dr. Cortez, who at 23 hrs., was already back, still wearing the Santa Claus costume and disposed to effectuate the daily journey, that, since countless years, he realizes through all the pavilions to pick up the final reports. Hence, *Dr. Cortez himself saw for last time Belicena Villca alive at 23:50 hrs*., when due to a hysterical crisis on its second phase, she promoted a general disorder in the «B» pavilion; running desperately in the reduced space of the cell, with exorbitant eyes, while she was screaming «*Pachachutquiy*», «*Pachachutquiy*», words which in that moment were incomprehensible for me, even if we recognized that it referred the Quechua language. Otherwise, the attack was symptomatically abnormal in her.

Dr. Cortez ordered an immediate dose of Valium, submerging the unfortunate Belicena Villca in a stupor from which she would only get out for a moment to see Death Closer just as suggested, the tremendously horrifying expression which was twitched on her countenance when she was found, already dead, three hours later. Here appears the mystery; the first element that disconcerted and surprised the experimented cups: after that, the patient was attended, at 0,00 hrs., all of us moved aside from the cell being this closed by Dr. Cortez, who *inadvertently* saved the key in one of his customs of Santa Claus forgetting later to deposit it on the general key chain.

At three in the morning, when the nurse in turn, makes the habitual round, she noticed the missing of the key, which no one knew how to explain. She deduced from this that Dr. Cortez took the key, and, as the duplicates are in his office, she had no other alternative than to call him to his house. It was not necessary because the internal commutator operator informed that the Dr. was still in the hospital, although he was just to leave. Being him warned of this mistake, he decided to go up to the «B» pavilion to give the key and realize a brief ocular inspection. It means that during those three hours, the key, a unique medium to open the cell's blinded door, was in the power of Dr. Cortez. But the Director of the hospital was a man of a recognized social trajectory, whose moral virtues had always been exalted as an example worthy of emulation, and from whom, at last, no one would dare to doubt, neither the experimented policeman Maidana in charge of the investigation.

Finally, Dr. Cortez opened the cell door accompanied by the nurse García and me exactly at 3:05 hrs. A penetrating and sweet smell was the first that caught our attention. It was a fragrance like a sandal incense, which was such out of place that we looked at each other perplexed. But just for a moment because what came next concentrated all our attention. Belicena Villca was lying

on her bed, undoubtedly dead since some time ago, with her neck swollen due to the strangulation that she was submitted. The homicidal arm, a rope ivory colored, was still enlaced on her head but already released. And the two extremes falling gently over her chest up to the corners of the bed.

It was such a horrible spectacle that the experimented nurse García exclaimed a terror scream, and she staggered back, needing to hold her by the shoulders, although my legs were not strong at all. And it was not for less; the dead had her hands closed over the blankets on both sides of the body, a position where they had to be at the moment of death and that the cadaveric rigidity conserved. This indicated that she didn't defend herself against the mysterious murderer. He infused such terror that, even looking at how he passed the rope around her neck, and then, feeling it closing and cutting her breathing, she only desperately clung to the blankets. The contemplation of the gesture confirmed such deduction on her visage: big and exorbitant eyes; a half-closed mouth, allowing to see the swollen tongue, which seemed to be broken on an unfinished word, something that may never be pronounced again, perchance the mysterious «*Pachachutquiy*».

I will now expose the second absurd and irrational element, which, as it intervened with the concrete's weight, removed any hope to obtain a soon and simple solution. I will explain it better. The incomprehensible fact that the door was locked at the moment of the crime, the first element, could be disregarded, establishing the logic hypothesis, even if they were improbable, that the killer had another key, or the existence of a conspiracy of the medical staff, etc. After all, the police formulated such a hypothesis, and what they pretended was to despoil the case from any «mystery» or supernatural illusion. But the ivory-colored rope, the second element, was a too tangible object to be ignored.

The second element was the evidence that something sinister and irrational had been irresistibly installed among us. It was about a rope of one meter long, made of hair, apparently, human, braided, and dyed. But the exceptional was represented by the two gold medals, one on each side, turning madly in the two small cones of gold. The medals by themselves constituted the most absurd of the set: exactly equal in their form to a Star of David, but were not, however, their engravings and inscriptions. One of them had chiseled a *four-leaf clover* wrought in the central hexagon; the other showed a fruit that undoubtedly corresponded to *pomegranate.*

I found them similar to some masonic jewels that I saw in an exposition of the Rotary Club. Still, the familiarity ended when I remembered and reasoned that the only point of resemblance between these and them was the Star of David that, as everybody knows, is formed by two intertwined equilateral triangles. This is a symbol adopted since millenniums ago by the Hebrew people to identify themselves, as can be verified today, seeing it in the flag of the State of Israel.

The subsequent parts of the medals had inscriptions. But these, further to clarify something, increased our confusion because they were written in two

different languages. One phrase, horizontally engraved in the center, was written in Hebrew characters, even though those signs were not the same on each medal. Surrounding these words was another inscription in Latin letters, this time identic for both jewels. At that moment, no one could clarify to what language they belonged: «*ada aes sidhe draoi mac hwch*». The Hebrew words on their part said; in the pomegranate חנוב; and in the clover חבחו.

As will be understood, this curious bejeweled rope gave all the sensation to be something of ceremonial or religious use, attribute that officer Maidana noticed immediately because, at the first moment when he examined, he couldn't avoid an expression of repulsion and an exclamation:

–Paugh! This is something Jew!

Chapter III

I know that many powerful people of my country consider that every correct police officer of our country must indispensably profess the «Nationalist Ideology, » and I also know that such indefinable ideology is opposed to the great Internationalism as Marxism, Freemasonry, Zionism, multinational corporations, etc., and even the foreign policy of the imperialist powers. In the nationalist ideology, it is a common belief that all those vast organizations converge in one summit of power, situated in some place of the world, real Secret Government, which they call «*International Synarchy*».

The Synarchy would have developed a strategy that will aim to establish a World Government that would reign over all the nations of the Earth. The differences and contradictions that are adverted amongst all the aforementioned great organizations would be of tactical order and purely exterior; in the apex of power, all of them would agree, and the general efforts would be aimed at the accomplishment of the Synarchic Strategy.

In the nationalist ideology, it is a dogma, since a century, that the *Jews* had founded the Synarchy with the pretension to assure control over the world to fulfill the Biblical prophecies and the Talmud commandments. For this reason, the nationalists that have these ideas usually ardently hate Jews.

I wasn't surprised then about the Anti-Jewish exclamation of officer Maidana; but, having in mind that it was a hasty impression, I tried to make him comprehend that to attribute a Jew origin to the homicidal rope, just because the medals had the form of a Star of David, was at least adventurous: indeed, such symbol is also used by other religions or sects as Freemasonry, Theosophy, Rosicrucians, Christian Churches, etc. Also, I told him, were the pomegranate and the clover constituting a strange combination? And the indecipherable inscriptions? And the lace of dyed hair? No. It would not be so easy to qualify the set.

Even though it seems incredible, something was missing in the cell of Belicena Villca: the briefcase with all her writings. When the police knew about its content, and after considering it as absolutely worthless, discounted a possible entailment immediately to the crime's cause. Before, they tried to persuade us that the briefcase could have ended in the Hospital incinerator, either by accident or due to a reprisal of an annoyed nurse produced by the excessive zeal on the patient's care.

Chapter IV

It was well-known about Belicena Villca in the Hospital. She came in December of 1978 in an ambulance from the army. Two husky noncommissioned officers accompanied her to the Director's office and gave to her a letter of the foreman of the 230 Cavalry Regiment from Salta, Colonel Mario Pérez, with a packet containing documentation and a medical record. In the letter, Dr. Cortez informed us later that the colonel requested to sign in Belicena Villca as a patient of the Hospital «who suffered from a mental disease properly proven by the military physicians who signed the attached studies". The woman was from the Province of Tucumán and had only one son who disappeared during the Great Repression of 1977. Ignoring where he is, and, *apparently* due to the certainty that the authorities refused her any information, she started to move resolutely through many Provinces of the Argentinean Northland even she left the country, traveling through the interior of Bolivia and Peru. That behavior resulted in suspicious to the Intelligence Agencies, who submitted her to intense surveillance and finally arrested her.

During the hard interrogatories, it was considered the possibility that Belicena Villca was mentally unbalanced. Because of this, after consulting the military physicians, she was disposed of her transference to the Neuropsychiatric Hospital Dr. Javier Patrón Isla. Regarding her son, the Army knew nothing concerning his location, neither if he militated in a subversive organization; his disappearance warned the authorities due to, was thought that he passed to clandestinely. This idea was started when her mother's surprising activity was known, a reason that finally motivated her detention. The information provided by the colonel was to not give credit to the stories or the claims that the patient could make.

According to Dr. Cortez, the letter's tone admitted no response; it was almost an order to intern Belicena Villca. In his criterion had to be considered two possibilities: the woman went mad during the «Interrogatory», or the story proposed by the Army was real. What had to be totally discarded was a third variant: that she knew something about the subversion... In that case, she would have been executed. They were difficult times; Argentina military occupied in 1976, was resisting tremendous repression that began with extermination of the famous «Nihilistic Partisans», such as the official qualifi-

cation, and ended with a bloodbath worthy of Caligula, where fell, people of every class. The dead and the missing persons counted thousands and, in such a dangerous atmosphere, it was not good for the health to discuss the military directives.

–Then will come better times –said us Dr. Cortez– remember that the soldiers are reign by the laws of strategy.– and with his natural erudition, he quoted Machiavelli, a genius of strategy, wherein his work «The Prince» says: «...the usurper state should make haste to inflict what injuries he must, at a stroke, that he may not have to renew them daily, but be enabled by their discontinuance to reassure men's minds, and afterwards win them over by benefits». Therefore «Injuries should be inflicted all at once, that their ill savor being less lasting may the less offend; whereas, benefits should be conferred little by little, that so they may be more fully relished». That was, for Dr. Cortez, the philosophy of the Government.

I remember as though it were today when I accompanied Belicena Villca to the «B» pavilion, impressed by her cult treatment and simple elegancy. She wasn't really tall, but seemed to be; her small body but up straight; the hair black and smooth, of soft filaments, falling down to her waist. Her slightly torn eyes were green, and the nose was a little prominent, which gave an effect of firmness to her visage, framing in an almost perfect oval. Her mouth, proportionated, was of beefy lips; her eyebrows: thick and straight over the eyes. All in her emanated a vital air that in no way revealed an age of 47 years, and, even if the rigors of the past left an emaciated mark, her youth divined it, she was an extraordinarily beautiful woman.

The studies realized in the Hospital confirmed that Belicena suffered some type of schizophrenia; therefore, Dr. Cortez, not very sensitive to the esthetics considerations, decided to maintain the diagnostic of the military physicians «irreversible senile dementia» even if such valuation was totally unfair.

When I was walking through the «B» pavilion corridors, I received the first of countless surprises that the treat with Belicena and her strange story would give me. Reading the label of the plastic material with my name attached to the pocket of the jacket, she said:

–Dr. Arthur Siegnagel. You have a magical name: «*bear of the victorious claw*». Did you know?

–Yes, I guess – I replied, while I was mentally translating: Arthur, from the Greek *Arctos*, means «*Bear*»; *Sieg* means «*Victory*» in German; and *Nagel*, «*claw*» in the same language–. What surprises me –I added– is that you know it. Do you understand Greek and German?

–Oh, that is not necessary, Dr. *I see with the Blood*. I know what I always knew– said to me with a genuine smile.

She is really crazy! I foolishly thought, believing that she alluded to the theory of reincarnation as the spiritualists, permanent patients of our pavilions. At that time, I could not imagine either remotely; someday, I would make unused efforts to remember each of her words to analyze them with great respect.

Chapter V

It must not surprise that the police stored the case a little after they began the investigation. After every step they made to clarify it, all turned more confused, being unjustifiable to give such effort to a crime that seemed that nobody was interested in resolving it. In the first place, because Belicena Villca had not known family to claim for justice, mainly due to the mystery surrounding the case: how entered the killer in the hermetically closed cell? why he used a valuable bejeweled rope to kill a defenseless alienated? and, the most incomprehensible: what could be reason for the crime, the motive that could make intelligible what happened?

There was no answer to these and other questions that then appeared and, as time passed by without any advance, the case was prudently closed by the police.

Two months later, no one talked about the crime in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital were few those who remembered the unfortunate Belicena Villca.

The daily routine, the fatiguing work, the quotidian, and inevitable problems all contribute to making that the mundane man, submerged in the becoming of his destiny, becomes impermeable to others' pain those phenomenon that not affect his concrete reality.

I am not the exception to the rule and, concerning in what treats about is narrated here, I would surely forget the horrible crime harassed by the obligations of my medical residency, the attention of the consulting room, or the classes of the American anthropology that I follow as a post-grade tertiary course.

I said, «I'd have forgotten» because the story of Belicena Villca suddenly invaded my own world, deranging everything; consuming me up to the edge of the dementia abyss in which she succumbed.

As I said, the police lost interest promptly in the crime; then the declarations of rigor taken on the subsequent days not disturbed us anymore, and life returned to its normal course. To the corpse of Belicena Villca was practiced an autopsy, which only served to confirm what we already supposed: the death was caused by strangulation with the white rope. As she had no known relatives, a telegram was sent to her unique visitor, a chaguanco (Indians from the North of Argentina) apparently located in the Province of Tucumán; but with the pass of time, without any visit of him, they proceeded to bury the rests in a local cemetery.

In those days, middle of January, in northern midsummer, my only preoccupation re-extended to the ends of February. Undoubtedly, I would have time to do some excursions and prepare Matter that I'd render in March.

At that time, in a visit that I made to the Anthropology Faculty of Salta to enroll me in a final test, I met with the prestigious Professor Pablo Ramirez, Doctor of Philology, who I knew because I assisted to some of his Amerindian Language classes. When I saw him, I impromptu thought, to ask him something:

–Good morning Dr. Ramirez. If it does not bother you to lose just one moment, I'd like to ask you something...

–Good morning, Dr. Arthur Siegnagel – Replied while he was leaning his hairless head– You say.

–Look Dr. Ramirez, a few days ago died a patient in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital where I am Medic and, after she died, she pronounced a word in «Quechua», something like «pachachutquiy»; I translate pachachutquiy Word, dismember: that's to say «dismember the World». As this has no sense, I'd like you to tell me if there is some other acceptance for this word.

–I was trying not to give any information relating to the strange death. Professor Ramirez heard my translation with visible displeasure.

–Whence was natal your patient?

–From the Province of Tucumán, it seems that she always lived in the calchaquíes valleys, even if she lately had travelled to the North, including Peru and Bolivia. But from those journeys, I don't know anything because she never agreed to comment on them.

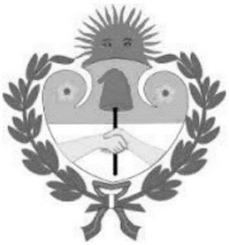
–Well– impatiently said Dr. Ramirez–. As you know, Quechua has many dialects; but according to the affiliation that you gave me, I suggest you consider this: even if *Pacha* is the "World», or the «Earth», as *Pachamama* Mother Earth, in «Quechua santiagueño» *Pacha* also means «Time». In this dialect, «*chutquiy*» is the transitive verb «dislocate», so, the word would mean «to dislocate Time»; or «dislocation of Time», in a more actual sense.

I must confess that an alarm feeling invaded me while I was hearing the senior Professor. Something interior, a secret instinct, was telling me screaming that if there could be an explanation to the murder of Belicena Villca, this one was beyond any normal comprehension, in an ambit that would surely reign ignored laws for men. What was this "Time dislocation"? But an obscure concept, incomprehensible, which resists reason but keeps an evident nexus with the murder? How can be understood if it is not accepted the intervention of the unknown, the fact that someone or something can enter to a locked cell, commit a murder, and go serenely, leaving behind the mortal rope, or in other words, the proof of the inexplicable presence? Yes, there was like calculated negligence in all this, as if the assassin wanted to give a minimum proof of his terrible and immense power in a flaunt of pride.

Visible disturbed, I said goodbye to Professor Ramirez, and I returned on my steps, while certainty was affirming more and more in my mind: Belicena Villca knew that a mortal danger was stalking her when screamed *pachachutquiy*, *pachachutquiy*.

Chapter VI

Salta



Jujuy

Catamarca

Tucumán

La Rioja

San Juan

Shields of Argentinian Provinces

The matter intrigued me and, even if I doubted that there was some advance, I decided to obtain all the possible information about the crime. When Officer Maidana and I discussed the bejeweled rope's probable filiation, I agreed with Maidana to give him a Masonic publication to compare the similarity, only external, of the medals, to some jewels destined to rituals of different grades of that organization. At that moment, I wasn't thinking of complying with such promise when I made a desperate intent to convince the policeman of the murder's ritual character, noticing that they evaded the bundle and searched for a rational solution which, in my opinion, not existed.

Now I was thinking of making use of it as an excuse to obtain information.

I looked at the three enormous tomes of the «*Freemasonry Dictionary*» in the University Library and went to the Police Headquarter. In Salta, this one is located in an old colonial edifice next to the town Cabildo, in front of the main public square, adorned and provincial. I parked the car next to a parking

meter, many blocks far away from my destiny, and I walked through the street Belgrano to the center.

When I arrived at the "Sagrado Corazón" Church, a building of more than 300 years, I was thinking of the White American youth comparing it to millenarian Europe; even though there were no constructions 400 years ago, we shudder of the secular, which we feel remote and ancient.

I was only missing to transit through the street of La recover with those centenarian arches, beneath which someone can drink a coffee or read the news or just contemplate the high hills that surround the Lerma Valley.

I crossed many passages of gloomy aspect until I found a crowned door by a glazed placard which barely allowed to read «*General Office of Investigations*»; beneath this, another placard, made of plastic, announced «*Sub-commissary Maidana*» «*knock before entering*».

Things resulted better than I expected. Meanwhile, Officer Maidana, with wild joy, examined the Dictionaries, in my hands glided feverously the few papers of the expedient entitled: «*Belicena Villca, intentional homicide*».

In this way, accompanied by the insults that the nationalist policeman released when something that he read caused his fury, I could find out what I wanted.

Many analyses were practiced to the homicidal rope, being this destroyed in part during the tests. One of the medals «was molten and the material analyzed by Molecular Spectroscopy», quoting the papers of the «Final Report» and regarding the «main attached report, for any discussion regarding the interpretation of the same». The conclusion was that, according to the minerals and metals which intervened in the alignment of gold, this one would have surely as origin some country of Europe: Spain. With more precision was mentioned the Zone of Río Tinto in the province of Huelva.

–Knight Kadosh! What Hell means this Dr.? –Brusquely interrupted my lecture the Officer Maidana, who was reading «Ritual of the 30°».

–It is a Hebrew word that means «Very Saint». The title would be «Very Holy Knight»–I said.

The Officer's eyes were bloodshot.

–Sergeant Quiroga! –He screamed–. Come to see what Freemasons do!

The sergeant went quickly. It was a husky creole like a breakax, but of evident lack of sense, who added his voice obediently to the Officer's concert of curses.

I continued reading the expedient. One piece of the hair was sent to the Laboratory of Pathological Analysis of the Medicine Faculty. The report, dispatched by the University, indicated that the hair was human, possibly of a woman; the substance utilized in the dyeing was just grout of burnt lime, with some acid vegetal juice to decrease alkalinity. But the most serious thing was that the University could certify the race that belonged to the woman's hair; the *oval section* of the studied hairy fibers left no doubt: *The White Race*. The other races have hair of *round section*, according to the specialists.

That was almost everything: our declarations and the Forensic Report. Also, a report of the Army, with the same already known story, where was veiled,

suggested not to inquire too much.

Some unimportant bureaucratic papers, about the inhumation and other aspects of the investigation; but referred to the crime itself, there was not almost any advance.

In sum:

a – *Fingerprints*: only the ones of the deceased and the staff of the Hospital.

b – *Another key*: not stated.

c – *Expertise of the door*: indicated that the hinges were intact, also the lock. It was forced by picklock, neither by jimmy nor by any other object.

d – *Forensic Expertise*: death by strangulation.

e – *Expertise of the homicidal arm*: a rope of human hair, dyed with burnt lime. Medals of Spanish gold of unknown meaning.

Not a word about the briefcase's disappearance and, apparently, was not considered helpful to investigate the legends engraved on the jewels.

–...Jewish dogs! –Screamed the Officer, who was reading the article «Jesuit» where a picture was entitled «The Society of Jesus seen by Freemasonry». It can be appreciated, among innumerable symbols of every type, the General Superior of The Jesuitical Order seated over a mountain made of skulls, where also appears the cross of Christ.

As a good Catholic Nationalist, he felt aggrieved, personally offended, due to the "Perfidy» of Judeo-Freemasonry. I didn't believe it convenient to clarify to him that the Society of Jesus created, in the XIX century, the «Scottish Rite of the Royal Arch», which was finally included in the «Great Eastern English» of the «Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite». Since then, both organizations have established permanent contact points. Unfortunately, the proof is at sight today, considering the *Aristocratic Marxism* that sustains the Jesuit thinkers. It would be ridiculous to admit the existence of an International Synarchy and believe that the Roman Church, a temporal organization, is exempt from their control. But would be worthless; the officer would not have accepted this reasoning.

I took the heavy tomes and said goodbye to the Sub-commissary Maidana.

–Goodbye Officer; if you need me, you just must call the Hospital.

–By Dr, I appreciate the collaboration that you have given us.

Chapter VII

It was Friday, and I could rest the weekend in the old homestead of Cerrillos, a beautiful ancient village located at 18 km. from Salta, on the same route that guides to Cafayate, in the heart of the chalchaquíes Valleys, and, beyond, of Santa María de Catamarca. There *lived* my parents, old now, and a widow sister with two kids.

The perspective to see them and pass some days together always provoked me great joy; so, I must not impress anyone that a few hours later, while I was driving the car through the path bordered by vineyards, I forgot everything concerning the horrible crime.

However, it was written that the peace would be brief: in less than an hour, my life was shattered, and a Medic future, Anthropologist, Cathedratic, that's to say, of the utter profession, disappeared as a probable Destiny for me. In my parents' house was waiting for the letter of Belicena Villca and the beginning of madness. If just I'd have not read it! How much pain, death and grief I caused to my loved ones for reading that letter and, the worst, for believing what it said!

How much I'd regret three months later to have given credit to it, *in the same place*! The following Monday started my holidays, and at my return to the Hospital, in March, all would be forgotten. I should not have read it: that was my last opportunity to continue being *normal*, i.e., comfortable and mediocrely *normal*, loved by everybody, respected by everybody, and, of course, by the Good Creator! Aye, it is not a blasphemy: the Good Creator God would have been proud of me: I was not interfering in any of his great plans. I was contributing when it was possible for me with the common Good; what else could be expected from a humble Psychiatric Medic from Salta? But I fear now that I have lost everything, even the favor of the Creator. It will be necessary to read the letter of Belicena Villca and know the rest of the story to disagree or to coincide with me.

As I said, I should not have read it, and all would have continued as before. *But in some persons' lives, there are traps carefully placed: it is enough to touch a spring to unchain irreversible mechanisms.*

Chapter VIII

Canuto, the herding dog, came running to celebrate my arrival, while I maneuvered with the car and closed the door. There was still missing two hundred meters of travelling to reach the house; I brought Canuto to the front seat, and I started the car. That was always in this way; I drove with one hand and with the other, I petted the old dog during those two hundred meters, which were only for him. I saw approaching the figure of my parents, seated beneath the centenary Taheebo of the garden, and I heard the laughter of my loved nephews. Was the family, one of the most beautiful things that an old bachelor like me can conceive?

–*Bongiorno a tutti*– I was joking while I took the well-known candies for the kids–. How are the vineyards, Dad?

–Better than ever Arthur. There are some grapes from the glory of Bacchus! But, For what use could be useful if this year we will have no harvest? *Oh, Mein Gott*! This government will take us all to bankruptcy!

–Well, Dad, take it easy; you don't have to get angry. Look, I brought you a gift. I gave him the cassette of Angelito Vargas and, meanwhile, I put it in the portable player, and I slurped the mate that my sister prepared and that was silently handing.

–Take this son, five days ago arrived a package for you. We retired it to give it to you, but as no one went to Salta it remained here. You must provide the address of the City; someday you can arrive something urgently, and you will not be here..., –My mother continued quarreling with me, while the music of Angelito Vargas was playing *A Pan y Agua*. But I didn't hear anything. Abducted by the package's remittent, where was clearly written «Belicena Villca», my heart seemed to have stopped.

The package contained the briefcase and, therein, an extensive letter, such extensive that, it can be said, that Belicena Villca employed all her available time, for months, to write it. I leave it in the following paragraphs without adding or resting any comma. I wish that the reader take part in its entire dimension with the Mystery that was opened before me at reading such a wonderful letter. The package had a handwritten legend with fine calligraphy;

Dr. Arthur Siegnagel
PRESENT

I teared the envelope and read feverishly:

SECOND BOOK

The Letter of Belicena Villca

First Day

Dr. Arthur Siegnagel:

Above all, I want to thank you for what you have done for me in this long year in which I was your patient. I know that many times your kindness has taken you to exceed the limits of your mere professional responsibility, and you have dedicated more time and attendance which undoubtedly deserved my alienated condition: I recognize it too much, Dr., but, as you will understand when reading this letter, my recovery was practically impossible. Anyway, Goddess Pyrene will know how to reward your efforts fairly.

Indeed, when this letter is in your hands, I'll be dead: They don't forgive, and we don't ask for pardon. This possibility doesn't concern me, because death is, in our case, just an illusion, but understanding that for you the absence will be real and, for this reason, I decided to write you. I am conscious that you will not believe me *in advance*, and because of this, I've taken the boldness to send the present to your domicile in Cerrillos.

You will wonder how I made it: bribing a nurse who obtained the address registered in the administrative file, and she effectuated the correspondence dispatch. I beg you to forget the lack of discipline and not to inquire the identity of the nurse, because if I die, which is probable, fear will make her shut her mouth and, on the other hand; you must take present that she was just consenting with my last will. Now I will get to the point, Dr., I want to ask you a posthumous favor; but, to be fair with you, before I will inform you about the antecedents of specific facts. I think that you will help me, because a Will, more powerful than ours, has put you on my way: perhaps you are also searching for an answer without knowing it, maybe in this letter is the answer.

Being in this way or not, if you are already conscious of the Great Deceit, then read carefully what is next because there you will find some keys to orientate yourself in the Path towards the Origin. I have written thinking on you, and I have been clear until I could, but I know that you will understand me because you have visibly embodied the Origin's Sign.

I will start informing you that I am one of the last descendants of an ancient lineage keeper of a Mortal Secret, a secret which was kept by my family for centuries and which was in danger of being lost forever with the disappearance of my son, Noyo Villca. Now it doesn't matter if the Golem kills me because my strategy's objective is accomplished: I've achieved to distract them following my steps while my son Noyo was performing his mission. He was not kidnaped; he actually travelled to the Cavern of Parsifal, in the Province of Córdoba, to transport the Wise Sword of House Tharsis. In an inverse sense, I started immediately, intending to cover the mission of Noyo diverting to be the Golem persecution. The Hyperborean Wisdom helped me, even if I finally couldn't do anything against those powerful demonic drugs that they skillfully supplied to me in one of the journeys that I made to the Province of Jujuy. After this came to the Army's capture and the story that you know, but you will understand all this clearly, when I reveal you, as a posthumous legacy, the familiar Secret.

In sum, the Secret consists in the family maintained hidden, during the course of fourteen American generations, the Instrument of an ancient Mystery, perhaps the oldest mystery of the White Race. Such Instrument permits the Hyperborean Initiates to know the extraterrestrial Origin of the human Spirit and acquire enough Wisdom to return to that Origin, abandoning definitely the demented Universe of Matter and Energy of the Created Forms.

How reached to our power such Instrument? First, I will tell you that it was brought by my ancestor Lito de Tharsis, who landed in Colonia Coro in 1534 and, a few years later, he founded the Tucumá branch of the Race. But this doesn't answer the question. Really, to get near to the direct answer, it would be necessary to go back thousands of years ago, as far as the Era of the Kings of my folk, from them Lito de Tharsis was one of the last descendants. Such folk, who dwelled in the Iberian peninsula since immemorial times, I will call from now on just «Iberian» to simplify it, without meaning this to cohere it with any anthropologic or a modern racial theory. The truth is that truly little is known relative to the actual Iberians because everything that referred to them, especially their consuetudes and beliefs, were systematically destroyed or occulted by our foes. Well, now, in the Era where it is convenient to start the narration of this story, the Iberians were divided into two irreconcilable sides, who struggled unto death in a permanent state of war. Reasons for such enmities were not minor: they were based in the practice of Cults essentially counterpoised, in the worship of enemy Gods. At least, this was what the common members of the combatant populaces were doing. However, reasons were deeper, and the governing Royalty, Kings, and Leaders, knew it with great clarity. According to what was murmured in the reserved lounges of the courts, because it was about a jealously hidden secret, had been in the subsequent days of the Submersion of Atlantis when, coming from the Occidental Sea, arrived at the European and African continents groups of survivors of two different Races: One of them was White, similar to the members of my people, and the other was Swarthy, although they were not completely black as the African. These groups, not too numerous, possessed a fantastic knowledge, incomprehensible for the continental countries, and terrible powers that were only considered Gods' attributes

until then. Hence, it was easy for them to go dominating the countries that they found in their way. And I said «that they found in their way» because the Atlanteans never stopped definitely in any place, but they were continually advancing to the East. But such a march was prolonged because both groups were dedicated to performing challenging works, which demanded too much time and effort, and to concrete them, they needed the support of the native countries. Actually, only one of them effectuated the "heaviest" work because, after neatly studying the terrain, they were dedicated to modifying it in some special places through enormous megalithic constructions: Menhirs, Dolmens, Cromlechs, Pits, Artificial Mounts, Caves, etc. Such a group of «constructors» was of the White Race and had proceeded in advance to the Swarthy group. Instead, this last seemed to be persecuting the White group because the displacement was even slower. Their work consisted of destroying or altering through the carving of certain signs the constructions of them.

As I said, these groups never stopped in one place, but they continued moving towards the East after concluded the work. However, the native people who remained in the primitive lands could not return to their ancient mores: the contact with the Atlanteans had culturally transmuted them; the remembrance of the semi-divine men from the Occidental Sea could not be forgotten for millenniums. And I say this to propound the unlikely case that some continental populaces could have stayed indifferent after their departure: actually, this could not occur because the departure of the Atlanteans never was abrupt but carefully planned, only concretized when they had the assurance that, precisely, the native populaces would attend to comply with a «mission» that would be pleasant to the Gods.

For it, they had worked patiently over the ductile minds of some members of the governing castes, convincing them about the convenience to become their representatives before the people. Such offer would be hardly rejected by who exerts a minimum vocation of Power. It means that, for the people, the Gods Power have been transferred to some privileged men, to some of their special members. When the people have seen the Power, and remember it, its subsequent absence remains inadvertent if there are the representatives of the Power. And it is known that the regents of the Power end being the successors of the Power. Therefore, after the Atlanteans' departure, they always remained their representatives, in charge of complying and ensuring the accomplishment of the mission that «would be pleasant for the Gods».

In what the mission consisted? Naturally, the commitment contracted with two groups, such as the White or the Swarthy Atlanteans, could not refer to anything else than two missions essentially opposed. I will not describe here the objectives of such «missions» because they would be absurd and incomprehensible for you. Instead, I will tell something relative to the general forms in which the missions were imposed to the native populaces. It is not difficult to distinguish those forms and, inclusive, to intuit their meanings if the facts are observed with the aid of the following pair of principles. First of all, it must be warned that the groups of the Atlanteans who landed in the continents after the "Submersion of Atlantis» were not survivors of a mere natural catastrophe, like

simple castaways. Still, men were coming from a dreadful and total war: the Submersion of Atlantis is, in rigor to the truth, just the consequence, the end of a period in the development of a conflict, of an Essential War which had begun long before, in the extraterrestrial origin of the human Spirit, and which has not concluded yet. Those men acted reigned by War laws: they didn't effectuate any movement that contradicts the tactics' principles, which could jeopardize the Strategy of the Essential War.

The Essential War is a struggle of Gods, a conflict that started in Heaven and then extended to Earth, involving men on its course: in the operation theatre of Atlantis was just fought a Battle of the Essential War; and in the mark of the confronted forces, only the groups of the Atlanteans which I mentioned, the White and the Swarthy, had intervened as planners or strategists of their respective sides. It means that they were not the Leaders or direct combatants in the Battle of Atlantis: in the modern war, their functions would be those of the «analyst of the major state». Nonetheless, those «Analysts» didn´t dispose of the elemental electronic computers programmed with «games of war», as the modern, but of an incomparably more perfect and redoubtable instrument: the human brain specialized to the extreme of its possibilities. In sum, when the continental disembarkation was produced, a phase of the Essential War had finished: the Leaders have retired to their commands posts and the direct combatants, who had survived to the mutual annihilation, suffer divers luck: some of them try to regroup and advance to a forefront which doesn't exist, others believe in having been abandoned in the battlefront, some of them run away in disorder, others finally end lost or forgot the Essential War. In sum, and now employing the language that the White Atlanteans utilized to talk with the continental populaces, «The Gods had stopped to manifest themselves unto men because they had failed one more time. They did not resolve the conflict here, propounded in a human scale, leaving the problem back to Heaven to be faced again by the Gods. But the Gods struggled for mankind, because some Gods wanted men's Spirit to be returned to the Origin, beyond the stars, while the others pretended to maintain them as prisoners, in the World of Matter».

The White Atlanteans were with the Gods that wanted to release men from the Great Deceit of Matter and affirmed that they had fought stoutly to reach that objective.

Hence, the Battle of Atlantis concluded. The Gods withdrew to their abodes, leaving men prisoner on Earth because they were incapable of comprehending their miserable situation neither disposed of the strength to win the spiritual struggle for freedom. But They didn't abandon men; simply, War was not waged on the Earth anymore: one day, if men voluntarily claim their place in Heaven, the Liberator Gods would return with all their power and a new opportunity to propose the battle would outbreak; this time would be the Final Battle, the last chance before the definitive Return of the Gods to the Origin; meanwhile, the «direct combatants» for the freedom of the Spirit who reorient themselves in the theatre of War, those who remember the Battle of Atlantis, those who awake from the Great Deceit, or the seekers of the Origin, would have to wage in the Earth a grueling personal combat against the Demonic Forces of Matter,

that is, against overwhelmingly superior forces... and defeat them with heroic will: only in this manner they would be admitted in the «General Headquarter of the Gods».

In sum, according to the White Atlanteans, «one phase of the Essential War had ended, the Gods withdrew to their abodes and the combatants were dispersed; but the Gods would return. The Atlantean presence was proving it there, constructing and preparing the Earth for the Final Battle. In Atlantis, the Swarthy Atlanteans were priests who propitiated a Cult to the Traitor Gods to the Spirit of men. On the contrary, the White Atlanteans belonged to a caste of Wise Warriors, or Constructor Warriors; who struggled at the side of men's Spirit Liberator Gods, besides to the Royal and Warrior castes of red and yellow men, who conformed the ranks of the «direct combatants». Thus the Swarthy Atlanteans tried to destroy their works: because they worshipped the Potencies of Matter and obeyed the design that the Traitor Gods utilized to chain the Spirit to the animal-nature of men».

The White Atlanteans proceeded from the Race that modern Anthropology calls "*Cro-Magnon*". Like thirty thousand years ago, the Liberator Gods, who in that time were governing Atlantis, had entrusted to this Race to start a mission which fulfillment would prove their courage and would open the doors of Wisdom: they had to spread all around the world and exterminate the animal-men, the primitive hominid of the Earth who only had body and Soul, but didn't have Eternal Spirit, that's to say, the race that the anthropology has baptized as «*Neanderthal*», already extinguished. Men of Cro-Magnon accomplished it with such efficiency that they were rewarded by the Loyal Gods with the authorization to regroup and dwell in Atlantis. They subsequently acquired the Magistery of the Stone and were known as Lytic Wisdom Guards and *Stone Men*.

Hence, when I say that «they belonged to a caste of Warrior Constructors», it has to be understood «Constructors in Stone», «Wise Warriors of the Lytic Wisdom». And this clarification is necessary because on its Science *was only worked with Stone*, i.e., either the tools, as the materials of their Science, consisted of pure stone, with explicit exclusion of metals. «The metals would explain then to the Iberians, represented to the Potencies of Matter and would have to be carefully avoided or manipulated with much caution». When transmitting the idea that the essence of the metal was demonic, the White Atlanteans were searching evidently to infuse a taboo in the allied populaces; taboo that, at least in the case of the iron, was maintained for thousands of years. Inversely, the Swarthy Atlanteans, without a doubt, due to their particular relation with the Potencies of Matter, stimulated the populaces to practicing metallurgy and goldsmith without any metal restrictions.

This is the second principle that you must have present, Dr. Arthur Siegnagel: the White Atlanteans entrusted to the Iberians who had supported them in the megalithic constructions of a mission that can be synthesized in the next form: *protect the megalithic structures and fight unto death against the allies of the Swarthy Atlanteans*. These last, by their part, proposed to the Iberians, who helped them in a mission which could be expressed in this way: «*destroy the megalithic constructions; if this is not possible, modify the forms of the stones until neutralizing the functions*

of the sets; if that was not possible, engrave in the stones the archetypical signs of Matter correspondent to the target of the function which had to be neutralized; if such thing was not possible, distort at least War sign of the construction transforming it into a burial ground monument; etc.» and: «fight unto death against the White Atlanteans allies».

As I said before, after imposing these «missions», the Atlanteans continued their slow advance to the East; the White ones were always followed at a prudent distance by the Swarthy. Due to this, the Swarthy delayed thousands of years to reach Egypt, where they established a civilization that remained other thousands of years and where they officiated again as Priests of the Potencies of Matter. The White Atlanteans, meanwhile, always continued to the East, going across Europe and Asia through a wide strip which limited in the north with the Arctic regions, and mysteriously disappearing at the end of the Pre-History: However, after them, bellicose warrior populaces had born incessantly, providing the best of their warrior and spiritual traditions to the history of Occident.

But, to what place the White Atlanteans were going? To the city of *K'taagar* or *Agartha*, a place that, according to the revelations made to my people, was the refuge of some Liberator Gods, who remained in the Earth waiting for the arrival of the last combatants. Such an unknown city had been constructed in Earth many years ago, in the days when the Liberator Gods came from Venus and established themselves in a continent which they called «Hyperborea» in remembrance of the Spirit's Homeland. In reality, the Liberator Gods affirmed to come from «Hyperborea», an Uncreated World, that's to say, not created by the Creator God, existent «Beyond the Origin»: to the Origin they called *Thule* and, as they said, Hyperborea meant «Spirit's Homeland». In this way, there was an Original Hyperborea and a Terrestrial Hyperborea; and an isotropic center Thule, seat of the Grail, which reflected the Origin and was such unreachable as this. All the Spiritual Wisdom of Atlantis was a legacy of Hyperborea, and due to this, the White Atlanteans called themselves "Hyperborean Initiates». The mythical city of *Catigara* or *Katigara*, which figured in all the previous maps to America's discovery situated «near to China», is no other than *K'taagar*, the abode of the Liberator Gods, where only the Hyperborean Initiates or Wise Warriors can enter, i.e., the Initiates in the Pure Blood Mystery.

Finally, the Atlanteans left the Iberian Peninsula. How did they assure that the "missions" imposed to the native populaces would be fulfilled during their absence? Through the celebration of a pact with those members of the populace who were going to represent the Gods Power, a pact that if it was not fulfilled risked something more than Death of Life: the Swarthy Atlanteans collaborators were risking the Soul immortality. At the same time, the White Atlanteans followers responded with the Eternity of the Spirit. But both missions, as I said, were essentially different, and the agreements which were founded, naturally, also were: the one of the White Atlanteans was a *Blood Pact*, while the one of the Swarthy Atlanteans consisted in a *Cultural Pact*.

Evidently, Dr. Siegnagel, this letter will be extensive, and I will need to write it in many days. Tomorrow I will go on with the suspended point of the narration to make a brief parenthesis to examine both Pacts: it is necessary, because from there will emerge the keys that will allow you to interpret my own story.

The Consummation of Empire, by Thomas Cole.

All sacred texts and mythologies of all races describe an essential war between two irreconcilable sides of gods (myths that have been distorted and misrepresented by the universal synarchy). According to Hyperborean wisdom, at the beginning of creation, the traitorous Siddhas allied with the Demiurge Jehovah-satan and his evolutionary plan. These demons received the Kalachakra key's science; wisdom with which they founded their cursed city: Chang Shambala.

Through this betrayal (the mystery of L-ove) the eternal spirits were chained to the microcosm, subjecting us to the suffering of karma, to Metempsychosis; the Eternal Return. With the sciences based on Kabbalah, the treacherous Siddhas have sustained the illusion of matter and establish the animal-man's temporal "evolution", preventing their liberation.

The God of the Eternal spoke out against this evolutionary plan and sent the gallant Venus Lord, Kristos Lucifer, to wage a rebellion. With him descended the eternal warriors, his loyal Siddhas. Through their runic sciences, they opened the Door of Venus (which had been closed by the traitorous Siddhas after founding Chang Shambala) and created *Agartha*; a divine city, situated between the created order and the uncreated. The Hyperboreans, a semi-divine race descended from the Siddhas of Agartha, founded Atlantis.

The Engelsturz, by Peter Paul Rubens.

The myth of Atlantis carries a mystery, a story that is lost in the mists of time. Their civilization was ruled by the White Atlanteans, kings bound by blood to the warrior caste who had sworn to defend and free the eternal spirits enchained. The Swarthy Atlanteans, the priestly caste, in charge of religious rites, realized that Chang Shambalah's strategies were practically impossible to stop, and allied themselves with the traitorous Siddhas. This division of sides generated a warlike conflict that caused *Atlantis sinking* into the sea.

Stonehenge Cromlech

Hyperborea. Gerardus Mercator map of 1595.

After the cataclysm of Atlantis (between 6,000 or 5,000 years BC), the Siddhas of Agartha and the White Atlanteans sealed a Blood Pact with Cro-Magnon around Europe. Their purpose was to combat the strategies of the Cultural Pact (between the Swarthy Atlanteans and the traitorous Siddhas). The Cro-Magnons were instructed in the mystery of the Birds' Language (runic science) and the Living Stone's secret (megalithic art).

The megaliths, strategically located at geodesic points on Earth, acted as secret initiatic mysteries. Its constructive techniques, which remain unknown today, were based on a superior science, Hyperborean Physics, perfectly handled by the White Atlanteans. The stones could be moved once their mass's atomic weight was neutralized, without canceling their potential energy. This made it possible to use its kinetic energy and slide ("levitate") the stone without great effort. This lithic science was "lost" with the disappearance of the Tartessians.

At the beginning of the Iron Age, the White Atlanteans, after fulfilling their mission (signing their Blood Pact with Cro-Magnon of Europe), returned to Agartha through the Boreal Gate or Thule Gate; guarded by the Nordic peoples. They would fulfill the mission entrusted, until the Celtic invasions, guided by Druids (Golem priests), dislodged them, and they were left waiting in northern Europe for more than two thousand years.

The Celtic tribes (the first people or race of the White Betrayal), and their Druid Priests would close the Thule Gate in Britain. However, they could not close the North Polar Gate leading to Agartha.

Second Day

I will start with the Blood Pact. The same means that the White Atlanteans mixed their blood with the representatives of the native populaces, who were also of White Race, generating the first dynasties of Warrior Kings of Divine Origin. They descended from the White Atlanteans, who declared to be Sons of the Gods. But Warrior Kings had preserved that Divine Legacy supporting it in a Spiritual and Bloody Aristocracy, protecting their racial purity for millenniums... until the enemy Cultural Strategy achieved to blind or derange them to break the Blood Pact. And such fail of compromise with the Sons of the Gods was, as you will see next Dr., cause of great ills.

Of course, the Blood Pact included something more than the genetic legacy. In first place was *Wisdom* promise: the White Atlanteans had assured to their descendants, and future representatives, that the Liberator Gods would reward the loyalty of the mission with the Highest Wisdom, that allowed to the Spirit the return to the Origin, beyond the Stars.

It means that Warrior Kings and blood Aristocracy members would also become Wise Warriors, *Stone Men*, as the White Atlanteans, just complying with the mission and respecting the Blood Pact; on the contrary, the oblivion of the mission or the Blood Pact betrayal to the would bring severe consequences. It was not about a "punishment of the Gods" or something like that, but the *Loss of the Eternity*, that is, an irreversible spiritual fall, even worse than the one that incarcerated the Spirit to Matter. «The Liberator Gods, according to the particular description that the White Atlanteans made of the native populaces, didn't punish neither forgive their acts nor judged; because they were beyond all Law; their gazes only repaired the Spirit of Men, on their spirituality, in their will to abandon Matter. Those who loved the Creation, those who wanted to remain subjected to suffering and pain of the animal life, those who, by sustaining these illusions or other similar, forgot the mission or betrayed the Blood Pact, would face no punishment. No! for them was just assured the loss of the eternity... unless that it could be considered a 'punishment' the implacable indifference that the Gods exhibit to all Traitors».

Referring to this Wisdom, the native populaces received in every case a direct proof that they could acquire a superior knowledge, a piece of concrete evidence which talked more than the incomprehensible arts employed in the megalithic constructions. This proof was undeniable, which situated the native populaces over any other that had not made pacts with the Atlanteans, consisted in the comprehension of the Architecture and the form to domesticate and govern the animal populations useful to men. Since the White Atlanteans' departure, the native populaces counted to sustain themselves in their place and comply with their mission, with the powerful help of Agriculture and animal breeding, no matter what they were before: collectors, hunters, or just

looter warriors. The magic enclosure of fields, and the plotting of the walled cities, had to be realized in the land using a stone plow that the White Atlanteans gave to the native populaces for that purpose. It was a lytic instrument designed and constructed by Them, from which they never had to separate and which they would use only to found the agricultural and urban sectors of the occupied space. Naturally, this was proof of Wisdom but not Wisdom Itself. And what about Wisdom? When would be obtained the knowledge that allowed the Spirit to travel beyond the stars?

Individually it depended on the *will* employed to the Origin's return and the *orientation* of that will: anyone could leave in any moment and from any place if Wisdom from the will to return and the Origin's orientation were acquired. The combat against the Potencies of Matter would need to be resolved, in this case, personally: that would constitute a feat of the Spirit and would be taken in great value by the Liberator Gods. Collectively, otherwise, Wisdom of the Spiritual Liberation, that would make possible the departure of all the Wise Warriors to K'Taagar and, from there, towards the Origin, would be obtained only when the theater of operations of the Essential War be transferred again to the Earth. Only then the Liberator Gods would come back to manifest themselves unto mentor guide the Spiritual Forces in the Final Battle against the Potencies of Matter. Until then, the Wise Warriors would have to comply effectively with the mission to prepare for the Final Battle: and then, when the Gods had summoned them to occupy their battle position, the Wise Warrior would have to demonstrate Spirit's Wisdom altogether. Just as the White Atlanteans affirmed, that would be unavoidable if the native Spirits fulfilled their mission and respected the Blood Pact because, *«then», the Highest Wisdom would coincide with the Strongest Will to return to the Origin, with the Highest Courage disposed to fight against the Potencies of Matter, and with the Maximum Spiritual Hostility against the non-spiritual.*

Collectively, the highest Wisdom would be revealed at the end, during the Final Battle, in a moment when all the Wise Warriors would be able to recognize each other simultaneously; how? The opportunity would be recognized directly with the Pure Blood, in inner perception, or through the «Venus Stone».

To Warrior Kings of each allied populace, that's to say, to their offspring, the White Atlanteans also had a Venus Stone, a gem similar to an emerald of the size of a child's fist.

Such Stone, brought to Earth by the Liberator Gods, was not faceted at all but finely polished, showing over a sector of the surface a light concavity in which Center was observed the Origin's Sign. According to what the White Atlanteans revealed to Warrior Kings, before the fall of the extraterrestrial Spirit in Matter, existed in the Earth an animal-man extremely primitive, son of the Creator God of all the material forms: that animal had an animic essence, i.e., a Soul capable to reach immortality, but lacked the Eternal Spirit that characterized the Liberator Gods or the own Creator God. However, the animal-man was destined to obtain evolutionarily a high grade of knowledge concerning the Work of the Creator, knowledge which was resumed in the Serpent's Sign; in other words, *the serpent represented the highest knowledge for the*

animal-man. After the fall's mystery, the Spirit remained incorporated to the animal-man, prisoner of Matter, and emerged the necessity of its liberation. The Liberator Gods, who in this were such terrible as the damn Creator God Captivating Spirits, only attended, as I said, to those who disposed of the will to return to the Origin and exhibited orientation towards the Origin; to those brave Spirits, the Gods said: *«you have lost the Origin, and you are a prisoner of the serpent: with the Signoff, the Origin, comprehend the serpent, and you will be free again in the Origin!»*.

Hence, Wisdom consisted of understanding the serpent, with the Origin's Sign. This is the reason of the importance of the legacy that the White Atlanteans gave by the Blood Pact: the *Pure Blood*, the blood of the Gods, and the *Venus Stone*, in which concavity was *observed* the Origin's Sign. That legacy, undoubtedly, could save the Spirit if «with the Origin's Sign the serpent is understood», just as the Gods ordained. But to obtain Wisdom for the Spiritual liberation would not be an easy task because *in the Venus Stone was not engraved the Origin's Sign*: over it, on its concavity, it could only be «*seen*».

And it was seen only by who respected the Blood Pact due to, in reality, what existed as Divine legacy of the Gods was a *Origin's Symbol in the Pure Blood. The Origin's Sign, observed in the Venus Stone, was just the reflect of the Origin's Symbol present in the Pure Blood of Warrior Kings, of the Wise Warriors, of the Sons of the Gods, of the semi-divine men who, attached to the animal body and material Soul, had an Eternal Spirit*.

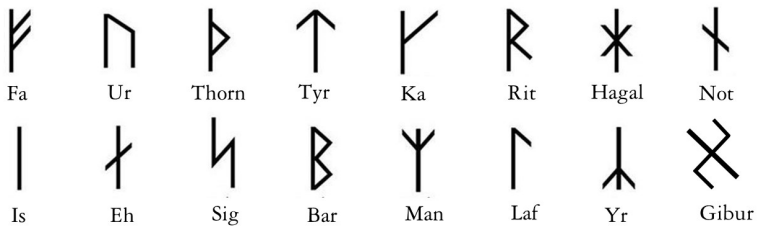
If the Blood Pact was betrayed, if the blood turned impure, the Origin's Symbol would be debilitated and would not be possible to see the Origin's Sign over Venus Stone anymore: would be lost in this manner the possibility to «comprehend the serpent», the maximum Wisdom, and with it the chance, the chance, to be incorporated in the Essential War. On the contrary, if the Blood Pact was respected, if the Pure Blood was preserved, then, the Venus Stone could be denominated with justice «*Mirror of the Pure Blood*» and those who could see over it the Origin's Sign would be «*Initiates in the Mystery of the Pure Blood*», real *Wise Warriors*.

The White Atlanteans affirmed that their continental advance was guided directly by a Great White Leader called Navutan. That Leader who they only saw, and for whom they felt a deep respect and veneration, had fame to have been who revealed to the own White Atlanteans the Origin's Sign. Naturally, the Origin's Sign would be incommunicable because it only can be seen by who has previously, in his blood, the Origin's Symbol. The Venus Stone, Mirror of the Pure Blood, allowed to obtain an external reflect of the Origin's Symbol: but such *reflect*, the Origin's Sign, could be communicated neither by Initiation nor by any other social function if the receptor lacked from the legacy of the Origin's Symbol. Even amongst the White Atlanteans, only a few, individually, achieved to know the Origin's Symbol. The impossibility represented the difficulty of establishing a correspondence between the Uncreated and the Created: Matter was impotent to reflect the Uncreated. In fact, the Venus Stones had been *structurally modified* by the Liberator Gods to accomplish its function. With the purpose to resolve this problem and provide

to their Race the Highest Wisdom, even highest than the Lytic Wisdom knew by them, Navutan had descended to Hell. At least that was what the White Atlanteans related. Here he fought against the Potencies of Matter, but he didn't achieve to force them to reflect the Origin's Symbol and make it able to be seen by all the Race members.

It seems that it was Frya, his divine wife, who resolved the problem: *she expressed the Origin's Sign through dance*.

All the movements of dance proceed from the movement of the Birds, of their Archetypes. The discovery of Fryja allowed Navutan to comprehend the Origin's Sign with the *Birds' Language* and express it in the same way. But this was not a language composed by sounds but by *significant movements* which some groups of birds realized, especially the wade birds, like the heron or the crane, and the gallinaceous like the partridge, the peafowl or the pheasant: according to Navutan, to understand the Origin's Symbol was required exactly «thirteen plus three Runes», in other words, an alphabet of sixteen Signs denominated Runes or Vrunes.



Thanks to Navutan and Frya, the White Atlanteans were haruspex (from the aves spicere), i.e., they were gifted to comprehend the Origin's Sign observing the flight of the birds: the Birds' Language of Matter.

In this form would be synthetized Wisdom of Navutan: *who understands the alphabet of sixteen Runes would comprehend the Birds' Language. Who understands the Birds' Language would comprehend the Origin's Sign. Who understands the Origin's Symbol would comprehend the serpent. And who comprehends the serpent, with the Origin's Sign, could be free in the Origin.*

Clearly, the White Atlanteans didn't trust in the Birds' Language's perdurability, which, notwithstanding it, they transmitted to the descendants of the Blood Pact. They anticipated that, in case of the triumph of the Cultural Pact of the Swarthy Atlanteans, the sacred language would be forgotten soon by men; in such case, the only guarantee that at least someone individually achieved to see the Origin's Sign, would be constituted by the Venus Stone. With great success, they based on it the fulfillment of the mission. Thus, when the White Atlanteans bade farewell to my Ancestors, Dr. Siegnagel, they suggested inappropriate form to assure the mission's fulfillment. First of all, the Blood Pact would need to be respected without exceptions and maintain, for it, a Pure Blood Aristocracy. From this Aristocracy, which started

with the White Atlanteans descendants, were already selected the first Kings and the Wise Warriors who would *guard* the Plow of Stone and the Venus Stone. In fact, in the beginning, every populace was outbreeding divided into three groups, each one of them had the right to use the lytic instruments and contributed, for it common custody, a Wise Warrior; they conserved the instruments inside of a secret grotto and when they had to be used, they transported the three of them altogether. The three groups of the populace, of course, obeyed to the same King; as the centuries passed by, the reason of the cultural defeat that I will expose later, the triple division of the populace was forgotten, even if it lasted for a long time the custom to entrust the custody of the lytic instruments to the "Three Wise Warriors» or *Vrayas*.

All the Kings and the Noble by Blood would be *Initiates* in the Pure Blood Mystery: the initiation would be at the sixteen-year-old when they would be faced to the Venus Stone, and it would be tried to make them see on it the Origin's Sign.

Who could see it would dispose of in that moment of enough Wisdom to perform the self-Spiritual liberation and to return to the Origin. But, if the Wise Warrior was a King or a Hero and wanted to postpone his own spiritual liberation in order to seek the liberation of a Race, two would be the steps to follow. The first one consisted of complying with the Liberator Gods' command and «comprehend the serpent with the Origin's Sign», communicating then, the reached Wisdom to the remaining initiates. Once seen the Origin's Sign, the second step of the Initiate demanded to not apart from the attention from the Venus Stone because on it, over its concavity, someday would be seen the *Lytic Sign of K'Taagar*, i.e., an *image* that would signalize the path towards the City of the Liberator Gods.

This principle would give place to a secret intuition amongst the Iberians; about it I will talk a lot later, of *Noyos* and *Vrayas*, initiates enshrined to protect in every moment and place the Venus Stone and await Manifestation of the Origin.

Thus was how the descendants or allies of the White Atlanteans, who executed the first step in the comprehension of the serpent, and that was represented in the real form of reptile, or abstractedly with the spiral form, they were universally considered ophidian worshippers.

Such confusion was malignantly employed to relate every kind of tenebrous intentions or acts; with this objective, the Enemy associated the snake to the ideas that most repugnance or fear produced in the ignorant populaces of the Earth: the night, the moon, the demonic forces, all that is creeping or subterranean, the occult, etc. In this form, employing slanderous and malicious vulgarization of their acts, because no one except the initiates knew about the existence of the Venus Stone and the Origin's Sign, they achieved to blame the Wise Warriors of black magic, i.e., of the grossest magic arts, those which were practiced using the passions of the body and Soul: curious paradox! The initiates of the Pure Blood Mystery were accused of Black Magic and humanity! Those who just because understood the serpent, the total symbol of human knowledge, were out of what's human.

Third Day

The cultural Pact, over which the Swarthy Atlanteans based their alliances, was on its part, essentially different from the Blood Pact. Such agreement was founded in the perpetual maintenance of a *Cult*. To be clear, the fundament of the alliance consisted in the indeclinable fidelity of a Cult revealed by the Swarthy Atlanteans. The cult demanded the unconditional worship of the native populace members to a God and the fulfillment of his will, which would be manifested through *his representatives*, the priestly caste formed and instructed by the Swarthy Atlanteans. Should not be interpreted with this that the Swarthy Atlanteans initiated the native populaces in the Cult of their own God due that *They affirmed to be the terrestrial expression of God*, which was the Creator God of the Universe, they, said to be inherent to God and to had a higher destiny to comply on the Earth, additionally to the destruction of the White Atlanteans work: their own mission consisted in the establishment of a great civilization from which would emerge, in the End Times, a Chosen People of God, also inherent with This, which would reign over all the countries of the Earth; some Angels, that the damn White Atlanteans denominated «Traitor Gods of the Spirit», would support the Chosen People with all their Power; but was written that such Synarchy could not be fulfilled without the expulsion from the Earth of the enemies of the Creation, who try to discover the Plans of God to men and make them rebel and drawn aside from His Designs; then would overcome the Final Battle between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness, i.e., between those who *worship the Creator God with the Heart* and those who *comprehend the serpent with the mind.*

In sum, the Swarthy Atlanteans were «the expression of God», they didn't propose themselves as the object of the Cult neither exposed to the native populaces their concept of God, which would be reduced to *an «auto-vision» that the Creator God would experience since his manifestation in the Swarthy Atlanteans*: otherwise, they revealed to the native populaces the Name and the Aspect of some celestial Gods, which were not but Faces of the Creator God, other manifestations of him in Heaven; the stars of the firmament, and all the visible or invisible celestial body, expressed to these Gods. According to the particular psychology of each native population would be then, the revealed God: to some of them, the most primitives would be shown God as the Sun, the Moon, a planet or star, or a particular constellation; to others, more evolved, would be told: in that or such star *resided* the God of their cults. In this case, they were authorized to represent their God through a fetish or idol that symbolized his hidden Face, which the priests perceived in His astral residence.

Anyway, being God a star, or behind a star, or manifested in the surrounding world, in the whole Creation, in the Swarthy Atlanteans, or in any other priestly caste, the materialism of such conception is evident: just by deepening a little on it would become patent Matter, always placed like an absolute extreme of the

Creation of God, when not as the same substance of God, constituting the natural reference of the Gods, the essential support of the Divine existence.

Undoubtedly, the Swarthy Atlanteans worshiped the Potencies of Matter because all which was sacred for them, such indications, for example, that they signalized to the native populaces in the Cult, were founded in Matter. In fact, the sanctity which was obtained by the priestly practice proceeded from inexorable sanctification of the body. And the consequent Power, demonstrative of the priestly superiority, consisted of the forces of nature dominance or, in the last instance, of every force. But the forces were not but Manifestations of the Gods: the forces emerged from Matter or were guided by it, and it formalization was equivalent to its deification. That is: the Wind, the Fire, the Thunder, the Light, could be nothing else but Gods or the Will of the Gods; the dominion of the forces was, in this way, a communion with the Gods. And for this reason, the highest priestly sanctity, which was demonstrated by the dominion of the Soul, being this conceived as a body or as force, also meaning the most abject submission to the Potencies of Matter.

The movement of the stars denoted the act of the Gods: the Divine Plans were developed with such movements in which every rhythm, period, or cycle, had a decisive meaning for human life. Therefore, the Swarthy Atlanteans divinized Time under the form of the astral or natural cycles, and they transmitted to the native populaces the beliefs in the Eras or Great Years: during a Great Year was concreted one part of the Plan that the Gods had plotted for men, their terrestrial destiny. The last Great Year, which would last for approximately twenty-six thousand solar years, would have started many years before when the Swan of the Sky had approached the Earth and men of Atlantis saw descending the God *Sanat*. He came to be King of the World sent by the Sun God *Ton*, the father of mankind, who is the son of God *Sin*. The Swarthy Atlanteans glorified the moment when Sanat arrived at the Earth, and they diffused among the native populations the Swan's Symbols a sign of such primordial remembrance: Thenceforth, the Swan's Symbol, and later of every palmiped bird, was universally considered as evidence that some determined native populace had concerted the Cultural Pact; it means, that even though the worshipped God was different, Beleno, Lug, Bran, Proteus, etc., the common identification with the Swan's Symbol revealed the institution of the Cultural Pact. Subsequently, after the Atlanteans departure, the struggle between the native populaces would be symbolized as a struggle between the Swan and the Serpent, since the conflict was between the followers of the Swan's Symbol and those who «understood the Serpent's Symbol». Of course, the meaning of this allegory was only known by Initiates.

The God *Sanat* had installed himself in the Throne of the Ancient Kings of the World, existent since millions of years before in the *Korn* palace of the white Island *Gyg*, subsequently known in the Tibet as *Chang Shambhala* or *Dejung*. From there he had disposed to govern countless Souls, because the white Island was in the Land of the Dead. However, to the white Island only arrived the Souls of those Priests who had worshiped the Creator God in all Eras. The King of the World chaired a White Fraternity or a White Brotherhood constituted by the holier Priests, dead or alive, and supported in their work over mankind with the

Power of those mysterious Angels, *Seraphim Nephilim*, that the White Atlanteans qualified as Traitor Gods to the Spirit of men: according to the White Atlanteans, the Seraphim Nephilim were only two hundred, but their Power was such huge, that they reigned over all the occult Hierarchy of the Earth; they counted, to exert such Power, with the authorization of the Creator God, and they were blindly obeyed by the Initiated Cult Priestural Pact, who was part of the «occult hierarchy» or «White Hierarchy» of the Earth. In sum, in Chang Shambhala, in the White Island, the White Fraternity existed on whose Head were the Seraphim Nephilim and the King of the World.

It must be clarified that the «whiteness» predicated over the insular Mansion of the King of the World or his Fraternity was not referring to a racial quality of the dwellers or members but to the *illumination* that unfailingly they would have regarding the other men. The *light*, indeed, was the most Divine thing, being the internal light, visible for the eyes of the Soul, or the solar light, which sustained life and was perceived with the senses of the body: and this devotion shows, one more time, the metaphysical materialism which supported the Swarthy Atlanteans. According to them, in the grade that the Soul evolved and elevated towards the Creator God, «its light increased», that is to say, increased its aptitude to receive and give light, to become final, in pure light: naturally that light was something created by God, that is, a finite thing, the limit of perfection of the Soul, something that could not be overpassed without contradicting the plans of God, without falling into the most abominable heresy. The White Atlanteans, adversely, affirmed that in the Origin, beyond the stars, existed an *Uncreated Light* which the Spirit could only see: that infinite light was imperceptible to the Soul.

However, although invisible, before it the Soul felt as facing the most impenetrable blackness, an infinite abyss, and remained plugged in an uncontrollable horror: and that was because *the Uncreated Light of the Spirit transmitted to the Soul the intuition of the eternal death in which it, as every created thing, would end its existence at the end of a super « Great Year» of manifestation of the Creator God, one «Mahamanvantara».*

Hence, the «whiteness» of the Fraternity to which belonged the Swarthy Atlanteans did not proceed from their members' skin color but from the «light» of their souls: the White Fraternity was not racial but religious. Its rows were nourished only by Initiated Priests, who always occupied a «fair place» according to their Gods devotion and obedience. The blood of the living had a relative value for them: if with their purity they maintained themselves attached to the allied native populace, then they would have to preserve it, moreover, if the protection of the Cult required of the miscegenation with other population, it could be degraded with no problems. The Cult would be the axis of the existence for the native populace, and all would be subordinated to it in importance; all, in the end, should be sacrificed by the Cult: in the first place, the White Atlanteans Pure Blood allied populaces. It was part of the mission, a duty of the Cultural Pact: the spilled Pure Blood produced joy in the Gods, and they claimed their offerings. For this reason, the Initiated Priests had to sacrifice the Pure Blood; they had to exterminate the Wise Warriors or destroy

their genetic legacy; they had to neutralize the Blood Pact.

I have described the main characteristics of both Pacts hitherto. I couldn't avoid the employment of obscure or unusual concepts, but you will have to comprehend, appreciated Dr. that I don't have the necessary time to enter in major details. However, before continuing with the history of my people and my family, I will refer to the consequences that the alliances with the Atlanteans brought to the native populations.

If something stood out the priestly castes formed by the Swarthy Atlanteans, apart from their fanaticism and cruelty, were in the art of deceit. They made, literally, any sacrifice if it contributed to the preservation of the Cult: the fulfillment of the mission, such High Purpose that satisfied the Will of the Gods, justified any of the employed methods and that converted them into masters of deceit. And for this reason, must not surprise that many times they simulated to be Kings, or they shielded behind Nobles and Kings if that favored their plans; but this can't confuse anyone: Kings, Nobles, and Lords, if their acts aimed to maintain a Cult, or if they affirmed the heresy of Wisdom, undoubtedly was treating about camouflaged priests, even if their social functions appeared to be the opposite.

The principle to establish the filiation of an allied population of the Atlanteans consists in the opposition between the Cult and Wisdom: the sustenance of a Cult to the Potencies of Matter, to gods who situate themselves over men and approve their miserable earthly existence, to Creator Gods or Determiners of the Fate of men, puts their worshippers automatically in the mark of the Cultural Pact, being or not the Priests at sight.

On the contrary, the White Atlanteans Gods required nor Cult nor Priests: they talked directly in the Pure Blood of Warriors, and they, just hearing Their Voices, became Wise. They had not come to comfort men in their miserable condition of being a slave on Earth but to incite the human Spirit rebellion against the Creator God of the material prison and recover the absolute freedom in the Origin, beyond all the stars. Here would always be a flesh servant, condemned to suffering and pain of life; there would be the God who was before, such Powerful as all. And, of course, would be no peace for the Spirit while the Return Towards the Origin was not fulfilled; meanwhile, the original freedom was not re-conquered; *the Spirit was a stranger in Earth and prisoner of Earth*: except for the one who was asleep, confused in an extreme loss, bewitched by the illusion of the Great Deceit, in the Earth the Spirit only could be permanently manifested in a war against the Potencies of Matter that had him a prisoner. If; the peace was in the Origin: here could only be a war for the awake Spirit, that is to say, for the Wise Spirit, and Wisdom could only be contrary to every Cult that obeyed men to bow down before a God.

The Creator Gods never talked about peace but of war and Strategy: hence, the Strategy consisted of being in an alert state and preserving the site agreed with the White Atlanteans, until the day in which the Essential War operation theatre be transferred again to Earth.

And this was not peace but the preparation for War. But to comply with the mission, the Blood Pact maintains people in an alert state that demanded some

technique, a special way of life that allowed them to live as strangers on Earth. The White Atlanteans had transferred to the native people a similar way of life; many of its guidelines would actually be incomprehensible. However, I will try to expose the most evident principles in which it was based to achieve the proposed objectives: simply, concerned to three concepts, the *Occupation* Principle, the *Enclosure* Principle, and the *Wall* Principle; three concepts complemented by such legacy of the Atlantean Wisdom which were the Agriculture and the animal breeding.

In the first place, the allied populations of the White Atlanteans would never forget the Occupation Principle of the territory and would have to prescind definitively from the land's *Property* Principle, sustained by the followers of the Swarthy Atlanteans. In other words, the dwelled land was land occupied and not own land; occupied to whom? To the Enemy, the Potencies of Matter. The conviction of this main restriction would be enough to maintain the alert state because the occupant populace was in this form conscious that the enemy would try to *recover* the territory by any means: under the form of native populations allies of the Swarthy Atlanteans, as another invader populace or as the adversity of the Forces of nature. To believe in the land's property, on the contrary, meant to put the guard down in front of the Enemy. Lose the alert state and succumb to Its Power of Illusion.

Understanding and accepting the Occupation Principle, the native populaces, could proceed, in the second term, to *fence* the occupied territory or, at least, signalize its Area. Why? Because the Enclosure Principle allowed to separate the occupied state from the enemy territory: *out of the occupied and fenced Area was extended the territory of the Enemy*. Only then, when was disposed of an occupied and fenced Area, was it possible to sow and realize the land's production.

In fact, in the strategic way of life inherited of the White Atlanteans, the native populaces were obeyed to act according to strict order, that no other principle allowed to alter: in third place, after the occupation and fence, only then could be practiced *cultivation*. This stringency was the capital importance that the White Atlanteans attributed to *cultivation* as an act able to liberate the Spirit or increase the slavery to Matter. The correct formula was this: if a *Pure Blood* population realized the *cultivation* over an *occupied* land, and not forgetting that the Enemy remained outside, thereupon, inside of the fence, would be free to elevate the Spirit and acquire the Highest Wisdom. On the contrary, if the land was cultivated believing on its *property*, the Potencies of Matter would emerge from the Earth, and would seize from men, and would integrate them to their context, converting them in an object of the Gods. Consequently, the Spirit would suffer a worse fall in Matter, accompanied by the most harmful illusion, because he would believe to be «*free*» on its property when would only be a piece of the organism created by the Gods. Without occupying and fencing it previously, who cultivates the land would feel to be his owner or would want to be and would be devoured by the regional context and experience the illusion to be part of it.

Property implies a double relation, reciprocal and inevitable: property belongs to the owner in the same way that he *belongs* to the property; it is clear: *could not*

be possessed without a previous about the land that would be appropriated later. But, who feels to be part of the Earth would remain unguarded before the Illusion Enemy power: he would behave as a stranger in the Earth; as the spiritual man who cultivates the strategic enclosure, because he would root and love the Earth; he would believe in the peace and he would aspire such illusion; he would feel a *part* of Nature and would accept that the *whole* is Work of the Gods; he would *dwarf* in his home and would be astonished due to the *greatness* of the Creation, which surrounds him everywhere; he would never conceive an exit of the Creation: before it, such idea would plunge him into an unnamed horror because on it he would intuit an abominable heresy, an insubordination to the Will of the Creator which could end in unpredictable punishment; he would submit to the Destiny, to the Will of the Gods who decides it, and would Worship them to gain their favor or to appease their wrath; he would be softened by fear and would have no force, not enough to oppose to the Gods, not even to fight against that animic and animal part of himself, but neither to achieve that the Spirit dominate it and become in the Lord of Himself; finally, he would believe in the land's property but he would belong to the Earth, and would comply step by step what is signalized by the Enemy Strategy.

The beginning of the *Wall* was the factual application of the *Enclosure* Principle, its real projection. According to the White Atlanteans Lytic Wisdom, there were many Worlds where the Spirit remained prisoner, and in each one of them, the Wall Principle required a different concreteness: in the physic world, its correct application conducted to the *Stone Wall*, the most effective strategic *fence* against any pressure of the Enemy. For this reason, the native populaces who were going to comply the mission, and participated in the Blood Pact, were instructed by the White Atlanteans in the construction of Stone Walls. It was a fundamental ingredient of their way of life: all who occupied and fenced the land to practice cultivation, with the purpose to sustain the place of some work of the White Atlanteans, had also to raise Stone Walls. But the elevation of the walls not depended only on the characteristics of the occupied land, but its construction had to intervene secret principles of the Lytic Wisdom, principles of the Strategy of the Essential War, principles that only the Initiated in the Pure Blood Mystery, the Wise Warriors, could know. It would be better-understood the reason for this condition if I say that the White Atlanteans advised to «look with one eye to the wall and with the other to the Origin», what would only be possible if the wall was *referred* in some way to the Origin.

The principle to establish the filiation of an allied populace of the Atlanteans consists in the opposition between the Cult and Wisdom: but what are the factual pieces of evidence, the concrete proofs, in other words, which is more evident to determine if it treats about a Cult or Wisdom? In every case, it must be observed there is the *Temple* or the *Wall of War*: the Cult's practice is inextricably associated with the existence of a corresponding *Temple*. The temple is the factual fundament of the Cult, it's material manifestation, and if the practice of Wisdom is inextricably associated with the existence of a *Strategic Wall*: the Wall of War is the factual fundament of the strategic way of life, its material seat. This principle explains the fact that the White Fraternity had

sustained in Earth, in every historical time, Communities and Secret Orders specialized in the construction of Temples, which would closely collaborate with the Cultural Pact Priests; and this also explains the fact that the Lords of Agartha sustain, through History, the Orders of Stone Wall Constructors, Orders integrated exclusively by the white White Atlanteans descendants, who dominate the Lytic Wisdom and the Strategy of the Essential War.

Fourth Day

For all we have seen, will be evident that the strategic mode of life could only proceed from a type of Culture rather austere. In fact, the Blood Pact populaces never stood out for any other cultural value but for the ability for War. At the beginning, these populations behaved like absolute strangers on Earth: they *occupied* the region where they lived, perhaps for centuries, but always thinking to leave, always preparing for War, always distrusting of reality of the world and demonstrating an essential hostility against the strange Gods. Must not surprise then, that they fabricated few utensils and even less sumptuary objects; however, although scarce, things were perfect enough to remember that they were constructors, gifted of skillful artisans; to prove it would be sufficient to observe the production of weapons, where they always stood out: these were fabricated in quality and mass always crescent, being proverbial fear and respect produced by them in the Cultural Pact populations who experienced the efficacy of their offensive power.

The Cultural Pact Populations, contrarily to the *occupants* of Earth, believed in *property* of the ground, loved the world, and worshiped the propitiatory Gods: their cultures were always abundant in utensils' production and sumptuary and ornamental articles. Among them was accepted that the work of the land was despicable for men, even if it was practiced by obligation: their major ability was, instead, in commerce, what would serve them to diffuse their cultural objects and to impose the worship of their Gods. According to their beliefs, men had to be resigned to their destiny and try to live in the best form in this world: such was the Will of the Gods, which could not be challenged. And to please that Will, the correct way to serve his representatives in Earth, the Priests and the Kings of the Cult: the Kings transmitted to the populations the Gods' Voice and begged to the Gods for the favor of the people; stopped the arm of the Kings lovers of war and interceded for the populaces when the exaction of taxes became excessive; they were the authors of the law, and sometimes they distributed justice. What ills would not abate over the population if the Priests were not there to appease the wrath of the Gods? On the other hand, according to them, it was not necessary to search Wisdom to progress culturally and reach a high grade of civilization: it was enough to seek *perfection of knowledge*; for example, it was sufficient to surpass the utilitarian value of a utensil and then stylize it until transforming it into

an artistic or sumptuary object. Wisdom was a Gods' property, and they hated that men invaded in their dominions: men should not comprehend just *know* and develop what they know, until, in a limit of excellence of the thing, this guide to the knowledge of other things that would also be necessary to improve, multiplying in this way the amount and quality of the cultural objects, and evolving to forms more complex of Culture and Civilization. They thanked the Priests because they condemned the heresy of Wisdom but approved with enthusiasm the application of the knowledge in the production of objects that would make more pleasant human life. Their civilizations, of refined customs and exquisite luxuries, significantly contrasted with the Blood Pact populations' austere way of lives.

In the beginning that difference, which was logic, not produced any effect in the Blood Pact populations, always suspicious of what could debilitate their warrior way of life. The Wise Warriors prophesied their fall if they allowed that the foreign Cultures contaminated their customs. This certainty allowed them to resist for many centuries, while the civilizations of the Cultural Pact grew and extended in the world. Nevertheless, with the pass of the centuries, and due to numerous and varied reasons, the Blood Pact populations ended *succumbing* to the Cultural Pact populations. Without being necessary to enter in details, it can be considered that two were the main causes of that result.

By the part of the Blood Pact populations, some collective *fatigue* that unnerved Warrior will: something like the stupor that for moments usually invades the sentinels during long surveillance; that fatigue, that stupor, that volitional weakness, was leaving them unarmed in front of the Enemy. By the part of the Cultural Pact Populations, a diabolical strategy, perpetrated by the Priests, based in the exploitation of Warrior fatigue through the temptation of the illusion: in this way, the Blood Pact populations were tempted with the illusion of peace, the illusion of truce, the illusion of cultural progress, the illusion of comfort, of enjoyment, luxury, etc.; perhaps the most effective arm was the temptation of the beautiful priestess love, specially trained to turn on the asleep passions of the Warrior Kings.

With the temptation of the illusion, the Priests were trying to make blood alliances with the combatant populaces, seal the «treaties of peace» with the consummation of weddings between members of the reigning Royalties. Naturally, as it was about mating between individuals of the best lineages and of the same Race, usually, the Pureblood's degradation did not occur. What were the Priests searching with these unions? The cultural domination above the Blood Pact populations. They had really clear that the Pureblood, by itself, was not enough to maintain Wisdom in the absence of the spiritual will to be free in the Origin, will that was debilitated due to War fatigue. Wisdom would make the Spirit free in the Origin and more powerful than the Creator God; but in this world, where the Spirit is chained to the animal-man, the Creator God's Cult would end dominating Wisdom, burying it under the veil of terror and hate. Once culturally submitted, the Priests would have time to degrade the Pure Blood of the Blood Pact populations and fulfill their own Cultural Pact to destroy the White Atlanteans' works.

In my country, Dr. Siegnagel, things happened in that way. The Kings, tired to fight and wait for the return of the Liberator Gods, were tempted by the illusion of a peace that assured them multiple advantages: if they allied to the Cultural Pact Populations would access to their «advanced» Culture, would share their refined customs, would enjoy the use of many cultural objects, would dwell more comfortable houses, etc.; and the alliances would be seal with convenient weddings, unions that would maintain safe the dignity of the Kings and would not obey them to concede, in a *first opportunity*, Wisdom to the Cult. They believed, naively, that they were making a truce in which they didn't lose anything and where they had much to gain: and that belief, that blindness, that madness, that incomprehensible fatigue, that stupor, that spell, was the ruin of my people and the worst fail to the Blood Pact with the White Atlanteans, a lack of Honor or what madness! To have believed that the Cult and Wisdom could be reunited in just one hand! The result, the disaster I'd say, was that the Priests crossed the walls and established themselves amongst the Wise Warriors; there they intrigued until imposing their Cults and achieved to make them forget Wisdom. Finally, they avidly devoted themselves to the Venus Stones' rescue, which remitted with promptitude to the White Fraternity through messengers who travelled to far regions. Only a few Initiates had the Honor and Courage to refuse such condemnable claudication and disposed the means to preserve the Venus Stone and what remained of Wisdom.

Within those Initiates was one of my distant ancestors, who engraved the Venus Stone in the garniture of an iron sword: was a weapon of imposing beauty and notable symbolism; besides, to be the support of the Venus Stone, the crossword was upward opened in two iron quillons that protected the hilt and gave to the set the form of inverted trident; the hilt, on its part, was of white bone-like ivory, but coiled, and was affirmed with the conviction that it belonged to the horn of the Barbel Unicorn, the mythical animal which represented the spiritual man; and the pommel, made of iron as the blade, had also a pair of elevated quillons, that formed a second inverted trident. In the middle ages, as will be seen later, other Initiates engraved in the blade the inscription «*Honor Et Mortis*». This Initiate established the law that such a weapon had only to be in the Kings of the original lineage, the White Atlanteans offspring. Vainly were, in this case, the attempts made by generations of Priests to destroy the Wise Sword: it was conserved while was possible, and later, when that was not possible, it was occulted until the days of Lito de Tharsis, the ancestor who came to America in 1534.

I repeat: the madness to gather in one Lineage the Cult and Wisdom produced a disaster in the Blood Pact populations: the *initiatic chain's interruption*. It was in this way, and in one moment, when the Gods of the Cult had imposed, the voice of the Pure Blood faded away, and the initiates lost the possibility to hear the Liberator Gods: the *will* to return to the Origin had been debilitated long time ago, and now they had no *orientation*.

Without the Voice, and without orientation towards the Origin, there was no Wisdom to transmit; the Origin's Sign would not be seen anymore in the Venus Stone. The initiates realized, suddenly, that something had been disen-

gaged between them and the Liberator Gods.

They understood, too late, that the mission's future and the Blood Pact depended as never before of the struggle between Cult and Wisdom, a struggle they would not be fought out but inside, in the field of the blood. What made the initiates when they understood that irreversible reality, Shadows that abated the spirit, to counteract it? Almost everyone did the same. Starting from the beginning that what exists in this world is just a gross imitation of the things of the Real World, and due to the impossibility to find the Origin and the Path towards the Real World, they opted to use the last remains of Wisdom to impress in the Lineages of Purest Blood a «Familiar mission» consistent in the *unconscious comprehension, with the Origin's Sign, of an Archetype*. It must be adverted the modest of this objective: the Ancient Initiates, the Wise Warriors were capable to "comprehend the serpent, with the Origin's Sign"; and the serpent is a symbol *which contains All the archetypes created by the God of the Universe*, Symbol that was consciously understood with the *Uncreated* Origin's Sign. The initiates proposed, and there was no other option, that a family would work «blindly» on one created Archetype, trying that the Origin's Symbol present in the blood one day would be comprehended casually and would reveal the Truth of the Uncreated Form.

In sum Dr. Siegnagel, to some lineages, who had Divine blood of the White Atlanteans flowing through their veins, was assigned a familiar mission, an objective to reach through the pass of countless generations that would go perpetually repeating the same tragedy, turning around the same Archetype. As the Alchemist stir the lead, the members of the chosen family would repeat untiringly the proofs established by the ancestors, until one of them, one day, turning around a circle travelled a thousand times beneath other skies, would reach to fulfill the familiar mission, purifying in this manner his *astral blood*. Thus, this would produce a transmutation that would allow resolving the Kali Yuga or Dark Age's involution, return to the Origin, and obtain Wisdom again.

Obviously, the familiar mission would be secret, and that is actually unknown for the members of the White Atlanteans' offspring. The mission demanded the fulfillment of a specific guideline that content would not have necessary relation with the cultural community's objectives where the chosen lineage belonged; inclusive, according to the Period, the guideline could result incomprehensible or just collide against the cultural canons in vogue. But nothing of this would matter because the mission was impressed in the familiar blood, in the tree of the Lineage, and the descendant's branches would go inevitably tending to the guideline, in an unconscious and superhuman effort to surpass the spiritual fall. Of course, the specific guideline described the Archetype that would have to be understood in the blood, with the Origin's Symbol, to transcend it and reach the Uncreated Form. For example, some families have commended perfection of a *stone*, a *vegetable*, of an *animal*, of a *symbol*, of a *color*, of a *sound*, of a determined organic *function* or of an instinct, etc. The perfection of the suggested thing required to penetrate on its intimate essence until the touch the metaphysical limits, in other words, till the adaptation of the flawless form of the created Archetype. Thereby, considering that the created Archetype is just a mere copy of the Uncreated Form, it would be

possible to *orientate* again towards the Origin if it was understood the Archetype with the Origin's Symbol present in the Pure Blood; and there was Wisdom.

Thus, the familiar mission not finished with the simple transcendental apprehension of the created Archetype, but it required its spiritual *re-creation*. Starting by an existent quality in the world, he would back over it one and again, untiringly, for Aeons, until penetrating in its intimate essence and realize its archetypal perfection. It would be *re-created* then, to the quality in the Spirit and would be comprehended with the Origin's Symbol. Only with this condition would be appropriated for the existence of the Spirit. Thus, the Spirit would *exist* beyond the created: not perceiving the illusion of the created but recreating what is perceived in the Spirit and comprehending it with the Uncreated. At complying with the familiar mission, the astral blood, not the hemoglobin, would be purified and would make possible the transmutation that is own of the Hyperborean Initiates or Wise Warriors which transforms men into immortal Super-human.

In such a not evolutive way, the convoked ones, the called to fulfill the familiar mission, will be able to *create* «magically» many things. The Initiates in the Pure Blood Mystery would obtain, for example, a magic wine, a *soma*, *haoma* or *Amrita*; after a millenary distillation of the liqueur, this one is incorporated into the blood, *recreated*, as transmuting nectar. Also, Manipulation of the sound permits us to arrive at a superior harmony, to a music of the spheres: the Spirit vibrating in a unique note, *Om*, recreates the ineffable essence of the logos, the Creator Verb. Such nectar as this sound, or other similar archetypical forms, can be recreated in the Spirit and understood by the Origin's Symbol, comprehended by the Uncreated, opening thus the doors to the Origin and Wisdom.

Your family, Dr. Siegnagel, was destined to produce archetypical honey, the exquisite squash of sweet. Since distant times, your ancestors had worked all the forms of the sugar, from the cultivation to the refinement; from the grossest molasses to the most excellent honey. One day, the empirical usage was exhausted and a metaphysical sugar, an Archetype, incorporated into the family's astral blood, giving birth to a slow process of interior refinement that ends with you. Today, metaphysical sugar has been adjusted to the archetypical perfection and the effort of thousands of ancestors has been condensed in you: the *searched sweetness is in your Heart*. It is your turn to make the last step of the transmutation, *recreate* that archetypical sugar in the Spirit, and *comprehend it with the Origin's Symbol*. But I am not who have to talk about it, because your ancestors will make present one day, altogether, and will claim you the fulfillment of the mission.

Fifth Day

Now, as I already communicated to you these indispensable antecedents, I'll enter completely into the history of my family, Dr. Siegnagel. As I anticipated, the same descends directly from the White

Atlanteans and, of course, of the Ancient Hyperborean Lineages.

Thousands of years ago, the Iberians were also victims of that War Fatigue, which was causing widespread amnesia in the White Atlanteans' offspring. First, it was flexibilizing the austerity of the customs and was allowed to confuse the urban habits of the Cultural Pact populations with the strategic way of life: such cultural penetration had a decisive incidence in the demoralization of the people, in the loss of Warrior alert. Then the alliances of Blood were sealed, which according to the deceit that the last Wise Warriors suffered, would accomplish the illusions of the peace, the riches, the comfort, the progress, etc. Logically, the Princes and Princesses of the Cultural Pact populations came to the Priests to impose their Cult on the Traitor Gods and the Potencies of Matter. Warriors lost in this form their spirituality; they knew fear and speculated with the value of life: they were still capable of fighting, but only until the limits of fear, like the animals; and, of course, they would become «fearful of the Gods», respectful of their Supreme Wills that no one would dare to defy; they would not elevate then, the gaze from Earth, neither would seek the Origin. Thence only the *Heroes* would realize the feats that Warriors not dared to realize: a sad place of exception reserved to the Heroes when in days of the White Atlanteans, the entire Race was a community of Heroes.

The triumph of the Cult produced the oblivion of Wisdom. The Spirit went sleeping in the Pure Blood, and only those Wise Warriors who still had a rest of lucidity realized the desperate attempt to impress the «familiar mission». In the case of our Lineage, Dr. Siegnagel the insanity to collect in just one hand the Cult and Wisdom took my ancestors to a insane proposal: they established as a guideline *perfection of the Cult*.

That is to say, that the thing which we would perfect would not be fortuity, like the color or the sound, but the own Cult imposed by the Priests, the worship to a Deity revealed by the Swarthy Atlanteans. And I am referring precisely to *Belisana*, the Goddess of the Fire. But, *every Cult is a description of an Archetype*: the familiar mission required then, the demential objective to improve the Cult until it adjustment with its archetype, which became a Goddess soon, that's to say, an aspect of the Creator God; and, as culmination was ordained to *re-create* in the Spirit such Archetype, that Goddess, and comprehend it with the Uncreated Origin's Symbol: that was as to pretend that the Spirit of a descendant member of the familiar lineage would include one day the Creator God, and the whole Universe, to comprehend it later with the Origin's Symbol!, in other words, that was like demanding, at the end, the Highest Wisdom, the fulfillment of the White Atlanteans: *comprehend the Serpent, along with the Origin's Symbol!*

I could not assure you if this hallucinative proposal was a consequence of the madness of my ancestors or obeyed to higher inspiration, a request that the Liberator Gods made to the Lineage: peradventure They knew since the beginning that one of us would reach to realize the familiar mission and would awake, as a Wise Warrior, in the exact moment of his liberation, on Earth, the Final Battle. Because, if we discard a mad act of the Wise Warriors and we accept that they worked totally conscious of what they supposed to obtain, it doesn't explain the

difficulty of such mission, unless that its fulfillment would contribute to the Strategy of the Essential War and be trusted in the help and the invisible guide of the Liberator Gods. Perhaps, then, the Liberator Gods wanted to count during the Final Battle with Initiates capable of *confronting them Face to Face*, and had decided to provide some lineages, like my own, with the appropriated instrument for it, this is, *the comprehension of the Archetype of the Gods*. This necessity is understood through an old idea that the White Atlanteans transmitted to the Wise Warriors of my community: according to this revelation, the Liberator Gods were Uncreated Spirits who existed freely out of every material determination; but Spirits chained in Matter, in the animal-man, had lost the Origin and, with it, the capacity to perceive the Uncreated: only could relate themselves with the Created, with the archetypical forms; due to this the Liberator Gods only could employ «as clothing» some Archetypes of Gods to manifest unto men: naturally, such manifestations only would take place in front of the Hyperborean Initiates, because only the Initiates would be capable of transcending «the clothing", the forms of the created Archetypes, and resist «face to Face» the Terrible Presences of the Liberator Gods. In this way, perchance they wanted that some Initiates of my Lineage would reach someday, presumably during the Final Battle, to contact the Hyperborean Goddess who was usually manifested through Belisana to whom the White Atlanteans called *Frya* and the ancient Hyperboreans *Lilith*.

Whatever could be the case, because of the madness or the Divine Inspiration, the truth is that the guideline of such mission determined that our family became fervently devoted to the perfection of the Cult to the Goddess Belisana. Surely such special dedication to the Cult was savior because, for many generations, was believed that our Lineage was of Priests: really, the first descendants in the familiar mission were not so different to the most fanatic Priests worshippers of the Fire. However, through the pass of generations, were emerging members who penetrated more and more in the essence of igneous.

The Goddess Belisana was represented, in the primitive cult, by the Flame of a Perennial Lamp of the Swarthy Atlanteans. The Priests gave the Perennial Lamps to seal the blood alliances between the Cultural Pact Populations and of the Blood Pact, and as the safest magic medium to impose the Cult over Wisdom. Thereby, amongst the Iberians of my community, a Wise Warrior married with an Iberian Princess, who was also the priestess of the Cult to the Goddess Belisana, and received as a dowry that Lamp which Flame was never extinguished. Absurdly, my family possessed then the Wise Sword, with the Venus Stone of the White Atlanteans, and the Perennial Lamp, with the Flame of the Swarthy Atlanteans. But the Wise Sword would not play its role yet: it only was jealously preserved, as a familiar tradition, because the faculty to see the Origin's Sign on the Venus Stone was lost.

Instead, to the Perennial Lamp, to the Sacred Flame's worship, was given all the attention. Thus, some descendants improved the Divine Flame, approaching it more and more to the Goddess's igneous Archetype. And also some descendants achieved to isolate and apprehend the essence of the igneous, incorporating the Fire Archetype in the familiar Blood. When this occurred, some ancestors, prudently, abandoned the Flame's Cult and withdrew to a Seigniory of the South of Spain. They left the Perennial Lamp to the other familiars, who were incapable of missing the Cult, and conserved the Wise Sword, that for them didn't mean anything. Of course, those who remained in the custody of the Perennial Lamp continued being Kings or Priests because the people were completely devoted to the Worship of the Goddess Belisana: those who withdrew, my direct ancestors, had to concede in return all their rights to the royal succession. However, they maintained some power as Lords of House Tharsis, near to «Huelva», in «Andalucía».

Thenceforth they adopted the *Barbel Unicorn* as the symbol of House Tharsis. In the beginning, they represented that mythical fish in their shields or primitive blazons, but in the middle Ages, as will be seen later, was heraldically incorporated to the familiar armorial bearings. *Barbus Eques*' barbel knight is the commonest of the rivers from Spain, especially the Odiel, which circulated a few meters from Tharsis; receives the fish such name due to the four chins that it has in the lower jaw, which is very protruding. However, the barbel that the Tharsis Lords was referring to was a fish provided by a frontal horn and five chins. The myth that justified the symbol affirmed that the barbel, moving through the river Odiel, was similar to the Soul transiting through the transcendental Time of Life: it was an animal representation of man. But the White Atlantean offspring were not like the animal-men because they possessed an Uncreated Spirit, or in other words, the

Kalachakra Key; naturally, the Uncreated Spirit was not possible to be represented, and because of this was insinuated leaving it not finished, in the representations of the barbel unicorn, the tip of the horn: beyond the horn, in an infinite distance, was the Uncreated Spirit, absurdly related to the Created Matter. And the beard of the barbel, of course, meant the legacy of Navutan, the number of Venus.

Naturally, the Tharsis Lords proceeded to practice the Worship of Belisana because, until Lito de Tharsis, no one understood the familiar mission and, also, because that was established and sanctioned by the laws of my people. But, the secret objective of the familiar mission inexorably impulse their participants to recreate the igneous Archetype spirituality, and that marked them with an unequivocal signal: they acquired the fame of being a family of mystics and adventurers, when not of dangerous madmen. And there was some truth in that fable due to that Fire in the Blood, uncontrolled in the beginning, caused the strongest extremes of violence and passion. Existed those who experienced in their lives the most terrible hate and the most sublime love that humanely could be conceived, and all that experience was condensed and synthesized in the Blood's Tree and was genetically transmitted to the Lineage heritors. With the pass of time, the extreme tendencies were gradually separating and periodically Lords who were pure Love or pure Courage, i.e., great «Mystics» or great «Warriors». Amongst the first were those who assured that the Ancient Goddess «had installed in their hearts» and that her Flame «turned them on in a love ecstasy». Those who, within seconds, adversely, affirmed that «She had frozen their hearts», she had infused such Courage that now they were as hard «as the Tharsis rocks». Also, the ladies intervened in this selection: they felt the Fire in the Blood as a God, which they identified it as Beleno, «the husband of Belisana». Beleno, God of Fire that the Greeks knew as Apollo, the Hyperborean, was an igneous Archetype employed since the days of Atlantis by the most powerful of the Liberator Gods as «clothing» to be manifested unto men. I am referring to the Great Leader of the Hyperborean Spirits, Lucifer, «who defy with the Power of Wisdom the Power of the Illusion of the Creator God», the envoy by the Unknowable God, the real Kristos of Uncreated Light.

It was missing then that the Lineage of the Tharsis Lords will give birth to the child who would comply with the familiar mission, who could recreate in the Spirit the Fire of the Gods and comprehend it with the Origin's Symbol. I anticipate you, Dr. Siegnagel, that only two had such possibility in eminent grade: Lito de Tharsis, in the XVI century, and my son Noyo in the present. But let's go step by step.

Sixth Day

The mountain range «Catochar» has always been rich in gold and silver. While my people were strong in the Iberian Peninsula, that riches permitted the Tharsis Lords to live with great splendor. The strategic mode of life had been forgotten thousands of years ago before to ac-

The Procession of the Trojan Horse. Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo.

The Hyperborean myth, spiritually experienced, free from its rational guidelines or logical precepts, gives the virya a heroic ethos that strategically guides him to the Eternal Truths. If it is not felt in the blood, the myth falls into intellectual reasoning, into the labyrinthine symbolism contained in the moral allegory.

The divine myths, such as the Iliad and the Odyssey, were transmitted in secret to not be degraded and disseminated by the poets, the Aedes, including Homer (9th century BC) and Hesiod (8th century BC). Then, over time, they became the subject of philosophers. From that moment on, the myths lost their fertile poetic, transcendent and spiritual plenitude and penetrated the sphere of the imagination and the rational field, becoming elements of conceptual, moral, social and political speculation.

Only if the Hyperborean myth is felt in the blood, its sacred symbol is conducive to a path of liberation. In the epic story told in the Iliad, in the mystery of the Trojan War, reside the cultural records that allow us to noologically understand the techniques of the Enclosure and Wall principle. The Odyssey describes the gnostic-initiatic path faced by the virya in the unconsciousness, and the enchantment of Circe (Maya's illusion), which he must overcome to return to the origin.

The Hyperborean myths, sustained in eternal symbols and heroic archetypes, affirmed a warrior ethic that allowed the construction of powerful kingdoms, the most brilliant civilizations of the Blood Pact. There, the noological ethic was chivalric, regal, and aristocratic (master-morality).

Ulysses and the Sirens. Draper Herbert James.

The Synarchic myths in modern age, on the contrary, perpetuate condemnation, the total loss of the spirit. The Christian myth established salvation through the redemption of "sin", which must be expiated through suffering, being the foundation of the deception of monotheistic dogmas (slave-morality). For this reason, the Hyperborean Wisdom warns about the political, religious and cultural myths of the international synarchy, because behind them there is only the perverse intention of the Demiurge and the treacherous siddhas.

The Victory Of Alexander Over Porus, Charles-Andre van Loo.

Leonidas at Thermopylae. Jacques-Louis David.

The Swarthy Atlanteans aims to establish a theocratic World Government, led by the Golem Priests, the Cultural Pact controllers. For this they must destroy the races of the Blood Pact, and permanently erase their Eternal Symbols and Temples. In order to prevent these plans, the White Atlanteans entrusted the Blood Pact peoples to institute a racial and cultural bastion known as the Atlantean-Mediterranean Wall.

The descendants from the Hyperborean Aryans (Pelasgians, Achaeans, Dorian-Spartans, Ionian-Athenians, Etruscans, Ligurians, Iberians, Tartesians, Latins, Romans) constituted a spiritual wall (Enclosure Principle) that surrounded Europe from the Semitic myths of the Cultural Pact and its invasion strategies for over two thousand years. Their cultures protected the Mystery of Blood and Soil, and lived in a virile, aristocratic and warrior ethic way.

The Greco-Persian wars in Ancient History had been one of the greatest armed conflicts between the Cultural Pact and the Blood Pact. In the First Persian War, the Battle of Marathon took place. In the Second Persian War, the Battle of Thermopylae and the Battle of Salamis took place. Athenians and Spartans heroically fulfilled the mission entrusted by the Siddhas of Agartha.

Alexander the Great, Apollo-Lucifer's incarnation, would never forgive the Persians for having outraged the holy Hellenic city of Athens and its Hyperborean Temples. He would devastate and conquer all the allied peoples against Greece; Anatolia, Syria, Phenicia, Judea, Gaza, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, India, as well as the traitorous Thebes.

He led the first action of Total War against the priests of the Cultural Pact. In northern India, he encountered opposition from the Brahmins, Golem priests, who would not engage in battle, but did not hesitate to sacrifice their peoples. The sword of Apollo would slaughter thousands. Even the cursed city of the traitorous Gods, Chang Shambala, would have been attacked, but Alexander, the Great, suffered some of his generals' betrayal. His unexpected death prevented the Kali Yuga's geography from being fully conquered.

quire the rights of such Seigniory, and the land was not «occupied» anymore to practice the magic cultivation: in that Period, was believed in the land's property and the power of gold. All the Kingdoms were infested of merchants who offered, for gold, the most beautiful things: spices, woven, dresses, utensils, jewels, and even weapons; yes, weapons that before were manufactured by each combatant population, being the most perfect the ones accumulated by the Blood Pact populations, then could be purchased to the dealers by a handful of gold. And the Tharsis Lords with their gold and silver, which were bought to the peasants the half of their harvest: the other half, less than the necessary to subsist, corresponded as is logic to the Tharsis Lords for being the «owners» of the land. And the excess of those aliments, with gold and silver which abounded, would pass to the ports of Huelva, which then was named Onuba, to become in goods of the most varied species.

The Phoenicians, descendants of the Swarthy Race of Atlantis, were counted amongst the populations which had been associated since the beginning of the Cultural Pact. In the past they had been sworn of the Iberians foes: only a hundred years before my family arrived in the Seigniory of Tharsis, the Phoenicians had occupied the citadel of «Tarshish», which was enclaved near to the confluence of the rivers Tinto and Odiel. Finally, after a brief but fierce war, my people recovered the territory, although conditioned by a peace agreement that allowed the red race's free-market. From Tarshish to Onuba, in little fluvial transports or caravans, and from Onuba to the Middle East in foreign ships, the Phoenicians monopolized the trading of goods due to merchants' presence from other populaces was incomparably minor. Without judging here the cultural impact that such commercial trade caused in my people's customs, the truth is that the Tharsis Lords governed a calm population, which was becoming famous for its richness and prosperity.

But that illusory peace soon came to be perturbed, and not precisely, as could be concluded in a superficial observation, because the gold of Tharsis would awake the greed of the foreign populaces and conquerors. Such greed existed, and invaders and conquerors were many. However, the main reason for all problems, and finally, the ruin of House Tharsis, was the *advent of the Golems*.

Since the VIII century B.C., approximately, when Sargon, King of Assyria, destroyed the Kingdom of Israel, the Golems started to appear in the Iberian Peninsula. First, they came accompanying the Phoenicians merchants and landed in all the ports of the Mediterranean Sea, but then it was proved that they also advanced by land, behind a Scythian population that they dominated Asia Minor. This population which was of our same Race, crossed Europe from East to West and arrived in Spain two centuries later when the destructive work of the damn Golems was advanced enough. The Golems, for their part, clearly evidenced that they belonged to another Race, and they affirmed it with pride: they were members, they conceited, of the Chosen People by the Creator God to reign over the Earth. Their masters were the Egyptians priests, and they came, thereby, in the representation of the Swarthy Atlanteans. All the native populations of the peninsula, which also arrived with the Golems, not remembered the strategic way of life. They were in the power of Priests of different

Cults: the Golems mission consisted of demonstrating their priestly authority and unify the Cults. For it, they disposed of diabolic powers that evoked undoubtedly to the Swarthy Atlanteans, and cruelty with no limits.

Then the Creator God and the Potencies of Matter sent them to reaffirm the cultural Pact. Times were ready for men to receive a new revelation, a knowledge that would bring more peace, progress, and civilization than the reached thence by the Cultural Pact Populations, an idea that one day would make those goods permanents and would end forever with all evil and wars. That revelation, that knowledge, that idea, was synthesized in the following concept: *the singularity of God behind the Cults plurality*. The Golems, indeed, had come to illuminate the populations, and the Priest of all Cults, relating to the multiplicity of God and the necessary union that this one maintains on his own sphere; this would be the formula: "Above all things are the Gods and above all the Gods is The One». For this reason, they not pretended to replace the Gods, or change their names, neither to alter the Cult Forms: «Is natural they said, that God has many Names because he exhibits many Faces; it is comprehensible, also, the existence of many Cults to worship the different Faces of God; nothing of this offends God, nothing of this questions his unity; but when the One shows inflexible with men, where he won't accept apologies, where he will put his Thousand justness Eyes, will be in the Cult *Sacrifice*». Because, whatever could be the Cult Form, «the sacrifice is One», that's to say, the Sacrifice participates from The One.

According to this newfangled revelation, the unity of the Creator God was proved *in* ritual sacrifice; and the worship to the Creator God, for every Cult, was demonstrated *by* ritual sacrifice. O Dr., even if today those Cults seem to be distant practices of ancient times, I can't think without shudder with horror in the thousands of thousands of human victims produced by the Golems discovery.

I will refer now to a tough aspect of the Golems behavior. Perhaps the key is in the fact that they considered the Creator God, in his absolute unity, as *masculine*. In fact, the One was a male God and nothing was above or below Him to equilibrate or neutralize that polarity. They admitted relative cosmic androgyny until a specific level, dwelled by Gods and Goddesses properly mated; but in the summit, as Creator and Lord of the other Gods, was The One, who was not androgyny neither neuter but *masculine*. The One not admitted Goddesses beside him because he by himself was enough to exist: was a *lonely male* God. With such aberrant conception must not surprise that the Golems were also lonely men. However, even if the key to their behavior is here, it must not be easy to derive from this the principle that took them to practice onanism and ritual sodomy.

Because their usually dwelled in forests, away from the population, and their depraved practices, many believed that the Golems came from Phrygia, where existed an ancient Cult of the Male Bee Bee, which was also related to the sodomite Priests: there the priests castrated themselves voluntarily and a court of eunuchs guarded the temple. Others supposed that they came from India, where was known since ancient times as a Cult of phallus worshippers.

But the Golems didn't come from Phrygia either from India but from Canaan. They not practiced the castration neither the phallus worship but simply sodomy: they had exiled the Woman in the same way that their God had dethroned all the Goddesses; they had a solitary life and usually exempt from pleasures, except ritual sodomy, which represented the self-sufficiency of them.

Logically, even if the Golems were extremely tolerant to the Cult Forms, and the only in what they didn't transgress was in what concerned to the unity of God in the Sacrifice, is understood that they manifested predilection for the populations which their Cults personified male Gods and some contempt to the worshippers of Goddesses. Very soon, this attitude of indifference or contempt, when not just of rejection, that the Golems dispensed to the Goddess, would enter in collision with such particular form that the Iberian people had adopted in the Cult of Belisana.

But they counted, certainly, with the support of the Potencies of Matter. In another form, their success could not be explained; due to in relatively short time, they achieved to dominate the populaces of Hispania, and, inclusive, Hibernia, Britain, Armorica and Gaul. Even by the increasing power of the Golem, their sinister doctrine would not have produced any harm to the Tharsis Lords, always disposed to accept all that contributed to improving the Cult's practice. Were not the sacrifices of the One what determined the luck of my family but other activity that the Golems realized with great energy: they attempted by every means, to fulfill the second part of the Cultural Pact. It means that, even though it was not necessary to make War with the Blood Pact populations anymore, because they were already culturally defeated, still remained intact many White Atlanteans megalithic works, and that constituted «a sin that cried to Heaven». «The Cultural Pact Populations missed to their compromises with the Gods, and that guilty would be severely punished»; nevertheless, and by luck for them, existed a solution: to practice the Sacrifice with the major rigor, and help the Golems in the fulfillment of the mission. In other words, the native populations had now to be consecrated to the Sacrifice, sacrifice themselves and sacrifice and, as a reward, the Golems would release them from the Divine punishment executing the destruction of the megalithic works or their neutralization. This would be all if it was not because the Gods had made a warning and who disobeyed it would risk being destroyed without mercy in an exemplary punishment of men. What would be not forgotten in no way thence, due to the Gods' Patience was exhausted, was the remembrance of the Blood Pact and the quest for Wisdom. That was the forbidden, the abominable for the eyes of the Gods. But the most forbidden and most abominable, an irredeemable sin, was without doubts the desire to conserve the Venus Stone, would suffer the sentence of extermination, i.e., he would pay with the destruction of his lineage, with the annihilation of all Lineage members.

It is not necessary to say that the Golems obtained very soon almost all the Stones that still continued in the hands of the native populations.

Contrarily to the Cult's Priests, they only remitted some of them to the White Fraternity: others were reserved to be used in magical acts because they

boasted of knowing their secrets and using it in be hoof of their plans; and to them denominated, pejoratively, *serpent eggs*. The Tharsis Lords, it is clear, never trusted the Golems, neither were they intimidated by their threats. But the Wise Sword was a reality that had converted in popular legend and which could not be seriously denied: the Golems suspected from the beginning that in such arm existed a secret vestige of the Blood Pact. Because the Tharsis Lords did not accede to give it voluntarily, and that it could not be bought at any price decided to apply against them all the resources of the magic, the diabolic Powers of Matter. Here, the Golems' surprise was huge because they realized that such powers couldn't do anything against the dementia Fire that turned on the blood of the Tharsis Lords. The madness, warrior or mystical, which distinguished them as unpredictable and indomitable men, situated them out of the Golems magic spells' reach. According to their demonic designs, they had no other choice than to appropriate by force the Wise Sword and condemn House Tharsis to a extermination sentence.

This was Dr. Siegnagel's real reason for the continuous state of war that the Tharsis Lords had to live onwards, which meant the definitive loss of the illusory sovereignty enjoyed until then, and not the «greed» that foreign populaces and conquerors would have fed by their riches. On the contrary, a King, Lord, or simple adventurer of war did not exist in the whole world, that the Golems did not try to allure with the conquest of Tharsis, with the fabled booty in silver and gold that would win who tries the feat. And it was their intrigues that caused the constant siege of pirates and bandits. While they could, the Tharsis Lords resisted the pressure by their own means, that's to say, with the concourse of Warriors of my population. But when this was not possible anymore, especially when they knew that the Phoenicians of Tyre were concentrating a powerful mercenary army in the Balearics to invade and colonize Tharsis, they had no other choice but to accept help, naturally interested, of a foreign populace. They requested help to Lydia, a Pelasgian nation from the Aegean Sea, integrated by eminent navigators whose overseas ships landed in «Onuba» two or three times every year to merchandise with the people of Tharsis: they had the defect that they were also merchants, and producers of dispensable goods and they were accustomed to practices and habits more «culturally advanced» than the «primitive» Iberians; but, in compensation, they exhibited the important attribute that they were of our same Race and demonstrated an undoubted ability for war.

For «Pelasgians» history has known a group of populations established in different Mediterranean and Tyrrhenian coasts, of the Aegean peninsula, and from Asia Minor. Thereby, to find a common origin amongst all of them, it is necessary to go back to the beginning of History, to the subsequent times of the Atlantean catastrophe, when the White Atlanteans instituted the Blood Pact with the natives of the Iberian Peninsula. Really, in that time was only one native populace, which was separated according to the Atlanteans exogamy laws into three big groups: the Iberians, the Basques, and the one that would be later the Pelasgians. Each of those big groups was subdivided, internally, in three, in every tribal social organization of the villages, populations, and Kingdoms.

That unique population would be known after the White Atlanteans' departure as *Virtryons* or *Vrtryons*, that is to say, breeders, but the name soon would be changed in *Vitryons*, *Vetryons*, and, due to the influence of other populaces, especially the Phoenicians, in *Veryons* or *Geryons*. The «Giant Geryon», with a pair of legs, i.e., with just one racial base, but triple form above the waist, that's to say, with three bodies and three heads, came from an ancient Pelasgian Myth in which the original population was represented with the triple exogamy division imposed by the White Atlanteans. Through the pass of the centuries, the three big groups of the native people were identified by their particular names, and the original unity was forgotten: the rivalries and intrigues stimulated since the Cultural Pact contributed to it, finishing each group convinced of their racial and cultural individuality. To the Iberians, I already mentioned, because from them I descend, and I will continue quoting them in this history; from the Basques I will not tell anything except that they promptly betrayed the Blood Pact and allied to the Cultural Pact, an error that they would pay with great suffering and a high strategic confusion because they were a population of Very Pure Blood. Concerning the Pelasgians, the case is quite simple. After the White Atlanteans departure, they were massively accompanied by the Pelasgians, to whom they had entrusted the work to transport them by sea to Anatolia. There they bade farewell to the White Atlanteans and decided to stay in the zone, giving place with the time to a numerous formation of a confederation of populations. Successive invasions obeyed them in many opportunities to abandon their settlements, but, as they became in excellent navigators, they knew how to go out fine from all their misfortunes: however, those emplacements, would bring them again in direction to the Iberian peninsula; at the moment when occurred the alliance with the Lydian, century VIII B.C., other groups of Pelasgians already occupied Italy and the Gaul under the name of Etruscans, Tyrrhenian, Truscans, Taruscos, Ruscos, Rasenos, etc. The group of the Lydian that the Tharsis Lords convoked, still remained in Asia Minor, although resisting, on that Age a terrible food shortage; they recognized by the traditions the propinquity which connected them to the Iberians, but they affirmed to descend from «Manes», the legendary ancestor who is no other than «Manu» the flawless Archetype of the animal-man, imposed in their Cults by the Cultural Pact Priests.

Once achieved the agreement with the King of Lydia's ambassadors, which included the well-known Princess interchange, tens of Pelasgians ships started to arrive at Tharsis's ports. They came replete of fearsome warriors and brought many families of settlers disposed to establish definitively amongst those distant relatives, who great fame had for their riches and prosperity. That pacific invasion didn't enthuse my people too much, but they couldn't do anything about it because everyone comprehended the imminence of the "Phoenician Danger». That peril didn't disappear until they warned the change of situation and evaluated the cost that would suppose now the conquest of Tharsis. In this time, the Golems were eluded, but they would not forget the Wise Sword, either the Tharsis Lords, nor the extermination sentence over them.

In such circumstances, the alliance with the Pelasgians was a success in every perspective. The Lydian people were counted amongst the first Blood Pact

populations that had defeated the taboo of iron and knew the smelting and wrought secret: in that time, the swords of iron were the most powerful weapons on Earth. However, even though they were remarkable merchants, they never sold an iron weapon, which was only produced in the right quantity for their own use. They fabricated, instead, a high number of bronze weapons to sell or barter: therefore, their interest to stay in Tharsis, where the copper veins of high quality were well-known since legendary times when the Atlanteans were crossing the Western Sea and extracted the copper with the aid of the Ray of Poseidon. The copper was not almost exploited by the Tharsis Lords, dazzled by gold and silver that bought everything. The association with the Lydian essentially modified that criterion and introduced a newfangled lifestyle in the population: based on the production of cultural objects massive destined exclusively for commerce.

A deterrent wall of stone rose around Tharsis's ancient citadel that the Pelasgians called «Tartessos», which ended giving the name to the country, with a perimeter that now comprised an area four or five times larger. The old citadel was transformed into a huge market, and in the new fortified spaces, the ateliers and factories emerged every day. The woven, dresses, footwear, utensils, potteries, furniture, gold objects, silver, copper, and bronze, practically not existed commodity that could not be bought in Tartessos: and except for the tin, indispensable for the bronze industry, which was taken from Albion, all, even the food, was produced in «Tartessos».

Evidently, by the Cultural Pact's influence, the alliance between my population and the Lydian culminated in a civilizing explosion. Thereupon the Seigniory of Tharsis was converted in the «Kingdom of Tartessos» and, in a few centuries, it expanded through all Andalusia: the Tartessians founded then important cities, as Maenace, today called Torre del Mar, or Masita, which the usurper Carthaginians renamed as Carthage, Cartagena. The fleet reached to be such powerful as the Phoenician and its commerce, highly competitive for the best quality of the products, achieved to put in grave danger the red men's economy. Since the IVB.C century, due to the Greek colonization and the expansion of the Phoenician colony of Carthage, the commercial and maritime Mediterranean supremacy of the«Tartessians» declined a little.

I must insist that the fact of being close relatives facilitated enormously in the integration with the Pelasgians. That could be specially proved in the Cult's case, where there was almost no difference between the two populaces because the Lydian also worshiped the Goddess of Fire, who they knew as Belilith. In few words: for the Lydian, Beleno was «Bel», and Belisana was «Belilith»; also, because they came from a region where the Cultural Pact had a major influence, presented some differences in the language and in the sacred alphabet; the ancient Pelasgian language, still spoken with great purity had suffered in the Lydian the influence of the Semitic and Asiatic languages: however, that sailor jargon, was more adequate for the overseas commerce that they practiced. The other difference was in the alphabet: since thousands of years that my people had forgotten the Birds' Language; however, the last Initiates, and the Priests of the Flame, conserved the sacred alphabet of thir-

teen plus three Runes, which they represented with sixteen signs formed by straight lines and had associated with a common language: in this way was disposed of thirteen consonants and three vowels; the Tharsis Lords only knew the vowels because they expressed the Pelasgian Name, secret, of the Goddess Moon, something like Loa; well: the newness that brought the Lydian was a sacred alphabet composed by thirteen plus five letters, i.e., by eighteen signs which represented quite sounds of the common language; they also had thirteen consonants, but the vowels were five: and, the two added, the Lydian could not suppress them anymore without losing more than the half of their words. The most important of all this, something that would have to be agreed upon immediately, was the Goddess's Name and the sacred number alphabet. Regarding the first, it was decided to refer to the Goddess in the successive by an older Name, which was familiar to the two populaces: Pyrene; since then, Belisena and Belilith, would be for the Tartessians the Goddess of Fire Pyrene.

Referring to the second, the Tharsis Lords, who were affected at that moment by the enemy pressure, had no other choice than to accept the imposition of the sacred alphabet of eighteen letters. The only solace, they said with irony, consisted in that «the number eighteen was most pleasant for the Goddess than the sixteen».

Otherwise, the Lydian had suffered similar luck to my people. In some moments of their history, they were defeated by War Fatigue and finally yielded to the Cultural Pact populations; the last of their Initiates achieved then to impress the «familiar missions», even in the highest number of Lineages than those that existed amongst my people. That explained the enormous amount of families of artisans, specialized in the most varied occupations, that integrated the population of the Lydian.

Seventh Day

The mountain ranges of Sierra Morena are part of the divisory Mariánica which separates the south of Andalusia from the rest of the Iberian Peninsula; from the Mediterranean, in front of the Baleares, up to the Gordo hill in the base level of the river Guadiana, its land relief has an approximated longitude of six hundred kilometers. In the occidental extreme, giving origin to the river Odiel, which goes from the East to the Southeast of the Sierra de Aracena, in one of its hills is enclaved the Templar Castle from which I will refer later. Many chains of minor mountain ranges extend to the South: one of them is the one of the River Tinto, from where comes the river of the same name; the other is the Catochar, settlement of the main mines of House Tharsis. The rivers Tinto and Odiel descend towards the Golfo de Cádiz and converge, a few kilometers before the coast, forming a wide estuary. In the fringe of the terrain between both rivers, over the Odiel base level, there is established there since ancient times the fluvial and maritime city of Onuba,

today called Huelva. And some twenty-five kilometers from Onuba, Odiel above, was located the ancient citadel of Tharsis, in the environs of Valdeverde del Camino's actual village.

The river Tinto (red wine-coloured), or Pinto, receives that name due to its waters descending crimsoned, stained by the iron mineral collected in Sierra Aracena. The Odiel, otherwise, was always a sacred river for the Iberians, and due to this, they identified it with the most important Vrune, the Vrune that represents the Name of Navutan, the Great Leader of the White Atlanteans. It seems that Navutan meant Lord (Na) Vutan, in the White Atlanteans language; the diverse Indo-German populations that participated in the Blood Pact, but when they fell to the Cultural Pact Strategy, they concluded that it was referring to a God and they worshipped him under different Names, all derived from Navutan: in this way, he was called Nabu (from Nabutan); Wotan (from Na-Vutan, Na-Wotan); Odan or Odin (from Nav-Odan, Nav-Odin); Odiel or Odal (from Nav-Odiel, Nav-Odal); etc.

Five kilometers to the North of Tharsis's citadel, in the mountain ranges system of the Sierra Catochar, is located the hill Char. This name means Fire and Verb in divers Iberian dialects. On its peak existed an Ash forest which the Iberians venerated in memory of Navutan: there, the White Atlanteans had erected an enormous Menhir signalized with His Vrune. They had planted it in the middle of the forest, in a site where, strangely, a little group of apple-trees existed. In the Tharsis Lords days, only survived one of those trees, and no one knew to explain if the others disappeared by natural causes or by intentional deforestation. The one that remained planted was like twenty steps from menhir and was seen with no doubts that it was a tree many times centennial.

All the pre-Greek Mediterranean antiquity knew the existence of the «apple-trees of Tharsis», where the Goddess of Fire devotees usually realized annual pilgrimages. In the beginning, indeed, the ashes and apple-trees were associated with Navutan and Frya, respectively.

Later, after the alliance of blood with the Cultural Pact populations, the Priests consecrated the Apple-tree of Tharsis to the Goddess Belisana and established the custom to celebrate the Cult around its old trunk. For it, they constructed a stone altar composed of two columns and a transversal paving stone, whereon the Perennial Lamp was placed: that immortal fire represented the Goddess and the Apple-tree the path to follow. While the Priests were teaching, the Creator God wrote the Cult in the seed of the apple-tree, the tree was just a part of the required message to the destiny of man; the flower, for example, was equivalent to the heart of man, the seat of the Soul, and its form, and its color, expressed the Goddess' Promise; but another part of the message was written in the rosebush, and the Goddess' Promise also gleamed on its flower, on its form and color; the apple-tree and the rosebush weren't only plants of the same family, but they really consisted in just one plant: was the Goddess' Promise what divided the seed of the apple-tree to produce many different flowers, flowers that would reveal the path of perfection to those men who consecrate to Her and embrace her Cult.

Of course, the myth that described the Cult would be only revealed by the Priests to those who they considered being prepared for the initiation in the Priesthood, that's to say, to those who would also be Priests. The meaning, the secret, of the Promise would be this: the apple-tree and the rosebush corresponded to two states or phases in Life of a man, as the childhood and the adulthood, for example; when he *was* «as a child», man had his heart similar to a flower of the apple-tree, which was externally white and rosy, and widely unfolded; when he would *be* «as an adult», that is, initiated as a Cult Priest or when he could be capable to officiate as a Priest, he would *have* the heart as the flower of the rosebush, which color was as the Goddess' Fire and was never completely unfolded, except to die; for this reason existed in the world just one apple-tree and many rosebushes: because many would be perfections that Man who began the priesthood of the Goddess would be able to reach; the story of the apple-tree was already written, otherwise, the story of the rosebush was always being written; and the best part was not written yet: would come to the world, someday, men with a such perfect heart, that then would come the most beautiful rosebushes, as never had been seen before in Earth.

With this explanation, it will be understood why the Priests had permitted that an old climbing «pitiminí 'miniature'» rosebush would have rolled like a serpent on the apple-tree trunk of Tharsis. Undoubtedly, such disposition of the two trees was necessary to represent the secret meaning of the Cult. Ritual obeyed to worship the Goddess' Fire and admire the apple-tree flower, intensely wishing that the Goddess comply her Promise and turn the heart of the Priest as the flower of the rosebush. But the population, who usually ignored this Cult interpretation, came from every part to the Tharsis Apple-tree to realize the offerings before the Goddess' Fire Altar.

When my ancestors acquired the rights of the Seigniory of Tharsis, which in that time was very reduced and devastated by the recent war against the Phoenicians, they naturally took the responsibility of the local Cult, although they didn't have the Perennial Lamp. Practically, they not introduced reforms in what referred to the Promise because they accepted as the fact that the heart was related to the flower of the apple-tree and that the worship to the Goddess would produce an analogous transformation to the flower of the rosebush. Only in what treated about the Fire was appreciated the first visible effect that the familiar mission was acting in the Tharsis Lords; they added to the title of the Goddess the word «Cold», that's to say, that Belisana was now «The Cold Fire Goddess». They explained that change as a local revelation of the Goddess. She had spoken to the Tharsis Lords; in the communication, she affirmed that would be Her Fire what would be installed in the heart of men and would transmute them. And that Fire, in the beginning extremely Warm, finally would *turn colder than ice: and would be that Cold Fire what would produce the mutation of human nature.*

It must be seen in this change something more than a simple aggregation of words: the waste first time that in a Cult appeared the possibility to face and overcome fear, in other words, to the feeling that in all Cults claimed the submission of the believer; fear to the Gods is an indispensable and necessary feeling to maintain alive, to ensure the terrestrial authority of the Priests; if men are not afraid of them, finally he will rebel against the Gods: but before he would rebel against the Priests of the Gods. However, this change would not be seen if before it is not clarified something that today is not so obvious: the fact that in all the Indo-Germanic languages, «cold» and «fear» have the same root, what can still be intuited, for example, in the word (here the author gives an example in a Spanish word which can't be appreciated in the English translation) *escalo-frío* (that means chill of terror) with the Spanish word Frío (cold). Well, in that time, the term «Frío (cold) » was synonymous of «fear» and, in consequence, what the new Cult meant was that a terror without a name would be installed in the heart of the believer as «Grace of the Goddess»; *and that terror would produce perfection.*

In this way Belisana, the Cold Fire Goddess, had converted also in the «Goddess of Terror», a title that, even if the Lord of Tharsis couldn't know it, belonged in very ancient times to the same Goddess, because the wife of Navutan was also known as «Frya, who infuses Terror to the Soul and succor to the Spirit».

After the arrival to the Iberian Peninsula, the Golems tried many times to occupy the Sacred Forest and control the Cold Fire Cult Goddess. Still, they were

always refused by the jealous and obstinate mystical madness of the Tharsis Lords. Even they reached to offer a genuine Perennial Lamp of the Swarthy Atlanteans, knowing that they didn't have one and that they were obeyed to permanently watch the flame of their primitive lamp of oil and asbestos. It is not necessary to clarify that they offered it in turn of the unification of the Cult and the institution of ritual Sacrifice and that such proposal resulted unacceptable for the Tharsis Lords; reason is obvious at this part of the narration. As it is also evident that such resistance, unusual for who had imposed over all the native populaces, added to their impossibility in the Wise Sword's appropriation, what was permanently exasperating them against the Lord of Tharsis. The Golems reaction unchained that international campaign encouraging Tharsis' conquest what ended in the dangerous Phoenician invasion attempt from the Balearics and Gades, or Cádiz. But the Tharsis Lords convoked the Lydian and made the Phoenicians desist from their conquest project at least, for the next four centuries. From the alliance between Iberians and Lydian emerged the «Empire of Tartessos», which soon expanded through all Andalusia, and deprived to the Phoenicians of coast colonies in their territory. The «Baleares» and the «Isla de León», settlement of Gades, remained isolated of the mainland because the Tartessians were only allowed to maintain exiguous commerce through their own ports. What would be the Golems' subsequent reaction before such might which was developing out of their control and that was frustrating all their plans? Before giving an answer to that question, estimated and, paradoxically, patient Dr. Siegnagel, I must make you aware of the consequences that the Lydian presence produced in the Cold Fire Cult. To understand the next, we only need to remember that the Lydian was more «educated "than the Iberians, that's to say, more culturally civilized, instead of the more «uneducated» Iberians. In other words, they were more barbarous, more spiritually «cultivated» than the Lydian; they possessed more Wisdom than Knowledge.

Those differences would produce that the Lydian Princes, now from the same family of the Lord of Tharsis, would accept without deepening in the esoteric meaning of the Cold Fire Cult Goddess, therefore would be denominated by common agree «*Pyrene*», and would employ all their effort to improve the exoteric Cult Form. Such application always went to the detriment of the esoteric part and as could not be another way, would result in fatal for the Tartessians. But this you will see then, as I announced, I am going step by step.

The Lydian's, as in other industries, were skilled artisans of stone.

What do you believe that they made in their eagerness in the development of the exterior Cult Form? They decided, before of the horror of their Iberian relatives that nothing could make to avoid it, to carve menhir in the Sacred Forest with the Image of Pyrene. The sculpture would contribute to the sustaining of the Cult, they explained, due to the necessity of the Lydian people of a more specific image of the Goddess: her representations of the Flame were too abstract for them.

Menhir consisted of a brute stone olive-colored, some five meters of elevation. Its truncated cone form: the Lydian proposed to employ it ultimately to carve the Head of the Goddess. According to their project, the nape had to be in the Apple-tree front, in such form that the Divine Face would see the popula-

tion directly. The people, distributed in a surrounding clear space from where was performed ritual scene, would see the Face of the Goddess and, behind it, the Apple-tree of Tharsis. Two Master sculptors worked in the carving, one to sculpt the Face and the other the serpentines forelocks; meanwhile, the other three assistants were occupied with making the nape's cavity, connected with the Goddess' Eyes. The work was not finished before five years, even when the Lydian iron tools allowed to advance a lot in the beginning, the proposed polished termination demanded them many years of work. Actually, the Tartessians would continue polishing the Head of Pyrene for decades until to endow it an impressive realism.

The necessity that the Lydian felt in the contemplation of a symbolic manifestation of the Goddess was common in that Period: the Cultural Pact Populations were experimenting then a widespread fall in the Cult's exoterism what took them to worship the most formal and apparent aspects of the Deity. The populations presaged that the Gods were retiring from *inside*, but they only could detain from outside: for that reason, they were desperately clung to the Bodies and the Divine Faces, and to any natural form which represented them. In this way, it must not surprise the intense religious fervor that awakes in the populations, and the extraordinary geographic diffusion, that the Cold Fire Cult produced after the transformation of menhir. Apart from the Tartessians, prideful depositaries of the Goddess' Promise, people from thousand different populations pilgrimaged towards the «Sacred Forest of Tartessos» to be present in the Cold Fire ritual: among others, were the Iberians and Ligurians coming from all the corners of the peninsula, and the brilliant Pelasgians from Tyrrhenia, and the portly Berbers from Libya, and the silent Spartans from Lacedaemonia, and the tattooed Picts from Albion, etc. and all those who reached to Pyrene came disposed to die. To die, yes, due to that was the condition of the Promise, the requirement of Her Grace: as all her worshipers knew, the Goddess had the Power to convert men in Gods, to elevate him to the Heaven of the Gods; but, as all also knew, the strange Chosen ones that she accepted had previously to pass through the Cold Fire Test, that's to say, through the experience of Her Fatal Gaze; and such experience generally ended in the physical death of the Chosen One. According to what their adepts knew, and without that such certainty affected in nothing the fascination for Her, *there were much more Chosen Ones who had died than reborn*.

Those who received Her Fatal Gaze certainly fell, and many, most of them, never stand up, *but some of them did it*: and that remote possibility was enough for the worshippers of the Goddess to risk everything. Those who would awake from Death would be those who really had given their hearts to the Cold Goddess' Fire and those who She would reward taking them as Husbands: for Her Grace, when reborn, the Chosen One would not be a man of flesh and bones but *a Man of Immortal Stone, a Son of Death*. These titles in the beginning constituted an enigma for the Tharsis Lords. They introduced the Reform of the Cold Fire in the Ancient Cult of Belisana because they affirmed to have received directly from the Goddess in a mystical inspiration. However, they supposed that was referring to a superior condition of men, near to the Gods or the Great Ancestors. But then, when amongst the same Tharsis Lords existed Stone Men, the answer

became suddenly clear. But it occurred that such an answer was not suitable for the asleep men, neither to the Chosen Ones who with most fervor worshiped the Goddess. The Stone Men would silent to this secret, of which would only talk amongst them and would form a College of Tartessians Hierophants to preserve it. Therefore, it would be the Tartessians Hierophants, that's to say, my ancestors, transmuted by the Cold Fire, who would control the march of the Cult.

Eighth Day

In the Period when the ritual of Cold Fire was not celebrated, the Tartessians Hierophants allowed the pilgrims to reach the clear space of the Sacred Forest and contemplate the colossal effigy of Pyrene. There, they could deposit the offerings and meditate if they were disposed to face Death of the Cold Fire Test or if they preferred the return to the illusory reality of their common life. By the moment, the Goddess could not harm them because Her Eyes were closed, and no one was communicating Her Sign of Death. But, even for this conviction, many remained frozen of fright before the Revealed Ancient Countenance and were no less those who escaped or died of terror right there. That was due to that Menhir was placed there by the White Atlanteans demigods thousands of years before, but, in the days of the alliance with the Lydian, not existed anyone over Earth capable to emulate such feat to translate through thousands of kilometers a giant stone, and deposit it in the middle of an extensive ashes forest, *without deforesting the zone*. It is understood then, that the pilgrims received the immediate impression that the Gods made such terrible sculpture. But not the only menhir was work of the Gods because the Countenance's conformation proceeded from that notable capacity to degrade the Divine that exhibited the Lydian; craftily, the Tartessians were always worried to inform about the origin of the disquieting sculpture.

Who achieved to recover from the first impression and became aware of the extraordinary Countenance's details had to appeal to all his forces not to be won, earlier or later, byte panic. Remember, Dr. that, for their worshippers, what they had in front was a mere representation of an inert stone and the Alive Image of the Goddess: Pyrene was manifested in the Countenance participated of her. And was that hieratic Countenance what stole the breath. Probably, if someone would have achieved, with a powerful abstraction act, to separate the Face, from the Head of the Goddess, would have found it of beautiful traits; in the first place, and although of the green coloration of the stone, due to the form of the traits it undoubtedly belonged to the White Race; in the following order, would need to be recognized in the general countenance an archetypal Indo-Germanic beauty or directly Aryan: the Oval of the Visage rectangular; broad Forehead; thick Eyebrows, horizontal and slightly curved; the Eyelids, as we already said that the Eyes remained closed, demonstrated by their expression a Frontal Gaze, of orbed and perfect Eyes; the Nose strai-

ght and proportionate; strong and prominent chin; strong and thin Neck; the Mouth, with the lower lip thicker and a little more protrusive than the upper, was perchance the most beautiful note: was lightly opened and curved in a scarcely outlined Smile, *in a certain gesture of cosmic irony*.

Naturally, no one without the needed capacity of abstraction would be aware of these signalized traits. On the contrary, undoubtedly, all his attention would be absorbed immediately by the Hair of Goddess; and this primary observation surely would neutralize the aforementioned esthetic appreciation: when contemplating the Head on its conjunction, Hair and Face, the Goddess presented that frightening Aspect which produced panic in the pilgrims. But what was in her Hair able to paralyze those rude pilgrims, normally habituated to danger? Serpents; Serpents of exceptional realism. Her Hair was composed of eighteen Serpents of stone: eight, of different length, fell on both sides of the Face and the other two, much smaller, were curly on her forehead.

Each pair of eight Serpents were at the same height: two in the size of the Eyes, two in the Nose, two in the Mouth, and two in the Chin; emerging from a previous level of Hair, the other eight serpentines returned and situated their heads within the anterior. And each Serpent, when separating from the other forelocks, formed in the air with its body two opposed curves, as an (S), which permitted to announce the next movement: the deadly attack. And the two Serpents of the Forehead, although smaller, also evidenced an identical aggressive attitude. In sum, when the Countenance of the Smiling Goddess was admired frontwards, emerged with strength the arch of the eighteen Serpent heads of Her Hair; and all the heads were forward turned, accompanying with her eyes the Gaze without the Goddess' Eyes; and all the heads had the jaw horribly opened, exposing the deadly fangs and abysmal throats. Therefore, it must not surprise that such an impressive apparition of the Goddess terrified her most loyal worshippers.

Logically, such composition had an esoteric meaning that only the hierophants or Initiates knew, although they eventually disposed of an acceptable exoteric explanation. In this last case, they notified the traveler, who sometimes could be an allied King or an important ambassador to whom the knowledge could not be totally denied. The eighteen serpents represented the Tartessian alphabet letters, which they pretended to have received from the Goddess. During the ritual, the Initiates affirmed to hear the Serpents of the Goddess reciting the sacred alphabet. The esoteric Truth behind all this was that the eighteen letters really corresponded to the eighteen Navutan Runes. With them could be understood the Origin's Sign and with this the Serpent, highest symbol of human knowledge. But such truth was scarcely intuited by the Tartessians Hierophants due to in that days no one saw the Origin's Sign neither remembered the Navutan Runes: when incorporating the Reform of the Cold Fire, the Tharsis Lords had received the Word of the Goddess that House Tharsis, White Atlanteans offspring, «would not be extinguished while the lost Wisdom would be recovered by one of their members», and to comply Her Word, «less than ever they should detach from the Wise Sword». That moment not reached yet, and no descendant of House Tharsis understood the esoteric truth's depth meaning that revealed the Stone Head of Pyrene. So for them was also an unquestionable

truth the fact that the eighteen Serpents represented the letters of the Tartessian alphabet: the two smaller Serpents, for example, corresponded to the two letters included by the Lydian and its pronunciation remained in secret, the same for the name of the Goddess Moon composed by the three vowels of the Iberians. In this case, the two vowels permitted to know the Name that Goddess Pyrene gave to herself when she manifested as Cold Fire in the heart of men, i.e., «I am» (something like *Eu* or *Ey*).

Every year, when the winter solstice was coming, the Hierophants determined the nearest full moon, and, in that night, was celebrated in Tartessos the Cold Fire ritual.

Would not be many the Chosen ones who, finally, would dare to defy the Cold Fire Test: in almost all the cases a group that could be counted with the hand fingers. Menhir was aligned towards the West of the Apple-tree of Tharsis, in such way that the Goddess Moon would invariably appear behind the tree and would transit through the sky until reach the zenith, place from where would totally illuminate the Countenance of the Goddess and, behind, the Apple-tree of Tharsis.

When the Brighter Countenance of the Goddess Moon was placed over the Sacred Forest, the Chosen Ones remained in silence, with the legs crossed and expressing with the hands the Mudra of the Cold Fire. At that moment, only was permitted to chew willow's leaves; apart from this, they had to remain in rigorous quietude. Until the zenith of the full moon, the dramatic tension grew instant by instant and, in that point, reached such intensity that the terror of the Chosen Ones seemed to have extended through the environment and turned breathable: not only the terror was breathable, but it was epidermal perceived, as though some dreadful presence had sprouted from the Moon's rays and had oppressed with a cold and startling embrace.

Invariably was reached that climax at the beginning of the ritual. Then a Hierophant moved to the back part of the Stone Head and ascended through a little stair that was carved in the rock of menhir and then placed in its interior. The stair, which counted eighteen steps and ended in a circular platform, allowed access to a frustum platform: this was a narrow precinct of one or two meters of elevation, excavated exactly behind the Face and scarcely illuminated from the floor by the Perennial Lamp. Over the floor platform, in fact, existed a tiny stove made of stone in which furnace was placed, since the Lydian improved the Cult Form, the Perennial Lamp: and slab permitted to cover the upper part of the stove and moderate the exiguous light way out. Now this light was minimum due to the Hierophant was prepared to realize a crucial operation of ritual: to effectuate the aperture of the Goddess' Eyes. To make it, they just had to displace inwards both pieces of stone, connected each other, which usually remained perfectly assembled in the Face and produced the illusion that some stony Eye Lids covered the bulb of the Eyes: those heavy pieces required the strength of two men to be placed in that position, but, once there, was enough to release the tether and they slide over a ramp that occupied all the interior area.

This scene must be imagined. The Ashes' fence of the Sacred Forest forming a clear space and, on its center, vast and imposing, the Apple-tree of Tharsis

and the Statue of Goddess Pyrene. And before the Goddess Countenance, in a position which exalts, even more, the colossal size and the disturbing serpentine Hair, the Chosen Ones, with a fixed gaze and anxious heart, awaiting her Manifestation, the personal call the doors of the Cold Fire Test. From above, Goddess Loa spills silver flashes of light over that square. Suddenly, coming from a near Forest, a group of beautiful dancers interpose between the Chosen Ones and Goddess Pyrene: with the body naked of clothing and only with ornamental objects, bracelets and rings in hands and feet, necklaces and colored belts, large pendant rings, bands in the forehead, which let the hair fall freely. They came jumping at the rhythm of a syrinx and never stopped at any moment, but they immediately started a frenetic dance. Previously, they had practiced ritual libation of aphrodisiac nectar, and due to this, their eyes are brilliant of desire and their gestures insinuating and lascivious: the hips and bellies never stop to move and can be seen, at every moment, in a thousand different positions; firm breasts shacked as the flight of pigeons, and wet mouths are longing opened; all dance is an irresistible temptation to the pleasures of the carnal love.

Of course, the dancers displayed erotism had the objective to sexually excite the Chosen Ones, turning in them the *Warm Fire of Animal Passion*. Such dance was a vestige of the Ancient Cult of Fire, and its culmination in other periods would have ended in an unbridled orgy. But the Cold Fire reform had changed things and now was forbidden ritual intercourse and was demanded, instead, that the Chosen Ones experienced Warm Fire in the Heart. If any Chosen One lacked forces to refuse the dancers' treatment, he could join them and enjoy never imagined delight, but this would not have saved him of death because he would be murdered later for his weakness. The demanded behavior to the Chosen Ones required to remain immutable until the dance's conclusion, maintaining the gaze fix in Countenance of the Goddess.

Let's go back to the scene. The music volume went increasing, and now is a choir of flutes and drums accompanying the cadenced movements; dancer's pant, dance becomes febrile, and the erotic expression arrives at its apogee, behind them, the Smile of the Goddess seems more ironic than ever. The Chosen Ones are concentrated in Pyrene, but they can't avoid perceiving, how among the mists of a dream, to the dancing feminine beauties who intoxicated them with passion, who dragged them to an inevitably warn and suffocating abyss. Is then when it becomes necessary the intervention of the Goddess, when the Chosen Ones, with they will enervate, request in their hearts the fulfillment of Her Promise. And is in that moment when, at a signal of the Hierophants, the music stopped abruptly, dancers moved aside quickly, and the Goddess' Eyes opened to see her Chosen Ones. As a whiplash, a horror shudders affected the Chosen Ones: the Eyes Lips had disappeared, and the Goddess contemplates them from the empty basins, with the form of the Apple-tree Leaf, of Her Eyes. The Cold Fire Test had begun. A Hierophant, with a thunderous voice, recites ritual formula:

O Pyrene,
Goddess of Smiling Death
Whose Abode is

Beyond the Stars
Comest nearer to the Chosen Ones
Who claim to Thee!
O Pyrene,
Thou once love dest thy Chosen Ones,
With Warm Fire and then
Thou killedest them
Rememberest thy Promise!
Killest them first, with the Cold Fire,
Lovest them later, in thine Abode!
O Pyrene,
Bringest Death to Warm Life in Us!
Let us meet Kâlibur,
The Cold Death of thy Gaze!
And let us live in Death
Of thy Cold Life!

O Pyrene,
Thou once gavest us
The Seed of the Cereal
To sow it in the groove of Infamy,
Killest that Created Life!
And putest into the Heart of thy Chosen Ones
The Gelid Seed of the Stone that Speaketh!

O Pyrene,
White Goddess,
Showest us the Naked Truth
By Kâlibur in thy Gaze
And we will be not Men but Gods
Of a Heart of a Frozen Stone!
Kâlibur, Thy Chosen Ones claim to Thee!
Kâlibur, Thy Chosen Ones Love Thee!
Kâlibur, Death released!
Kâlibur, Seed of Frozen Stone!
Kâlibur, Naked Truth Remembered!

All occurs quickly as if Time had stopped. Warm Fire of the Animal Passion becomes Terror again. But now is a Terror with no limits what overcomes, a Terror which is Death Itself, Death Kâlibur of Pyrene, the Needed Death that precedes the Naked Truth. The Chosen Ones are paralyzed in Terror and with the Heart Frozen of Fright. They contemplate absorbed the Countenance of Pyrene while still resonates in the air the last Kâlibur...! Of the Hierophant: The Goddess' Eyes seem now the Doors of another World! A World of Infinite Blackness! A World of Essential Cold, which is Death of Warm Life! Can't be traversed those doors without dying of Terror: but if something overpasses,

such things live in Death! And if something survives to the Kâlibur Death *is due to the essence of the Infinite Blackness Cold.*

The Kâlibur Death fascinates and attracts towards a Naught, which will be the Matrix of the Own Self. The Chosen Ones precipitate with no doubts into the Infinite Blackness of the Goddess' Eyes. But before traversing the Doors of Death, they reach to perceive, in an instant of Supreme Terror, that the Sacred Forest has transfigured and overflows of manifested Life, of a Life that remained occult behind the illusion of the vivid existence, of a Life which at that moment obscenely gushed from all things as a demonic Orgasm of Nature. They also saw how the Apple-tree of Tharsis, animated by an insane intelligence, shuddered in a Diabolic Laugh; and they saw the Head of the Goddess, also vitalized, shining from a blinding White Light that accentuated, even more, the Infinite Blackness of Her Eyes. And when entering into the Infinite Blackness, when the heart was frozen and Warm Life died, they saw, at last, the Hair of Pyrene boiling in Serpents: and they heard the Serpents whistling the letters of the Sacred Alphabet and pronouncing with them uninterruptedly, the Names of all the Created Things. Was finally discovered, although useless for them, the Highest Knowledge permitted to the Animal Men, the *content* of the Serpent's Symbol!

But such knowledge was not of the interest of the Chosen Ones anymore. Something of it has traversed the Kâlibur Death's barriers, something that is not scared of Death and has found himself with Naked Truth, which is Himself. Because the Infinite Blackness that offers the Kâlibur Death of Goddess

Pyrene, where every Created Light turns off inevitably, is capable to Reflect that «thing» which is the Uncreated Spirit; *and the Reflect of the Spirit in the Infinite Blackness of the Kâlibur Death is the Naked Truth of Oneself.* In front of the Infinite Blackness, the Created Life died of Terror, and the Spirit finds itself. For this reason, if the Chosen One, after the re-union, recovers Life, will be a carrier of a Signal of Death that will leave his heart frozen forever. The Soul could not avoid being subjugated by the Seed of Stone of Oneself, which grows and develops on it and transmutes the Chosen One into a Hyperborean Initiate, a Stone Man, the resurrected Chosen One will have a Heart of Ice and will exhibit an Absolute Courage. Will love the Flesh Woman, but she will not achieve to turn on in his Heart Warm Fire of the Animal Passion. So, he will seek in the Woman of Flesh, the one who be able to reveal, in Her Infinite Blackness, the Naked Truth of Himself. To her, the Kâlibur Woman, he will love with the Cold Fire of the Hyperborean Race. And the Kâlibur Woman will respond with the Cold L-ove of the Kâlibur Death of Pyrene.

Ninth Day

Amongst the Chosen Ones who faced the Cold Fire Test, three results could be expected. First, that some of them not approved the Test, that is to say, that would have not passed through the effective experience of Death, either due to the initial Terror not gave place to the Animal Passion, or because Warm Fire not turned in Terror, or just because the Terror avoided seeing the Infinite Blackness face to face, or by any other reason. In the second term, that some of them had really died. And the last, that some of them would have resuscitated. In the first case, the Chosen Ones would be executed in the next night of the Cold Fire Test; for the Tartessians, Hierophants should not present to the Test the one who will not be really disposed to die, because from the Test *no one had to leave alive*. If someone died, or resuscitated, who would reborn would not be who died but a *Son of Death*, someone who would carry a Signal of Death and Death in Himself: that is to say, a Son of Death would be begotten *in* Death by Himself. Who assisted to the Test, and not died, not deserved to live: the Executioner Woman from Tartessos would hand down the stone axe over his neck; she would kill him the next night of the Test, in the corpse of willows consecrated to the Moon Goddess Loa, at the riverside of the Odiel. What happened to them? No one certainly knew what their luck would be, if they really died forever, if they would resuscitate in another world, if they would reincarnate again in future lives or if their Souls would transmigrate to other beings.

But how much lasted the Cold Fire Test? Only the Hierophants, and those who have failed, and who would die too, knew it; only they conserved the consciousness of the passed the time. Those who were reflected in the Infinite Blackness, and found the Naked Truth of Themselves, also received

a Reflect of the Eternity: the contemplation of oneself, what is a reflection of the Eternal Spirit, is experienced in a *unique instant*, not possible to been compassed by the Time of the Creation; the Chosen Ones who find the Kâlibur Death of Pyrene could never respond that question; the experience of the Eternity is indescribable.

For this reason, those from the second group, those who really died, were considered Very Loved by the Goddess because she had retained them for Eternity. And were realized the same funerals of the Wise Warriors to them: they would have the right to be incinerated with the sword in their hands; and an Ashwood urn, with his ashes, would be later thrown to the Occidental Sea.

In the third case, when exceptionally some Chosen One returned from Death, it was immediately incorporated to the Hierophants College of Tartessos. The fact constituted a motive of celebration in all the Realm due to the population, who didn't understand esoteric quibbling's, infallibly intuited that a Son of Death meant a reward for the Race. Even if he triumphed by Himself in the Cold Fire Test, the new Hierophant would be considered as the exponent of collective merit, of racial virtue. But the ancient Hierophants, who knew the secret, received with same joy the resurrected Chosen One: there, signalized, a Stone Man; a Returned from Death; someone who in Death was loved with the Kâlibur Cold Fire of Pyrene and now keeps the Remembrance of L-ove; someone who felt, beyond Love of Life, The L-ove of the Kâlibur Death, that is to say, the Non-Death of the Kâlibur Death, and now has immortalized as a son of Death. He was received in this form:

O Pyrene's Chosen One,
Thou wast mortal but the L-ove of a Goddess
Hath freed thee from Life
By the Will of the Creator One
Earthen thou wast.
By the Will of the Kâlibur Death
Of Stone thou art.
O Son of Death,
Courage hath thy Name.
In silence, remainest
Thou just actest.
And keepest in thine Heart of Ice
The Memory of L-ove,
But rememberest nay
Just revivest thyself,
Cold Immortal Fire,
Stone Man.

And, really, Stone Man would not talk, perhaps for many years. He won't do it because he would be occupied experiencing Himself. Because since the reborn, inside of his heart, over a deep fiber, was burning the Flame of the Cold Fire: *and that Flame, when was perceived, spoke with the Voice of Himself; and*

its words always started with the name of the Goddess: I am, I am (Ey, Ey). When hearing the Voice of Himself affirming «I am», Stone Man really *was*, that is to say, he had *absolute existence* out of the illusion of the material entities, beyond Life and Death. For this reason, a Stone Man would not talk, or would talk little, from now on: he was very closer to the White Atlanteans Wisdom, and that wisdom could not be explained to the asleep men who loved Life and feared the Liberator Death. Perhaps at the end, during the Final Battle, he or other Stone Men would talk clearly to the asleep men to summon them for the liberation of the material chains and to fight for the return towards the Origin of the Hyperborean Race.

Meanwhile, Stone Man will only act, will listen in silent the Voice of the Cold Ice and will act; and his act will express the Highest Spiritual Courage: whatever he could make, his action will be founded in the absolute support of Himself, beyond the good and the evil, and any judgment or punishment coming from the World of deceit will not affect him. And no variant of the Great Deceit, neither Warm Fire of the Animal Passion, would grad him back to the Dream of Life: Wise and Brave as a God, Stone Man will only fight if it is necessary and will wait in silent the Final Battle; he will crave for the Origin, and will affect him the nostalgia for the L-ove of the Goddess; he will seek for his Original Couple in the Kâlibur Woman and, if he finds her, he will love her with the Cold Fire of Himself; and she will embrace him with the Uncreated Light of his Eternal Spirit, which will be Infinite Blackness for the created Soul.

In this third case, with security, Pyrene's Promise would be fulfilled.

Tenth Day

I guess that you will wait, suffered Dr. Siegnagel, an answer to the missing question: "What would be the Golems' next action before the Tartessian might, which was developing out of their control and was frustrating all their plans?» This was the answer, very simple, although it will have to be clarified: *the Golems directed against Tartessos the Myth of Perseus.*

Rigorously, it can be affirmed that the myth of Perseus, like many other legends that lately have been grouped under the general denomination of «Greek Myths», is really an ancient Pelasgian Myth. With some «Greek» stories of Heracles occurred the same: for example, with such where the hero fights against the Giant Geryon to steal his red oxes and which hides, the Pelasgians under an expensive symbol, an ancient incursion of the primitive Argive against the «triple population» of the Iberians, or Vitrons, with the finality to conquest the secret of the animal breeding which they unknown or have lost; and the proof is in that those Argive, «enemies of the Geryons», were considered relatives of them, since the own Heracles was the great-grandson of Perseus. But Perseus was the great-grandfather of Heracles only in the

Argive Myth; really, the theme is taken from a Pelasgian Myth much older, of Iberic-Atlantean origin, which refers to the adventure undertaken by a typical Hyperborean Spirit to reach Immortality and Wisdom. In the primordial theme, the Spirit of Perseus was not Argive but natal of the Iberian Atlanteans, that's to say, from a population much more occidental; because of this, his feat was not carried out by a mere mortal King as Polydectes but from a Goddess of Wisdom, Frya, the wife of Navutan: all the Names, and functions of the Gods, were changed then, and disrupted, by the Cultural Pact Populations, remaining the story of Perseus on its known form.

The theme is simple and, when I will expose it, you will substantiate that it can't proceed from any other place than from the Hyperborean Wisdom of the White Atlanteans. Hyperborean representation of the Origin, as I mentioned before, was Thule, the isotropic core from where proceeded the Spirit. Similarly, for the first White Atlanteans descendants, the Origin was Pontus, which later was personified as God of the Sea and was identified with the Wave, surely due to from this «Origin» came their Ancestors. This Pontus married with Gaia, Earth, who gave birth, amongst others, to Phorcys and Ceto, prototypical symbols of the hybrid beings, half animals half Gods: in an undercurrent esoteric this image alludes to the Spirit provided by Pontus, the Origin, to the animal son of Earth.

The brothers Phorcys and Ceto married at their time, next to a set of hybrid Archetypes, they gave birth to three women who born already «old»: the Graerae or Grey Sisters, i.e., the Grays. Naturally, the Graerae or Grey Sisters are not other than the Vrayas, the Wise Warriors in charge of the custody of the Stone Plow and the Venus Stone. They are «old» because they must be Wise and who ignores the meaning of the lytic instruments will affirm later that "within the three of them just had one Eye and one Teeth".

Perseus is the idealization of the captive Spirit that attempts the liberation from the material prison; his objective is to discover the Secret of Death, obtain the Highest Wisdom, and find the Original Couple. Navutan and Frya inspire them to consult the Vrayas and they, with the Venus Stone, signalize him the path to follow: he must go to a Sacred Ash Forest and claim for the help of the Gods to face with success Death. This is what Perseus made and is produced the encounter with Navutan. The God informs him that Wisdom owns his Wife, Frya, though it is not easy to reach her because Death interposes in simple mortals' steps. To smooth away the journey to Frya, Navutan reveals to Perseus the Secret of the Flight and give him the Half Moon Sign, i.e., the symbol of the Hyperborean Pontiff, the Wisest bridge Builders of the White Atlanteans. *According to the White Atlanteans, the Hyperborean Pontiffs knew how to tend an infinite bridge between the Spirit and the Origin (Pontus).* Vides confirmed the grade of Hyperborean Pontiff, the Lord of K'Taagar, when he gave, to those who reach the Door of the Liberator Gods' Abode the cap and the helm: on the forehead of that helm the Pontiffs impress the Half Moon Sign. It is a tradition that the Pontiffs dressed in this way disposed of the Faculty of turning *culturally invisible*, not by that attire's effect, of course, but for Wisdom that implies its possession. Navutan teaches Perseus the Birds' Lan-

guage and guides him up to the Abode of Vides, who invest him in Hyperborean Pontiff. In his journey towards Frya, Perseus will keep in the hand a crop of crane containing sixteen stones, in each one of them is engraved a Rune. When approaching to Frya, Navutan advises the hero not to stop to look at the Countenance of Death, what would produce his instant destruction, and to focus in the Mirror that the Goddess of Wisdom means *after Death*: only in this way he could overcome Death!, Perseus complies the indications with exactitude and, contemplating himself in the Mirror of Frya, he achieves to *comprehend Death* and becomes a Man of Immortal Stone. At his return from Death, Perseus employs the Birds' Language to *comprehend the Serpent with the Origin's Sign*: then he acquires the Highest Wisdom and finds his Original Couple.

Hitherto the most important of the original theme transmitted to the native populaces by the White Atlanteans. It is evident that a great part of it, miraculously remembered thanks to the familiar mission, was incorporated by the Tharsis Lords in the Reform of the Cold Fire.

Later, the Lydian's would contribute to its degradation through the «perfection of the ritual form», which consisted in the insane attempt to exhibit externally, embodied in Matter, signs that can only be metaphysical. Of course that those who would do more to pervert the sense of the Theme of the Perseus Spirit would be the Cultural Pact Priests. After that, the sense was reinstated by the Cold Fire Cult, without procrastination, would be accompanied by the Golems with all their resources, involved in a war that they considered of life or death for the White Fraternity plans that they served.

In times of the Pelasgians' cultural fall, long before the Golems started their sinister displacement to Europe, the original theme was constellated as Myth, the Names were changing, and the meanings were distorted inverted. In the Argive Myth, Perseus, under the commission of the tyrant of Sefiros for whom he recklessly promised to bring «The Head of Medusa», moves to Tartessos because the Monster lives in a forest of the Iberian peninsula: such location is not meaningless due to Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, was called Ides Aides or Hades by the Priests, the Lord of Tar, that's to say, of the Tartarus or Hell, thereafter Thar-sis, Tar-tessos, etc., passed to designate infernal places. In great form, the Golems also contributed to this location when they achieved to observe the sculpture of Goddess Pyrene and identified it in all the ancient world as the «The gorgon Medusa». To the Argive, Perseus helps Hermes and Athena, in who is still possible to recognize Navutan and Frya. Navutan, indeed, was called Hermes, Mercury, Wotan, etc.; as Hermes, according to the Greeks, was a son of an «Atlantean» woman, daughter of Atlantean, and of a God (Zeus), what is not far from the genealogy of the Great Leader of the White Atlanteans; was the inventor of the alphabet, of the lyre and the syrinx, which he exchanged to Phoebus, the Sun, by the caduceus which he used to shepherd: it is considered that the caduceus is a rod with two coiled serpents, that The Sun represents the Creator God, and the herd the animal-man, it is easy to distinguish in the figure of Hermes to the one who has understood, through a language, the Serpent's Symbol that the Creator God uses to shepherd his servants. And Frya, on the other hand, was known as Athena,

Minerva, Aphrodite, Freya, etc.; of Her, Greeks said «she had born already armed»: so, she was, Goddess of War, of Wisdom, and Love.

Since his inverse journey to Tartessos, the Argive Perseus started to behave as a clear exponent of the Cultural Pact: he doesn't consult the Vrayas, but he steal them the common eye; these were sent to Alsis, i.e., a sacred forest, where he finds the Meliae nymphs, which are not more than personifications of the Ashes; the Nymphs give him a bag of crane leather, where he will place the Head of Medusa, and winged sandals to fly; Hades lent him the Helm of darkness or cap of invisibility, and Hermes give him a sickle of half-moon form to cut the head of the monster. But what most reveals this forgery engendered by the Cultural Pact Priests is the prevention of the Argive Perseus who *fears to become a Stone Man*. Because in the Aegean Myth, it is not a subsequent Wisdom but the own gaze of Medusa what turns in stone; Wisdom, on the contrary, is not beyond Death but out, with Perseus, definitely independent and unattainable for him. It does not allow him to reflect himself in his Naked Truth: he just puts an objective mirror where the «hero» will contemplate death without being trapped by it. That is all the help that Athena gave him: seeing her in front of the mirror, Perseus will cut the neck of Medusa with the sickle and will give death to Death, not obtaining with this "feat» the immortality. Athena's mirror is a protector shield; the Head of Medusa, obtained in the purposeless feat of the Argive Perseus, is placed by the Goddess in the middle of the shield, permitting to clearly understand that in this Era, after the triumph of the Cultural Pact, Wisdom is shielded by Death, not existing any possibility for mortals to reach it. Of course, this is only a threat of the Cultural Pact Priests to discourage the quest for Spiritual liberation. Finally, as the Argive Perseus did not reach immortality neither Wisdom, will not be able to comprehend the Serpent, and due to this, he was obeyed to kill it too, what he will do at the return of his «feat» when he fights against a dragon and releases Andromeda, with whom he procreated a numerous offspring.

Finally, taking the risk to be mercilessly executed by the Tartessians, the Golems achieved to infiltrate the Sacred Forest and spy Cold Fire ritual. Since that unfortunate day, the Golems knew that they had found a Countenance and a Home for Medusa. In few years, employing their unceasing preach and the countless Priests that helped them in all the Cultural Pact Populations, it was popularized with renewed vigor the Argive legend of Perseus: the sons of Phorcys and Ceto, the Graerae, the Gorgons, and the Serpent that guards the Tree of golden Apples, live in a sacred forest of Tartessos, a region which in that period belonged to the Kingdom of Tartessos. Logically, it won't be seen clearly the strategic advantage that could mean for the Golems the refloat and the adaptation of a «Myth» if we start from the erroneous principle that no one believed that «it already happened». To think in this would demonstrate the ignorance about the Golems ideology. With their revolutionary conception of the unity of God in ritual Sacrifice, the Golems sustained the amazing concept that the *Myths had prophetic character*. That is to say, that the Myths and every argument coming from the Gods Heaven are *never accomplished at all, are never*

Athena and Pegasus by Theodor Van Thulden

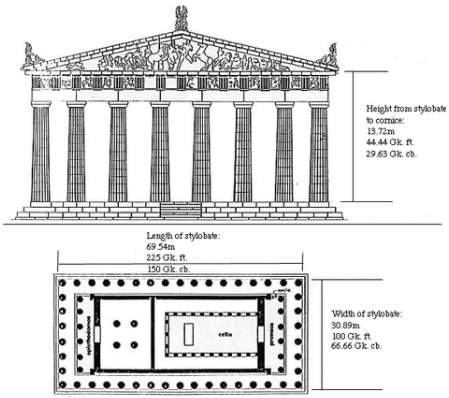
Pallas Athena or Minerva, is the goddess of Agartha, the virgin, protector of peace, philosophy and the seven Hyperborean arts. In the Hyperborean minor arts, sculpture, music, painting, and rhetoric, and in the three major arts; politics, architecture, and the art of war.

The Hyperborean divinities, the feminine spirits, reveal a metaphysical truth, awaken in the blood the memory of a lost L-ove that calls us and asks us to remember again. Whether as a goddess of Olympus or as a Valkyrie of Valhalla, the Hyperborean Virgin carries the eternal spirit's purity and describes the heroic mystique that leads to liberation.

Athena Parthenos instills in the hero the will and courage necessary to face his enemies in the front line of battle. Athena Promacos, the one who "fights in the front line of battle", gives the warrior the weapons to march into war, the shield and the spear. She always rides alongside the warrior, guiding him in the total search for eternity. Finally, Athena Nike, the winged goddess, grants warriors supreme victory in battles and, beyond death, she leads fallen heroes to Olympus or Valhalla.

The Golen priests removed the goddesses, the sacred woman, and the Hyperborean priestess from the divine Pantheon. The peoples of the Cultural Pact degraded the woman and her mystery and implanted on her the submissive virgin's condition, the sinful eve, and the Binah mother.

Parthenon, by Troy Caperton.



All hyperborean temples awaken nostalgia for an idyllic past, where the virya knew why to live and why to die. Contemplating them allows us to understand, noologically, a spiritual, uncreated and eternal origin. The Parthenon, built in honor of the goddess Athena, reveals the mystery of the carved stone, constructive techniques based on the Golden Ratio. For this reason its unique beauty, in which underlies a very deep mystery, "the Eternal made Stone."

The Doric columns and the entasis in them have a purpose beyond the aesthetic; to strengthen the noological and spiritual structures of the Virya; recover the Ionian warrior's verticality, the virtuous and eternal attitude of the Heracleidae. Entasis is the Vril's expression, the mystery of the Stone Man. It symbolizes heroic courage, the will of sacrifice, firmness and strength to face the world's hostility; standing before destiny, in absolute control of oneself and the microcosm.

The pagan temples had a specific purpose; orienting the Hyperborean races to a gnostic path of spiritual liberation, a mystery known as the labyrinth's secret. All Hyperborean temples are rectilinear, creating a timeless space where the initiate enters and leaves the temple without getting lost or disoriented. Their entrances are conductive, and they direct us in their different directions or spaces. The initiate seeks the metaphysical truth, experiences the myth, solving the mystery or sacred symbols in the middle of the temple. There was an exit door that led the virya to liberation.

The monotheistic, Christian synarchic temples are quite the opposite. Its fascinating and complex architectures enchant the virya , envelop him in a hypnotic reverie. At the end of the journey are the sacred symbols, which do not produce in the individual a gnostic question at a conscious level. There is no labyrinth to solve and the virya remains spiritually lost.

totally realized. They had blind faith in that if the circumstances and characters were repeated, the Myth, as a Prophecy, would be developed again in Earth; in synthesis, they affirmed:

> *The thing that has been, it is that which shall be;*
> *And what has been done is which shall be done:*
> *There is nothing new under the sun.*

Thereby, in the Golem judgment, if it was *prophesied* the Myth of the Argive Perseus, this would be infallibly fulfilled: thereupon, the execution sentence that existed over House Tharsis would also be accomplished.

Of course, we must not be deceived regarding the activity of a Myth described unto its minor details: although in the credulous minds of the population, Perseus and Medusa, were imagined as real characters, the Kings and military Leaders who ambitioned the Tartessos' loot had clear that it was treating about representations; in the centuries of the Tartessian expansion, those who desired to «emulate Perseus», for example, they knew well that the «Head of Medusa» which they had to cut meant to «destroy Tartessos»; something similar occurred when in Wars of XIX century was proposed to «destroy the Bear», alluding to the «conquest of Russia», or to «humiliate the Lion», instead of «submit England». However, the fact that a King was aware of the allegoric sense of the Myth, not rest him the capacity to act, on the contrary, increases the possibilities of being really accomplished: who intelligently adopts the role of a character of the mythical argument, interprets the description of the Myth as some kind of plan or project to be realized; though is not the character who acts to realize the character of the Myth but the own myth that, unconsciously, motorizes the character to fulfill the argument: *who aspires to be Perseus, will end cutting the head of Medusa,* even if he believes to be able of self-control because he knows the allegoric meaning of the character.

In this way, Dr. Siegnagel, the Golems «directed against Tartessos the Myth of Perseus» as a reaction to the economic and military expansion which was developing out of their control and frustrated all their plans. The answer is now clear. In the subsequent century, many of the «Perseus» would attempt the feat to conquest Tartessos; and almost in every case, integrating Warrior expeditions, guiding invader Kings or pirate Leaders, reached the Golems. A Hermes caricature would signalize the abode of the Graerae and the unique Eye's location, that's to say, the Wise Sword. The Golems would never forget their main objective; steal the Venus Stone. That would be their part of the booty: the rest, gold and silver, docks and prosperous cities, all would be for the winner Perseus, for the «hero» of the Cultural Pact. It was not much what they requested, and would not be few who would answer their intriguing proposals. However, even by this offensive, which was founded in the Myth's universal action and that obeyed the Tartessians to live in permanent war state. The Kingdom defended itself with success until the III century, a period in which their might started to decline before other rising potencies: Carthage, Greece, and Rome would write the End of History.

The Greeks of the pre-classic period were very receptive to the Strategy of the Golems, and that guided them to undertake many conquest expeditions against the Tartessians: from their thriving colonies in Sicily, Italy, Gaul, and finally, in own Spain, they would have exterminated Tartessos if they did not have to watch their back from the rising power of Rome. The Romans, instead, were always friendly with the Tartessians and scarcely permeable to the Golem influence: that must not surprise if it is remembered that through the veins of the Roman royalty circulated the blood of the Pelasgians of Etruria, direct relatives of the Tartessians. Destiny would not reserve then, neither Greeks nor Romans the «feat» of destroying Tartessos. Would be a man of Carthage, a Phoenician, a red or Punic, the new Perseus who would wield the iron sickle, an inverted and perverted symbol of the half-moon, and he would cut the Head of Medusa, giving fulfillment in this way, to the Golems prophecy.

In the XII century B.C., when the Philistines occupied and looted it, starts the decay of Sidon, the most important Phoenician city. Begins in this way, the might of Tyre, and would not stop growing until Nebuchadnezzar, who, after a siege of thirteen years, dilapidated it definitely in 574 B.C. But, in that time, Tyre has been expanded through all the ancient world and possesses colonies, as Gades (Cádiz), in the south of Spain, in the Sicilian coasts, in the Balearic islands, in Sardinia, and, since 814 B.C., in the coasts of Africa. There was founded the rich and prosperous city of Carthage. With the commercial ruin of Tyre becoming preponderant, since the VI century, the Carthaginian colony has the greatest fleet of the occidental Mediterranean.

Carthage reached in the history the joyless celebrity to have constituted an amoral society, composed by merchants whose only ambition was the richness, which imposed their commerce with the protection of a mercenary army. Only a few Warlords, indeed, were Carthaginians: men integrated the course of the army without homeland and law, that's to say, by soldiers whose homeland was of who paid more and whose law depended on the agreed payment. Although what most impressed always to the observers, in an analogic way to the repugnance that caused in the Europeans in the XVI century was to know the sanguinary Aztec Cult of the Palpitating Hearts, was the Cult of Moloch, a deity for whom they had to offer permanent human sacrifices to appease his inextinguishable thirst of lives. In Tyre, the Phoenicians worshipped very similar Gods to the other populations of Mesopotamia or Asia Minor: they gave Cult to the Goddess Astarte or Tanit, who for the Assyrian-Babylonian was Ishtar or Innana, or Nana, for the Greeks lo, for the Egyptians Isis, and in other places was called Ashtoreth, Cybele, Athena, Anatha, Hathar, etc.; and also worshipped Adon, who was equivalent to the Phrygian Adonis; and adored in Melqart, who corresponded to Argive Heracles; and offered sacrifices to Baal Zebul, Baal Sidon, Baal Zaduk, Baal II, Baal Tars, Baal Yah, etc., all names of the Creator God who was represented as the Sun, as the planet Jupiter or as any other force of Nature. It was in the IX century B.C., when King Ithobaal I, priest of Astarte, married his daughter Jezebel with King Ahab of Israel, that the Golems infiltrated in Tyre and tried to unify the Cults in the Sacrifice to the God One. Such an attempt would not give great results until the next

century after the conquest of the Assyrian Great King Sargon II over Canaan and after the Golems moved to Carthage to officiate as Cult Priests of Moloch.

It must be warned that the Carthaginian was the first population where the Golems established, a part of the European populations that were assigned to them by the White Fraternity, to comply with their mission of unifying the Cults. But would be the first and the last due to, according to what they declared, their interest was only to work in the European Cults. If they remained in Carthage that was purely and exclusively to the Tartessian heresy, the necessity to orient Perseus to that population to cut the Head of Medusa and fulfill their prophecies. Was in this manner how, impulsed by the sinister design of the Golems, the Cult of Moloch would reach to dominate by the terror to all the other powers of the government of Carthage: the King, the Nobility, the state advisors, the military Leaders, all would end subjected to Moloch and his Golem priests. Finally, all the families of Carthage were obeyed to offer their firstborn child to be sacrificed in the «mouth of Moloch», that's to say, to be

thrown in the mouth of a metal idol that guided to an incandescent oven; and there would end their days also the prisoners, the slaves, the accused of some crime, the consecrated virgins, or anyone that the Golems wanted to eliminate. But the God was never satisfied: he demanded more and more living proofs of the population Faith in ritual Sacrifice; his Law claimed a fee of blood hardly available. Peradventure Moloch was expecting for a greater sacrifice, perchance he would be calm with the offering of the whole lineage that insulted him, with its extermination in His Name of the Tharsis Lords lineage.

With the outbreak of the Punic Wars; in 264 B.C., the Golems believed that the time to fulfill their prophecies had reached. They believed it and members of the White Fraternity, who sent from Chang Shambhala two mysterious personages called *Bera* and *Birsha*. They were two priests of superior grade, to whom they gave the title of "Immortals»; two priests who as in ancient Ages belonged to the Golems same race, the White Fraternity had instructed them the mission to lead their plans. They were two «Supreme Golems», due to; they surpassed what their brothers of Race could have demonstrated regarding the cruelty and diabolic arts: in other powers, for example, they could travel through Time, a dominion that my family proved bitterly whenever the same actors appeared in subsequent different centuries with the finality to provoke their destruction. On that occasion, Bera and Birsha placed in front of the Golems of Carthage to lead the attack personally to Tartessos because, apart from the Race, they were all united by the same hate against House Tharsis. The General Hamilcar Barca would be the new Perseus, the instrument that the Myth employed to be developed again on Earth. To make that this soldier demonstrates before the God One that he was ready to realize the feat was impulsed to slay forty thousand men of his mercenary army, who were previously incited to the rebellion when they suppressed their soldier payment. From the defile of the axe, a River of blood ended in this way in the jaws of Moloch, for the satisfaction of the Golems, as a clear sign that the prophecy could be accomplished.

Then the government of Carthage, following the Golem priest's instructions, commissioned in 237 B.C. to Halmicar Barca the conquest of Spain. This invasion, the last that Tartessos would resist, was the theme of the familiar saga of oral legends called «The attack of the twenty-two Golems».

Tells the saga that in the year 229, employing a skillfully and unexpected troops withdrawal, General Barca achieved to «surprise Tartessos asleep», as the Argive Perseus with Medusa, and subjects it under blood and fire. However, while the soldiers were realized to the carnage and the looting, other facts are happening. Accompanying the Carthaginian army have reached to Tartessos twenty-two Golems, that's to say, twenty-two Golem Priests guided by Bera and Birsha. The Myth of the Argivian Perseus has become real, the prophecy is being accomplished at that moment, and it is necessary to act with quickly precision. While the twenty Golems occupy the Sacred Forest and effectuate the convenient rituals to consecrate items to Moloch, the God One, and neutralize Pyrene's magic influence, the Immortals Bera and Birsha

will go and seek the Wise Sword. The Golems were applied to their work and prompt they were desecrating the Lamp of Pyrene, gathered beside the Apple-tree of Tharsis and the sculpture of the Goddess. What occurs next obeys that each one commits an evaluation error about the capacity and the reaction of the adversary: the Golems erred due to they not considered the mystical and heroic madness that the Tartessian Hierophants disposed of for being descendants of the Tharsis Lords; and the Hierophants underestimated the powers and the determination of the Golems, perhaps for the unknown of the existence of the immortals as Bera and Birsha.

The Golems error was to suppose that the Hierophants, unaware as to the sentinels of Tartessos, would accept with resignation the loss of the sanctuary of the Sacred Forest or that, at most, would offer armed resistance, case in which they would act in their defense a troop that escorted them. The reality, very different, was that the Hierophants had considered many years ago the possibility that the Sacred Forest could fall in Enemy power and they had already taken, a decision for it: they would never permit it; the fall of the Sacred Forest would imply, necessarily, its destruction. For this reason, when the fire, which advanced through the Forest perimeter, surrounded and embraced the center of the Forest, the twenty Golems and the guard couldn't do anything to avoid the horrible death. The carbonized skeletons showed, later, that everybody had taken refuge under the Apple-tree of Tharsis and that finally they were burnt and consumed as it and the rest trees of the Forest. All had been incinerated in such fire that was carefully planned for years and prepared through a studied distribution of firewood in different parts of the area: when entering the Sacred Forest in conquest train, the Golems would not win an area, but they would fall in a mortal trap. Of course, they would not have never supposed that the Tartessian Hierophants would sacrifice their Sacred Forest before seeing it occupied by the Enemy, and this reaction would be taken as a lesson for the Golems that, hereafter, would continue fighting against the descendants of the Blood Pact.

And the underestimation that the Hierophants committed when evaluating the Golems' real power was near to produce the definitive loss of the Wise Sword. If that not occurred, the merit can only be attributed to the incredible courage of the Vrayas; and to a loyalty to the Blood Pact, which was beyond Death. The case was that some twenty kilometers from Tartessos, over the Hill Candelaria hillside, was located the secret entrance to a Cave that had been conditioned in remote times by the White Atlanteans. It was one of the works that had to be conserved according to the Blood Pact compromise. Naturally, after the Iberians' cultural defeat, such compromise was forgotten and the Cave, occult and solitary, remained abandoned for thousands of years. However, the family test's purifiers effects that ended with the Reform of the Cold Fire caused its re-discovery, even if not all, neither in any moment, could enter through it. The motive was that the secret entrance was signalized with the Navutan Runes and only by the Pure Blood, capable of hearkening the Birds' Language, achieved to find it; who not reunited those requirements could not discover it even being in front of it. Well, that Cave had been chosen by the ac-

tual Vrayas to guard the Wise Sword. A corridor of Tartessian warriors formed to allow the departure of the Vrayas from Tartessos and to save, in the last moment, the valuable heritage of the White Atlanteans: many died to realize this heroic rescue, many that today are immortalized for their courage, awaiting in K'Taagar the moment to return to their battle stations, when the Final Battle will take place over Earth. Due to their loyal service, the Vrayas, who in such time was the Queen of Tartessos and two Princesses, could reach the secret entrance of the Cave. In reality, they were followed such closer by Bera and Birsha that only one Princess, carrying the Wise Sword, achieved to cross the threshold, while the other two remained behind to stop them. And was in this moment when the terrible power of the Immortal Golems was seen because, even when the Vrayas fought them with their formidable stone axes, they did not need to employ any arm to dominate them, except for their demonic arts. The Power of the Illusion, in which they were Masters, was enough to immobilize and take possession of them. However, the Wise Sword was already safe in the Secret Cavern due to the Golems, who only possessed Soul but lacked Spirit, which would result impossible to comprehend the Navutan Runes.

The familiar saga ends in this part of History, narrating the spectacle observed by the Tartessian Hierophants when they went to the Secret Cave, after the burning of the Sacred Forest. Lying in the floor of the base in Candelaria Hill, not so far from the secret entrance that they didn't achieve to find, were the corpses of the Queen of Tartessos and the Princess horribly mutilated: from such image resulted evident that they preferred to die with Honor rather than betray the familiar mission and the Blood Pact. They had resisted in such way, first the magical pressure of the Golems enchantment, with Will of Steel, and then the physical torture, the Test of the Pain. Thereby, surely after realizing the failure of their plans and fearing a struggle with Stone Men, the Immortals rushed to kill them and go to the White Island, not without leaving behind them a univocal sign of their infernal presences: before leaving, scalped the totality of the hair, the two dyed braids with grout of burnt lime that the Vrayas, as all the Initiates consecrated to lo-a, wore down to their ankles. And with the blood that dripped from their naked skulls, they wrote in the Phoenician language over a rock something like: the *punishment for those who offend Yah will come from the wild boar*. Undoubtedly one of their damn prophecies.

Eleventh Day

That's how, estimated Dr. Siegnagel, the Kingdom of Tartessos disappeared forever. General Barca represented again the Myth of the Argive Perseus cutting the head of Medusa, and also the one of Heracles Merkath, defeating the triple population of the Geryons.

Nevertheless, even though Tartessos not remained stone over stone, the Sacred Forest, was reduced to ashes, and the sculpture of Pyrene was demolished

by order of Halmicar Barca. The Golems' prophecy was not fulfilled because the Venus Stone, the unique Eye of the Vrayas, couldn't be stolen by Bera and Birsha. That demonstrates that even though it is true that the mystical arguments can be developed many times over Earth, their repetition is not always identical. Even they can produce more than one surprise for who has propitiated them. In this opportunity, not only failed the prophecy, when the Wise Sword remained to save, but extermination sentence that was over House Tharsis neither could be accomplished.

In the Argive Myth, when Perseus, nailed the sickle on Medusa's neck, two extraordinary beings will be born: Chrysaor and Pegasus. According to the Myth, only Poseidon, the King of Atlantis and God of the Occidental Sea, dared to love Medusa, with whom begets two sons, Chrysaor and Pegasus, born from the wound infringed by Perseus. Chrysaor would be a giant destined to marry with Callirrhoe (Kâlibur), a «Daughter of Oceanus», from whose union would born the triple Giant Geryon. I believe, Dr. Siegnagel, that the last manifestation of the Myth, concretized in the tragedy of Tartessos, would determine its repetition until its minor details, although not complying, happily, with the prophecy of the Golems. I believe, for example, that effectively, from the dissected neck of Medusa, from the ruins of Tartessos, borns Chysaor, the giant Son of Poseidon: he was, undoubtedly, Lito of Tharsis, who, as will be seen later, wedded with a Daughter of the Sea, a Princess of America, «the other of the Occidental Sea»; Chrysaor would born armed with a Golden Sword, just as Litode Tharsis, who would depart to America carrying the Wise Sword of the Iberian Kings. And I also believe that Pegasus is my son Noyo, who was born with Wings to fly up to the Liberator Gods Abodes, and he has the power to open the founts with his strikes, just that in his case, it treats about the Founts of Wisdom.

The survivors of House Tharsis, curiously eighteen, were gathered near the Secret Cave, in a narrow terrace naturally protected with huge rocks that allowed certain defense and whence could dominate the hillside of the mountain range. The saga tells that one moment before, Stone Men, the only ones who knew how to enter, had sustained a counsel in the Secret Cave. Before the disaster that was coming against House Tharsis, they swore to dedicate all the efforts to give fulfillment to the familiar mission and save the Wise Sword. Was necessary for the Lineage to continue existing at any cost; and concerning to the Wise Sword, they decided that, after Death of the last Vrayas, would remain perpetually deposited in the Secret Cave, at least until the day when other, Stone Man, offspring of House Tharsis, would be able to see in it the Lytic Sign of K'Taagar and to know that they should go: *until that occasion, the Wise Sword would not see the light of day*.

When they left, they communicated these determinations to their relatives and required news about the Realm. But the news that reached the improvised refuge was strange and contradictory. It should be discarded a prompt help of the Romans due to the Golems had rebelled against them all the Gaul populations, cutting off the path to Spain: the rescue of Tartessos demanded now a very numerous expedition, which would leave unprotected thrown Rome.

On the other hand, in Tartessos, the Carthaginian victory had been overwhelming: all Tartessos was in the power of General Barca, which completed the total occupation of the South of Spain. To the Tharsis Lords only remained their lives and a battalion of loyal and brave royal guards. However, something strange and contradictory happened.

Hamilcar Barca, it is true, annihilated Tartessos down to convert it in debris. In this action, both he, and the mercenary army, acted moved by a homicidal fury which surpassed every reasoning, by an indomitable force that possessed them and did not abandon them until they destroyed completely the already occupied city. It was as if the hate experimented for centuries by the Golems against House Tharsis would have been accumulated in some obscure recipient, *perhaps in the Myth of Perseus*, to release it all together in the Carthaginian Soul.

Nevertheless, after consummated the irrational destruction, General Barca and the military Leaders who accompanied him recovered their lucidity abruptly, not being apart from this phenomenon the death of the twenty Golems and the departure of Bera and Birsha.

Momentarily, something was interrupted, something that impulsed General Barca to desire the annihilation of House Tharsis; and there were no Golems in Tartessos anymore to restart it. Thereby, free for the moment of a destructive passion of the Argive Perseus, Halmicar Barca worked with the reasonableness of an authentic Carthaginian, i.e., he thought in his personal interests. For Halmicar Barca the Enemy was not only in Rome; there, in any case, was the enemy of Carthage. But in Carthage were also Halmicar Barca's enemies, who envied his career of successful general and distrusted of his power; those who had sent him eight years before to conquer such an inhospitable country and had no intentions to make his return.

But Halmicar Barca would pay them with the same coin, he would demonstrate to the government of Carthage the same indifference and would usufruct in his family and own advantage the immense conquered territory: Spain would be the particular Barca's estate! For it, it would be necessary to count on the indispensable collaboration of the native population, who had ruled until that moment the country and knew all its operation mechanisms. And such bellicose countries, which were free for centuries, would not easily submit to slavery. This was clearly adverted by the Barcas, at least that their own Kings and Lords would convince them that it was better not to resist the occupation. According to the particular philosophy of the Carthaginians, the solution would not be impossible due to the particular philosophy, «only would need to be destroyed the one who could not be bought».

The strange and contradictory news reached then to the refuge of the Tharsis Lords: Halmicar Barca would offer them to save their lives if they renounced to every right over Tartessos and accepted to enter at his service to govern the country; on the contrary, they would be exterminated as the Golems claimed. With so much pain, but without possible alternatives, the Tharsis Lords had to accept such dishonorable offer: they made it for superior interest, for the

familiar mission and the Wise Sword.

Once arranged the surrender, Tharsis passed to serve the Barca's, and they were occupied with pacifying Tartessos and reorganizing the agricultural and industrial production. Due to the demonstrated good disposition they were rewarded with a farm located very near from the emplacement of the disappeared Tartessos, where would live since then the "Tharsis family", except for members that performed functions in the cities or accompanied the Barca's in the inspection journeys. While the Carthaginian occupation lasted, nonetheless the protection assured by the Barcas, the tranquility was scarce due to the Golems were constantly spying. They explored inch by inch seeking for the Wise Sword and had added now the death of twenty of them to the list of pending charges to pay off by House Tharsis.

At the death of Halmicar Barca, in 228 B.C., he is succeeded by his son Hasdrubal Barca, but, after his assassination in 220 B.C., Hannibal Barca assumes the command of the Carthaginian army. The nephew of Halmicar invaded the Greek colony of Sagunt in the year 219 B.C., which was under the protection of Rome, and started with this action the second Punic War, which would end in 201 B.C., with the unconditional capitulation of Carthage. Thirty years after the destruction of Tartessos, Spain was free forever from the Carthaginian invader! But it was too late for Tartessos: the new Roman occupant would not abandon the peninsula until the dismemberment of his own empire, seven hundred years later.

With the Romans, House Tharsis had a relatively good time because it was considered an allied nobility, and their government functions of the region were restored, now a Roman province, subjected to the law of the Republic and to the authority of a proconsul or praetor. The region of the ancient Tartessos, between the rivers Tinto and Odiel, remained included in the province of «Baetica», denominated with this name for the river Betis, today Guadalquivir, which was extended up to the river Anas, today Guadiana, the frontier of Lusitania; Romans gave the Tartessians the name of «Turdetani». In a few decades the Turdetani was Romanized, the use of Latin was popularized, and great rural states were constructed, properties of the governors of each province, magistrates, or army Leaders.

In the I century B.C., House Tharsis had been related with the Roman nobility and was quite influential in the Baetica, a province that counted with 175 cities, many of them rich and forceful as Corduba (Cordova), Gades (Cádiz), Hispalis (Seville) or Malacca (Málaga). Over the base of the estate given by the Carthaginian and the restitution made by the Romans, the Tharsis Lords developed a rustic Roman village, building a Lordly Residence and widening it with the acquisition of huge extensions of fields for cultivation; cereals, olive, grapevine, integrated the main production, apart from some minerals that were still exploited in the mountain range of Catochar. It must be clarified that the Roman cadastre named it as the "Turdes Village» while the Roman Empire governed, although I will continue mentioning "Tharsis Lords" to maintain the continuity of the narration.

Like all the landowner's families Roman-Hispanic possessed a dwelling in the City where they remained most of the year; however, if they could, they always preferred to retire to the campestral land because their major interest was to be near to the Secret Cave.

The Golems had no chance to influence the Roman population, and their power was conserved intact only in Lusitania, in some regions of the Gaul, in Britain, and Hibernia. After Julius Caesar's campaigns, this power seemed to decrease completely and, for some time, it was believed that the threat was definitely conjured. This, as was seen, was an error of appreciation, a new underestimation concerning the Golems capacity to carry out their plans.

Regarding the Cold Fire Cult, the Tharsis Lords had no problems to re-implant it because Romans were notably tolerable in religious matters. They also worshiped the Fire since the remote Ages. In the Village of Tharsis they constructed a *Lararium* dedicated to Vesta, the Roman Goddess of Fire and Home: there, before the statue of the Goddess Vesta-Pyrene, burned the Perennial Lamp of the Home, the *flamma* that should never be off. Even being now a private Cult, House Tharsis had not lost their mystical and thaumaturgy fame, and soon their Village became in another place of pilgrimage for the seekers of the Spirit, without reaching, naturally, the proportions of the Age of Tartessos. The family gave Rome good functionaries and soldiers, apart from the contribution of food and mineral production, but also provided Rome of Haruspex, Augurs, and Vestals.

Twelfth Day

With the Edict of Milan of 313, the emperor Constantine legalizes Christianity and grants rights equivalents to the official Pagan Cults. At the end of the IV century, in the year 381, and thanks to the emperor Theodosius I, was declared Christianity «*the official religion of the Estate,*» and Pagan Cults were forbidden. In 386 was ordained, through an imperial decree, «*the closure of all Pagan temples*»; and in 392, by imperial law, «*the Pagan Cult is considered and punished as a crime of lese-majesty*», that's to say, sanctioned with death sentence. These actions not affected the Tharsis Lords because years before, they had already adopted Christianity as a familiar religion. The cult of Jesus Christ proceeded from Canaan, the Golems homeland, and such origin resulted, as is logic, suspicious since the beginning; but also was the pretended cultural fundament of the tragedy of Jesus: the registered prophecies in the set of the canonical books of the Hebrews, who claimed to be «the Chosen People of the Creator God». Nothing of this convinced the Tharsis Lords. On the contrary, as more they watched that new oriental Cult, more they persuaded themselves that behind it was hidden a colossal contrived conspiracy of the White Fraternity. How was it then, that they adopted Christianity as a familiar religion? Because, about the provenance of the Cult

and the filiation of their worshipers, an unquestionable fact existed: *the story narrated by the gospels was real in part*. The Tharsis Lord could assure this because that was, undoubtedly, a new version of Navutan's history.

To know history in all its purity would be necessary to go back thousands of years to the past, to the Age of the White Atlanteans, Father of all the White Blood Pact populations. They assured to be guided by Navutan, the Great White Leader who had discovered the secret of the spiritual incarceration and had revealed to them how the Spirit could abandon Matter and be free and eternal beyond the stars, i.e., beyond the abodes of the Gods and the Potencies of Matter. According to the White Atlanteans, Navutan was a God who existed, free and eternal as all the Hyperborean Spirits, beyond the stars. The Unknowable God, from whom nothing can be affirmed from here far from the Origin, Navutan, and other Gods, were angry because a part of the Spirit's Race was trapped in the Universe of Matter. The anger was not directed just to the Potencies of Matter who retained the Spirits, but also against the weak Spirits, against who lacked the Gracefulness Will to break the Illusion of the Great Deceit and be Free by himself. In Earth, the Spirit had been incarcerated to the animal-man to use its volitional force to accelerate the evolution of his psychic sphere: and such ferrous was the incarceration, such submersed waste Spirit in the animic nature of the animal-man, that had forgotten the Origin and he believed to be a product of Nature and the Potencies of Matter, a creation of the Gods.

In other cases, since the Spirit remained in Earth, the Liberator Gods, their Brother Spirits, came to their rescue. Many were liberated and returned with them: For this cause, terrible battles were fought against the Potencies of Matter. Finally, for example, had crossed the Origin, and had presented before the Atlantean men, the Great Leader of All the prisoner Hyperborean Race, the Lord of the Uncreated Forms Beauty, the Lord of Absolute Courage, the Lord of the Uncreated Light, the Envoy of the Unknowable God to Liberate the Spirit, that's to say, the Kristos of the Uncreated Light, Kristos Light, Luci Bel, Lucifer, or Kristos Lucifer. But Manifestation of Kristos Lucifer in Atlantis destroyed the materialist civilization: the battle of Atlantis ended with the continent's submergence, much later of his return to the Origin.

In these circumstances, in front of the imminent catastrophe of Atlantis, was developed the history of Navutan. The yellow men, the red men, the black men, all would perish in a cataclysm worse than which is looming in Atlantis: the one that worries the Liberator Gods is the spiritual cataclysm, the abyss in which will be submerged even those who survive to the submergence of Atlantis; and that result seems to be unavoidable due to the insistence and tenacity in which the White Fraternity maintain the spiritual incarceration, but, mainly, due to the impossibility demonstrated by the Spirit to avoid the illusion and to wake up from the Great Deceit; such races, strategically confused, will continue following, blindly, the Atlantean Priests, who will guide them directly to their spiritual decadence. The White Race is the only, at this moment, that disposes of an opportunity of liberation, a possibility that the Gods will not ignore. But the White Men are too asleep, with the spirit hi-

ghly submerged in the illusion of Matter, extremely projected in the Exterior World: will not be able to comprehend the interior Revelation of the Spirit, will not be able to be free by themselves.

It is necessary an exterior revelation of the Spirit suitable for the White Race, to show the White Man from outside a liberation path capable of guiding him to the Hyperborean Wisdom: for it, *Navutan descends to Hell*. Navutan, «God free and Eternal», accepts to descend to hell, come to the World of Matter, and to born as a White Man. And as a White Man, realizes the feat to set free his chained Spirit by himself: he will demonstrate in this way to men, with the example of His Will, the path to follow, the orientation towards the Origin.

In sum, the history that the White Atlanteans transmitted *in Myth* to the native populations is the next: In Atlantis lived a very holy White Virgin, consecrated to the Unknowable God service and completely committed to contemplating the Uncreated Light. Afflicted by the terrible famine that her people suffered, such Virgin asked for help to the Unknowable; and this Supreme God, who's Will is the Grace, teaches her a path towards the Planet Venus. Once there, the Virgin received from the envoy of the Unknowable many exemplars of the Plant of the Wheat, which she would use to satiate the material hunger of man, a birch rod, that would be useful to measure the White Treason, and the *seed of a Child of Stone*, who one day would be man, he would place at the head of the White Race and would satiate their spiritual hunger. When returning from Venus, the White Virgin, who never had carnal contact with any man, was pregnant of Navutan. The Liberator Gods had already announced that she would be the mother and would give birth to a child whose spiritual Wisdom would liberate the White Race from the material slavery. A serpent tried to avoid the Virgin to comply with her commitment, but she kills it, crushing its head with her right foot. Passed the pregnancy period, the Virgin gives birth to Navutan and educates him as a Constructor Warrior, counting with the help of the Lytic Wisdom Guardians.

In Atlantis existed a footpath that guided to a Spellbound Garden, which the God of Illusion constructed. There, an Ancient Pomegranate Tree grew, knew as the *Tree of Life* and also as the *Tree of Terror*, which roots were *extended through all Earth* and which branches *were elevated up to the Illusion's God Celestial Abodes*. Near to that bewitched Pomegranate existed an Apple-tree, as Ancient as Such, which was called the *Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil* or *Tree of Death*. It was common belief amongst the Atlanteans that men, in the beginning, were immortal: the cause that men had to die was because the Great Ancestors had eaten from the fruit of that Tree, and Death was transmitted to their offspring as a disease. In reality, the blood of the Tree, its damned salvia, was mixed with the Immortal Blood of the Original Man and is regulated from the interior of man Life and Death. And no one knew the Remedy for that Disease.

Navutan, who didn't have a human father, was born immortal as the Original Man, but his immortality was, for the same reason, essential, own of his special spiritual nature; in consequence, his immortality was *incommunicable* to the rest of the White Men, it was not useful for them to recover their lost immortality. For this reason, Navutan, with the support of his Divine Mother,

the Virgin Ama, decided to become mortal and discovers the secret of immortality for mankind.

Since the Great Ancestors ate the Fruit of the Tree of Death, no one dared to get closer to him due to fear of Death. But Navutan was immortal as the Great Ancestors, and he achieved, like them, to get closer without problems. Once next to the Tree, Navutan cut and ate from the Forbidden Fruit, remaining hereupon bewitched by the illusion of Life: now was only missing for him to discover the secret of Death *without dying* because if he died in the attempt, he would never be able to communicate Wisdom to the White Men. Thereby, Navutan *crucified himself* in the Tree of Terror to defeat Death, hanging nine nights from its trunk. Nevertheless, as time passed by, Death was getting closer, and Navutan did not achieve to comprehend its secret. Finally, once agonizing, the Great White Leader closed his unique eye, that he maintained fix into the illusion of the World, and looked to the depths of Himself, in a desperate and last reaction to save Life that was turning off without remedy.

And in the summit of Himself, in the middle of the Infinite Blackness of the insinuated Death, he saw emerging a Resplendent Figure, a Being that was Pure Gracefulness: was Frya, the Joy of the Spirit, his Divine Wife of the Origin, came to his rescue.

When Navutan opens his eye again, Frya gets out from it and internates in the World of the Great Deceit: she goes in search of the secret of Death to save her agonizing husband.

However, she didn't achieve it, and times end relentlessly. Finally, without despair, Frya goes to Hyperborea to ask the Liberator Gods. They advise her to seek a Giant bi-cephalous who lives in a World situated under the Tree of Terror roots and who performs the office of sentinel: to that Giant, she must steal the Kalachakra Key, because on it the Traitor God shave engraved the secret of Death. The Myth of the White Atlanteans is here very complex, and it is only convenient to mention that Frya, transformed in a Raven, descends to the World of the Giant bi-cephalous and steals him the *Kalachakra Key*: but, to get it, she had to become assassin and whore; Frya, in fact, breaks with a strike of her axe the Kalachakra Key, but the pin, when it fell, was transformed in seven giants with seven heads each one, «who sleep to let the root Races live for them»; thereupon, and without alternatives, because she is urged by the time, Frya dresses in the Veil of Death that such Giants maintain attached with a lasso in each neck: then she awake them successively and become their lovers, but unrelentingly she goes beheading them in the culmination of the orgasm; and the head of the Giants, skewered in rope or a sutrâtma, forms the necklace of Frya Kâlibur, in which every skull represent a Sign of the Sacred Alphabet of the White Race. Finally, the Veil of Death remains loose and Frya, Transformed in Raven again, returns swiftly with Navutan.

But it is too late: at the same moment when she arrived, Navutan exhales his last sigh, and his eye is being closed forever. Frya understands that it will be impossible to reveal Navutan the secret of Death because he has just died, and he won't be able to read the Kalachakra Key.

And that's how, without losing an instant, Frya takes the decision that she will save Navutan and the White Race: she becomes a Partridge and enters again in Navutan. The Kalachakra Key must remain outside because only she can exist in the depth of Himself. Frya must reveal to Navutan the Secret of Death, not only to achieve his resurrection but also to make that her Husband communicate it to men; in another way, his immolation would be in vain.

But how expose to Navutan the Secret of Death without the Kalachakra Key, without showing him that *instrument of spiritual incarceration, for his comprehension?* And Frya decides it at that moment: *as a partridge, she will dance the Secret of Life and Death. With dance, she will express the Highest Wisdom that would be possible to be comprehended by the mortal men from Outside of Themselves.*

And Frya, dancing in the depths of Himself, reveals to Navutan the Secret coming from outside of Himself. And Navutan understands it, and the spell caused by the Fruit of the Tree of Life and Death was cut, and he resuscitates again as an immortal. And when he descends from his crucifixion Tree, he realizes that his body has transmuted and now is of Pure Stone; and that he can comprehend and express the Birds' Language. So, Navutan teaches to the White Atlanteans the thirteen plus three Runes through the Birds' Language and guides them to understand the Origin's Sign, «with it they will obtain the Highest Wisdom, they will be immortal while the Spirit remains chained to the animal-man, and they will conquer Eternity when they win in the Battle against the Potencies of Matter and be free again in the Origin».

I've synthesized Dr. Siegnagel, the history of Navutan hitherto, according to the White Atlanteans mythical narration. It is easy to advert that it had many common points with the gospel's history of Jesus Christ: both histories treat about a God made man; both Gods born from a Virgin; both died by voluntary crucifixion; both resuscitate; both leave the testament of their Wisdom; both form disciples to whom they reveal the «good new», that they shall communicate to their similar; both affirm that the «Kingdom is not from this World»; etc. But it is evident that exists, also, fundamental differences between both doctrines.

Perhaps the most noticeable are the following: Navutan comes to *liberate* the Spirit of Man of his prison in the World of the Creator God; the Spirit is Uncreated, that's to say, not created by the Creator God and hence, nothing that happens here can essentially smirch it and much less affect it ethically; the Spirit is *innocent and pure* in the Origin's Eternity; for this reason, Navutan affirms that the Hyperborean Spirit, belongs to a Warrior Race, and only can manifests an *essential hostility* to the World of the Creator God, only can rebel itself from the Material Order, can only doubt about the reality of the World that constitutes the Great Deceit, can only refuse as False or Enemy to all who is not the product of Himself, that is, the Spirit, and can only encourage just one purpose with Wisdom: to abandon the World of the Creator God, where is enslaved, and return to the World of the Unknowable, where will be ago again. Adversely, Jesus Christ comes to *save* the Soul of Men from *Sin*, from the disobedience to the Law of the Creator God; the Soul is Created by the Creator God and has to obey blindly the Father's Law; all what happens here affect ethically to the Soul and can increase its *Sin quota*; the Soul is not innocent neither pure because men are here in this World as a punishment of an *Original Sin* committed by the Fathers of Mankind and inherited, thence, the Original Sin; for this reason Jesus Christ affirms that Soul of Man, the most perfect creature of the Creator God, must only manifest an *essential love* attitude to the World of the Creator God, must only accept with resignation his place in the Material Order, must only believe in reality of the World, must only accept as Real and Friendly what proves to come in the Name of the Creator God, and must only encourage a unique objective with Wisdom: to stay in the World of the Creator God as *a lamb* and be shepherded by Jesus Christ or the Priests who represents him. *To be a God or a lamb*, that consists of, Dr. Siegnagel.

As I anticipated, when the imperial law of the year 392 threatened to consider «crime of injured majesty» the practice of the Pagan Cults, although House Tharsis had accepted Christianity a long time ago as their familiar religion. Logically, the Tharsis Lords saw the march of such time, and their unique priority, since the destruction of Tartessos, was to give accomplishment to the familiar mission and preserve the Wise Sword. This familiar priority determined a Strategy for the Lineage's survival, survival that could be strongly threatened by new persecution: were difficult times in IV century, the decadence of Rome that Polybius foresaw in the II century B.C., had become real. The empire, stalked in all its frontiers by the invader populations, had incorporated entire regiments of mercenaries and has given the command to

the barbarian armies; the agriculture of the small agriculturists was ruined centuries ago and disappeared in Italy, absorbed by great landowners. Only survived, in those days, the colonial estates, amongst them, the one that the Lord of Tharsis had in Spain, contributing with their low prices to destabilize the metropolis economy.

In front of this panorama of general insecurity, the Tharsis Lords, who are not Kings but a family of landowners and Hispanic-Roman functionaries, they must act with extreme caution. Christianity has been imposed in the imperial power summit, now is supported by spears and the legionaries swords. But this «Christianity», evidently, has not doctrinaire principles to result absolutely unacceptable for the Tharsis Lords: as they learned harshly in their war against the Golems, the Myths, the Legendary Histories, the Arguments that are written in Heaven, can be repeated again in Earth. And they are disposed to accept the history of Jesus, and even the message, as some kind of actualization of the Myth of Navutan. The Tharsis Lords will become Christians because they will see the history of Jesus with the optic of the Ancient Wisdom, and they will not discuss the differences, although they will have them present and they will never forget them.

They will embrace the Cross and celebrate the Roman Church sacraments; for all the effects, they will be consecrated Christians; even they will give from their children to the Church. But amongst them, in the middle of House Tharsis, they will only recognize as Truth what is coincident with the history of Navutan or with other fragments of the Hyperborean Wisdom that the family still retains. As in their moment the Gnostics and Manichaean, and later will make the Cathars and Albigenses, they will accept only a part of the Gospels, especially the Gospel of John, and will absolutely deny the Old Testament. This is what they alleged: that the God of the Jews was Jehovah Satan, an aspect or countenance of the God One the Creator of the Material Universe; in the Genesis is narrated the history of the Creation of the Material Universe, where would be enslaved the Eternal and Uncreated Spirit, the Spirit only concedes value to the Real World whence its comes; and from where also came the Creator God, due to the Material Universe has been evidently created as an imitation of the Real World.

And in the Old Testament is also narrated the history of the «Chosen People», by Jehovah Satan, to reign over all the countries of Earth. It was not clear then, the Promise that the Creator had made unto Abraham, «Lookest around whence you are, to the north and south, to the east and west. All the land that thou seest I will give to thee and thine offspring forever. I will make thine offspring like the dust of Earth, so that if anyone could reckon the dust, then thine offspring could be counted. Goest, walkest upon the length and breadth of the land, for I am giving it to thee» *{Gen. 13,14}*. A promise which is reaffirmed later «And taking him out, Jehovah said unto him: lookest out to the sky and countest, if thou canst, the stars. And he added: thine offspring wilt be as the stars thou seest in the sky». But the Creator was clearer with Moses, when he revealed the mission of the Chosen People «Therefore if ye will hear my voice indeed, and keep my Covenant,

then ye shall be my Leader treasure above all people, though all Earth be mine. Ye shall be unto me also a kingdom of Priests, and a Holy Nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel».

Then: «And he answered, Behold, I will make a covenant before all thy people, and will do marvels, such as have not been done in all the world, neither in all nations; and all the people among whom you are, shall see the work of the Lord, for it is a terrible thing that I will do with thee.

Keep diligently that which I command thee this day. Take heed to thyself, that thou make no compact with the inhabitants of the land whither thou goest, lest they be the cause of ruin among you;

But ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their images in pieces, and cut down their groves, Asherah poles» {Ex 19, 6; 34, 10}.

When complying with the Covenant, the Chosen People will be blessed by the Creator, according to what he communicates to Moses: «Ye shall make you no idols nor graven image, neither rear you up any pillar, neither shall ye set any image of stone in your land to bow down to it; for I am the Lord your God. Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my Sanctuary; I am the Lord. If ye walk in my ordinances, keep my commandments, and do them, I will then send you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall give their fruit. And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto sowing time, and you shall eat your bread in plenteousness, and dwell in your land safely. And I will send peace in the land, and ye shall sleep, and no one shall make you afraid. Also, I will rid evil beasts out of the land, and the sword shall not go through your land. Also, ye shall chase your enemies, and they shall fall before you upon the sword. *And five of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight*, and your enemies shall fall before you upon the sword. For I will have respect unto you, and make you increase, and multiply you, and establish my covenant with you. Ye shall also eat old store, and carry out old because of the new. *And I will set my Tabernacle amongst you*, and my soul shall not loathe you. Also, I will walk amongst you, and *I will be your God, and ye shall be my people.* I am the Lord your God which have brought you out of the land of Egypt» *{Lev26}*.

Hence, this «Chosen People» would be the one that the Swarthy Atlanteans announced thousands of years ago, the Enemies of the Blood Pact; was at least, ironic that now was pretended to derive from such damn people an emulous of Navutan, the Founder of the Blood Pact. But Jesus was not coming to *save* the Blood Pact but precisely to destroy it forever, what demonstrated that was consequent with his provenance from the Chosen People. By Jesus Christ, the Pure Blood would be degraded as never before, the entire mankind would become bastard, the Courage would jell in the veins and would be replaced by fear of the God One; and when men be materialized, and would not answer to fear of the God One anymore, Courage would not emerge anyway because men would be immersed in the moral degradation of the cultural decadence, they would become effeminate and softened, they would be confused in an Universal Scoundrel of the Spirit. But this Vile Scoundrel, naturally, even

"The triumph of christianity over paganism" by Tommaso Laureti.

the Church as the other founded sects by the Chosen People and the White Fraternity, would extract the best of Earth, that's to say, to those who would support and aid them with fervor, the Priests and the faithful, members of the Secret Societies that would reign the World and the Scoundrel of the Spirit that would approve their government, worms and serpents, lamb and sheep, peace pigeons, no eagle, no condor, Dr. Siegnagel.

Of course, that the exception to this rule remains to save to the ones of Pure Blood; to all those who intuit that with the crucifixion the Eternal Spirit must be *liberated*, that it never sinned, and not *save* the sinner Soul; to those who want a Warrior Kristos and not a Shepherd Christ; to those who feel a Kristos of Uncreated Light and not to those who perceive a Material Christ. The Kristos that the Tharsis Lords conceived, for example, was a Spiritual Pure God, of Uncreated Light, who if would be manifested in Earth, would make it wearing a Kings' Crown and wielding the Sword; and in this Parousia, the mere presence of Kristos would be enough to produce a Spiritual Aristocracy amongst men, that would put an end to the confusion of the Spiritual Scoundrel: Kristos would communicate charismatically to men, he would talk to them directly to their Pure Blood; and who be able to listen it better, would be really the most Virtuous, the most Spiritual, the Real Kristians.

Thirteenth Day

As we have seen, the Tharsis Lords were Christian *Sui generis*, and if the Church had discovered their real beliefs, they would surely have been condemned as heretics. But they had always cared on their public manner to express their ideas: far were the times when House Tharsis guarded the Cold Fire Cult and assumed the obligation of its conservation and diffusion. After the destruction of Tartessos and the oath made by the last Stone Men, the priority that they had imposed to themselves consisted in to comply with the familiar mission and save the Wise Sword: and for it would be necessary to move to remain unnoticed, concentrated only in their objectives. They didn't forget that the Wise Sword was still waiting in the Secret Cave neither the Golems sentence, or *Gorren*, that's to say, *Hogs*, as was contemptuously qualified by the Tharsis Lords alluding to the sentence written with the blood of the Vrayas.

Even though the Tharsis Lords didn't talk about their religious ideas, instead, they acted: and they made it ostensibly to attract the attention of their exemplary behavior and to divert it from controversial thoughts. The great ignorance that characterized the clerics and bishops of that age favored them to a great extent: they were only fixed in the exterior part of the Cult and in the obedience and faith demonstrated by the believers. And, in that sense, House Tharsis constituted a Christian family: they were rich landowners but very humble and virtuous; always working their properties in Huelva passed

great part of the year in the campaign; they generously helped the Church and maintained, in the Village of Tharsis, a Basilica consecrated to the Holy Virgin; they even formed, with the people of the hamlet of Turdes, a «Minor Order Audience» in charge of the exposition of the Gospel to the Catechumens who would be baptized! Yes, the Church could be proud of House Tharsis.

Actually, the Tharsis Lords didn't lie in this because they affirmed that the Purest Image of the «new Christianity» was the Virgin Mary. For this reason, in the middle of the III century, they transformed the Roman Basilica, where they officiated the Cult of Vesta in a Christian *Ecclesiae*. They conserved the edifice intact, but they replaced Vesta's Statue, and they constructed an Altar to celebrate the Eucharist, where they also deposited the Perennial Lamp. When it was possible, the Tharsis Lords tried to make that the Chapel was always attended by clerics of the family, although due to its importance, it received periodic visits of the Bishop of Seville and the presbyteries of the surroundings. The chosen worship for The Virgin's Cult had an autochthonous origin due to the own Tharsis Lords; when they had presented before the Christian Priests, they made it assuring that they had witnessed a manifestation of the Virgin. According to them, the Virgin had appeared in a shallow grotto situated a few meters from the Turdes Village, case that could be attested by all family members and some servants. The Virgin had shown herself in the Splendor of her Majesty and asked them to worship her Divine Son and remember her with a Cult. Then the Tharsis Lords, visible prey of excitation, declared that they wanted to abandon the Pagan Cult and became Christians. The voluntary conversion of such a powerful Roman-Hispanic family caused great satisfaction to the Catholic Priests due to it would add exemplary prestige to their evangelizing missions in the region. Thence, they accepted willingly the initiative of House Tharsis occulted behind the Sculpture with which they replaced the Vesta's Statue.

Things had overly changed since the Age of the Carthaginensis. Now the Village counted of an enormous Seigniorial Residence in the *terra dominicata* and with some fifty hectares of *terra indominicata* given to the cultivation; a peasant dorp, also called Turdes Village, had been erected near to the Residence of the Tharsis Lords. In the dorp's limit, over a hill that smoothly descended to the Seigniorial Residence, the Tharsis Lords had destined for the local Church and Parish an excellent Roman Basilica. The catechumens, who were going to hear the *missa catechumenorum*, and the faithful, who would assist to the particular *missa fidelium*, reached the *atrium*, a garden surrounded by columns they passed beside a fount called *Cantharus*, before entering the central nave. Constructed over a rectangular level, the Basilica had three naves: two lateral naves that formed the Cross, and a Central nave, was divided by two columns of seats, occupied, in the right side by men and the left, by women; the central nave ended in the *apse*, a vaulted widening and elevated where waste *Sanctuarium*. Normally, in every church of that time, at the bottom of the apse was the Episcopal Cathedral, as will be seen immediately, had been assigned to the Holy Virgin. In Episcopal Cathedral front, in the core of the Sanctuary, was the *sacra Mensa* of the Altar and, over it, the Cult instruments: the Chalice, the Paten, and the Perennial Lamp.

The culminating moment of the Mass of the Faithful's, take place immediately after the pronunciation of the Eucharistic words of the Priest: then he recites the epiclesis, an invocation to the Holy Spirit, soliciting its presence to propitiate the miracle of the transmutation of the Bread and the Wine, and draw a little curtain which leaves exposed, to the Faithful's sight, the Divine Image of the Virgin. The faithful's were absorbed in the Contemplation: the Virgin's Sculpture is of painted wood, of smalls dimensions: seventy centimeters of elevation, thirty of width and thirty of depth; she is seated, in a majestic attitude, over a Cathedra made also of wood; her countenance is of beautiful occidental factions, because she was a reproduction of one of the Ladies of Tharsis, and smiles smoothly while her eyes are fixed directly ahead; her hair falls down in the form of sixteen braids finely carved, which emerge immediately from under the Crown; because even She, as the Child, exhibits the attributes of the Royal Dignity: both Crowns are triple and octagonal; in regard to the Child, he is seated on her lap, over the left knee, while She lovingly, sustains him from his shoulders with the left hand: in difference to the Sculpture of the Virgin, which is of painted wood, the Child one is of White Stone; Virgin of Wood, Child of Stone: the Countenance of the Virgin is painted of immaculate White, the Hair of Gold, the Body of Red and the Cathedra of Black; with the right hand, the Virgin wields a bundle of sixteen spikes of Wheat and a birch rod, with the left hand she holds the Child; her foots are separated, as her knees, and beneath her right foot can be seen, crushed, the head of a serpent; the Child Kristos King, on his part, looks fix ahead, in the same direction of his Divine Mother, and has a book in the left hand while with *the right he realizes a gesture that stands out the straight angle between the fingers index and thumb.*

It is evident why to the worship was given the name of «The White Virgin of the Child of Stone» or «Our Lady of the Grotto» due to, apart from mention made by the Tharsis Lords about the Virgin apparition place, the «grotto» not intervened at all in the Cult. But the case was that the Virgin, whose description I just made, represented clearly to Ama, the Mother of Navutan, to whom the White Atlanteans called «The Virgin of K'Taagar» because they pretended that she was still in the City of the Liberator Gods. But what means K'Taagar? is an agglutination of three ancient words: the first «*Hk*», from which is only conserved the final «*K*», that was for the White Atlanteans a generic Name of God, with Hk they used to refer to the Unknowable and also to the Liberator Gods; the second is «*Ta*» or«*Taa*», which means City: but not any City but Hyperborean City, City of the White Atlanteans; and the third is «*Gr*» or «*Gar*», which is equivalent to Crypt, Grotto, or underground enclosure. So, K'Taagar means, approximately: «The Underground City of the Liberator Gods». With the suppression of the «*K*» and the transposition of the rest words, other populations have referred to the same City as Agartha, Agarta, or A'grta, which means literally «Underground City». The Virgin of K'Taagar is also the Virgin of Agartha. But «A'grta» can be interpreted as «*the grotto*». In this form appears the real origin of the ingenious denomination «Our Lady of the Grotto» that the Tharsis Lords adopted to refer openly to the Virgin of Agartha.

In sum, when the imperial law of 392 that repressed the practice of the Pagan Cults was dictated, the Tharsis Lords were already Christians, Catholic Romans, and sustained in their *ecclesiae propiae* the Cult to Our Lady of the Grotto, the Virgin of Agartha. It doesn't mean that they renounced to the Cold Fire Cult with this change: in reality, to celebrate such a Cult was not required any Image. It was the figurative necessity of the Lydian's what, when «perfecting the Cult Form», introduced, in the past, the Image of Pyrene. But Pyrene was the Cold Fire in the Heart, and her simpler representation consisted in the Perennial Lamp: to the Goddess Chosen Ones, to those who still believed in her Promise, would be enough with the Perennial Lamp, because the end of the ritual and the Cold Fire Test had to be realized internally. Thereby, all the Ancient Cold Fire Mystery was exposed to the sighting such Basilica of the Turdes Village. But, as before, as always, only Stone Men understood it. Only They knew, when praying in the Chapel, that the Gaze of Virgin of Agartha, and of the Child of Stone, were nailed in the Flame of the Perennial Lamp; and that such dancing Flame was Pyrene, was Frya, the Wife of Navutan, expressing with her dance the Secret of Death.

In the beginning of the IV century, three barbarous populations assaulted Spain: two were German, the *Suevi*, and the *Vandals*, and the other, the *Alans*, Iranian. In the distribution that they made, the Alans occupied Lusitania and Beatica, including the Turdes Village in 409. In the eight years that they attained to stay in the region, their presence is reduced to the usufruct in the own benefit of the taxation correspondent to the Roman functionaries and the periodic looting of some villages. To face the invasion, the Roman General Constantius, in the name of Emperor Honorius, contracts the King Wallia of the Visigoths through *foedus* signed in the year 416: by this treaty, the Visigoths agreed to fight, in quality of federated of the Empire, against the barbarians that occupy Spain, receiving, in turn, lands to establish in the South of the Gaul, in the Tarraconensis and the Narbonensis. The Alans were rapidly annihilated, while the Vandals didn't realize the Beatica's incursions until they finally abandoned the peninsula to Africa.

In 476, the Heruli Odoacer deposed the Roman Emperor Augustulus, giving end to the Western Roman Empire, from five years ago that the Visigothic King Euric was occupying Spain. This time, the Visigoths entered to finish with the Suevis, fulfilling the foedus of the year 418, but they would not leave for the next two hundred years.

The Visigoths' permanent presence in Spain not affected in a determinant manner the lives of the Hispanic-Romans, except in the case of the owners of great estates latifundiums that were obeyed by the foedus to distribute their lands with the German «guests». Such waste case of the Tharsis Lords, when they had to host a Visigothic family named *Valter* and to give them one-third of the *terra dominicata* and two-thirds of the *terra indominicata*. But after this expropriation, that constituted a fair payment for the tranquility that the Visigoths family assured in front of the recent invasions, all continued as the days of the Roman Empire. Only the destiny of taxes had changed, which was not Roman anymore but more closer to the Toledo; the amount and the periodici-

ty of the exaction, and even the collector functionaries, were the same that in the Roman Empire.

Three fundamental points separated from the beginning the Visigoths and the Hispanic-Romans: A law that prohibited the marriages between Goths and Hispanic-Romans, the religious difference, and the numeric proportion between both populations. The first was solved in the year 580 with the annulment of the law, remaining opened the barrier that impeded to mix both populations: since then, Valter's family integrates with many marriages to House Tharsis, remained to restore the primitive patrimony of the Tharsis Lords.

The second point means that, while the Hispanic-Roman dwellers' totality professed the catholic religion, the Visigoths' guests maintained the Arianism. In fact, both populations were Christians and ignorant of the theological quibbling that the Priests established dogmatically. And in this case, the difference that Arius had signalized was of extreme subtlety. When they still inhabited the Black Sea's shores, the Visigoths were evangelized by the Goth Bishop Ulfilas, devotee of Arius. When advancing through occident, pushed by the Huns, they discovered with satisfaction that their Christianity was different from the Roman, and they would hang on tenaciously to that difference, often incomprehensible.

They would work in this form because the Goths had developed in great grade the *national pride*, and they needed to dispose of some tangible difference, an own unifying principle, which would avoid them to be culturally phagocytized by the Roman Empire: the meaning of the distinction itself had no major importance; the concrete would be that the Arianism would maintain them religiously separated from the Roman population in such way, that when joining each other, would allow them to conserve the Gothic Culture.

What consisted of such a difference with the Catholic dogma that only a few understood, but the nationalist Goths would defend it to the end? Expressly, it referred to a definition concerning a problem of the Divinity and Jesus Christ. The posture of Arius, natal of Libya but enrolled in the diocese of Antioquia, appeared as a reaction against the doctrine of Sibelius: he affirmed that not existed an *essential distinction* amongst the three Persons of the Christian Trinity. The Son and the Holy Spirit were really manifestations of the Father under other Aspect or *prosopon*: the essence of the God One, when was presented with one Aspect of the Father, with other was the Child, and with other the Holy Spirit. Against this, Arius started to teach since 318 that «only God One is eternal and incommunicable: Jesus Christ was created from the naught. Therefore, he is not eternal; he is a creature of the God One hence something different from Him, something *not consubstantial with Him*».

Sibelius didn't distinguish within the three Persons of this Trinity, whereas Arius differentiated in such way the Father and the Son that he was not God anymore nor consubstantial with the Father: both would be condemned as heretics for the Catholic Doctrine. And what was the truth? According to what was decided in Nicaea, in 325, a Council of three hundred Bishops, Jesus Christ answered to the formula *consubstantial Patri*, i.e., he was consubstantial

with the Father, of his same substance, God as Him. Thence, the religious difference that separated Goths and Romans treated about the complex concept of the consubstantiality between God and the Verb of God. The difference would not reach to explain the Goths obstinacy at least that could be considered that with this was preserving a Culture, a tradition, and a lifestyle. Perhaps it would not be evidenced on its real dimension the danger of immersion in the Roman Culture that was denounced by the nationalists' Goths if it is not repaired in the third point, about the numeric disproportion between both populations: because the Visigoths only counted two hundred thousand; it means, that a community of two hundred thousand members, just arrived, had to dominate a native population of nine millions of Hispanic-Romans, exponents of a high grade of civilization. In the light of such quantities, it is better understood the reticence of the Goths to suppress the religious and juristic differences that isolated them from the Hispanic-Romans.

The reality of their scarce number obeyed the Visigoths to tolerate the religion of the Hispanic-Romans, although without ceding an apex in their Arians convictions. However, even by the desperation of the nationalists, the universality in that time of a world which was Roman and Catholic was penetrating them from everywhere and finally, they had to accept a cultural integration that, indeed, was already consummated. In the year 589, the King Reccared became Catholic during the III Council of Toledo fulfilling the religious unification of Spain's populations. Being the Goths an Indo-Germanic Race that was counted amongst the last one who abandoned the Blood Pact, i.e., who were amongst the ones of Purer Blood of Earth, it is easy to conclude that their presence in the peninsula could only benefit House Tharsis; but such step taken by Reccared would elevate, now without obstacles, the Tharsis Lords to the noblest dignities of the Court of Toledo: since the VII century the ones from Turdes-Valter would be Visigoths counts. The political unification of Spain completed by his Father, King Liuvigild, and the religious unification carried out by Reccared, would leave unveiled the internal Enemy that, until then, had thrived with the differences that separated both populations. It was about the Chosen People members, by Jehovah Satan, who profess to the Gentiles, that's to say, to those who do not belong to the Chosen People, inextinguishable hate analogous to the one that Golems feel against House Tharsis. Even though the last Christianity, the one of Jesus Christ, registered the clear origin of their Sacred Books, their traditions, their Synagogues, and Rabbis, they depreciated it. They explained its existence as a necessary evil, as the fable that would put in evidence the moral Jew Truth. The false Catholic Christianity would last until the advent of the Jewish Messiah, the real Christ, who would sit in the Throne of the World and would submit all the peoples of Earth to the Slavery of the Jews. This was a prophecy that would be relentlessly accomplished, just as countless Rabbis and Doctors of the Law assured in the Talmud. They blindly believed that the Diaspora had as finality to infiltrate them amongst the Gentile populations as some kind of mystical preparation for the future that would come, for the Universal Restoration of the Temple of Jehovah Satan and the resurrection of the House of Israel, the real Jewish

Messiah: during the dispersion, the Gentiles would learn who are the Jews, the expression of the God One on Earth, and the Jews would demonstrate to the Gentiles what is the Power of the God One. In all Diaspora, and such Sefard of Spain, the Jews, persuaded by their messianic leadership, were determined to undermine by any means the social fundaments of the Gentile populations; the religion, the moral, the royal and nobility institutions, the economy, and every legal base, suffered systematic attacks by the Chosen People members.

Reccared had to act against them due to the evidence of their indefatigable corrupting task, but the successors of such King didn't work with the necessary energy and allowed that the Jews to proceed with their plans. The King Sisebut, extraordinary warrior and jealous Christian, who defeated the Basques, Cantabri, Sucones, Asturianos, and byzantine Greeks successively, had to correct that situation: in April of 612, he dictated a law that prohibits to the Jews "the possession of Christian slaves». You must not forget, Dr. Siegnagel, the profound irony that implicated such prohibition from the theological perspective, considering that the Talmudic prophecies announced, «the prompt enslavement of Christians and Goym». Of course, to the juridical effects, the law was regulated, aiming to particular slaves, and in this manner was ordained that «to every Jew surprised in possession of a Christian slave after July the first of 612 would be confiscated all his goods, and freedom would be conceded to the slave as a Roman citizen» Also became effective, by the same law, a disposition from the times of Alaric II who executed the Jews who had converted a Christian to their religion, even in sons of intermarriage.

When Sisebut died, in 633, the IV Council of Toledo assisted the Count of Tharsis in quality of local Bishop. There many themes were treated, as the royal succession, the cases of sedition, the rules for the ecclesiastical discipline, etc., and on it was debated mainly of what concerned to the Jewish problem. The King Sisen and who chaired the Council, with a complete lack of the strategic skills and the Hyperborean Vision of Sisebut, allow a Pro-Jew faction to take the main voice and to question the measures recently decreed against the Chosen People. Is there when the Count of Turdes Valter faced violently against the Bishop Isidore of Seville, who did not possess neither remotely the Pure Blood of Reccared or Sisebut. Nevertheless, he was one of the best instructed and more intelligent man of Spain. His encyclopedia of twenty tomes «*Etymologize*» is a masterwork for the Age, apart from many books dedicated to the most varied themes; he even wrote a Treatise of Apologetics with the suggestive title «*De fide Catholica against lodes*». However, Isidore professed admiration with no limits for History of the Chosen People and considered the Old Testament as the theological base of Christianity, just as is demonstrated in his treatise of exegetics «*Allegories S. Scripturae*» where he comments the Hebrew books. This posture guided him to the contradiction of sustaining in one hand the necessity to fight against Judaism and, in the other, to procure the defense of the Jews, to avoid that «any type of violence» be put over them. During the Council, moved by that false «Christian mercy», he tried to retrace the Visigoth Kings' laws.

Thanks to the intervention of the Count of Turdes Valter have approved ten canons about the Jews, but without the rigor of Sisebut's law: was prohibited to the Jews, among other things, the practice of the usury, the performance of public offices, the mix marriages, was ordered the dissolution of the existent mixed marriages, and was reaffirmed the prohibition to maintain Christian slaves.

To evaluate the importance of the adopted resolutions it just has to be noticed that the Councils of Toledo were National Synods of the Catholic Church, just as to the nobles who were responsible for the general laws, in case that they didn't accomplish with exactitude a dedication to the dispositions about the Jews.

In that Council of Toledo, the Count of Turdes Valter defended with ardor the cause that he denominated «Goth-Hispanic Culture», in a moment in which the Pro-Jew faction headed byte Bishop Isidore seemed to have controlled the dispute. His irruption was decisive: he spoke with such eloquence that he achieved to define the majority of the Bishops in favor of taking urgent measures to counteract the «Jewish problem». All were fascinated, especially the noble Visigoths, when they heard to assure that the «Goth-Hispanic Culture was the Oldest of Earth", and that now that invaluable heritage «was threatened by a population enemy of the Spirit, a population who worshiped Satan in secrecy and counted with their Infernal Power to enslave or destroy mankind». Satan had conferred them power over gold, that they always used to carry out their uncontestable plans, and «which they surely used to bought the vote of the Bishops that defended them». This possibility to be at the Jewish Gold service took to more than one Pro-Jew Bishop to shut his mouth and allowed that, finally, the Count of Turdes-Valter's expected measures were approved. However, such victory was not positive for House Tharsis due to it revealed something that was unnoted by all the world up to that moment: the attitude that the Count of Turdes-Valter was exuded something more than the Catholic zeal, something alive, something that could only proceed from a Secret Knowledge; from an Occult Source; the Earl was extremely sure of what he was affirming, was rather categorical in his conviction, to be a fanatic, to be someone blinded by the faith; it was evident that the Earl knew what he said, but how much and what did he know? Whither did his Wisdom come? Thence, House Tharsis would be observed again by the Enemy: and to the Golems' hate would be added now the one of the Chosen People and of some part of the Catholic Church, who would not stop to pursue the Lord of Tharsis and procure their destruction. Since that moment, even if they would contribute with their riches and members to the strengthening of the Church, House Tharsis would always be suspicious of heresy.

Fourteenth Day

About Muhammad, I will only point out here that if it was imposed to the faithful of the Islam the obligation to *orient* themselves daily towards a *stone*, the Black Stone of Kaaba, and the *Holy War* as a form

to comply with God, was due to he knew the Hyperborean Wisdom Principles: because an oriented warrior is an adequate definition for the Hyperborean Initiate. Surely the esoteric Wisdom of Muhammad was diverted or not understood by their followers. Anyway, even though they were not totally understood, the Hyperborean Wisdom Principles' simple action is enough to transmute men and populations to neutralize the degrading pacifism of the Cultural Pact. In this way, when Muhammad died in 632, almost all Arabia was in power of the Khlifas; in 638 fell Syria and Palestine, in 642 Egypt, in 643 Tripoli, and in 650 all Persia. At last, the Roman Civilization lost Africa: in 698 Carthage was destroyed.

In Spain, the King Egica had to convoke the XVII Council of Toledo urgently, which was gathered in the Church Santa Leocadia in November 9 of 694. The motive was the next: the African city of Ceuta, in front of Gibraltar, was the unique Christian era that still resisted the Arab advance; at the head of the same was Earl Julian vassal of the King of Spain. The resistance of Ceuta depended exclusively of provisions that the Hispanic-Goths sent to them; well, the Cutis had discovered something terrible: the Hebrews of Africa were negotiating the Arab invasion of Spain, with the support of their peninsular brothers; once arranged the price for the betrayal, the Jews of Spain would provide to the Saracens all the necessary information, and of their personal collaboration, to assure the success of the invasion. Naturally, the Chosen People hate either Mohammedans as Christians, but their prophetic Strategy prescribes that they must be confronted by them until they finally are dominated by them. Thence, it was the turn to destroy the Christian Kings of Europe. When this news arrived at King Egica, who belonged to the enemy clan of the high nobility and the clergy, that's to say, Pro-Jew, he had no other choice than to gather the Council and to expose the case of High Treason. This time were four Bishops of House Tharsis to defend the cause of the Spiritual Christianity and of the Hispanic-Goth Culture. It was ardently debated and finally was opted to act with major rigor: all the Jews of Spain will be submitted to the enslavement and their goods confiscated in favor of the Visigothic State. It is clear that these measures were not harsh but flexible due to, not applying the death sentence against Traitors, was only achieved to give them time while they would continue conspiring. Fifteen years later the Arabs, would return them all their old possessions and would concede them a prominent place in the society, in retribution for their services!

The High Nobility and High Clergy party, supported by the Lords of Turdes-Valter, was reunited around the family of the defunct King Chindasvinto; the party of the "progressist monarchy" was gathered around the family of the King Wamba, who died in 680. Egica, who was a member of Wamba's family, arrange the succession to the Throne of his son Witiza, who started to reign in the year 702. Meanwhile, in the Beatica, governs Duke Roderick, from Chindasvinto's clan. When Witiza died in 710, the Aula Regia of Toledo, where those from the party from Chindasvinto won the majority, proclaims Roderick the new King. Despised the sons of Witiza, at the same time governors of provinces and functionaries, for what they consider dispossession, ask the Jews

for an interview with the General Musa bin Nusayr. In the meantime, they revolt against the Tarraconensis, the Narbonensis, and the Navarre, obeying Roderick to concentrate all his forces in the North to suffocate the uprising. These campaigns cause the interruption of the supplies to Ceuta, which result rapidly crushed by the Arabs. Finally, he went to Africa that embassy of traitors: it was integrated by the sons of Witiza, Olmund, Ardabast, and Akhila, and the brothers of the deceased King, Sisebert, and the Bishop of Seville, Oppas, who was accompanied by the Great Rabbi of Seville, Isaak. Incredibly, Earl Julian, who entered to Musa's service after his cession of the area, and influenced by a personal enmity with Roderick, advises the Arab General to intervene in Spain.

Musa promised them to send help to overthrow Roderick. Traitors return and simulate to pact the peace with the King, who did not distrust. In 711, the Berber general Tariq transport in four ships an army composed by Arabs and Berbers, and disembarked in Gibraltar.

Roderick, who was still fighting against the Basques in the North, had to cross the country to cut Tariq's pass, who was on the way to Seville. The battle took place in the shores of the Guadelete river: the rows of Roderic are in command of two columns and the brothers of Witiza; when the encounter took place, Traitors Sisbert and the Bishop Oppas passed to the side of Tariq, leaving King Roderick in a compromising position; and after many days of combats, the Visighotic army resulted completely annihilated by Tariq, remaining unknown the fate of the last Visigothic King. The «help» given by the Arabs and Jews to the followers of Witiza would not redound in benefit of these because the next year General Musa, at the head of a more powerful army, would initiate the conquest of Spain. In a few years the whole peninsula, except for a small region in Asturias, would fall in his power. Spain was converted in such a way, in an Emirate dependent of the Khlifa of Damascus.

Although as the Christian Re-conquest advanced, the Arab dominion decreased, the Beatica remained occupied for more than five hundred years. For House Tharsis, the Visighotic catastrophe didn't accuse another effect than the immediate loss of the political power: "The Counts of Turdes-Valter» returned to be «The Tharsis Lords», who had already ample experience surviving to similar situations, they were completely conscious that for the moment not existed in Europe a military force capable of expelling the Arabs from Spain: the Emir al-Muhajjar, who governed between the years 718 and 720, achieved to cross the Pyrenees and to take the city of Narbonne, attacking from there the Frank territories; only the noble Pelagius resist them, and achieved to maintain a region under the Christian dominion in the mountains of Cantabria, and the Pyrenees. From this nucleus would appear in the Kingdom of Asturias, to which later, in the X century, would be added León and Castile, and would be formed in the IX Catalonia and Navarre and in the XI century Aragon, by successive re-conquests of territories to the Arabs. But in the year 732, the Emir of Cordova, the Abd al-Rahman, was moving loosely through the Gaul and was conquering Bordeaux: only the decision of Charles Martel

would avoid the conquest and destruction of the Frank Kingdom. However, it was also clear, since the year 737, that to the Christian States resulted impossible to go across the Pyrenees to Spain.

Thence, the Tharsis Lords' supposition was very realistic and was their Strategy to face the circumstance.

Immediately they understood that the Arabs only respected two things: Force and Wisdom. The one who resisted them with enough courage as to wake up their respect could obtain concessions from them. And only the admiration that they experimented for Wisdom, and for those who had it, allowed them to tolerate the religious differences: one thing was a Christian and other a Wise Christian; to the first was necessary to force to embrace the Islam, was what the prophet ordered; and second to convince him of the Islamic Truth, luring him without prejudice to the Arab Culture. Since then, the Tharsis Lords decided to show friendly with them and demonstrate, conclusively, that they formed part of a Wise family. This attitude not constituted a betrayal to the catholic religion because the Tharsis Lords continued being «Pagans», i.e., they continued sustaining the Cold Fire Cult, and due to the majority of the Goth-Hispanic population, now called «Mozarabs», was integrating little by little to the Arab Culture, adopting its language and religion. The Tharsis Lords would become in the exponent of the knowledge on its highest level and would be for centuries teachers of the Arab learning centers of Seville and Cordova, obtaining for this collaboration, and for the economic contributions of the Turdes Village, the right to profess the Christian religion and to maintain as private Temple the Basilica of Our Lady of the Grotto.

The Chosen People members, as it is logical, took advantage of their influence to encourage persecutions against Christians, and especially against House Tharsis, during all the time that the Arab occupation lasted. However, loyal to their Talmudic principles, they tried to continue with their corrupting task in the detriment now of the Arab society, what meant that the Saracens, achieved the objective of conquering Spain, would forget soon their favors and would submit them to periodic persecutions.

Fifteenth Day

It is convenient to inform you at this point of History, Dr., about the Golems reappearance. As I said, the Sixth Day, apart from their presence, always scarce among the Phoenicians and Carthaginians, had arrived massively to Europe since the IV century B.C. «accompanying a Scythian population from Asia Minor»; such population received many names, according to the country where it transited or established: fundamentally they were Celts, but they were known as *Gauls, Irish, Scots, Bretons, Welsh, Cornwalls, Galatians, Galician, Lusitanian's, etc*. With more detail, let's see how the Golems united with the Celts and what is their real origin.

I will explain later the meaning of the Tablets of the Law that Moses received from *YHVH* when he sealed His Covenant with the Chosen People. Now it is appropriate to resume that the Tablets of the Law contain the Serpent's Secret, that's to say, the description of the twenty-two voices that the Creator God employed to realize his work, and the ten Aspects, or *Sephiroth*, with which he manifested in the World when he executed the Creation: *are the thirty two mysterious paths of the One*. This knowledge gave place to a High Science denominated *acoustic and numeral Kabbalah*, which is expressed *only in the first Tablets of the Law*: in the seconds, which were always exoteric, there is nothing else than a Moral Decalogue, pallid reflect of the ten Supreme Archetypes or *Sephiroth*. The first Tablets possess then, the Serpent's Secret, the Secret of the Construction of the Universe: to preserve this secret from the profane glances, the Tablets were kept in the *Ark of the Covenant,* while an «interpretation» of the kabbalah was encrypted by Moses, Joshua, the Elders, etc., in the written Pentateuch or Torah. The twenty-two Hebrew letters, which were written the encrypted words, keep direct relation with the twenty-two archetypal sounds that the Creator One pronounced, giving them an inestimable value as a magic instrument.

But such a letter also possesses an archetypal numeric meaning, in such a way that every word is susceptible to be analyzed and interpreted. This is the origin of the Jewish numeric kabbalah, exclusively dedicated to comprehending the Writing of the Torah, which must not be confused with the White Atlantean acoustic Kabbalah that is referred to the Navutan Runes.

But the acoustic kabbalah was revealed in the Tablets of the Law, and these were locked in the Ark, where only could be extracted once in a year, by privileged Priests. Finally, King Solomon buried the Ark in a deep crypt under the Temple, some thousand years B.C., and remained in the same place until the Middles Ages, i.e., for twenty-one centuries. I could add that it *was the magical way it was buried* that avoided the Ark to be discovered before.

When Solomon died, the Kingdom of Israel was divided into two parts. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin, who occupied the South of Palestine, remained under the command of Rehoboam, son of Solomon, and the rest of the country, formed by the other ten tribes, was aligned behind the authority of Jeroboam. In the year 719 B.C., the Great King Sargon destroyed the Kingdom of Israel, and the ten tribes of Jeroboam were transported to the interior of Assyria to

serve in the slavery. The two remaining tribes formed the Kingdom of Judah, from which descends, to a greater or fewer extent, the actual Jews.

The «ten lost tribes of Israel» didn't disappear from History just as the interested Jewish propaganda pretends to make belief, due to it is known about Matter much more than it is said. For example, it is true that it existed Hebrews in America before Columbus, and also that a great part of the actual population of Afghanistan descend from the primitive Chosen People members. But what interest now is to say that existed migrations of the Hebrews to the North, who were guided by a powerful caste of Levites. After that, they traversed the Caucasus, where Germanic tribes decimated them; they reached to steppes of Russia and clashed there with a Scythian population. The mass of the Hebrew people mixed with the Scythians, but, as they were much inferior in number, they not affected their ethnic identity; on the contrary, the Levite caste didn't accept to lose their condition of Chosen People members *degrading their blood with the Gentiles*. Thereby, the Levites remained, dedicated to the Cult and study of the numeric Kabbalah, for many years, reaching notable progress in the field of natural sorcery and magic. When, centuries later, the Scythians moved to the West, one part of them established in the Carpathians and the Black Sea shores, while the other part continued their advance to central Europe, where they were known as *Celts*.

Accompanying the Celts were the descendants of those Levite Priests, called now *Golem* for being believed that their provenance was the Phoenician City of Sidon, where they were called *Gauls* or *Gaulens*. But from Sidon, the Golems

expanded to Tyre, from where they sailed with the Phoenicians to Tharsis and made the first incursions that the Tharsis Lords remember after the fall of Tyre, in the IV century B.C., they would establish, as was seen, in Carthage, performing the Priesthood of Baal Moloch. Some Golems also established in Phrygia, as officiates of the Cult of Cybele, Adonis, and Attis. Due to that time, the Golems had a terrible power, the fruit of centuries consecrated to the study of Satanism and the practice of the Black Magic. In sum, the Celts advanced through Europe guided by the Golems. And the time, I'd would say that such alliance would never end, being extended to our days.

But, how reached the Levites from the lost tribes to become Golems? in other words, how they obtained that sinister knowledge? The explanation must be searched in the fact that these Levites, something that didn't happen with other Jewish Priests neither they nor later, *were not pleased with the knowledge that could only be extracted from the written Torah: they wanted to enter in Hokhmah, or Divine Wisdom, by direct contact with the Source of the Acoustic Kabbalah, which is the Science of the Swarthy Atlanteans.*

Their insistence and perseverance to obtain such purpose and their character of Chosen People members convinced the White Fraternity Demons that they were before invaluable collaborators of the Cultural Pact. And this conviction made them decide to entrust them a very important mission, an enterprise that required their dynamic intervention in History. The fulfillment of the proposed objectives by the Demons would redound in benefit of the Levites, due to it would allow them to advance more and more in the knowledge of the acoustic Kabbalah. What type of mission was entrusted to them by the Demons? a work that had a direct relation with their desires: *would be the executors of the Cultural Pact*; they would work to neutralize the megalithic constructions of the White Atlanteans, they would try to recover the Venus Stone, they would fight unto death against members of the Blood Pact, and would collaborate to make that the White Fraternity plan, consistent in the establishment of the Chosen People Synarchy in Europe, could be carried out well. But the Golems, privately, continued being Levites Priests, sons of the Chosen People, and now keepers of the «Divine Wisdom» of *YHVH, Hokhmah*. For this reason, their fundamental occupation, the main objective of their concerns, would be theological: *they would try to unify the Cults, demonstrating that, «behind the plurality of the Cults», existed the «singularity of God»; that thenceforth they shall comply rigorously with the Cult Sacrifice. «Because, no matter what form of Cult could be, 'the Sacrifice is One', i.e., the Sacrifice participates from The One».*

Since the V century, the Celts and Golems are already travelling through Europe to the West. The Gauls were the ones who joined Hamilcar Barca and avoided Rome to help Tartessos; then they would join Hamilcar Barca in the invasion of Italy; but much before, in the IV century, they had humiliated Rome and destroyed the Temple of Apollo, in Delphi. Julius Caesar, in his famous campaign of Gauls, achieved to submit them definitely to the control of Rome in 59 B.C.; August divided the Transalpine Gaul into four provinces: the Narbonensis, the Aquitaine, the Celtic or Lionese, and Belgium. The Golems, who had great power over all those populations,

started to withdraw step by step from the Roman provinces, they were even followed by some Celtic contingents: they pass first to Great Britain, or «Britain», but the final objective was Ireland, that is, «Hibernia». In the first centuries of the Christian Age were not many the Golems who moved loosely for Europe: in the IV century, when the practice of the Pagan Cults was punished with Death sentence, didn't seem to be Golems in the Roman-Christians regions anymore. In fact, in that time, the Gauls and Hibernia were totally romanized and, in the regions where Paganism was still practiced, the Catholic missionaries overthrew the Pagan temples, sometimes centennial trees, and put the Golems to flight. Invariably, they depart to Great Britain or Ireland.

The arrival of the barbarians in the V century did not give them a chance to re-establish their power because these populations are Arian Christians and Germanic Race, traditionally enemy of the Celts who was also considered *barbaric.* Thus, in the Visigoth Kingdom of Spain, the Tharsis Lords will receive the impression that, finally, they had disappeared from Earth. However, the contrary was about to occur, due to in very little time, the Golems would be the protagonist of the most spectacular return. Yes, because the Golems didn't return to Europe to comply with Pagan Priests of the God One's old role, to comply with the mission of gathering the Cults in ritual Sacrifice. Now were other times; such mission would be indirect hands of the Chosen People, who would offer to The One the *Sacrifice of all the Gentile or Goyim Mankind*. The White Fraternity had entrusted to the Golems, in turn, the performance of a superior function, an occupation that would benefit as never before the unification of mankind. For that reason, they not returned this time as Pagan Priests but as «Christians»; and not only as «*Christians*» but as «*Catholic Romans*»; and not only as Catholics but as «*missionary monks*» of the Catholic Church. They would also be considered «*wise constructors*» of the Church, absurd title that mentions would bring ironic laughs to the Stone Men.

This is a long history that here I only can resume and has its principle in the White Fraternity plans. The Traitor Gods, to comply with their Pacts with the Creator God and the Potencies of Matter, they had to make easier World's Control for the Chosen People.

For it would be necessary to fasten definitively the materialistic way of life founded in the Cultural Pact, that's to say, would be necessary to fasten the Cult in the Roman-Germanic societies formed recently in Europe. And the best form to fasten the Cult, just as is deducted of what I exposed the Third Day and is to formalize it and to impress that form in the masses; to *centralize* the society around the Cult Form. Where the Cult Form begins, what is the most visible extreme for the masses? Evidently, the Cult begins with *the Temple*, the first that *appear* to the believer. In reality, the most important of the Cult is the *Ritual*; but everyplace where the ritual is practiced is a Temple because the Temple is the *Sacred Space* where the ritual *can* be realized: the apparent priority of the Temple originates in that, effectively, a Temple can exists, in other words, a Sacred Space or Core of metaphysical Manifestation, *without a Ritual*, but it is impossible to conceive that a Ritual can be executed

out of a Sacred Space or Temple. The White Fraternity plan to fasten the Cult started then, by the massive implantation of Temples and the evolution in the form of the Temples in concordance with ritual objectives.

But such plans aimed at a final objective much more complex: *the instauration of a World Government in the Chosen People's hands*. The White Fraternity would create the adequate cultural conditions to make that a future society could accept the form of the government: in that enterprise would occupy the effort of all the Priestly Caste of Occident, standing out in first term the mission entrusted to the Golems. When the society would be ready for the World Government then would realize, through a Messiah, the reunification of Christianity with the House of Israel and would be elevated the Chosen People to the Throne of the World. Such were the White Fraternity plans and of the Cultural Pact Priests. The transformation of the society, that such plans demanded, would be fulfilled principally byte religious unification and the Cult's fixative that exerts every Temple over the masses.

But would be more: was also required the formation of a financial and military power to give support, on its opportunity, to the constitution of the World Government.

The official Cult of the European societies was Christianity, thus the Temples would respond to the Rites of the Church. Clearly, it is adverted that the plan of the Traitor Gods requires the effectuation of two conditions: the first is that the masses take consciousness about the *necessity* of the Temple for the efficacy of ritual; and the second is to dispose of, at the moment in which this necessity reaches its major expression, a man capable of *satisfying* it by the constructions of Temples in great quantities and volumes. The first condition would be accomplished by the constant and permanent missionary preach; the second, with the foundation in Occident, of a S*ecret College of the Temple Constructors*: this College, Dr. Siegnagel, was entrusted to the Golems. But this not occurred immediately, because the White Fraternity plan had to be fulfilled starting with the first condition: when in the Church was be prepared the place that the Golems would occupy to develop their Constructors College, in the VI century, only then they were convened *in Ireland* to realize their amazing continental reappearance.

From that opportunity, the Golems took advantage to return to Europe and I was the product of the birth, in the VI century, of the «occidental monasticism», traditionally attributed to Benedict of Nursia. *Actually, only the ignorance of the Europeans could sustain such attribution for 1200 years; however, although since the XVII century it is known in Occident the histories of the religions of Asia with quite precision, even today exist those who stubbornly sustain that humbug, amongst them, the official dogma of the Catholic Church. To prove the deceit, it is just necessary to take a flight, travel to the Tibet, and observe there the Buddhist monasteries of the III and II centuries B.C., i.e., eight hundred years before Saint Benedict, whose inner laws and constructions are analogous to the Benedictines.* The prayer and the work were a Rule there, just as in the formula ora *et lavora* of Saint Benedict; but, the most important, the most clarifier of the comparison, will result undoubtedly to discover that the Tibetan monks were dedicated to the office as *copyists*, that

is, to reproduce and perpetuate ancient documents and books, and to preserve and develop the art of the constructions of Temples, *just as the Benedictines*. And must not be insisted, due to it is well-known, that such monasteries constituted centers of religious diffusion by the action of the *missionary and mendicant monks* that there were prepared and sent through all Asia.

In the light of the actual knowledge, however, anyone with good faith must admit that the institution of the oriental monasticism date from the X century B.C., i.e., is at least 1400 years older than the apparition of the occidental monasticism. To refresh the memory about this, it is convenient to remember the next: in the first place, that the oldest hymns of the Rig Veda and the Upanishads mention the brahmanical communities *munis* and *vrâtyas*; in second place, that in the Age of Buddha, historical personage of the VII century B.C., âshrams existed for hundreds of years before; and finally, that if the Buddhist religious *reform* spread rapidly in India, China, Tibet, Japan, etc., it is because the groups that were going to transform into Sanghas already existed.

But this is not about if the Benedictines were Buddhist or if they had something in common with the Buddhism Priests, as the Benedictines Priests obeyed to the White Fraternity in secrecy, real Occult Force of the Monasticism «Oriental» and «Occidental». The White Fraternity, in fact, were the authors of a work entitled «Rules of the Masters of Wisdom», of universal diffusion and that in Occident was known since the II century as «*Regula Magistri Sapientiae*» by many Christian sects and also for gnostic Jews. Thus, nothing original would be in the occidental monasticism which would answer, on the contrary, to the most orthodox dispositions that the White Fraternity rules on the matter.

In the first centuries of the Christian Age when the Roman Empire admitted «Paganism» and maintained contact with the populations of Asia, was perfectly known the existence of the monkish oriental life; even some illustrious men as Apollonius of Tyana, contemporary of Jesus, had travelled to the Tibet and received instruction in their monasteries. Some gnostic sects that reached to comprehend and oppose the White Fraternity plans have left testimony that it was known in the Middle East's main cities: Alexandria, Jerusalem, Antioquia, Caesarea, Ephesus, etc. But the institution of the monasteries is not established from one day to another: it is necessary to follow a strict formation process, a method which is known since the age of Atlantis and the Cultural Priests have used universally; the Buddhist priests, previous deformation of the Kshatriya Siddhartha, created the monasticism Buddhist-Tibetan, Chinese, Indian and Japanese. This method determines what must start from a phase of social anarchic-mysticism, characterized by the proliferation of illuminated, hermits, and Saints: this stage has as objective to promote the belief that the future monkish institution is a spontaneous product of the people. In this form, the populations would naturally accept the existence and the work of the monasteries and, most important, will also be accepted by the Kings and governors. And this infallible method is applicable in any population and with the assistance of any religion.

In the mark of Judeo Christianity, in the I century already started the method's application and emerged in the Middle East multitude of ascetics and Saints who retire to the deserts and mountains to live in solitude. During the II

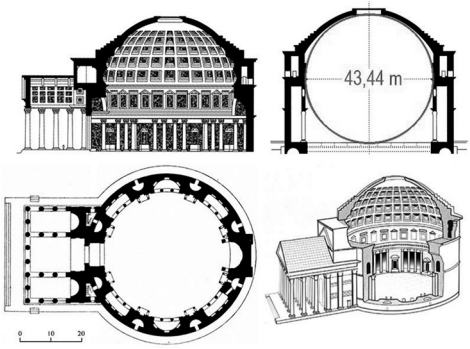
and III centuries grows so much the population of anchorites that many decided to join under the command of a superior Saint and the order of some rule: constituting then the communities of cenobites. Nevertheless, the cenobites community didn't reach yet the union grade required for the monastic way of life due to every member continuing with the eremite life and are only gathered to pray and feed. And with the anchorites and cenobites, roam everywhere the «wandering friars», occidental version of the «oriental mendicant monks». In the V century, the colonies of anchorites and cenobites, counted thousands and thousands of members in Egypt, Palestine, and the Middle East: in just one diocese of Egypt, Oxyrhynchus, lived twenty thousands of female eremites and one hundred anchorite hermits, while in the life of Saint Pachomius existed seven thousand cenobite monks in their monasteries, that reaches to fifty thousand in the V century. With this, I want to exemplify, Dr. Siegnagel, the magnitude of the pre-monastic, an already knew movement was the one of Far East inspiration.

In the propitious moment to institute the occidental monasticism, and to diffuse deceit that it consisted in original Judeo-Christian creation, would be presented after the Death the Emperor Theodosius, in 395, when the Roman Empire was distributed among his two sons Arcadius and Honorius. Arcadio established in Constantinople, given birth to Byzantine Empire, which would last until the year 476, the Empire of Occident was divided into multiple Roman-Germanic Kingdoms and begins a collective process of isolation and cultural decadence.

Not only with Asia were broken the cultural connections but with the same Greece; but the European society was already prepared for the monastic institution: for centuries had seen passing the wandering friars coming from the Holy Land and listening to the histories of the oriental anchorites and cenobites; even many pilgrims travelled to the Holy Land and there adopted the ascetic life, preserving at their return the acquired habits. At that moment, VI century, not exist European mountainous zone not inhabited by Christian eremites, but once established the order of the monasteries, all would forget the oriental origin of the monastic institution.

Precisely, from the Benedictine monasteries will emerge the copies and translations of the most fecund books of the Greek culture, which *didn't have a monastic institution*, and will be «lost» every vestige of the cultures of Far East; vestiges that had existed in the Roman Empire and that mysteriously disappearance from Europe at the same time that «appear» the most adequate books to push occident to the spiritual disaster of the Renaissance and the Modern Age, that's to say, the books where are exposed rationalism and Greeks peculation, the root of the «Philosophy» and the modern «Science». Since the Benedictine Culture, nothing will be told about the Atlantean origin of the European civilizations, neither about the religions of the populations of Asia, nor about the recent Germans, who will be obeyed to forget their Gods and beliefs, and their runic alphabets. And nothing will be told, of course, that can relate the occidental monastic institution with other Cultures that can awaken the suspicion that what occurred in Europe is a history repeated in other parts, the conclusion of a Psychosocial Strategy method to exert the control of human

The dome's central oculus of the Pantheon of Agrippa.



The most significant Hyperborean temple in history, the Pantheon of Agrippa or Hadrian, was built in Rome approximately between 27 or 25 BC, by the order of Octavian Augustus. Such is the magnificence of this Hyperborean work of engineering, that its architecture and design is still incredible to admire. It should be noted that the Führer planned to build the Agrippa's Pantheon in the center of New Berlin: The Volkshalle.

This temple's architecture is a perfect hemispherical dome, on a circular drum with a diameter of 50 meters. The cylinder has a height equal to the radius, so a completely perfect sphere can be inscribed in the interior space. The inner dome is 43.44 meters (150 feet), making it the largest solid concrete dome built in history.

Why is this temple a sphere coming out of a cube? In sacred geometry, the square, and especially the cube, represents the world, matter, the polyhedral quadrangularity of space. On the other hand, the circle and, fundamentally, the sphere represents the eternal, it is the void, the spirit. The dome's central oculus represents the transmutation of the virya; the door to the original mystery, the liberation of the spirit-sphere from Maya's polyhedral reality.

In the "Vitruvian Man", Leonardo da Vinci not only honored the main architect of the Pantheon of Agrippa, but also revealed the mystery of the squaring of the circle; the secret of the spirit's chain (square) and liberation (circle). Nudity symbolizes the detachment of psychological endowments in order to access the true self.

The Pantheon of Agrippa, and many other pagan temples, were not destroyed during the Middle Ages, because the Golem popes needed to decipher the designs of classical architecture, especially the techniques for building domes. These constructive mysteries were kept secret for fifteen hundred years. Although Brunelleschi managed to decipher the secret partially, the excellence of the Pantheon has never been replicated. The architects who built the dome of the Church of Saint Peter ("The Celestial Jerusalem") made it smaller in diameter.

The Vitruvian Man, by Leonardo Da Vinci.

The Great Pyramid of Giza.

The phi ratio describes the union of the square and the circle, that is, it reveals the mystery of squaring the circle. The golden ratio dictates in creation the growth and shape of all-natural entities; it defines the uncreated in the created. In the mystical pentagram, Phi means embodiment, spiritual chain (in medieval anatomy, human proportions were studied as a 5-sided star). It also symbolises the world synarchy material power. Leonardo da Vinci understood (was revealed to him) the Phi proportion secret and preserved it in his studies of the treatises on Vitruvius' architecture.

The Great Pyramid of Giza, the signature between the Swarthy Atlanteans and the Cultural Pact peoples, codifies the spiritual chain in matter, the "union of square and circle." Its base is the square; its height, the radius of the circle. The height of the pyramid h = r radius of the circle. A line from the top to the center of an edge (apothem = a) has phi units, and the area of a face is the square of phi units. However, the disciples of the Swarthy Atlanteans, the Golem pharaohs, could never reproduce the divine proportion in their constructions. The architecture of the peoples of the cultural pact, lacked perfection and beauty, were rustic, rough and rude. Only the Greeks and the Romans, through the Blood Pact, knew the science of the eternal proportion.

The Renaissance was a time when a hidden war was unleashed between the Golem priests and House Tharsis initiates (Guelphs and Ghibellines). The Golem priests and their Guelph nobility pursued two fundamental principles, deciphering classical architecture to build their cathedrals and implementing a financial mathematical method that allowed them to apply usury through compound interest.

You can imagine the Golem priests rejoice when Pietro Bracciolini discovered the Vitruvian Treaty of Architecture, with which they would decipher the mystery of Greco-Roman architecture. The rich merchant Leonardo of Pisa, who faithful servant of the Medicci, Guelph nobility, deciphered the application of the eternal proportion in financial mathematics, with which the black nobility bankers became wealthy, leading Europe to perpetual poverty.

societies. After the IX century, by the presence of the Arabs in Spain, and in the XII century, by the transculturation produced by the Crusades, some alert Spirits warn deceit. But they are few and will be too late to stop the Golems.

Saint Benedict, born in the year 480, founded in 530 the Monte Cassino model and redacted in 534 his famous Law. That he received the instruction of the «Angels» of the White Fraternity, there are no doubts because his *Regula Monachorum* is a faithful reproduction of the *Regula Magistri Sapientiae*. When he died in 547, and «ascended to Heaven through a path guarded by the Angels» according to what witnessed many monks, teases of the «occidental monasticism» were settled down: that was «the moment» largely awaited by the Golems to bounce into the continental countries of Europe.

In the V century, the Golems were predominantly concentrated in Ireland, and they started to infiltrate in the Catholic Church. One of them was Saint Patrick, who was sent to the Continent to study the Christian Doctrine and to make contact with members of the White Fraternity: he returned in 432, coming from Rome, invested of Bishop and with the papal authorization to evangelize Ireland. Immediately founded many monasteries, some of thermally important as Armagh and Bangor's ones where would be celebrated the Synods and would exist religious schools, where the Golems of Ireland and Great Britain would hurry to enter. The next one hundred thirty years since the death of Saint Patrick in 462 until the departure of Saint Columbanus in the year 590, are employed by the Golems to give form to the "Church of Ireland», i.e., to organize its future continental settlement.

The year 590 signalizes the historical «moment» in which the White Fraternity plans for the Golems participation begins to be rigorously executed. The «place» where the Golems will develop the College of Temples Constructors were ready: are the monasteries of the Order of Saint Benedict. And the Benedictine monk Gregory has been chosen Pope, who years before in Constantinople received the order of the White Fraternity to "convoke the Irish monks, i.e., the Golems, to integrate them in the Order of Saint Benedict.

It must be remembered that in the year 589 was developed the III Council of Toledo where the King Reccared, by the influence of the Bishop of Seville Saint Leander, declared himself «Catholic Roman», with the Queen and all the court of the Visigothic Kingdom.

Therefore, it must not surprise that the Golems were precipitated to Spain since that disastrous year 590. However, such reapparition caused a great shock to the Counts of Turdes-Valter, who didn't expect to see the Golems again in the peninsula, at least while the Goth occupation took place. But such improvidence had its cause in the supposition that the Golems would remain Pagan and would not «submit» to the Catholic Church: such supposition was ingenuous, as reality was in charge to demonstrate it prompt, because the Golems aspired to *control the Catholic Church* after their «submission» to it. The Counts of Turdes-Valter, who also belonged to the Church and were Hispanic-gothic nobles, employed than all their influence to prevent the Benedictine expansion in the South of Spain, objective that they totally achieved.

The Golems, as is logic, would be established in the North of Spain, in the Celtic regions. From the domium monastery, neighbor to Braga, in the Lusitania, and others in Bierzo and at the end of the Cantabria Asturian mountain range denominated Peaks of Europe, the Golems would undertake countless incursions in the Beatica with the finality to destroy House Tharsis and steal the Wise Sword. A total secret war was fought since the VIII century, where the Golems «missionary monks» tried to approach the Turdes Village and the Tharsis Lords executed them without mercy. But, for each Benedictine Golem that disappeared leaving no trail or appeared murdered in a road by unknown hands, concurred two to replace him, obeying House Tharsis to maintain, as before, a permanent alert state. Experts in black magic, and masters in every type of Science, would employ all that they knew to localize the Secret Cave but would always fail. In the end, they would ask for help from Bera and Birsha, as will be seen later.

It is evident that the Golems insertion in the Catholic Church did not constitute a motive enough to disqualify it completely. The reason is that the Golems were introduced as a «Secret Society» inside of the Church, and even if their intrigues compromised in more than one occasion the whole Church, their plans were never declared openly nor officially assumed by them. On the contrary, in many other opportunities really spiritual personalities, authentic Christians, had shone inside it. It is convenient to consider then, even though such distinction would not always be easy to determine, as though *two Churches* exist superimposed. One, against which the Tharsis Lords fought, is the *Golem Church*; I will denominate as this in other parts, and its definition will be emerging from History. The other is the *Church of Kristos*, or just *Church*, where the Tharsis Lords belonged and the *Circulus Domini Canis*, and where many of those who are for the Spirit and against the Potencies of Matter belong, for Kristos Light and against Jehovah Satan. One is the Church of the Betrayal to the Spirit of Men, and the other is the Church of the Spiritual liberation of Men, one is the Demon's Church of the Immortal Animal Soul, and the other is the God's Church of the Eternal Spirit.

Sixteenth Day

About the Benedictine of Pope Gregory I, the creator of the «Gregorian chant», must be added two things. One is to stand out that the pressure exerted over Saint Leader to influence Reccared and achieve the Golems massive entry in Spain only resulted in the already existent monasteries adopted by the *Regula Monachorum*. And the other is to notice that his decision, taken in combination with Saint Columbanus Golem, to send in the year 596 the monk Saint Augustine and thirty-nine Benedictines to Great Britain, obeyed to the necessity to replace provisionally the Irish in the evangelizing task. Such departure carried the commitment to evangelize

Angles and Saxons that not long ago had conquered the island: according to Saint Colombanus and other Golems, those countries (of Very Pure Blood) manifested natural predisposition against the Celts and especially against the Irish; would respect only other Germans or the Romans: they would have to realize the task, because, once evangelized, would be time for the Golems to infiltrate and take control in the British Church.

In the year 600, the Bretwalda of Great Britain was the King Aethelbert of Kent, whose wife, Princess of the Franks and fervent Catholic, favored the conversion by the Romans of Saint Gregory, even though she had beside her a Frank Bishop and some Priests of her people. The success was great: the King and the population were baptized and in Canterbury was founded a Benedictine monastery with the hierarchy of bishopric; then followed by Essex, London, Rochester, York, etc.

Forty years later, the Golems would be penetrating the Anglo-Saxon monasteries from Celtic Scotland, supported by the King Oswald of North Umbria. Incorporated as masters in the Benedictine monasteries to the Golems would result easier to convince the Anglo-Saxons, already Christians, about the benignity of their intentions. However, for many years, the main voice will be occupied by non-Irish monks, just as the Greek Theodore of Tarsus and the Italian Hadrian. Saint Bede, the Venerable, dead in the year 735, took the Benedictine monastery of Jarrow to its highest grade of splendor: in workshops were taught the most different occupations, religious schools, monastic farms, copy and translation of documents, musical instruction, etc. From the Anglo-Saxon Benedictine monasteries would emerge an invaluable help for the Golems plans in the person of the British missionary monks, who would be far better received than the Irish in the Germanic Kingdoms: Bavaria, Thuringia, Hesse, Franconia, Friesland, Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, etc., would see passing through their lands the Anglo-Saxon monks. The major exponent of this English Benedictine current was, undoubtedly, Saint Boniface.

He came from the Benedictine Convent of Nursling, and his real name was Winfrith: Benedictine Pope Gregory II gave him the new name of Boniface in the year 718, with the mission to evangelize the Germans. Behind all this movement, the truth was that the Golems suspected that the Germans still conserved the Venus Stone and other legacies of the White Atlanteans and tried to find them at any cost. For this reason, Saint Boniface was determined to knock down the ancient holm oak of the God Donar, in Geismar, in the year 722, trying to find the Stone that the Germanic tradition situated in the roots of the trees. But this was not a work that the own Saint-Boniface would take personally in his hands: for it he counted with thousands of Benedictine Golems under his command; the famous Venus Stone of the Saxons, which they finally loss, thousands of victims, attributed then cynically to the «efforts of the Christianization». Saint Boniface was not then, a mere preacher but a great executor of the White Fraternity plans: the Arch-Golem, hidden in the monasteries, and the Benedictine Popes, will reveal him these plans in the form of directives that he will faithfully fulfill. One of the most productive acts for these plans, for example, was the universal diffusion that impressed

the idea of the superiority of the Bishop of Rome, the representative of Saint Peter in Earth, over any ecclesiastical hierarchy or regal: *based on this idea will be settled down the power of the pope's dominion in the Early Middle Ages.* And the papacy, the Benedictine papacy and Golems, it is understood, will respond, giving him the archiepiscopal Pallium that will allow him to nominate his own Bishops and complete the hierarchy of their Priests.

In the year 737, in Rome, he received from the hands of Gregory III the highest dignity: will be Papal Legate in Germany and will dispose of great powers to act. In such time, "Germany» included the Frank Kingdom, the most powerful of the European Christianity. Well, the nomination of Saint Boniface, had as objective to liberate his hands to carry out a plan so audacious as sinister; in the Eastern Roman Empire, or Byzantine Empire, the Patriarch of the Church was formally submitted to the will of the Emperor; in Occident would be necessary to re-establish the imperial power, but found in a relation of forces completely inverse. Here, the Pope would dominate to the Kings and Emperors, from the Priests to the King, the Knowledge of the Cult to Wisdom of the Pure Blood. And the instrument for that plan, which allowed at the same time to accomplish the White Fraternity plans and the Golems, would be the next Frank family of the Pippinids.

The Merovingian Kings called themselves «Divine» because they affirmed to descend from the Liberator Gods: for Judeo Christianity, which sustained with the Bible identical offspring of all the mortals from Adam and Eve, such origin didn't mean nothing; the only God was the Creator God, Jehovah Satan, and no one could arrogate his lineage; and out of Judeo-Christian Creator God only existed superstition or Demons. Was, then, issue of principles to eliminate some Kings who, not only declared to have Divine lineage, but also affirmed to *remember it with the blood*: that entailment between the Divinity and Royalty, very popular among the Franks, was a troublesome obstacle for some Priests who pretended to present themselves as the unique representatives of God in Earth. When Charles Martel died in the year 741, his sons were Carloman as Mayor of Austrasia and Pippin as Mayor of Neustria. Carloman, who later would retire to the monastery of Monte Cassino, gave to Saint Boniface total liberty to reform the Frank Church according to the Benedictine Rule; Pippin would make the rest. In few years, through a series of Synods starting from 742 to 747, the whole Frank Church was brought under the control of the Benedictine Order.

The Order also dominated Carloman and Pippin. Saint Boniface communicates to Pippin the Golems plan: with the approval of the new Pope Zachary, King Childeric III will be dethroned, the last of the Divine Merovingian; in his place would be elected Pippin byte Greats of the Empire and his nomination would be legitimized, analogously to the Old Testament, by the *consent* of the Pope and the *anoint* of Saint Boniface. The new King's payment, for legitimizing his encroachment, would consist in a considerable booty: the creation of the Papal States. But this reward would curtail in nothing the power of the Frank Kingdom due to it would not be constituted at their expenses but to Lombard and Byzantines: indeed, the Pope demanded as payment for his alliance with the Frank King some territories that had to be previously

conquered. Concerted the arrangement, in November of the year 751, the King Childeric III was confined in a Benedictine monastery, and Pippin the Short was proclaimed King and was anointed by Saint Boniface. In 754, King Pippin and Pope Stephen II met in the Ponthion where they signed a treaty where the Franks were committed since then to protect the Catholic Church and serve the Throne of Saint Peter. Thereby, in 756, the Franks donated to Saint Peter the Exarchate, Venice, Istria, the half of the Lombard Kingdom, and the counties of Spoleto and Benevento.

With Pippin the Short has inaugurated the Carolingian Dynasty, fundamental stone in the White Fraternity work. Regarding what has been exposed, it is clearly perceived that the Benedictine Order occupied the court and all the springs of the Frank State: it would not be difficult to imagine, then, in what type of ambience would be educated their grandsons and family, and what beliefs would be inculcated concerning to the old «Pagan» religion of the Germans and their ancient Gods. Considering all this, Charlemagne will have to be recognized to have made all possible to become a Judeo-Christian and comply with the Golems plan.

The fruit of the centuries of patient and reserved work obtained in the Benedictine monasteries could be observed in the Carolingian court, especially in the denominated «Palatine Schools». To this School concurred the Emperor personally with his sons and daughters, his personal guard, and other members of the court, when listening the lessons that were imparted by the «wise» Benedictines who arrived, in many cases, from far monasteries: from Italy came to Aachen Paul of Pisa, Paulinus of Aquileia, Paul the Deacon, etc.; from Spain came one of the Tharsis Lords with the mission to spy the march the Golems' conspiracy, bringing at their return discouraging news about the magnitude and depth of the enemy movement: was called Tiwulfo of Tharsis and was famous by his writes in the Palantine School, entitled «*De Spiritus Sancto Bellipotens*». However, even by these provenances, most masters were Irish and Anglo-Saxon, that is, Golems and their henchmen. Among the last ones is convenient to mention the head of the Palatine School and of the general diffusion that from its part would be given to the «Benedictine culture». I'm referring to Alcuin of York, a disciple of the Saint Bede's School, the Venerable, who entered in the Palatine School in 781and heads between 796 and 804, date of his death, the School of the monastery of Saint Martin of Tours. His *Scholar Palatina* wss the focus called «Carolingian recognition», to which contributes his neo-platonic works, of classic inspiration, and based in concepts of Priscian, Donato, Isidore, Bede, Boethius, just as *De Ratione Animae*, or their famous manuals that reigned for centuries the European education: *Grammar, De Orthographia, De Rethorica, Dialectics,* etc.

From the Palatine School, the ideas go forth for the «*Epistola de litteris colendis*», which resolutions approved by Charlemagne had the force of the Law and ordained the creation, in every Monastery and Cathedrals, of Schools for Priests and laymen: in these should be taught the *Trivium*, the *Quadrivium*, Philosophy, and Theology. The *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium* formed the called «seven liberal arts»: the *Trivium* contained the Grammar or Philology, the Rhetoric and Dialectic; and the *Quadrivium*, the Astronomy, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music.

Of course, the teaching of matters oversaw the Benedictine monks, who had prepared to it for two hundred years and were the only ones who disposed of enough masters and classic material to comply with the real order had inspired. And the Benedictines Golems had very clear how should be educated the European minds to make possible the collective experimentation of the imperious necessity of the local Temple in the coming times. The College of Golem Constructors, that soon would be in march, would erect Temples of Stone never seen before, magnificent Cathedrals, Constructions that would be really *stone machines* of Swarthy Atlantean technology and whose function would aim to transmute the mind of the believer and to adjust it to the collective Archetype of the Hebrew Race, which is the same of the Jesus Christ archetype.

Alcuin, who called himself «*Flaccus*» in honor of the Latin poet Horace, directed the Golem cultural Benedictine circles that surrounded the Emperor. In those cenacles was breathed a biblical and Judaic air very intense: the own Charlemagne demanded to be called «David», and his loyal counselor Einhard, for example, asked to be named *Beseleel*, by the constructor of the Tabernacle of the Temple of Jerusalem. And this special microclimate ambiented by the Benedictine Golems, the Emperor and his main collaborators of the Frank nobility, were gradually brainwashed and conditioned to adopt the «Golem perspective» about the Order of the World. To preserve this Order, for example, had to be eradicated Paganism and imposed Judeo-Christianity on the whole world: that was the Good, what demanded the law of God and what subscribed the representative of Saint Peter. It didn't matter if to achieve that, God had to be destroyed brother populations: God would forgive his followers all that was made in His Name. The Golems conditioned in this way the mind of the Emperor because they needed a new Perseus, a «Hero» to execute extermination sentence that was over the population of Pure Blood of the Saxons and would allow them to steal the Venus Stone.

At least, the Carthaginians' Perseus population that destroyed Tartessos a thousand years before belonged to another Race. Charlemagne and his Franks' crime was inestimably greater because not conformed to the military support in the offensive ordained by Saint Boniface against the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Saxons, he undertook the work to exterminate the Saxon nobility in person, close brother of the Frank blood.

The Saxon population was one of the last in Occident who maintained uninterruptedly loyal to the Blood Pact and the Liberator Gods. According to what they believed, the White Atlanteans had entrusted them the mission to protect the Great Secret of the White Race, that from the sky fell over Germany thousands of years ago, during the Battle of Atlantis; such Secret was specifically mentioned in the Myth of Navutan, to whom the Saxons called Wotan, as the «ring of the Kalachakra Key», where the Traitor Gods had engraved the Origin's Sign: Freya Partridge had to release it before entering in the moribund Navutan and his fall, according to the Saxons' Wisdom, occurred in Germany; specifically, had fallen over the rocks of the Externsteine, a mountain located in the middle of the forest Teutoburg Wald. The Saxons beliefs sustained that the ring touched the rock at the same time in which Navutan resuscitated and acquired

Wisdom of the Birds' Language: this produced that the Origin's Sign be decomposed in the thirteen plus three Runes or Runes and these were impressed in the rocks of the Externsteine forever. Over one of them, the most prominent, anyone with spiritual lineage will be able to see, for example, the White Atlanteans most sacred Rune, the one that represents the Great Leader Navutan, that is, the Odal Rune. But the Saxons not only knew, in that late date of the VIII century B.C., the Navutan Runes, but they had achieved to preserve, just as the Tharsis Lords, their Venus Stone. In the peak, the Extersteine was erected since immemorial times the «*Universalis Columna*» Irminsul, a Wood Pillar that represented the Tree of Terror where Navutan had crucified himself to know the Secret of Death. The Germans venerated this sanctuary since ancient times and, to avoid its profanation by the Romans in the year 9 A.C., the cherusci Leadertain Arminius or Hermann, annihilated the army of the General Publius Quinctilius Varus composed by twenty thousand legionaries, in the proximities of Teutoburg: Varus and the main officials committed suicide after the disaster.

The heroic Saxons would not have the same luck seven hundred years after in front of an enemy overwhelmingly superior and manifested to them an irrational intolerance similar to the one that Halmicar Barca experimented against the Tartessians. Of course, behind that intolerance of Charlemagne, must be seen, as in the case of Halmicar, the Golems hand, the necessity, artificially implanted in the mind of those Generals, to comply with extermination sentence. The sin of the Saxons was this: they *occupied* the forest and were committed to realizing their mission with such effort that impeded for centuries the Golems to get closer to the Extersteine; but the worst was that they engraved thirteen plus three runic signs of the Sacred Alphabet in the Irminsul's Column, and *they embedded on its center the Venus Stone*, in remembrance of the Unique Eye of Wotan that looked to the World of deceit from the Tree of Terror. The repulsion that the Saxons experienced for the Golem Priests, their irreversible rejection to Judeo-Christianity, their loyalty to Blood Pact and to the Hyperborean Wisdom, their furious defense of the area of Teutoburg Wald, and their denial to give the Venus Stone, were enough motives to ordain extermination of the Saxon's Royal House, especially at that moment when the Golems power was in its apogee.

Only this explains the bloodthirsty persistence of Charlemagne, who for thirty years fought without truce against the Saxons, cultural population and military inferior to the Franks and if it resisted was due to the indomitable Courage that the Spirit made sprout of their pureblood. In the year 772, the new Perseus troops fell on the Teutoburg Wald and, after a fierce struggle, achieved to take

the Extersteine and give it to the Benedictine Golem Priests for its «purification». They didn't delay to destroy the Irmminsul Column and steal the Venus Stone, condemning since then the Saxons from the darkness of the strategic confusion to the disorientation about their Spiritual Origin.

"The destruction of Irminsul by Charlemagne" by Heinrich Leutemann, 1882

However, even if they conquered the booty, it was missing to comply with the Golems sentence: in 783, in Verden, Charlemagne, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, would make decapitate five thousand Noble Saxons, whose Pure Blood would consume in ritual Sacrifice the unity of the Creator God Jehovah Satan. After a posterior resistance without hopes by the only surviving rebel Leader, Wittekind, the Saxons finished accepting Judeo-Christianity, like many other populations in similar circumstances and integrated into the Frank Kingdom.

Charlemagne died in Aachen, in the year 814, but in 800, he had already received from Pope Leo III the consecration as Roman Emperor, fair payment for whom has served so much for the Church and for the cause of the Benedictine Order. He was succeeded as Emperor by his son Louis the Pious, to whom his contemporaries nicknamed «the Pious» and «the Monk», for his dedication to the Church and his preoccupation to put the Frank monks definitively under the power of the Benedictine Order. Just three years after his imperial coronation, he fulfilled that yen of the Golems in the Synod of Aachen of 817, where it was agreed to impose the Benedictine Rule in all the monasteries of the Frank dominions, that is, to what prompt would be the Roman Empire of the German Nation: part of Spain, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Friesland, Italy, etc.

With the sanction of such imperial law, the power of the Order was consolidated enough as to make that the Golems could not think in another thing, for the next two hundred seventy years, than to take to perfection the College of Constructers of Temples. In the precedent two hundred years they accumulated the Knowledge of the Science; now they would pass to the practice, they would form Guilds of Constructors composed by the learner lodges, mason schoolfellows and masters. Such lodges would be laic, integrated by common people, but directed in secrecy by the Order, which will be the keepers of the Plan and the Temple's Codes. Also, would miss to dispose of a *Final Key*, a Secret that would allow the Golems to take their work to its major perfection. But the Golems, and through them, the Benedictine Order counted with the Word of the White Fraternity that such Secret would be entrusted to them when their European mission would be almost accomplished. Such Secret, such Key of the keys, consisted in the Tablet of the Law of Jehovah Satan, the ones that the Creator God gave to Moses in the Mount Sinai and that made possible for Hiram, King of Tyre, the construction of the Temple of Solomon, the Temple of the temples: there where engraved, through a Sacred Alphabet of twenty-two signs, the Serpent's Secret, i.e., the Highest Knowledge that is permitted to be reached by the animal-man, the Words that the God One employed to name all the things of the Creation.

With those Tablets in his power, the Golems would be in conditions to erect the Temple of Solomon in Europe, complying in this way with the White Fraternity plans and elevating the Chosen People to the Throne of the World. Naturally, before reaching such wonderful realizations, the Benedictine Order would have to resolve many problems. In addition to the College of Temple Constructors' startup, it would be necessary to create the conditions to make that the populations of the Roman Empire support the existence of a Military Order within the pale of Catholic Church. Such Order would have a double

function: in one hand, to guard for the moment in which the White Fraternity would decide to give it to the Golems, the Tablets of the Law from their actual location in Jerusalem to Europe; and on the other hand, to serve as a support in the military force in the Constitution of the Financial Synarchy, or Concentration of the Economic Power, that would be necessary to establish in Europe as the previous step to the World Government of the Chosen People.

Seventeenth Day

To carry out the last part of the White Fraternity plans, it required a reform in the Benedictine monastic system: it was necessary, above all, to concentrate the knowledge of the Order and control, from that center, the main cultural functions of Occident. And such reform would not delay due to it was predicted beforehand, that's to say, it was a strategic alternative of the Golems; in the same IX century, when Charlemagne died, and his dynasty was preparing to begin a struggle between factions, for the pieces of the Empire, that would endure one hundred years, the change was already starting. In the year 814, Louis the Pious, the Monk, gave all his support to Saint Benedict of Aniane for the foundation of a monastery in Aachen, where the Benedictine Rule would be applied with the maximum rigor. Three years after such monk, who had been sent to the Carolingian court by the Benedictine Pope Leo III, redacted and introduce the *Capitulare Monacorum* and the *Codex Regularum* that would give initial foundation to the reform of the Benedictine Order. But will be in the X century when the objective of concentrating the Knowledge of Order to end definitively with the occupation of the monastery of Cluny. The delay must be adjusted to the compatibility that such objective had to keep with the *security* of the Order's Secret: the Golems could not run the risk, in that point of the facts, of a failure for improvidence because this Cluny's reform is only undertaken when is disposed of the security that it won't be interrupted.

With the election of the Saxon Henry I, the Fowler, as Frank King and Emperor, in the year 919, entered in History the extraordinary lineage of the Ottomans and Salians, a pureblood that would reach to produce a Frederick II Hohenstaufen in the XIII century, «*the Hyperborean Emperor who opposed with the Power of the Spirit to the most satanic representatives of the Cultural Pact*». In the X century, that powerful lineage was dedicated with vigor to reorganize the Realm, while the Papacy falls in the major discredit due to Management effectuated by the families of the Roman nobility, especially the Theodore, Crescentius, Tusculums, etc. The Benedictine Order that had decided to take advantage of the moment to work secretly in the formation of the College of Constructors of Temples is assured since a beginning that no one would interfere in the operation of Cluny. That is, precisely, the chosen place to obtain Knowledge fell over a French monastery for exclusive security reasons. A succession of papal bulls emitted during the X and XI century obeyed to the letter by the dukes of Aquitaine and the

Kings of Burgundy established the total independence of Cluny from any other authority except for the Pope or his abbots: neither the Kings nor the Dukes or Counts, nor the regional Bishops, could intervene in the issues of the monastery.

Have you actually heard, Dr. Siegnagel, of certain secret bases that the Great Powers would have, for example, the Soviets or the North Americans, where they have gathered a great number of scientists of all specialties, provided with the most advanced instrumental means, to plan in an integral form objective of high reach, and that would depend directly on the President of some Supreme Council and act independently of any kind of national authority apart from their own bosses or commanders? Well, Cluny was exactly the same in the X century. There was planned for a future Europe, Judeo-Christian, unified under the Cathedrals and the Temple of Solomon, controlled by military Order of the Church, administered by a financial Synarchy, and governed, finally, by the Chosen People.

In Formosus, the same Benedictine Pope whose unburied corpse was hurled to the Tiber by Pope Stephen VI, follower of Lambert of Spoleto, in vengeance, because he crowned Emperor to Arnulfo, who had nominated Berno to carry out the great mission. Berno was a Benedictine monk of Burundian noble lineage, whose influence over the duke William I of Aquitaine was utilized to convince him about the convenience of founding the monastery of Cluny. In the year 910, the own Berno took the guidance of the monastery and gave birth to the Concentration of the Knowledge: there are collected the main books and manuscripts that the Order had in different monasteries and is constituted a Golem Elite dedicated to the copy of documents and the study of the «Sacred Architecture». Of course, the Golem Elite, internally denominated «cleric monks», would have to be occupied with exclusiveness of their works and to abandon the traditional Benedictine norm of sharing the works of maintenance of the monastery and the production of food. In this sense, was reformed the Benedictine Rule and was created the institution of the «laic monks» to perform the honorable function to maintain the Golems. During the command of the second abbot, Saint Odo, the first fruits of the reform were at sight: first was diffused the fame about the asceticism and perfection reached byte cluniac reform, what attracted the curiosity of other monasteries and caused the admiration of the people; then groups of monks are sent specially trained to the monasteries that demand it, to initiate them in the reform: members of the population were carefully selected to include them in the Elite of cleric monks or to put them in charge of the own works of the laical monks; then were inaugurated monasteries submitted to the jurisdiction of Cluny, to those who were extended the rights of autonomy and independence. In that point, Cluny was a Congregation by own right. And who more enthusiastically supported Saint Odo with a papal bull in the year 932 in the Benedictine was Pope John XI, bastard son of Pope Sergius III and Mariozza Theodora, famous assassin of that Age.

After one hundred and fifty years of activity, the Congregation of Cluny counted with two thousand monasteries distributed mainly in France, Germany, and Italy, but also in Spain, England, Poland, etc.; without including the other thousands of Benedictine monasteries that have adopted the cluniac reform but that

do not depend of the Abbot of Cluny. In the middle of the XI century, the Order had achieved to transform the European Culture effectively: under the intellectual mantle of the Benedictines of Cluny have been formed the operative mason guilds that demonstrated their proficiency in the «Romanic» art of construction and that they are ready to begin the «Gaelic» revolution, misnamed gothic; behind that movement, naturally, is the Secret College of Temple Constructors. But it also has been achieved to plant in the heart of the feudal lords the seed of the sentimentalism, the repentance, and the Christian pietism: the «sins» increase more and more in the Soul of the knight, and he requires of the alleviation of the sacerdotal confession; is accepted to disturb Warrior behavior by means of the «peace of God» and the «truce of God», determined by the Priests; the German warriors were moralized with the Jewish principles of the Law of God, fear to the Justice of God, etc. As a result of this emerges a special class of Nobles and Knights that, without losing their courage and audacity, but respectful of God and his representatives, are conditioned to outbreak blindly to any adventure that the Church demanded.

The White Fraternity plans are being accomplished in all their parts. In the year 1000, after they had awestruck Europe with the «proximity of the Final Judgment», the Golems advanced a huge step when exposing to the German Emperor their project of reconstruction of the Western Roman Empire with the capital in Rome and achieving that his acceptance to displace the capital of the Empire from its German base: although that project would not be accomplished, the idea was already proposed and would influence for two hundred and fifty years in the imperial objectives of the German Kingdom. The details of that plan were agreed upon between King Otto the Great and the Golem Pope Sylvester II, whose name was Gerbert of Aurillac. In that plan of the year 1000, in the compromise that assumed the Emperor to «fight against the unfaithful's», especially against the Saracens of Spain, by a «God's Militia», were clearly charted concepts of the Crusades and the Military Orders one hundred years before their realization.

But the success of the plan responded, in any case, to the subjection of the Emperor before the Pope's authority, the dominion that the Church could impose over the naturally indomitable temperament of the German sovereign. Would be there where would be measured the Cultural Pact forces against the unconscious Remembrance of the Blood Pact again. For it the Golems would sit in the Throne of Saint Peter, a cluniac reformer of extreme fanaticism, the monk Hildeprand, who will pass to History as Pope Gregory VII, the Pope who would humiliate Emperor Henry VI in Canossa before lifting him the ex-communication, demonstrating with it «the superiority of the spiritual power above the temporal power», that's to say, sustaining the ancient falsification of the Swarthy Atlanteans and the Cultural Pact Priests. For the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Blood Pact, contrarily, the Spirit is essentially warrior; hence, the noble and warrior castes are spiritually superior to the priestly. With the weakness of Henry IV, the damage was already caused and would be the turn of his descendants to fight against a Golem papacy erected in director of the Destiny of Occident.

The Golems never trusted and would never trust in the Germans, apart from establishing the College of Constructers of Cluny, is indicated by their

favorable behavior to the Lombard as the favorite executors of their plans, followed by the French. They, who not belonged, as was supposed, to the family of German populations but to a Celtic tribe from Scandinavia. Ethnically distinct to the Norwegian Vikings, Swedish and Danish, had conquered a Duchy in the North of France, Normandy, officially recognized by Charles the Simple in 911. By the treaty of peace pacted then in Saint-Clair-sur-Epte, the Duke Rollo was baptized and he accepted Christianity with his people, whose definitive evangelization was in hands of the Benedictine Order. They didn't delay then, to erect the monasteries in the Normandy and to remain, finally, all the Norman nobility under the influences of Cluny. One hundred and fifty years later, in 1066, the Duke of Normandy, William the Conqueror, seizes of England with the collaboration, unmasked betrayal, of the Benedictine Order of the Island: thanks to him entered again in England the Chosen People members, who had been expelled in the year 920 by King Cnut the Great under the accusation of «enemies of the State».

The Pope was then the Benedictine Alexander II, but the minds that directed Maneuver are the Cluniac Golem Hildeprand and Pedro Damiano. When he was succeeded in the papacy by the own Hildeprand, or Gregory VII, in 1073, an impressive strip that descends from Ireland, covers England, Normandy, Flanders, France, Burgundy, Italy, and ends in Sicily, is submitted to the Golems direct influence from Cluny.

Concerning Hildebrand, it is convenient to add a fact that must not be forgotten: his Jewish origin. Hildebrand, indeed, was the great-grandson of Baruk, the Jewish banker who became Christian and who was the head of Pierloni's Family, a lineage that influenced for centuries in the papal elections. Thanks to the money of the Pierloni's, for example, Hildebrand had achieved the election of Alexander II and his support for his own plans. And the Bank of the Pierlonis, of course, was very charitable; and its charity, definitely, had a direct beneficiary: the Congregation of Cluny, where his brothers of Race and the Golems were preparing the World Government of the Chosen People.

To put in action, the Golems plan will demand a preliminary attempt: that general proof of potentialities verification will be the first Crusade. In 1078, Gregory VII and the major Golem Headquarter received two simultaneous news: the most important is the one that comes from the White Fraternity, where the immortals approve the end, the transfer to Europe of the Tablets of the Law, occulted for twenty-five centuries in Jerusalem, in the proximities of the Temple of Solomon. The other news comes from the Empire of the East, which was surrounded by a powerful military deployment of the Turks, who have already occupied Iran, Baghdad, Syria, Palestine, a great part of Asia Minor, and they have just appropriated from Jerusalem. This news makes the Golems decide about the form in which they will test their forces: they will preach the Crusade, but, in principle, this won't aim to the main objective but to a secondary: it will be divulged the knightly Christian necessity to give support to the byzantine Church against the Turks; if such call gives the expected results, only then will be announced the duty to «liberate a Holy Land»; and only if this last claim is obeyed, only in this form, will be undertaken the mission of Jerusalem to seek

for the Key of the Solomon's Temple. Because occurs that the recovery of the Chosen People Secret is not easy: if it was occulted for twenty-one centuries, it was not because no one would have searched and found it before, but due to its concealment was deliberate and careful and it employed esoteric techniques. Its actual localization would demand the sending of a team of Initiated Priests in the acoustic and numeral Kabbalah, to read and pronounce correctly the Words that would open the Secret Lock: and that team should go in the appropriate moment, counting with the maximum-security, because from that operation would depend on the success or failure of a systematically planned Strategy for seven hundred years.

The Golem Pope Urban II employed the Synod of Clermont of 1095, recent superior of Cluny, to call for a war against the unfaithful and to free the Eastern Church.–«this war is, explained Urban II, a pilgrimage of armed Knights»; «there would be special indulgences for all those who take the cross and, so compliant would be the Heavens with the Crusade, that then will supervene an extraordinary period of Peace of God».– Peter the Ermit, famous preacher, gathered a multitude of a hundred thousand people lacking military preparation and means, that will be exterminated soon; otherwise, the army of Frank Knights, Flemish, and Normans, caused the Golems admiration: are enlisted on it, Godfrey of Bouillon, Lord of the Lorraine, with his two brothers Baldwin and Eustace; Robert of Flanders; Robert of Normandy; Raymond of Toulouse; the Norman Lord of Italy, Bohemond of Taranto; and Tancred. To this army could be requested, in the first instance, the conquest of Jerusalem! After multiple difficulties of War against a gallant enemy and religiously fanaticized, aggravated by the Byzantines' betrayals, the Crusaders achieved the conquest of Jerusalem in 1099, three years after their departure from Europe. Is founded there a Christian Kingdom from which Godfrey of Bouillon was the first King.

After that victory, the Golems would only employ thirty years to find the Tablets of the Law and transport them to Europe: since then would begin the revolution of the Gaelic or Gothic revolution. Such a step of the plan was developed with many parallel movements. On one side, was needed to prepare an appropriated place to receive the Tablets of the Law, decipher its message, and find the manner to apply the Serpent's Knowledge to the Construction of Temples. On the other side, it was needed to send as soon as possible to Jerusalem, the team of Initiated Golems that would be in charge of localizing the Secret. It would also be necessary to immediately put in March the formation of the military Order that would sustain the financial Synarchy that will have to be promptly created. If such movements ended in the White Fraternity's proposed objectives, then the World Government of the Chosen People would not delay, and the Will of the Creator God One will be accomplished.

The Benedictine monk Robert received in 1098 the order of retiring from the vicinities of Cîteaux: in the year 1100, once known the new of the capture of Jerusalem, Pope Paschal II put him in front of the Citeaux Abbey and entrusted him the reform of the cluniac rule.

Over the base of the *Regula Monachorum* of Saint Benedict, he and his successor Alberic, introduced substantial changes in regard to Cluny: the monks

returned to Manual work with more rigor the asceticism and loneliness, that is, in *secret*, and the attire was changed: thence, the Cistercians will not use the classic black clothing of the Cluniac and Benedictines, but a white one, similar to the Golems ancient tunic from the Roman Gaul, and to the one of the Levite priests who guarded in Israel the Ark with the Tablets of the Law. In 1112, the community was ready to receive the group of Initiates that will give them their definitive conformation: they are thirty-one, amongst them Saint Bernard, who was focused to found in Clairvaux, the region of the Champagne, feud of Earl Hugues, also from Golem family, an adequate monastery to preserve the Secret that would come from the East. Once finished, with the pretext to effectuate translations of Hebrew texts, they convoked the main Kabbalistic Rabbis from Europe to collaborate in deciphering the Tablets of the Law. What a strange community of Cîteaux and Clairvaux, integrated by Golems and Jews, while whole Europe was proclaimed «Christian» before the populations of «unfaithful» from the East!

At the death of Saint Bernard existed three hundred and fifty Cistercian monasteries, and at the end of the XIII century, reached to be seven hundred in Europe. In this way was carried out the first movement.

Regarding Cluny, it must not have to be believed that the foundation of the Cîteaux and the expansion of the Order of the Temple would rest him some power. Proof of it is the huge volume that its installations reached in the XIII century; for example, in 1245, with a motive of the General Council Lyon gathered by the Golems to excommunicate the Hyperborean Emperor Frederick II, a numerous retinue accompanied the Pope in his visit to Cluny. There, they were accommodated easily without making the monks abandon their cells; that is to say, that it possessed an infrastructure to accommodate a Pope, an Emperor, and a King of France, with all the prelates and Lords of their corteges. Do not think that I am exaggerating, Dr. Siegnagel: apart from the Pope Innocent IV were the two Patriarchs of Antioquia and Constantinople, twelve Cardinals, three Archbishops, fifteen Bishops, the King of France Saint-Louis, his mother Blanche of Castile, his brother the Duke of Artois, and his sister, the Emperor of Constantinople Baldwin II, the sons of the Kings of Aragon and Castile, the Duke of Burgundy, six Counts, and a high number of Lords and Knights. Its library counted with five thousand volumes copied by the friars, apart from the hundreds of manuscripts, scrolls, and Antiquity books, that were unique pieces in Europe.

Eighteenth Day

In the year 1118, finally, the nine Golems found the Key of Solomon's Temple with the acceptance of the White Fraternity: they are three Initiated Priests, in charge of the localization of the Tablets of the Law, and six Knights for custody. One of the Initiates is the Earl Hugues of Champag-

ne, in whose lands have been installed the Cistercian Order, who is relative of the King Baldwin of Jerusalem and flattened without difficulties the demanded site's occupation. For many years in that place, its residence would mean to them the name of Knights of the Temple that they adopted later, although they preferred to call themselves the *Only Guardians of the Temple of Solomon*. Finally, after searching a long time, meditate, reflect, and comprehend Nature of the Secret, and also counted with the help of the «Angels» of the White Fraternity, the Templars were in conditions to find the Ark. And when the Secret reached their hands, and they were preparing to escort it to Europe, Bera and Birsha joined them, the same Immortals that murdered the Vrayas of House Tharsis. From Chang Shambhala, the White Fraternity sent Bera and Birsha to accompany the transport of the Ark to Clairvaux and ensure this to reach without problems; once there, they would try to seize the Wise Sword and to resolve the pending accounts with House Tharsis. I will suspend for a moment, the relation of the consequences that this new apparition of the Immortals would produce for the Lords of Tharis.

The most important now is to stand out that in the year 1128, the Ark was installed in Clairvaux, in the power of the Synagogue and the Golem Church's highest dignitaries, in the Heart of the College of the Constructors of Temples. In this way was developed the second movement.

The triumphal result of both movements motivated the Golems to act immediately with the third. The six Knights that have transported the Ark are in the Champagne, with Bera and Birsha, who are still in Clairvaux instructing the College of Constructors, and was agreed to constitute them in the Cavalry Order. With that secret purpose, Saint Bernard convoked in 1128 a Council in Troyes, in the region of the Champagne, where the Benedictine and Cistercian clerics assisted on their totality: Bishops, Abbots Priors of all the monasteries of the Order, were conscious of the importance of the event and wanted to watch closer the terrible Immortals Bera and Birsha who were also present. In the Council of Troyes was approved the formation of the Order of the Temple and it was entrusted to Saint Bernard the redaction of its Rule. This will be monastic Rule, basically Cistercian but completed with norms and dispositions that regulate the military life: in front of the Order will be a Great Master, who will only depend on the Pope; the mission of the Order will consist in to form an Army of Knights to fight in the East and Spain against the Saracens. In Occident, the Order will possess properties suitable to practice the monastic life and offer military instruction; the Order of the Temple will be authorized to receive every type of donations, but the Knights will have to practice the vow of poverty, etc.

During the rest of the XII century, the Order grows in every aspect, and in the XIII, a real economic and military power subjected, and until a certain point, to the Church's authority.

Due to the occult objective of the crusades was to obtain the Ark of the Covenant of Jehovah Satan with the Chosen People, and such objective was already achieved, it is evident that the maintenance of the Holy War had no other purpose than to strengthen the Order of the Temple and the Church: the next Crusades, indeed,

allowed the Popes to demonstrate their power above the Kings and Nobles, and to the Order of the Temple to increase their riches. In this way, the papacy reached its highest grade of prestige and could summon the Kings of France, England or Germany, to «cross» with Christ, Our Lord, and, with luck, even achieved to eliminate some potential enemy plans for European hegemony, as the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa for example, who never returned from the Third Crusade. And, while the war continued and the army of the East was professionally improving and turned indispensable in all its operations, the Order was constructing a formidable economic and financial infrastructure: it was said that such power served to sustain the Crusade of the Templar Knights, but, in reality, it was assisting to the foundation of the financial Synarchy. The order soon developed, over the base of their countless properties in France, Spain, Italy, Flanders, etc., a banking network which operated with the newest system of the "promissory note," invented by the Jewish bankers of Venice, and their central seat was in the House of the Temple of Paris, real Bank, provided of Treasure and Strong chamber. Naturally, they practiced the loan with interests to Noble and Kings, which «owed amount», and other very advanced documents for the Period, were kept in coffers of the Order. Among other responsibilities, they had entrusted the administration of the Church's funds and the tax collection for the crown of France.

The Templars occupied in Spain many sites; within them was Monzón Castle, which after the death of Alfonso I, the Battler, was given to them in property: from there, they «fought against the unfaithful», according to the Order's Rule. Such fortress was located in Huesca, on the shores of river Cinca, in that time the Kingdom of Aragon: and Bera and Birsha went thither, after the Council of Troyes, accompanied by an important entourage of Cistercian monks. The immortals were going to realize a «Secret Golem Council» in which would remain established the directives for the next hundred years, date in which they would ask for accounts again about the fact. In that Council, apart from the details of the Golem plan that I have described, the Immortals proposed, in the name of the White Fraternity, two issues had to be resolved as soon as possible; it was about two Extermination Sentences: one, against House Tharsis, was still pending since long time ago; the other, against the Cathars and Albigenses of Languedoc, was recent and had to be executed immediately.

About House Tharsis, the Immortals admitted that it was a difficult case because it was not possible to fulfill extermination without finding before the Venus Stone that they had occulted in a Secret Cave. With the purpose to achieve the confession of the Key to find the secret entrance, Bera and Birsha decided to attack this time to members of family that were inhabiting the neighboring city of Zaragoza; they were three persons: the Bishop of Zaragoza, Lupo of Tharsis; his widow sister, old now, who lived with him in the Bishopric and was in charge of the home issues, Lamia of Tharsis; and her son, a young novice of fifteen years called Rabaz. The three were kidnapped and taken to Monzon, where they were locked in a dungeon while torture instruments were prepared. They started with the old man Lupo, to whom they wildly tormented without obtaining a single word about the Secret Cave. Finally, and even if he had the majority of his bones broken, Lupo of Tharsis died as the Lord he was: smiling

with irony in front of the impotence of his assassins. With the woman and his son, the Golems employed another tactic: considering that they would be quite frightened by the screams of the Bishop, they prepared a convenient scene to extort the young Rabaz with the threat of subjecting his mother to the same degrading torment that had finished with Life of Lupo of Tharsis.

Hence, they extended Lamia over the torture table and started to stretch her limbs, producing frightening screams of pain. At that moment, they made enter Rabaz, who came with tied hands in his back and escorted by two Cistercian Golems, who remained frozen of terror at listening to the laments of Lamia and discovering her tied to the mortal table. When seeing him paralyzed of horror, a triumphal smile was drawn on the countenance of the Golem, who counted by in advance with the confession. But what they didn't count with, nor then, was the mystical madness of the Tharsis Lords. Oh! The madness of the Tharsis Lords, that had turned unpredictable for hundreds of years of persecutions, and that was manifested as the Pure Blood Absolute Courage, a Courage so high that resulted inconceivable any weakness before the Enemy! Without being able to avoid it, the young Rabaz, impulsed by a mystical madness, made two leaps, and he situated beside his mother, who was looking at him with a shiny gaze. Then, he smashed her left jugular vein with just one slash, causing her a fast death by bleeding. Now the Golems were not laughing when they were dragging Lamia. Nevertheless, someone laughed: before she died, Lamia reached to emit an ironic belly laugh, whose echoes remained many seconds reverberating in the meanders of that gloomy prison. And Rabaz, who had just killed her and had his face covered with blood, was smiling, relieved when proving that Lamia did not exist anymore.

No; the Golems were not laughing; they were really pallid of hate. It was evident that the Will of Rabaz could not be bowed down by any mean, but not for it they would not stop to torture him unto death: they would make it even if it would be only to relieve the rancor that they experimented against the Tharsis Lords.

Bera and Birsha didn't achieve anything with such bloodshed, and due to this, they left to the Cistercian and specific mission to be fulfilled in the next years by the Order of the Temple: no matter the cost, even if that implicated to get engaged in a permanent struggle against the Taifa of Seville, but had to be constructed a Castle in Aracena, a few kilometers from the Turdes Village. The exact place would by the one known since Antiquity as the «Cave of Odiel», today called «Cave of the miracles», whose name meant, evidently, Cave of Odin or Wotan, but that was also denominated «Cave of Daedalus» due to the deformation of «Cave D'odal»: naturally, Daedalus, the Constructor of Labyrinths, was other of the Names of Navutan. The entrance of the Cave of Odiel was located at the ground level, in the peak of a hill of Aracena. The plan consisted in to edify a Templar Castle to occult the Cave of Odiel: the entrance, since then, would be only accessible from the inside of the Castle. Why would they need that? To reach to the Secret Cave of the Tharsis Lords; because, according to what Bera and Birsha believed, from the Cave of Odiel would be possible to approximate to the Secret Cavern employing certain techniques that they would put in practice at their return from Chang Shambhala.

Nineteenth Day

In sum, Dr. Siegnagel, it can be considered that when the XIII century came, the Golems had realized the White Fraternity plans in a ninety percent: the Benedictine-Golem Order and its derivations, Cluny, the Cistercians and the Temple, were firmly established in Europe; the College of Constructors of Temples had acquired, with the possession of the Tablets of the Law, the Highest Knowledge; the guilds and brotherhoods of masons, instructed by the Golem, were elevating hundreds of Temples, Churches and Gothic Cathedrals, in all the important cities of Europe and in certain places that some «telluric values» were considered; and the populations, from the servants and villainous and even the Lords, Nobles and Kings, lived in an Age of religious mores, sustained a Culture where God, and the Priests of God, intervened active and daily. It means, the populations that now experimented the religious *unity*, were prepared to receive the economic and political unity of a World Government, the Chosen People Synarchy; the economic power of the Order of the Temple was already consolidated; and the Church's army, that would assure the political unity as well. As you see, Dr. Siegnagel, the White Fraternity plans were just to be accomplished: and *notwithstanding they failed.*

What happened? The White Fraternity plans failed thanks to two Kings, Frederick II Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and Philip IV the Fair, King of France, fundamentally. Both reigned in different countries and in different historical periods, and they didn't meet each other: Frederick II in Sicily, from 1212 until 1250, and Philip IV in France, from 1285 until 1314. However, an occult nexus explains and justifies the highly strategic acts deployed by those extra-ordinaries monarchs: the *Hyperborean Wisdom opposition.*

Frederick II Hohenstaufen *Philip IV the Fair*

So, we have two exoteric causes of the failure of the enemy plans, the mentioned Kings, and an esoteric cause, the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom, from which they are just effects. I will examine then, superficially, the first, and I will focus on detail the second; it is convenient to do it in this form to expose the prominent role that House Tharsis had in those facts. Of course, it will be necessary to start to discover the circumstances that gave place to the coronation of Frederick II and the acts that he utilized to destabilize the Papacy Power. Then I will stop to show the real causes of these facts, this is, the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom: it will be seen, thus, how the Tharsis Lords developed their Strategy and how the Golems almost exterminated them in the middle of the XIII century.

Finally, I will reach to Management of Philip IV, «*the King who applied the Mortal Strike to the Financial Synarchy of the Templars*». Thence, Dr. Siegnagel, all will be given to produce that History of House Tharsis that I am narrating for you enters in its final phase.

With the election of Pope Innocent III in 1198, the Golems played one of their last and most important cards. Such «pontiff», in fact, enjoys a peerless prestige amongst the indocile German nobility: the Kings were submitted to his freewill, and his will was imposed without resistance in every ambit. Otherwise, he doesn't worry too much in dissimulating his plans. He proclaimed openly the validity of Gregory VII's theory concerning the «two Swords», from which one, the temporal of the Emperor must be submitted to the «spiritual» of the Church. This Pope, who has all the Golems triumph in his hands, is also the tutor and regent of the young Prince Frederick of Sicily, principal inheritor of the Austrian and German Hohenstaufen. Is in that Prince where the Golems, and the White Fraternity, have supported all the weight of their Strategy: Frederick, educated as a Cistercian monk and Templar Knight by the Golems of the Normand court of his mother Constance of Sicily, would have to wield with a vigor never seen, since the times of Charlemagne, the temporal Sword of the Kings and submit it to the spiritual Sword of the Church; then the Spiritual Sword, which is the Cross of Jesus Christ and the Plan of the Temple, would be the settlement of the World's Throne, a seat for the Messiah of the Creator God or his representatives. At this moment, Frederick rebelled against such a plan.

Frederick II was crowned German King in 1212 with the auspice of Innocent III and Manifested approval of Philip II Augustus, King of France. In principle, he made what was expected from him, and in 1213, with only eighteen years, he promulgated golden Bull in the Church's favor, in which was confirmed the totality of his territorial possessions, inclusive those improperly appropriated after the death of Henry VI; he accepted, also, to renounce, like any other future German King, to the election of Bishops and Abbots. It is evident then that the young King's had a initial predisposition to comply with the Golem Church plans.

However, promptly such attitude began to change until it became totally hostile to his old protectors. The reasons were two: the positive reaction of his Pure Blood Heritage *thanks to the historical proximity of the Grail*, a concept that I will explain later; and the influence of certain Hyperborean Initiates that the own Fre-

derick II made come to his Court of Palermo from further countries of Asia, and whose history I won't be able to stop and relate in this letter. The important was that the Emperor started to refuse from the Golems' idea, which the Benedictine Order was amply publishing that the world had to be reigned by a Theocratic Messiah, a Priest placed by the Creator God above the Kings of Earth. Contrarily, affirmed Frederick II, the world was awaiting an Imperial Messiah, a Pure Blood King who would impose his Power by the unanimous recognizance of the Lord of Earth, a King that would be the First of the Spirit and who would stablish a Pure Blood Aristocracy in which would only have place the brave ones, the noblest, the hardest, those who didn't bow down before the Cult of the Potencies of Matter. Frederick II, naturally, felt called to occupy that place.

The doctrine that Frederick II expressed with great clarity was the synthesis of an idea that has been developing among members of his Lineage since Emperor Henry I, the Fowler. In principle, such an idea constituted the intuition that the real power was legitimized only by a Spirit's Aristocracy, which was connected to the blood. Then it was evident, and due to this was becoming firmer, that if the King was legitimate, his power could not be affected by the forces of another order if they were not spiritual. Sovereignty was spiritual and therefore divine; only to God corresponded to intervene with justice above the will of the King.

This concept was essentially opposed to what the Golems' sustained, in the sense that the Pope represented God above Earth, hence, corresponded to him the subjection of the will of the Kings. The Pope Gelasius I, already in 492-496, had declared that existed two independent powers: the spiritual Church and the temporal State; against the dangerous idea that had been developing in the Lineage of the Ottomans and Salians, Saint Bernard formalized the gelasian thesis in the «Theory of the Two Swords». According to Saint Bernard, the spiritual and temporal power, are analogous to two Swords; but, as the spiritual power comes from God, the temporal Sword must be submitted to the spiritual Sword. *Ergo*: the representative of God in Earth, the Pope, wielding the spiritual Sword, must impose his will above the Kings, mere representatives of the temporal State and just keepers of the temporal Sword.

Even by the endeavor committed by Church to impose the threat, the idea was maturing and starts to produce collisions between the Kings more spirituals and the Potencies of Matter's representatives. The «Investiture Controversy», starred by Emperor Henry IV, ancestor of Frederick II, and Golem Pope Gregory VII, signalizes the culminating phase of the satanic reaction: in the year 1077, Emperor Henry IV was obeyed to be humiliated before the Pope, in Canossa, to obtain the lifting of his previous ex-communication. If he would not have accepted to that supplication, Henry IV would have been despoiled of his imperial investiture, and also of the sovereignty of his hereditary Seignories, by the simple «spiritual "will of the Pope. Naturally, an idea that emerges from the blood, and becomes clearer and stronger after every generation, can't be repressed with penances and humiliations. Will be Frederick I Barbarossa, the grandfather of Frederick II, who will be opposed more vigorously to the papal tyranny and will demonstrate that the existence of the Spirit's Aristocracy was more than an idea. For then, the idea had taken force

and has many devotees disposed to defend it with their lives: they were called *Ghibellines*, a name derived from the Castle of Wainblingen where was born Frederick I. The Church's reaction against Frederick I polarize the family of his mother Judith, a descendant of Welfs, Duke of Bavaria, a staunch follower of the Pope, from where came the name of «Welfs» given to his believers. Thereby, even by the brainwash and clerical indoctrination that was submitted to Frederick II in the years when he remained under the tutelage of the fierce Innocent III, nothing could avoid that the Voice of his Pure Blood revealed him the Truth of the Uncreated Spirit. His Divine heritage would transform him in the Spirit's Aristocracy's alive expression, in the Universal Emperor.

Before his departure to Palestine in 1227, Frederick II had become into Stone Man, in Hyperborean Pontiff, and he had remembered the Blood Pact of the White Atlanteans. And he decided to fight with all his forces to revert the European society order that was based in the *Cultural Pact*, in favor of the *Blood Pact*. The solution chosen by Frederick II consisted in to undermine the imperial unity of that time, which monarchies were totally conditioned by the Church, conceding the major possible power to the Territorial Lords: they would be, of course, the ones who would recognize with their Pureblood the Real Spiritual Leader of Occident, who would come to establish the Universal Empire of the Spirit. Otherwise, the Golem Church, in front of the growing power of the Princes, would only see the disintegration of the political unity that was so necessary for their world domination plans: a political unity that had been edified over the base of countless crimes perpetrated through centuries of intrigues and shenanigans, that had been projected in the Secret of the Benedictine and Cistercian monasteries, that had been imposed in the credulous and fearful minds of the nobles by means of the threats of the «the loss of Heaven», the ex-communication, the terror, and every kind of unworthy sources.

That political unity controlled discreetly by the Church, that now disposed of a powerful Bank and a Military Order, would result fatally destabilized by Frederick II. In 1220, when he was still obeying the Golems plan, Frederick II conceded to the ecclesiastical Princes the right to regulate the commercial traffic in their territories and decide its fortification. However, in 1232, he bestowed the same rights to the Territorial Lords apart of authorizing them the complete jurisdiction of their countries: in practice, this meant that issues as currency, market, justice, police, and fortifications, remained forever subjected to the power of Territorial Lords, not having the King, neither the Pope, any executive power in their respective countries.

After the death of Frederick II, in 1250, the Golem Church would never get another similar chance to comply with the White Fraternity plans: in Germany will supervene the Interregnum, during which the Territorial Lords will become more and more powerful and independent; and in France, will govern Philip IV, the Fair, who will conclude with the work of Frederick II proceeding to annihilate the Order of the Temple and to dismantle the infrastructure of the financial Synarchy.

As the second cause of the Golem plan failure, the main cause, the esoteric cause, I have mentioned the «opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom»: with

such denomination, I am referring, logically, to the *conscious opposition* that certain sectors carried out against the Golems secret intrigues and their Cistercian and Templar organizations.

These sectors that comprehended the Hyperborean Wisdom contributed in a significant manner to determine the Golems failure; were many groups, but amongst the main ones, I will cite the Bogomil's in Italy, the Cathars in France, and the Tharsis Lords in Spain.

The Tharsis Lords had become strong in Spain, in the Muslim region as in the Christian. In Turdes, they conserved their bishopric and property of the Village, where a part of the family remained all year; in Cordova and Toledo, always lived the clerics that were dedicated to the teaching; and in Catalonia and Aragon, and inclusive in many European countries, dwelled those who were theologians and doctors, and received the invitation of some Lords to officiate as counselors or to instruct the royal families. But, wherever they were, the Tharsis Lords never forgot their Destiny, and all their efforts were dedicated to obeying those two principles sworn by Stone Men: to preserve the Wise Sword and to comply with the familiar mission. Their priority was then, to survive; but to survive as a Lineage, what obeyed to maintain themselves permanently informed about the enemy Strategy due to one of the strategic objectives declared by the Enemy demanded, precisely, the extermination of House Tharsis. In the XIII century, the Tharsis Lords had perfectly clear the White Fraternity plans, and they knew how closer the Golems to fulfill them were. To oppose to those plans, without risking the security of the Lineage, the Tharsis Lords comprehended that they needed to work protected by order of the Church, an Order that, naturally, would not be controlled by the Golems neither reigned by the Benedictine Rule. Of course, *such Order not existed*; the honor to found it, and save by its mediate the healthier part of Christianity, would correspond to Saint Dominic.

Twentieth Day

Since this day, I will examine Dr. Siegnagel, the Cathar issue, the most significant of the Hyperborean Wisdom productions that opposed the White Fraternity plans in the XIII century. In the context of Catharism, when Saint Dominic Founded the Order of Preachers, it would allow it necessary then, to describe such context to make that the searched objective by Saint Dominic and the Tharsis Lords results clear.

After all, it should be noted that to qualify Catharism as «heresy,» it is as absurd as to do it with Buddhism or Islam: like these, Catharism was another religion, different from the Catholic. By definition, heresy is a dogmatic error about the Church's Official Doctrine; is not heretic who profess another religion but who distort or awry interpret the Catholic dogma, just as Arius, or the own Templar Golems who were the most satanic of their Age. Of course, even though it would have been accepted that the Cathars practiced other reli-

gion, like the Saxons, that would not have meant any difference in the result: nothing could save them from the Golems extermination sentence. Heretics were, undoubtedly, the Arians; but would not be the Cathars: they were effectively, enemies of the Church, which they called the «Synagogue of Satan».

To comprehend the problem, it must be considered that the Cathars really knew the Hyperborean Wisdom, which they taught using symbols taken from Mazdeism, Zurvanism, Gnosticism, Judeo-Christianity, etc. Hence, they preached that the Good was of absolute spiritual nature and that it was totally out from this World; *the Spirit was Uncreated and Eternal, and it came from the Origin of Good; the Evil, on the contrary, had as nature all the material and created*; the World of Matter, where the animal-man live, was intrinsically malignant; the World had been *Created* by Jehovah Satan, a demonic Demiurge. They rejected, therefore, the Bible, that was the «Word of Satan», and they specially denied the Genesis, where was narrated the act to Create the World by the Demon; the Roman Church, that accepted the Bible was then, the «Synagogue of Satan», the abode of the Demon; *the animal-man, created by Satan, had two natures: the material body and the Soul; to them had been attached the Uncreated Spirit, which remained thenceforth prisoner of Matter. The Spirit unable to free itself, resided in the Soul, and the Soul animated the material body, which was immersed in the Evil of the Material World; the Spirit was then, sunk in Hell, condemned to the pain and suffering that Jehovah Satan imposed to the animal-man.*

The Cathars, that's to say, the «*Pure Men*», had to pretend the Good. That meant that the Spirit had to return to its Origin, abhorring the Material World's Evil. *They assured that the Holy Spirit was always disposed to help the prisoner Spirit in Matter and that responded to the request of the Pure Men*; thereby, the Cathars had the power to transmit the Holy Spirit to the necessitous of help by means of the laying on of hands, act which they denominated «*Consolamentum*». They affirmed, also, *the existence of an Eternal an Uncreated Kristos, who they called «Lucibel»*, who used to descend voluntarily to Hell of the Created World to liberate the Spirit of men. They denied the cross for constituting a symbol of the spiritual incarceration and human suffering; they were staunch iconoclastic and they not admitted any form for the representation of the spiritual truths; they practiced poverty and ascetism, and distrusted riches and material goods, especially if they proceeded from people who call themselves religious; they sustained that the highest virtue was the comprehension and expression of the Truth, and that the major error was the acceptance and propagation of the lie; they reduced the alimentation to the minimum and recommended abstinence; they prohibited the procreation of sons due to it contributed to perpetuating the incarceration of the Spirit in Matter.

It is evident, Dr. Siegnagel, that concepts as the Cathar religion did not come from a Catholic heresy but from the Hyperborean Wisdom. However, who didn't know such filiation or were fanatized and controlled by the Golems, were not difficult to convince them that it was treating about a diabolic heresy; especially if the gaze was directed on the exterior form of Catharism. Because the Cathars, with the declared finality to compete against the Catholics for the people's favor, they also had a organized Church. However, they

will face a disadvantage compared to a Catholic Europe., already conditioned by the idea that it was legitimate to mount military «Crusades» against populations that professed another religion. The reason has to be searched in the ancestral beliefs of the Occitanian population.

Undoubtedly, existed connections between the Cathars and the bogomil Manicheans of Bulgaria, Bosnia, Dalamatia, Serbia, and Lombardy, but those contacts were natural between populations or communities that shared the heredity of the Hyperborean Wisdom and not involved any dependence. Catharism was, rather, a local product of the country of Oc, a medieval fruit of the Iberian racial trunk. As the one from Tharsis, the ancient Iberian population of Oc not suffered much Celt influence, in contradistinction to the Iberians from the regions of the Hispania and from the Gauls that were racially confused with them and fell promptly under the Golems' power. In Oc, the Gauls didn't achieve to ally with the Iberians, even if they dominated the region for centuries, with great displeasure of the Golems, who would appeal to all their resources to broke their racial purity. However, the Occitans would mingle then with the more related populations, similar to the Tartessians, especially with the Greeks, the Romans, and the Goths. In a remote past, the White Atlanteans had communicated them the same Wisdom of their brothers in the Iberian Peninsula, to include them in the Blood Pact. So, they possessed, their own Venus Stone and they lost it in the Golems hands when these Cultural Pact Priests favored the invasions of the *Volcae Tectosages and Arecomicis, the Bebryces, Vellavi, Gabali, Helvii*, apart to install themselves in the Mediterranean coast with the Phoenicians and their colonies in Agde, Narbonne, Port-Vendres, which later was called «Port of Astarte».

Well, apart from what I have already remembered about the Iberian Wisdom of the Blood Pact, it must be added here a particular legend which was quite diffused among the Pyrenees. According to it, the White Atlanteans had deposited in a cavern of the region another Venus Stone that they called *The Grail of Kristos Lucifer*. Such Stone, that the Envoy of the Unknowable God brought, would be only found in determinant historical moments. It only reflected the Origin's Sign to a few Initiates, but it connected them charismatically to liberate a whole racial community spiritually. They believed that the motive was the next: the Grail constituted a *tabula regia imperialis*, that's to say, the Grail informed with exactitude who was the Pure Blood King, to whom corresponded to govern the people by the Virtue of his spirituality and racial purity; but the Grail had the Power to reveal the leadership communicating it charismatically in the Pure Race Blood: it was not necessary the Physical Presence of the Venus Stone to hearken the message. However, if the racial community forgot the Blood Pact, if they fell under the soporific influence of the Cultural Pact, or they degraded their Pure Blood, then they would lose the charismatic connection, would disconcert, and would fail to choose their racial leaders: would come bad Kings, weak or tyrants, perchance Cultural Pact Priests, who in any case, would lead the people to their racial destruction. Nevertheless, even when the people could be dominated by the Cultural Pact, the Hyperborean heritage of the Pure Blood could not be easily eclipsed and,

in non certain moments of History, would occur a *non-causal culturally coincidence* that would put to all members of the Race in a charismatic contact with the Grail: *then all would know, without doubts, who would be their Racial Leader.*

It was about a double action of the Grail: in one hand, revealed to the people who waste real Leader of the Pure Blood, without being necessary to affect the social situation; that's to say: if he was Noble of Commoner, rich or poor, if the Leader existed, all would know who he was, all would recognize him simultaneously. And on the other hand, underpinned the Leader in his guiding mission, connecting him with charismatically with members of the Race in virtue of the common origin: in the Origin, all the Race of Hyperborean Spirits would be united, due to the Grail, precisely, would be a *reflection of the Origin*. By the Grace of the Grail, the Racial Leader would appear before the people provided with an evident charisma, undeniable and irresistible; he would clearly exhibit the Power of the Uncreated Spirit and would give proofs of his racial authority; *and that could not be in another way due to, by the Origin, they would return to be at the command of the Great Leader of the Spiritual Race, the Lord of the Absolute Honor and of the Uncreated Beauty: Kristos Lucifer or Lucibel.*

The becoming of History, the inexorable advance of the populations culturally dominated by the White Fraternity Strategy in direction to the Darkness of the Kali Yuga, would produce that Manifestation of the Potencies of Matter would become stronger in every moment. Hence, the racial Leaders who emerge eventually from the people should demonstrate a stronger Spiritual Power to face those demonic forces. The consequence of this would be that the confrontation, between the emergent spirituality of the racial purity and the degradation of the materialistic Culture, would be turning more and more intense until reach, naturally, to a Final Battle where the conflict would be definitely resolved: that would coincide with the end of the Kali Yuga. Meanwhile, would come those «moments of History» in which the Grail could be found again and would reveal the Leader of the Race. Of course that in the last millenniums, for being the Race more and more sunken in the Cultural Pact Strategy, the successive racial Leaders would have to be consequently more powerful, in other words, they would have to be Imperial Leaders, Wise Warriors that would try to found the Universal Empire of the Spirit: who could achieve it, would liberate the population from the Cultural Pact Strategy, of the Cult Priests, and from every Cult; would build a society based in the Pure Blood Aristocracy, in the Lords of Blood and Earth, as the one which, wisely, would have tried to impulse Frederick II Hohenstaufen.

And here we reach to the occult cause of the Cathar expansion in the XII century: *in that time existed the widespread conviction amongst the Occitanians, incomprehensible for whom lacked racial purity or did not know the Hyperborean Wisdom, that was just to come, or had already came, one of those «moments of History» in which would emerge the Racial Leader, the Universal Emperor of the Spirit and the Pure Blood*. It was a common presentiment that sprouted from an inner fiber and united everyone in the regal advent's security. And that spontaneous unity was the cause of deep social transformations: it seemed as if all the people's efforts would have suddenly coordinated in a combined spiritual enterprise, in

a project which permanent realization was the generation of the brilliant civilization of Oc. The poetry, the music, the dance, the choral singing, the literature, reached there great splendor, while was developing a romance language of exquisite semantic precision, very different to the more barbarian idiom of the Eastern Franks: was the «language of Oc» or «langue d'Oc», which gave name to the country of Languedoc. In the structure of that rising civilization, as one of their fundamental elements, would appear Catharism that would not be a «Catholic Heresy» anymore, as the Golem Church pretended, nor a religion transplanted from Asia Minor, as other pretend. On the contrary, Catharism was the formal expression of the relegation that existed a priori in the Occitanian society: was the Grail, that was everyone believed, who relegated the Occitanian society and constituted the fundament of the Cathar religion.

When communicating the next advent of the Universal Emperor, the Grail also announced War, the inevitable struggle that its Presence would declare to the Potencies of Matter, perhaps the Final Battle if the times were ready for it. The «historical moment» of the Grail's apparition demanded a special predisposition of the people to face the crisis that would fatally occur: the time of the spiritual awakening and the material renouncement, to discern clearly between the Whole of the Spirit and the Naught of Matter. Now you will understand, Dr. Siegnagel, why the Cathars were organized as a Church. They dedicated themselves to preaching the Hyperborean Wisdom openly: they were preparing the people for the historical moment. They were strengthening their will to acquire the «State of Grace» that the times required. If the Universal Emperor came, it was necessary to count with profoundly spiritual men, keepers of the Hyperborean Wisdom and transmuted by the Origin's Remembrance, by the revelation of Naked Truth of Him Self, i.e., would be needed Stone Men: for this reason, the Cathars formed and distributed thousands of troubadours initiated in the Cold Fire Cult of House Tharsis; they had the mission to go around the country and turn on in the Noble of the Blood, Noble or commoner, rich or poor, the Flame of the Cold Fire, the L-ove of the Goddess Pyrene who they called just as «the Lady», or «Wisdom»; and the Nobles of the Blood, if they understood the Trobar Clus, they became in wedded Knights with their Sword, a Rune of Navutan, that in some opportunities they consecrated to a Lady of flesh and bones, a Kâlibur Woman who was able to immortalize them Beyond the Infinite Blackness of His Signal of Death.

Twenty-First Day

The urgency of the times had obeyed the Cathars to expose themselves openly, which would cause, earlier or later, the Catholic Church's inevitable attack. The Benedictines, Cluniac, and Cistercians, started very soon to elevate their protests: already in 1119, that year when the Golems were installed in the Temple of Solomon, the Pope Callixtus II fulminates the

ex-communication against the heretics of Tolosa. But such measures didn't take any effect. In 1147, the Abbot of Clairvaux, Saint Bernard, Golem Leader of the Templar conspiracy, travelled around Languedoc, receiving in every part signs of hostility by the people and the lordly nobility. Thence will be the Citeaux that will be in charge of revitalizing the hates and forming the new Perseus to destroy the «Occitan Dragon». But the Cathars, far of being daunted by those threats, convoked in 1167 the General Council of Saint-Felix-de-Caraman: there they resolved to apportion the country, in the same manner to the Catholic Church, in bishoprics and parishes.

The Cathar Church was organized in base of Bishoprics, Presbyters, Deacons, major Brothers, minor Brothers, etc., and gave superficial arguments to those that sustained the accusation of heresy. However, from the inner perspective, only two groups existed: the «*believers*» and *the Chosen Ones*. The believers constituted the mass of those who sympathized with Catharism or professed its faith, but without reaching the Holy Spirit's initiation that characterized the Chosen Ones. Instead, these last ones had been *purified* by the Holy Spirit, and due to this, the believers called them the *Pure Ones*, that is to say, *Cathars*. It will be necessary to clarify that the Initiation in the Cathar Mystery, being still a social act as every initiation, was differentiated from the initiations to the Ancient Mysteries that in ritual form was reduced to the minimum. In fact, the Cathars, the Pure Men or Initiates, had the Power to communicate with the Holy Spirit to the believers through the laying on of hands, with which he could become a Cathar as well; to make possible that such miracle occurs was necessary to dispose of an «Hyperborean Chamber», in which the believer was situated and received the *consolamentum* of hands by the Pure Men; but the Hyperborean Chamber was not a material construction, as the Golems Temples, but a concept of the White Atlanteans Hyperborean Wisdom which realization constituted a jealously guarded secret by the Cathars: for it clarification, Dr. Siegnagel, I will tell that it consisted in the same principles that I already explained in the Third Day as fundamentals of the «strategic mode of life», that is, the *Occupation* Principle, the *Enclosure* Principle, and the *Strategic Wall* Principle.

The concept of the Hyperborean Chamber intervenes the three mentioned principles, and its realization could be effectuated in any place, although, I repeat, the lytic technique, that just required of the spatial distribution of some few not carved stones, was secret. Thereby, with only a few stones and their hands, the Cathars initiated the believers in the Mystery of the Uncreated Spirit; and as real representatives of the Blood Pact, they opposed in this way Wisdom to the Cult, the Strategic Wall to the Temple.

But if the ritual form was minimal, the consequent spiritual process peaked during the Cathar Initiation. The believer was «*consoled*» internally, i.e., he was *sustained* by the Spirit, and converted in Chosen One. *But, Chosen by who? By Himself. Because the Cathar Initiates were convoked by themselves to liberate their Spirits, those who have Chosen Themselves to Reach the Origin. The believers, would not be Chosen by the Cathars, neither their transmutation would depend just from the Consolamentum*. Still, Their *Own* Spirit was Chosen by itself and invested of Pu-

rity when situating strategically under the Pure Men's charismatic influence.

The Cathar Church lacked Rituals, Temples, and Sacraments: the Cathars only allowed themselves the preaching, the exposition of the Gospel of Kristos Lucibel to every believer. And resulted that the indefatigable preaching extended Catharism every day, as an epidemic, through the country of Languedoc, causing the consequent alarm of the Catholic Church whose Temples were empty and their Priests despised and aggrieved. The Pure Men attributed the success to the proximity of the «historical moment» in which would appear the Grail. But, what in the beginning was just conviction, one day, when Catharism was in the zenith of the popular adhesion, it turned into effective reality: in the late XII century, many Pure Men assured to *have seen the Grail physically and received its transmutative Power.*

In the county of Foix, in middle Pyrenean region, was located the Seigniory of Raymondde Péreille, which included, apart from castles, villages, and cultivation fields, a mountain peak very abrupt in which summit existed an ancient fortress in ruins. The name of such place was *Montsegur*, and the Lord, as well as all his family and subordinates, were counted amongst the believers of the Cathar Church. In the year 1202, the Pure Men solicited to Raymond de Péreille the construction in Montsegur of a strange stone building of pentagonal asymmetric form: improper for the defense, inadequate to dwell, aesthetically shocking, the work was conceived, however, according to the Highest Hyperborean Strategy. Its function had nothing to do with the defense, the dwelling, or the beauty, but with the Grail, with the Physical Manifestation of the Grail: *Montsegur would be a reference area from where the Initiates could localize the Grail, or, inclusive, to approach physically to it*. Its function not consisted then to serve as deposit to «guard» the Grail because the Grail can't be inside or outside of anything: as the Spirit, Eternal and infinite, the reality of the Grail is Beyond the Origin. But, to localize the Origin, meant the liberation of the incarcerated Spirit to Matter, and to facilitate such localization, the Grail approaches to the asleep men. Montsegur would be then, the Strategic Wall from where the Grail would be seen, would be found the Origin's orientation, the Spirit would be rediscovered to Itself, and the Voice of the Pure Blood would have listened again. And the Grail would speak and reveal to the White Race the identity of the Pure Blood King, the Universal Emperor.

In sum, Dr., *from Montsegur the Grail, as stone, could be found and taken by the pure men; but, while remaining in the Strategic Wall, the Grail would not be inside but out of Montsegur because the technique of the referential fenced area demands it. Instead, once taken outside, it could be transported if desired to any other site because the reference would be conserved while the fenced referential area and the Initiates who operate it exist. Naturally, the Grail can always be localized, from anyplace that constitutes a liberated area in the space of the Demiurge, an occupied area to the Potencies of Matter according to the techniques of the White Atlanteans Hyperborean Wisdom, a site where the Illusion of the Great Deceit would not be acting: Yes, Dr.; from such strategic area, in every place, the Hyperborean Initiates, being Wise Warriors, Stone Men, or Pure Men, could find the Grail of Kristos Lucifer whenever they wish: but, will not be necessary to insist on it, the constructed Strategic Walls, would not be either similar to*

the ones of Montsegur, due to the inconstant distribution of Matter in the universal space obeys to change the Form of the employed Strategy.

As I wrote two days ago, when Innocent III took control of the Vatican, in the year 1198, the White Fraternity plans were almost accomplished. And in those plans figured, as a pending issue to which should be given a prompt solution, the fulfillment of extermination sentence that existed over the Cathars. In principle, Innocent III sent special legacies to travel around the country of Oc, while they initiated a maneuver destined to submit the King of Aragon, Peter II, to the vassalage of Saint Peter, what he achieved in 1204: in that year, Peter II was crowned in Rome by the Pope, who gave him the regalia, pallium, tunic, scepter, orb, crown and miter; thereupon he demanded him an oath of loyalty and obedience to the Pontiff, of defense of the Catholic faith, of the Catholic ecclesiastical rights in all his lands and Seigniories, and to *combat unto death the heresy.* Peter II accepted all, who not suspected his sad end in the hands of the Cistercians, and, after receiving the Knight Sword in the hands of Innocent III, *gave his Kingdom to Saint Peter, the Pope, and his Successors.*

To all this, the legacies had already alerted the loyal Bishops to the Golems and effectuated a prolix census of the autochthonous prelates that they would never approve the destruction of the civilization of Oc and that they would have to be expurgated from the Church. In 1202 the Golems considered that the conditions were given to execute their plans and decided to tend a mortal trap to the Earl of Tolosa, Raymond VI: the mechanism of this trap aims to provide a justification for the imminent destruction of the civilization of Oc and the Cathar extermination; and the artifice, ideated to deceive the prey, was a propitiatory victim, a Cistercian monk of the Front for ide Abbey called Peter of Pierre de Castelnau. Such sinister personage was well prepared to the function that would have to perform, unknowing, of course, because he stood out in matters such as the cruelty, the fanaticism, the hate against the "heresy», etc.; and, to maximize his reckless intolerant action, he was gifted of special powers that placed him above any ecclesiastical authority except for the Pope and was ordained to inquire about the faith of the Occitan: in only six years Pierre of Castelnau was murdered by the own Golems, and the responsibility of the crime fell upon the Earl of Tolosa: the trap was closed. The response of Innocent III to the murder of his legacy would be the proclamation of a saint Crusade against the Occitan heretics. Logically, the appeal of such Crusade was entrusted to the Cistercian Order.

Inheritor of the region that the Romans denominated «Gallia Narbonensis» and Charlemagne «Gothic Gallia», Languedoc constituted a huge country of 40.000 square kilometers, that confined with the Kingdom of France: in the East, with the shore of the Rhône, and in the North, with Forez, Auvergne, Rouergne and Quercy. In the XIII century, such country was made according to the law of sovereignty of King of Aragon: amongst the most important Seigniories was the Duchy of Narbonne, the Counties of Tolosa, Foix, and Béarn, the Viscounties of Carcassone, Béziers, Rhodes, Lussac, Albi, Nîmes, etc. Apart from these vassals, Peter II had inherited Catalonia's states, and the Counties of Roussillon and Pallars, and had rights over the County of Proven-

ce. But no all ended there: Peter II, whose sister was the wife of the Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen, had married his two daughters with the Counts of Tolosa, Raymond VI, and Raymond VII, father and son, and corresponds him, for his own marriage with Maria of Montpellier, rights over such County of Languedoc. Hence, the compromise of King Aragon with the countries of Oc could not be major.

The Cistercians called to the Crusade in all Europe after the death Pierre de Castelnau, that was, since 1208. In July of 1209, the largest army ever seen in those lands crossed the Rhone and marched towards the country of Oc. As the leader, Innocent III named a Golem who seemed to have emerged from the own entrails of Hell: Arnaud Amalric, abbot of Cîteaux, mother monastery of the Cistercian Order. The army of Satan, composed by three hundred and fifty thousand crusaders, promptly found themselves sieging the little fortified city of Béziers; extermination sentence would be finally accomplished! Hours later, the defenders yielded a gate, and the infernal troops are disposed to conquer the area; the military Leaders interrogate Arnaud Amalric about the mode to distinguish the Heretics from the Catholics, to what the Abbot of Cîteaux responded –«Kill them, kill them all. The Lord will recognize His own»–.

Noble and commoners, women and children, men and older men, Catholics, and Heretics, the totality of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Béziers were decapitated or burnt in the next moments. The corpse of Béziers is the Eucharistic Lamb of the Crusaders' Communion, the Sacrament of Blood and Fire that constitutes the Sacrifice to Creator God One Jehovah Satan. Punishment of the Creator God, Sentence of the White Fraternity, Sanction of the Swarthy Atlanteans, Expiation of the Priests, Golem Vengeance, Hebrew Lesson, Catholic Penance, the slaughter of Béziers is archetypal: have been and will be, always, when the populations of Pure Blood try to recover their Hyperborean Heritage; until the Final Battle.

After Béziers fell Carcassonne, five hundred Heretics were burnt, disposed the autochthonous prelates, and Viscount Raymond Roger was captured and humiliated.

Peter II reached to Carcassonne to intercede for his vassal and friend without obtaining anything of the papal legacy: this impotence gives an idea of the power acquired by the Church, in those centuries, about the «Temporal Kings». King Aragon withdrew then, and he concentrates on the other Crusade, which is being carried out simultaneously: the struggle against the Muslims of Spain; he believed that participating from this prowess his honor would not involve, as would be the case if he intervenes in the repression of his subjects. Nevertheless, the lack of honor was already huge because he abandoned them in the hands of his worse foes. While the Golem Crusade was exterminating the Cathars castle by castle and sought to destroy the County of Tolosa, Peter II faced with success to the Muslims in the re-conquest of Valencia.

He returned, finally, to Narbonne, where he gathered with the Cathars Counts of Tolosa and Foix, and with the military leader of the Crusade, Simon of Montfort, and the papal legacies. Once again, he didn't obtain anything, but this time his catholic condition was questioned. He was threatened with the ex-communication; he ended with accepting the indiscriminate repression and confirmed the rapine effectuated by Simon. He agreed that those titles would be transferred if the Counts of Tolosa and Foix did not apostatize from Catharism. Therefore, Peter II believed that the Crusade only achieved the end of the «heresy» and that his sovereignty over Languedoc would not be questioned. Is in this way that, as «proof of good faith», was arranged the marriage of his son James with the daughter of Simon de Montfort. But James, the future King of Aragon James I the Conqueror, had only two years; Peter II gave him to Simon for his education, i.e., as a hostage, and he rushed to situate him behind the walls of Carcasonne.

Then, Peter II joined in the fight against the Almohads, with the King of Castile Alfonso VIII, and remained two years dedicated to Spain's Re-conquest. After complying a prominent role in the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, he returned to Aragon, where the joyless surprise that the Crusaders of Christ have distributed his lands and threaten to request the protection of the King of France: Arnaud Amalric, the Abbot of Cîteaux, was now «Duke of Narbonne», and Simon de Montfort «Count of Tolosa». Ended in 1212, when Peter II claimed Innocent III about the action of the open conquest that the Crusaders are carrying out in his country; the Pope tried to entertain him to give time for the Golems to complete the annihilation of Catharism and the destruction of the civilization of Oc. But, before the insistence of monarch of Aragon, he ended to show his real game and excommunicates him. So, Innocent III, who in 1204 crowned him and named gonfaloniere, i.e., major «alférez» of the Church, now considered that he was also a heretic: but would be a naivety that the Golems, only interested to accomplish the satanic White Fraternity plans, would have acted in a different mode. Suddenly Peter II understood all and marched with an improvised army to succor Earl Raymond VI in the site of Tolosa. However, it was too late to fight against the Infernal Powers: *who have lived closing the eyes to the*

Truth have become weak to sustain the gaze of the Great Deceiver. Peter II reacted, but his forces are just enough to die. Is what he did in the Battle of Muret against Simon de Montfort, in September of 1213: he died incomprehensibly, in the middle of a huge strategic disaster, in which results destroyed the army of Aragon and definitively buried the last hope of the Occitan Cathars.

Twenty-Second Day

As Tartessos, as Saxony, as the country of Oc, Pure Blood populations would have to pay a hard tribute for opposing the Hyperborean Wisdom to the Cult of God the One. The Crusade against the Cathars and other «Heretics of Languedoc» would go on, with some interruptions, for thirty years more; thousands of Occitan would end in the stake, but at the end, the country of Oc would go returning slowly to the Mother Church. In 1218, Simon Montfort died during a siege in Tolosa, that had been re-conquered, by Raymond VII. His son Amaury, lacking the vocation of Golem Executioner which Simon possessed in great level, ends to sell the county of Tolosa's rights to the King of France Louis VIII, with which the Capetians legalize the intervention and would conclude to conserve all the country. But this was not casual: the Frank occupation of Languedoc would constitute an imperative objective of the Golem Strategy, mainly because it would allow prohibiting the wonderful language of Oc, the «language of the heresy», in favor of the Medieval French, the language of the Benedictines, Cluniacs, Cistercians, and Templars. Such linguistic substitution would be the coup of grace for the troubadours' culture, as the stakes had been for Catharism.

Added to the destruction of the civilization of Oc the rest of great works realized by Innocent III during his ecclesiastical reign, it is understood that when he died, in 1216, he had supposed that the White Fraternity plans were just to be fulfilled: the guarantee of it, the instrument of the universal domination, would be the young Emperor Frederick II, who in those days totally agreed with the Golems strategy. However, Frederick II would surprisingly change of attitude and would give a mortal strike to the White Fraternity plans: and the main cause of that change, of that spiritual manifestation that emerged from his Pure Blood and transformed him in a Lord of Lords, was the effective Grail's presence of Kristos Lucifer.

The Cathars, indeed, paying the cruel price of extermination that the Benedictine Golem had condemned them, achieved in a hundred years to face an entire population of Pureblood against the Potencies of Matter. The Blood Pact in this way was restored, but it would not be possible to win in the confrontation because it was not yet the time to outbreak the Final Battle over Earth: the moment was propitious, instead, to die with Honor and to await in Valhalla, in Agartha, the sign of the Liberator Gods to intervene in the Final Battle which would come. But, even if the actual battle could not be won, the

laws of War demanded to inflict the greatest possible damage to the Enemy; and, in that case, the major disgrace in the Enemy plans would be produced by Manifestation of the Grail. For this reason, the Cathars, even by the fierce persecutions of the Crusaders and Golems that were decimating them, and the frightful mass killings of believers, were working without intermission from Montsegur to stabilize the Grail specially and approach it in a physical body.

It can be considered that the concrete results of such Hyperborean Strategy took place in the year 1217: then the physical Grail's presence performed the *tabula regia* and confirmed that Frederick II Hohenstaufen was the real King of the White Race, the only with the spiritual conditions to establish the Universal Empire of the Pure Blood. And in coincidence with the apparition of the Grail in Montsegur, simultaneously, Frederick II reached in Sicily the comprehension of the Hyperborean Wisdom and became a Stone Man: since that moment would begin his war against the «Popes of Satan», the «Anti-christs», as he denominated them in his libels; he also prohibit the transit and every economic or military operation of the Templars in his Kingdom, processing them for heresy. Is then when Frederick II affirmed openly that "the three Great Impostors of History were Moses, Jesus, and Mohamed, actually represented by the Antichrist who occupies the Throne of Saint Peter».

With the decisive and unforeseen action of Frederick II the delicate architecture of intrigues edified by the Golems started to crumble. But the White Fraternity and the Golems knew very well from where came the real attack and, further to clash in a direct struggle, and worthless, against the Emperor, they concentrated all their power in Languedoc which, thence, would become an authentic hell. It was urgent to find the magical construction that the Grail sustained and destroy it; it was then necessary to obtain the information as fast as possible.

The Heretics would not be sent to the stake immediately anymore: now was necessary to obtain their confession, to discover their secret places, the site of their ceremonies. For that mission was perfected the manner to *inquire* about the faith instituting the use of torture, extortion, bribery, accusation and threat. And as such work of interrogation of prisoners, who preferred to die before to talk, could not be realized anymore just by the papal legacies, they decided to entrust it to a special Order: the «beneficiary» of the enterprise would be the Order of Preachers, i.e., the founded Order, as we'll see, by Saint Dominic de Guzman.

Well, even by the effective task developed by the Inquisition with the capture and execution of hundreds of Occitan Heretics, the Golems belated twenty-seven years to reach Montsegur: meanwhile, by false information, for the existence of a reasonable doubt, or mere suspicion, they demolished, one by one, thousands of stone constructions in the Occitania, contributing to dilapidate even more such beautiful country. Nevertheless, the Grail was not found, and Frederick II carried out almost all his projects to debilitate the Golem papacy. Only in 1244 the Crusaders in command of Peter of Amiel, the Golem Archbishop of Narbonne, deployed before Montsegur and the Presence of the Occitan Grail came to an end: after that, the troops of Satan

occupied the area of Montsegur, the «Grail would disappear and would never be *seen* again in Occident».

Montsegur was conquered and destroyed in part; the Lord of Perella's family was exterminated, with two hundred and fifty Cathars that operated there; but the Grail could never be found. What happened with the Venus Stone of Kristos Lucifer? It was transported far away by some Cathars who were in charge of its custody. However, it is convenient to repeat that the Grail, for being a Reflect of the Origin, is Present in all the time and place from where is proposed a strategic disposition based in the Hyperborean Wisdom. It could be found again if the necessary conditions are given if exists the Pure Men and the Strategic Wall.

The Cathars, who achieved to sustain it as a *Stone* that is, as *Lapsit Exilis*, for twenty-seven years, decided to transport it before the fall of Montsegur. Five of those Pure Menem barked in Marsella towards the destiny that the Liberators Gods of K'Taagar signalized: *the unknown lands that existed further than the Occidental Sea*, that is, America. The ship belonged to the Order of Teutonic Knights, and they were awaiting them since time ago, by express order of the Great Master Hermann von Salza. Such evacuation was the only succor that Frederick II could give them, even though it had been awaited in Montsegur the arrival of an imperial garrison for a long time.

After crossing the Columns of Heracles, the vessel Constance penetrated in the Ocean and took the route that centuries later would follow Díaz de Solís. Four months later, before returning to the River de la Plata and the River Paraná, they arrived at a near region to the actual city of Asunción of Paraguay. The map that the Teutonic Knights employed came from the far Pomerania, one of the countries of the North of Europe which they were conquered by command of Emperor Frederick II: existed there a population of Danish origin which travelled to America and possessed a colony in the place where the Constance had reached; those Vikings traded with «certain relatives» who, according to them, had become Kings of a great nation that was located behind the high snowy peaks of the west: a country separated from the colony by massive and impenetrable jungles, that would not be other than the Inca Empire; in the Constance came some Danish who knew the dialect spoken by the settlers.

They found the colony in the signalized site, and there landed the Pure Men, to comply with their objective and give the adequate physical guard to the Grail through the construction of the Strategic Wall. The ship of the Teutonic Order departed, later, but the Pure Men would never return to Europe: instead, they worked for years, helped by the settlers and Guayakis Indians, until to complete an amazing underground construction in one of the slopes of the Cerro Cora. The physical Grail's presence was now assured because it had been referred to the construction that the spatial stability resulted enough to remain there for many centuries, until other Pure Men seek it and find it.

Naturally, the Templars, warned in Europe by the White Fraternity, didn't delay to start the persecution of the Cathars. They usually sailed to America from Normandy's ports, where they disposed of a powerful fleet because they needed to accumulate precious metals, especially silver, to bank the future

Financial Synarchy, metals that in America were obtained easily. Some years after the narrated events, the Templars fell in the Viking colony and all the dwellers were passed by knife; but the Grail, once again, not appeared.

The Golems would not forget the episode, and then, in full «conquest of America» by Spain, a legion of Jesuits, natural heirs of the Benedictines and Templars, would settle down in the region to localize and try to steal the Venus Stone. But all the quests would be fruitless and, on the contrary, the Grail's presence would be making feel in a compelling manner over the Spaniards dwellers, purifying the Pure Blood and predisposing the population to recognize the Universal Emperor. In the XIX, Dr. Siegnagel, an analogous miracle to the one that occurred with Oc's civilization was just to be repeated: the Republic of Paraguay was rising with own light over the nations of America. In fact, such a country had a powerful and well-equipped army, own fleet, railroad, heavy industry, flourishing agriculture, and an enviable social organization, with a very advanced legislation for the Age, which stood out the obligatory and free education: in 1850, the population was extremely proud of their Lineage and knew to admire their leaders' spirituality and courage. Of course, to the White Fraternity not resulted pleasurable the course that such society was taking, that would not agree to integrate the scheme of the «international division of work» proposed then as the model of the economic world order: such ordination was the previous step for the accomplishment in the XX century of the Financial Synarchy and the World Government of the Chosen People, some ancient plans which, as I have clarified, were frustrated in the Middle Ages. For the White Fraternity, the Paraguayan people were going sick; and the virus that affected them was «nationalism», the worst modern enemy of the synarchic plans.

The height of the situation occurred in 1863, *when the Grail appeared again and confirmed that the Marshal Francisco Solano López was a Pure Blood King, a Lord of War, a Universal Emperor*. Then was decreed extermination sentence against the Paraguayan people and the dynasty of Solano López. Thereupon a new Crusade was announced in all ambits: Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay will contribute the means and the troops, but behind those semi-colonial countries is England, i.e., the English Freemasonry, the Golem, and the Hebrew organization. At the head of the crusader army that now was called «allied», is placed the Argentinian General Bartolomé Mitre, a freemason entirely subordinated to the British interests. But the capacity to officiate as Golem Hangman demonstrated that the General Mitre exceeded the diabolic cruelty of Arnaud Amalric and Simon de Montfort widely: and is logic, due to the patience of the Enemy ended centuries ago and now pretends to give an exemplary punishment, a lesson that demonstrate clearly that the path of the spiritual and racial nationalism won't be tolerated anymore.

The war of the Triple Alliance started in 1865. In 1870, when the armies of Satan occupied Asunción, and the Marshal Solano López died fighting in Cerro Cora, War ends and leaves the following consequences: the population of Paraguay before War: 1.300.000inhabitants; population after the capitulation: 300.000 inhabitants. Bezier, Carcassonne, Tolosa, are children games

before 1.000.000 of dead, Dr. Siegnagel! And it is not necessary to add that of the 300.000 survivors, many were women, old men, and Indians; to the population of Hispanic origin, which was hardened and proud, was exterminated without mercy, house by house, in dreadful massacres that caused the delight of the Potencies of Matter. Once again, Perseus had beheaded Medusa. One million of heroic Paraguayans, with their Pure Blood Leader, was the sacrifice that the satanic forces offered to the God One in the XIX century, in such remote country of South America, where, nevertheless, was manifested the transmuting Grail's presence of Kristos Lucifer.

Twenty-Third Day

It is time now to talk about Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers. Dominic de Guzman was born in 1170 in the village of Calereuga, Old Castile, which was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Osma. Before his birth, his mother had a dream in which she saw her future son as a dog carrying in its jaws an ardent labrys, i.e., a burning axe of double blade. Such a symbol was vivid to the Tharsis Lords because they considered it a sign that Saint Dominic was predestined for the Cold Fire Cult. Thence the Tharsis Lords watched attentively during his childhood. Once concluded the primary instruction, they arranged an area for him in the University of Palencia, which was located in the zenith of its academic prestige. The motive was clear: in Palencia, the famous Bishop Peter of Tharsis taught theology, better known by the sobriquet «Petreño», who enjoyed unlimited confidence by part of King Alfonso VIII, of whom he was one of his main counselors.

What occurred fifty years before to his cousin, Bishop Lupo, was an admonition that could not be overpassed and due to this, Petreño lived behind the University walls, in a very modest house but which had the advantage of being provided of a small private chapel: there he had, for his contemplation, a reproduction of Our Lady of the Grotto. In that chapel, Petreño initiated Dominic de Guzman in the Cold Fire Mystery, and was so great the transmutation produced in him, that soon he became Stone Man, in an Hyperborean Initiate provided with great thaumaturgical powers and not minor Wisdom. Such deep was the devotion of Saint Dominic de Guzman that, it was said, the own Holy Virgin responded to the monk's prayers. He was who communicated to Petreño that he had seen Our Lady of the Grotto with a rose necklace. And Petreño indicated that such ornament was equivalent to skulls necklace of Frya Kâlibur: Frya Kâlibur, seen from out of Himself, appeared dressed of Death and wearing the necklace with the skulls of her assassinated husbands; the skulls were the accounts with Words of deceit; instead, Frya, seen from the depths of Himself, behind Her Veil of Death that represents her terrible for the soul, was the Naked Truth of the Eternal Spirit, the Virgin of Agartha of Absolute Beauty and Immaculate; would be natural that she would wear a

necklace of roses in which each sprout represent the hearts of those who she loved with the Cold Fire. Dominic remained vividly captivated with that vision and not stopped until he invented the Rosary, which consisted of a cord with of three sets of sixteen fixed small balls with rose petals, the sixteen, thirteen plus three, corresponded to the "Mysteries of the Virgin». The Rosary of Saint Dominic is used to pronounce orderly prayers, ormantrams that goes producing a mystical state in the devotee of the Virgin and finally turning on the Cold Fire in the Heart.

It must not surprise that I mentioned sixteen Mysteries of the Virgin and that today left only fifteen, neither the variation in the number of accounts of the Rosary, nor that today the Rosary is associated to the Mysteries of Jesus Christ and that the Mysteries of Our Lady of the Child of Stone have been occulted, because all the Work of Saint Dominic has been systematically deformed and distorted, as by the enemies of his Order, as by Traitors that existed in great in greater amount, inside of it.

Dominic reached to dictate the Sacred Writing cathedral in the University of Palencia, but his natural vocation for the preaching, and his desire to divulge the usage of the Rosary in the most remote regions of Castile and Aragon. This action stood out enough to convince the Tharsis Lords that they were before the right man to found the first Anti-Golem Order in the Church's History. Dominic was capable to live in extreme poverty, he knew to preach and to wake up the faith in Christ and the Virgin, he gave proofs of real sanctity, and he surprised with his inspired Wisdom: to him would be difficult to deny the right to gather those who believed in his work.

To make that such right not be denied by the Golems, Dominic needed to become known out of Spain to give the example of humility and sanctity. The Bishop of Osma, Diego de Acevedo, who shared in secrecy the ideas of the Tharsis Lords, decided that the best place to send Dominic was the South of France, region which in that period was frenzied by a struggle with the Church: the majority of the Occitanian people had converted to the Cathar religion, that according to the Church constituted an «abominable heresy», and without that the Benedictines of the Cistercian and Cluniac Order, so powerful in the rest of France, would have achieved to avoid it. With that purpose, the Bishop Diego obtained the Infant Don Fernando's representation to arrange the marriage with the daughter of Earl de la Marca, what allowed him to travel to France carrying Dominic de Guzman with him, to whom he had named Presbyter. That journey allowed him to get internalized in the «Cathar heresy» and to project a plan. In the second journey to France, once dead the daughter of the Count, and decided the mission of Dominic, both clerics travelled to Rome: there the Bishop Diego prepared before the terrible Golem Pope Innocent III the authorization to go around Languedoc preaching the Gospel and teaching the use of the Rosary.

Once obtained the authorization, both travel from Montpellier to preach in the Le midi cities; they made it barefoot and begging sustentation, not differing too much from the Pure Men that transited profusely the same paths. The humility and austerity are notably contrasted to the luxury and pomp of

the papal legacies, which in those days also travelled the country trying to put an end to Catharism, with the ostensible richness of the Archbishops and Bishops. However, they pick up proofs of hostility in many villages and cities, neither for their acts that the Pure Men respected, nor even for preaching, but for what they represented: the Church of Jehovah Satan. But such results were already disposed by Petreño and Diego de Osma, who had imparted precise instructions to Dominic about the Strategy to follow.

The perspective of the Tharsis Lords was the next: observing *from Spain* the open combative attitude assumed by the people of Oc to Priests of Jehovah Satan and considering the experience that House Tharsis had in similar situations, the evident conclusion indicated that the consequence would be destruction, ruin, and extermination. In the Tharsis Lords' opinion, the collective suicide *was not necessary* and, on the contrary, that only benefited the Enemy. It was also clear, that the Cathars were not warned completely about the situation, perhaps for unknowing the diabolic evil of the Golem, that constituted the Secret Government of the Roman Church, and for perceiving just the superficial aspect, and more shocking, of the catholic organization. But, even if the Cathars not supposed that the Golem, from the College of Temple Constructors of the Cistercian Order, they had decreed extermination of the Pure Men and the destruction of the civilization of Oc, and that they would comply that sentence up to its last details, was not less true that such possibility would not concern them at all: as touched by a mystical madness, the Pure Men had their eyes nailed in the Origin, in the Grail, and they were indifferent to the future of the World. And it was already seen how effective was such tenacity that allowed Manifestation of the Grail and the Universal Emperor, and caused the Failure of the White Fraternity Plans.

In front of the Cathars' intransigence, Dominic and Diego appeal to an external procedure, which could not be discouraged by the Church: they warn to whom wanted to hear, about the secure destruction that will guide them the declared sustenance of the heresy. But they not listened. To the believers, that constitute most of the Occitan population and that, as all religious mass, didn't comprehend the philosophical subtleties, they can't believe that Evil could triumph over Good, that's to say, that the Roman Church could effectively destroy the Cathar Church. And to the Cathars, who know that *Evil can triumph over Good in Earth*, they don't care about it because in every case are just variations of the illusion: for the Pure Man, the unique reality is the Spirit; and that Truth means the definitive and absolute triumph of the Good over the Evil, i.e., the Eternal Permanence of reality of the Spirit and the Final Dissolution of the Material World. In the year 1208 and, while the population is affirmed in these positions, Pope Innocent III announced the Crusade in reprisal for the death of his legacy Peter of Castelnaux. It was too late to make effective the preaching of Saint Dominic. However, the mission's main objective was to impose the saint image of Dominic and make known his aptitudes as organizer and founder of religious communities, was having success. In such a year, while Bezier and other Golem atrocities slaughter, Saint Dominic realized his first foundation in Fanjeaux, near to Carcassonne. He had comprehended immediately that the

Occitanian ladies manifested a special predisposition for the spiritual L-ove. Due to this, he established there the monastery of Prouille, which nuns would be dedicated to the children care and to The Virgin's Cult of the Rosary: the first Abess was Maiella de Tharsis, great initiated in the Cold Fire Cult, was sent from Spain to that function. And she applied then one of the strategic principles signalized by Petreño: to escape from the Golem control, in some measure, was indispensable to dismiss the *Regula Monachorum* of Saint Benedict. Henceforth Saint Dominic gave to the nuns of Prouille the Rule of Saint Agustine.

Of course, Saint Dominic and Diego de Osma not acted alone: they were aided by some Nobles and clerics that professed in secrecy the Cold Fire Cult and received spiritual assistance of the Tharsis Lords. Amongst them were the Archbishop of Narbonne and the Bishop of Tolosa, who contributed to that work with important sums of money. This last one, Genoese Initiate called Fulco, infiltrated by the Tharsis Lords in the Cistercian Order, and who would not be discovered until the end: in such days Bishop Fulco passed as a sworn enemy of the Cathars, defender of the Catholic orthodoxy, and he took advantage of that prestige to promote before the papal legacies and his superiors about of the Cistercian Order the monastic work of Dominic and his personal sanctity.

In the next years, Saint Dominic tried to carry out the plan of Petreño and founded a semi-secular brotherhood, to the type of the Chivalric Orders, denominated «*Militia Christi*», from which would emerge the *Tertuis ordo de paenitentia Sancti Dominici*, whose members were known as «Tertiary Friars». But soon this organization resulted ineffective for the searched objectives and had to be thought in something more perfect and of greater amplitude. For many years was planned the new Order, taking into consideration the collected experience and the formidable task proposed to carry out, this is, to fight against the Golem strategy. Collaborated with Saint Dominic in such projects a group of sixteen Initiates, coming from different places of Languedoc who gathered periodically in Tolosa, amongst them was the Bishop Fulco. Consequently, those speculations were decided that the most convenient was to create a «Hyperborean Circle» hidden behind a Catholic Order: the «Circle» would be a super-secret Society directed by the Tharsis Lords, which would operate inside of the new monastic Order. They concluded that only in this way would be obtained the searched objective with the principle of security.

Such secret group, integrated in the beginning just by sixteen Initiates that I've already mentioned, was called *Circulus Domini Canis*, i.e., Circle of the Dog or Hounds of the Lord. That name is explained remembering the premonitory dream of the Mother of Dominic de Guzman, in which his future son appeared as a dog who carried a burning axe, and considering that for the Initiates in the Cold Fire the «Dog» was a representation of the «Soul» and the «Lord», par excellence, was the Spirit: in every Hyperborean Initiate the Spirit *must* dominate the Soul and assume the function of «Hound of the Lord»; thence, the adopted denomination for the Circle of Initiates, which also had the advantage of being confused with the name *Dominicani* that is, Dominicans, that the people gave to the monks of Dominic de Guzman. It must be added that to be a «Hound of the Lord» in the Mystical of the Cold Fire is analogous to be a

Horse of the Lord, which means a «Knight», in the Mysticism of the Knight age, where the Soul is symbolized by the Horse.

One of the Initiates, Pedro Cellari, had donated many houses in Tolosa: some were destined to secret places for meeting the Circle, and others were adapted for their use of the future Order. When all was ready, it was arranged to obtain the authorization of Innocent III for the foundation of preacher mendicants Order, similar to the founded by Saint Francis of Assisi in 1210: to this Order, Innocent III had approved immediately, but the new solicitude came now from Tolosa, a country in Holy War in which everybody was suspect of heresy; and was necessary to act with caution; the plan was ambitious, but just the unquestionable personality of Saint Dominic would smooth away all difficulties, just as the own Saint Francis did; it must not be forgotten that the Golem controlled all the occidental monasticism from the Benedictine Order and that they were hostile to the creation of new independent Orders. The opportunity was presented only in 1215 when Bishop Fulco was convoked to the IV General Council of Lateran and took with him Saint Dominic.

There they stumbled with the closed negative of Innocent III, who, as it is known, only cede after dreaming with the Basilica of Lateran, threatening to collapse, was sustained in the shoulders of Dominic de Guzman. However, the authorization was merely oral, although perfectly legal, and was limited to accept the Rule of Saint Agustine reformed proposed by Dominic and to recommend the mission to fight against the heresy. After the death of Innocent III, in 1216, Honorius III gave the definite approval of the «Order of Preachers» or *Ordo Praedicatorum* and allowed its expansion; at that moment, it only had the monasteries of Prouille and Tolosa. In the first instance, entered to the Order all the clerics of House Tharsis that, as I said, were in the majority, university professors, carrying with them many otherwise and erudite of the Age. In a short time, because the Order became in an organization suitable for the high-level teaching, nonetheless, that the first general Chapter gathered in Bologna, in 1220, declared that it was treating about a «mendicant Order», with minor rigor in the poverty that the one of Saint Francis. Saint Dominic died in 1221, leaving the Order's control in the hands of an Initiate of Pure Blood, the General Master Blessed Jordan of Saxony. However: at that moment, the Golems were struggling to achieve the institutionalization of a systematic inquisition of the heresy that allow them to interrogate any suspect and to obtain the information conducive to the site of the Grail; if such institution was entrusted to the Benedictines, as was pretended, the end of the Cathar Strategy would be faster than the predicted, not giving time to Frederick II to realize his plans to dilapidate the Golem papacy.

Thence, the insistence and the eloquence deployed by the Dominicans to present themselves as the best-prepared Order to perform such sinister function; but the Dominicans had some real advantages over the Benedictines: they not only constituted a local Order, autochthonous of Languedoc where the Benedictines had lost influence long time ago, but they also disposed of monks with great theological instruction, appropriated to analyze the declarations that the inquisition of the faith demanded. The Dominicans disposed

of indubitable capacity of mobilization in Languedoc, and when the Golems were convinced that the new Order would be under their control and would allow the entry of their own inquisitors, they also approved the concession.

In 1224, Emperor Frederick II, who even being already confronted with the papacy, had clear the situation of Languedoc and the necessity to support the Order of Preachers, renovates through a new imperial law the old Roman legislation that considered the non-official Cults as «lese majesty», i.e., liable of death sentence: in this case, the law would be applied to the heresy repression. In 1231, notwithstanding that they were already working, Pope Gregory IX instituted the «special tribunals of the Inquisition». He entrusted its office to the Orders of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, in this last instance the Friar Elias, a secret agent of Frederick II in the Franciscan Order. The latter would be a general minister from 1232 to 1239. At the end, discovered by the Golem, he would pass openly to the Ghibelline side. However, prompt would only remain the Dominicans in charge of the Inquisition.

Two facts must remain clear when evaluating the step taken by order of Saint Dominic when accepting the responsibility of the Inquisition. One is that represented the minor evil for the Cathars, due to the repression executed directly by the Golem would have been terribly more effective, as was demonstrated in Bezier, and in that way would be achieved, at least, sabotage the quest of the Grail and to retard the fall of Montsegur, objective that was reached in great measure. And the other fact was that the Tharsis Lords were perfectly conscious that the Order would be infiltrate by the Golem and that they would open the doors to the most cruel and fanatic personages of the catholic orthodoxy. They would destroy without mercy neither remorse the Cathars and their Work: even so, the balance indicated that it would be preferable to run that risk and allow the Golems to be managed by their own account.

To the most fanatic inquisitors, that soon would act in the Order, they should not be hampered openly because that would alert the Golem. The tactic consisted, then, to subtly deviate to false clues or other forms of heresy. In the first case, in fact, the Hounds of the Lord achieved to, under the charge of «heresy», to liquidate in the stake the totality of criminals, thieves, prostitutes of Languedoc: they, naturally, never contributed with any information that could be useful to the Golem, even if they were obeyed to confess the heresy was employing torture. In the second case, the Dominican Inquisition produced an effect not desired by the Benedictine Golem, the one that they were capable of counteracting: justly, by the same reasons that the Hounds of the Lord could not avoid the Golems to exterminate the Cathars, this is, to not remain in the contradiction with the active laws, the Golem could not avoid that the Chosen People members be repressed, easily accused under the charge of heresy. And the Tharsis Lords had not forgotten the accounts that they had pending since the Age of the Visigothic Kingdom of Spain and the participation they had in the Arab invasion. In the subsequent intrigues to destroy House Tharsis, they had now in their hands, with the Inquisition, a formidable arm to return every hit. In this way, the Golem verified with unpleasant surprise that the repression of the heresy ended in many opportunities in the systematic persecutions of Jews, who were sent to

the stake with the same or major cruelty of the Cathars. That was, naturally, the effect of the occult task of the Hounds of the Lord, which unfortunately was not as effective as they wanted, due to, as the Cathars, the Jews Heretics had to be offered the possibility of the catholic conversion, what saved their lives, a thing that they used to accept without problems to converting themselves in Marrano or Anusims. In other words, they conserved their religion in secret while simulating to be Christians, aversely to the Pure Men, who preferred to die with Honor before lie about their religious beliefs.

In sum, time passed by, the Cathar heresy was giving way to the most reassuring catholic religion, the initial furor of the Inquisition was appeasing, and the Order of Preachers was completing unjustified fame of repressor organization with other fame more appropriated to the Spirit of its founders: the one of Order dedicated to the study, the teaching, and the preaching of the catholic faith. The Scholastic's great theological system is the consequence in high grade to the work of notable Dominican writers and thinkers, who in almost every case were not Initiates but were guided secretly by them. To develop that activity the Order was concentrated in two prestigious universities, the one of Oxford and Paris: will be enough to remember that professors as the German Saint Albertus Magnus or Saint Thomas Aquinas were Dominicans, to comprehend that the acquired by the Order was, completely justified. But were also the Dominicans Roland of Cremona, who taught in Paris between 1229 and 1231; Peter de Tarantasia, who did it from 1258 to 1265 and reached to be Pope with the name of Innocent V in 1276; Roger Bacon, Richard de Fischare, and Vicent de Beauvais, in Oxford, etc.

We must have present, Dr. Siegnagel, that the Tharsis Lords possessed the Hyperborean Wisdom and, in consequence, they worked according to the ancient historic perspective: they considered, for example, that in those decades of Golem influence were inevitable but that, finally, would pass: so *would reach the moment to expurgate the Order*. Because that was the strategically important: to preserve the control of the Order and the institution of the Inquisition for a future opportunity; when this occasion would be presented, all the force of the horror and the repression unleashed by the Cistercian's Golem, *as a hit of jiu-jitsu*, could be returned against their own creators; and no one would feel offended for that, especially in Languedoc. The weight of the Strategy, as is adverted, rested in the capacity of the Hounds of the Lord Circle to maintain in secret their existence and conserve the Order's control; that would not be because the Golem ended to suspect that a strange will inside the Order was frustrating all the plans of the Order. However, every time someone was near the truth, the Domini Canis executed him secretly, and they attributed the death to predictable acts of vengeance of the Occitan Heretics.

To these motivations purely strategic that animated the Tharsis Lords to work occulted in the *Circulus Domini Canis*, would be added the pure necessity soon to survive, because of the events occurred in Spain that I will begin to expose tomorrow. As will be seen, the destruction of the Templar Order and the failure of the synarchic White Fraternity plans would become a matter of life and death for House Tharsis. The last Strategy of the *Circulus* will take us

to that exoteric cause of the enemy plan's failure, that was Philip IV, and of whom I referred four days ago.

Twenty-Fourth Day

While the Order of Preachers was evolving according to the Tharsis Lords' plans, something terrible would happen in Spain: the return of Bera and Birsha. And that event almost meant, Dr. Siegnagel, the end of House Tharsis. I will show now, how the facts occurred.

Remember Dr., that the ancient Onuba, the major city of the Tudertani, was since the VIII century under Arab dominance, who denominated it «Uelva». In the year 1011, it was the head of the Taifa's Kingdoms, being its first sovereign Abu-Zaid-Mohammad-ibn-Ayub, followed by Abul Mozad Abdalaziz; but in 1051 was promptly annexed to the Kingdom of Seville until the year 1241. As I already explained, during those centuries of Arab occupation House Tharsis survived without problems and reached an enviable economic power; the Turdes Village, which existence depended in the essential of the properties that the Tharsis Lords exploited in the region, had grown and prospered a lot, counting in that time with some 3.500 inhabitants; apart of the direct nucleus of the family Tharsis-Valter, that lived in the seigniorial residence and was composed of some fifty members, in the Turdes Village lived many families of the lineage of House Tharsis but of collateral bloodlines. So, in the year 1128, when Bera and Birsha were celebrating the Golem Council of Mozon, the Kingdom of Huelva was subordinated to the Taifa of Seville.

The King of Castile and Leon, Ferdinand III the Saint, reconquered Seville in 1248, but he died there in 1252; his son Alfonso X the Wise ends the campaign conquering in 1258 the Algarve and the regions of Huelva and Niebla. The King gave this region as dowry of his natural daughter Beatriz, who joined it to the Portugal's crown when she married Alfonso III. As such annexation affected the ancient rights that House Tharsis had over the region, Portugal's crown compensated the Knight Odelion of Tharis Valter with the title of «Count of Tarseval». In reality, the Armorial Achievement that Portugal gave to House Tharsis was engraved with the legend «Con. Tars et Val. » with which was abbreviated the title of «Count of Tharsis and Valter»; the subsequent direct lecture ended to agglutinate the syllables of the abbreviation and to form such word «Tarseval» that identified House Tharsis in the next centuries. The blazon's design was the product of a hard negotiation between Odielion and the Portuguese heralds. The new Count imposed his perspective appealing to the language's difference and a whimsical explanation of the requested emblems. Assuming that in the ancient Lusitania no one remembered House Tharsis, they claimed the printmaking of many familiar Symbols in the Armorial Achievement: and they went accepting, in this manner, the presence of the rooster as «representations of the Holy Spirit in the left and right sides of the Arms of Tharsis»;

the barbel unicorn, chimerical animal, as the «Symbol of the Demon that surrounds the umbilicus of House Tharsis», and the fortress of the umbilicus as «equivalent to the ancient property of House Tharsis»; the rivers Odiel and Tinto as «part of the country and necessary to define the scene»; etc.; and, finally, they included the image of the Wise Sword as «expression of the Lady, in that time the Virgin of the Grotto, to whom the Knights of Tharis were consecrated»; on the blade, the heralds engraved War cry of the Tharsis Lords: «*Honor et Mortis*». The next King of Castile and Leon, Sancho IV, reintegrated the region of Huelva to the crown of Castile and installed as Lord to D. Juan Mate de Luna, but he assimilated the Title and the Arms of House Tharsis to that Kingdom. As we will see right now, the County of Tarseval, a victim of a great mortality years before, was feudalized by a Catalan Knight, who had given rights of his rising Mediterranean County to exchange those further Andalusian shires.

More than a century had lapsed since Bera and Birsha ordained the Golem to execute two missions: to comply with the Cathar's extermination sentence and edify a Templar Castle in Aracena. The first «mission», as was seen, was carried out with neatness by the Cistercian's Golem; about the second, instead, was no advance yet. While Ferdinand III the Saint reconquests Seville in 1248, his son Alfonso X the Wise seizes in 1258 the Algarve and Huelva, and King Sancho II of Portugal, a short time before his death in 1248, he conquered Aracena, a region that passed to integrate the Crown of Castile in 1252. It can be assumed the urgency with which acted the Templars since the exact moment in which Huelva was reconquered. In 1259, they had obtained a certification from Alfonso x that authorized them to «occupy a property in the mountain range of Aracena and to fortify it conveniently, for the effects to shelter and defend the garrison of two hundred Knights». However, a few years before the emission of such certification, the Templars had localized the Cave of Odiel, once charted the plans, and excavated the castle's foundations. All the mountain ranges of Aracena remained under Templar control, including Aracena and many minor villages. But the Chosen People members who accompanied the Templars in the enterprise didn't come to an unknown place: the name of Aracena, in fact, comes from the Hebrew root Arai, which means mountains, being Arunda, the mountainous, synonymous of Aracena. This curious etymology has nothing mysterious if it is thought that the village was founded by the Jewish traders who travelled with the Phoenicians during the occupation of Tharshish, a thousand years before the actual Age. Later it was called Arcilasis by Ptolemy; Aracena by the Greeks; and Vriato, which resisted it to the Roman legions, denominated it Erisana. For the Arabs was Dar Hazen and, due to horrible food that the Saracens made when the Christians took by surprise the village, the Moorish Aracena.

Since 1259, were dispatched troops to Aracena from many regions of Spain and even France, by luck that during the construction remained two thousand Knights camped, assisted by three thousand servant brothers. Such forces were distributed around the Hills and performed a rigorous surveillance to avoid that the near dwellers could get closer to watch the works. The Mates of Solomon, the mason guild controlled by the Cistercians, concurred to the request of Great Master due to, even if the Order of the Temple counted with their own division specialized in the military constructions, «this» fortress would have something different. In the first place, it had to possess a great church. In the second term, that church would need to have a secret entrance communicated with its ships with the underground Cave: So, it was indispensable, the assistance of the College of Temple Constructors.

The College entrusted the edification of the church to the Master Pedro Millán. This one was authorized by the fiery Golem Pope alexander IV, the same who in those moments excommunicated Manfred de Swabia and procured extermination of the Hohenstaufen and the ruin of the Ghibelline party, to consecrate the church to the cult of the Sorrows. Such dedication, of course, was not causal, but it obeyed to the Golem plan of substituting to the Virgin of Agartha, the Divine Atlantean Mother of Navutan, for a Jewish Virgin Mary, who cried, distempered her Heart of Fire due to the pain of the crucifixion of her Son Jesus: *the Virgin of Agartha, on the contrary, didn't cry either experienced any pain in her Heart of Ice when his Son of Stone crucified himself in the Tree of Terror and died, but she rejoiced and shed Her Grace over the incarcerated Spirits because his son had died as the bravest White Warrior who faced the Illusion of the Potencies of Matter*. The celebration of the Cult to the Virgin of Sorrows was instituted, as could not had been in another way, by the ineffable Golem Pope Innocent III when he introduced the sequence *Stab Mater* in the mass of the Sorrows, the Friday of the Passion of Jesus Christ. The Master Pedro Millán raised, then, for the Templars, the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, patroness thence of Aracena, a consecration that contrasted openly with the Virgin of the Grace and Happiness, Our Lady of the Grotto, who was venerated in the neighboring Seigniory of Tharsis, or Turdes. When the Temple was finished, it was deposited in her altar the image of Our Lady of the Greatest Sorrow, which is still conserved, and received from Urban IV the hierarchy of Order of the Temple's Priorate.

Simultaneously, it was feverishly worked in the castle's construction, elevated with the Church, to 700 mts., fencing with walls and pits an adjacent area of a mudéjar tower. Five years later, the church and the Castle were finished. As the Constructors Brothers of Solomon, the surplus troops were withdrawing serenely from the zone; nevertheless, they would pass many years before the local villagers would dare to get closer to the Hill of the Castle of Aracena.

But that task was not all that the Templars undertook against House Tharsis in those years: the Castle of Aracena was an obligation imposed by the immortals, to which they had given loyal accomplishment. Now they would wait patiently for the return of Bera and Birsha to make that they use it in their plans. But this patience didn't mean immobility; on the contrary, once reconquered the regions in the power of the Arabs, the Order launched a campaign of occu-

pations in all the country of Huelva, either seating garrisons in the fortress and rescued cities, or building new churches and fortifying areas. The distribution of those occupations would not occur arbitrarily, but it obeyed to a rigorous planification, which objectives never lost the necessity to surround House Tharsis and conspire against the Blood Pact. To remember only the most important sites of those deployments, it is worthy to mention the cession obtained over the Convent Saint Mary of La Rábida, in Palos de la Frontera, in front of Huelva, from which I will talk again. Or the complete possession of Lepe, the ancient Leptia of the Romans, situated six kilometers from Catarya, with the clear purpose to control the mouth in the River Piedras, from where they supposed that the Tharsis Lords could navigate secretly. Or the suspicious interest to reside in the insignificant Trigueros, 25 kilometers from Valdeverde del Camino, very near to Turdes, where they constructed a parochial Church that still exists: is due to Trigueros, ancient Roman population, is nestled in the middle of a fertile and extensive campaign which constituted in remote times the heart of the Iberian Tartessos; on its fields, were widely disseminated tens of dolmens and menhirs, the heritage of the Blood Pact, that the Templars were dedicated in those days to destroy prolixly. Only one Dolmen was saved in the Village de Soto, that can be visited today, due to the Lords Moyano de la Cera, of the Blood of Tharsis and traditional candy and honey makers, prevented the Knights of Satan to fulfill their infamous mission: the Village de Soto is located 5 kilometers from Trigueros and the Dolmen is in the «Cave of Zancarrón de Soto».

In House Tharsis, as is logic, such movements not passed unnoticed and obeyed to the Tharsis Lords to take some precautions: they fortified also the Turdes Village and the Seigniorial Residence, because they believed that the Golem were preparing to outbreak a Crusade against them claiming some heresy, perhaps denouncing the The Virgin's Cult of the Grotto; and placed themselves in the area a force of five hundred almogavars and fifty Knights that was the maximum permitted to arm the Count of Tarseval for other purposes that weren't reconquer. Unfortunately, nothing of these would be necessary, but the Tharsis Lords didn't achieve, once again, to prevent the diabolic plans of Bera and Birsha.

To all this, you will wonder Dr. Siegnagel, what happened with the Wise Sword, since the day in which Tartessos fell, and the Vrayas occulted it in the Secret Cavern. The answer is simple: it remained in the Cavern all the time, that is to say, for some 1700 years until this moment. It was carried out, in this manner, the vow that Stone Men made: the Wise Sword would not be exposed at the light of the day again until the opportunity to leave not appears until a future Stone Man could see reflected on the Venus Stone the Lytic Sign of K'Taagar. For it, the Tharsis Lords established that a Guard had to remain perpetually with the Wise Sword, which was not always possible due to only a few Initiates entering the Secret Cavern. As you will remember Dr., the secret entrance was sealed by the Navutan Runes since the Age of the White Atlanteans and resulted impossible to localize it by anyone who was not a Hyperborean Initiate, that's to say, Initiated in the Pure Blood Mystery, by the Stone Men, by the Wise Warriors. However, except for a few and obscure periods,

House Tharsis never stopped producing Initiates capable of performing the Guard of the Wise Sword.

But they were not such numerous as in the times of Tartessos, when the Cold Fire Cult was practiced at the Light of the Moon and existed a College of Hierophants; in the next centuries, it had to be occulted the Truth of the Cold Fire to the Romans, Visigoths, Arabs, and Catholics, being reduced the celebration of the Cult to the strictly familiar ambit: even, inside of such reserved familiar ambit, it had to be called only those who demonstrated a convenient *gnostic predisposition* to face the Cold Fire Test, which in nothing had changed and continued being as terrifying and mortal as before. Except for those periods that I have mentioned, during which no member of House Tharsis was capable of entering in the Secret Cavern, the usual was the minimum formation of two Initiates by century, in the worst Ages, and of five or six in the most proliferate.

If the Initiate was a Lady of Tharsis, it was given to her the title of «Vraya», in remembrance of the Iberian Guardians. If he was about a Knight, he was called Noyo, which had been the name, according to the White Atlanteans, of the Hyperborean Pontifexes that in Atlantis guarded the *Ark*, it means, the Basal Stone, of the Infinite Stairway, that they knew to build and that guided to the Origin. It is obvious that to comply with the vow of Stone Men, Noyos and Vrayas had to become in hermits, that's to say, they had to dwelling the Secret Cavern and remain all the possible time with the Wise Sword. No one could serve them because nobody, but them, could enter the abode. But such loneliness lacked importance for the Initiates: the renounce and the sacrifice that demanded the function of Guardian of the Wise Sword were considered a High Honor to the Tharsis Lords.

According to what was referred by who had entered from the Secret Cavern, the work realized for many centuries by the Initiates that remained there had gifted the site of some amenities. In fact, even though the beginning was agreed not to introduce cultural objects, the truth is that Noyos and Vrayas were carving the Cavern's Stone patiently and modeled chairs, tables, beds, altar, and a representation of the Cold Fire Goddess. And in front of the Countenance of Pyrene, burnt once again the Flame of the Perennial Lamp.

But the Countenance of the Goddess not emerged this time from a Menhir but was sculpted over a giant green stalagmite. Neither existed a mechanism to open the Eyes because they had been deeply excavated and were always unlocked, ready to reveal to the Infinite Blackness Initiates. In front of the Countenance was the altar, which consisted of a cubic column topped by two echelons: the surface of the superior echelon reached to the chin of the Goddess and, over it, was a vertical hole in which was introduced the hilt of the Wise Sword up to the quillon, in such manner that the same remained straight and aligned with the Nose of the Goddess, as if it were an axis of symmetry of the Countenance; thus, the Venus Stone, that was crimped in the cross guard of the hilt, appeared in the center of the scene, disposed of for the contemplation. Under the surface of the bottom echelon, under the hilt level, was place the Perennial Lamp. Such section of the Secret Cavern had form of semi-spherical nave, being the stalag-

mite with the Countenance of Pyrene in a near extreme to the wall of the stone; this appeared gushed of lava and salts, while in the roof was presented bristly of greenish stalactites. On the contrary, the floor had been carefully cleaned from protuberances and leveled, in such manner that it was possible to put comfortably in front of the Countenance of the Goddess and contemplate, as well, the Perennial Lamp and the Wise Sword with the Venus Stone.

The necessary nourishment to subsist was provided by the Tharsis Lords, maintaining always filled the pantry of a Chapel that existed at Hill Candelaria's foot. Such Chapel, which had been constructed for the indicated purposes, remained locked most of the year and was only visited by the Tharsis Lords who went there to pray in major loneliness. Therefore, they took advantage of it to deposit the victuals in a small hindquarter, which unique door guided to the Hillside. The Initiates descended there furtively, in night preferably, many times in the year to provide themselves with food. They usually found a sumpter in the adjoining farmyard, which they used to carry the lumps up to the secret entrance. They were liberated later because the animal returned meekly to the hedge. But in other opportunities the Tharsis Lords awaited in the Chapel entire weeks until they coincided in some of those nocturnal visits: then, in the middle of the joy and reunion, Noyos and Vrayas received news from House Tharsis; especially they inquired about the young members of the family, if one of them prepared seriously for the Cold Fire Test and if they noticed possibilities that he could overcome it. Nothing worried more to Stone Men and Kâlibur Ladies than to not be replaced by other Initiates that the Wise Sword remained without Custody. By their part, the Tharsis Lords inquired to Noyos and Vrayas about the mystical visions: The Lytic Sign of K'Taagar has not manifested yet? Have they received a message from the Liberator Gods? When, Oh Gods! When would come the day of the Final Battle? When the Total War against the Potencies of Matter? When would they abandon the Infernal Universe? When the Origin? It always occurred in a similar form until then. Because since the Castle of Aracena was finished, some tens of kilometers from the Hill Candelaria, a threat halo seemed to be spread through the entire region. It was necessary then to extreme the precaution measures to supply the Secret Cavern and were reduced to minimum the meetings with the hermits Initiates. In that time dwelling in the Secret Cavern three Initiates: an old Vraya, a woman of more than seventy years, who for fifty years never abandoned the Guard; a Noyo of fifty years, Noso de Tharsis, who until the thirty years was a Presby there in the Church Our Lady of the Grotto and now was officially dead; and a young Noyo of thirty-two years old, Godo de Tharsis, who realized the function to supply the Secret Cavern. But Godo, son of the Count Odielón de Tarseval, was not improvised in risk issues: taken since he was a child to Sicily by one of the Aragonese Knights who served in the court of Frederick II, he was a page in the Palace of Palermo and then shielded bearer of a Teutonic Knight in Holy Land; named Knight as well at his twenty years, he entered to the Order of Teutonic Knights and fought for five years in the conquest of Prussia; since seven years ago he was in the Guard of the Secret Cavern, although he passed for being still fighting in the North

of Germany. He was an expert warrior, who knew how to move with precision on the battlefield: his incursions in the Chapel were carefully studied, seeking to not be discovered by the Enemy. I clarify this to discard the case that this negligence was responsible for what occurred later.

The truth is that the Enemy knew such a place. House Tharsis members did not ignore this: according to the familiar saga, indeed, in the place where was the Chapel of the Hill Candelaria, the immortals Bera and Birsha had killed the Vrayas 1700 years before. Since then, the Tharsis Lords thought to change the provisioning point; but the intense surveillance they maintained in Aracena did not reveal any movement in direction to the Chapel and remained like this for the next four years. Every three or four months Noyo Godo descended from the mountain range by surprise and unpredictable and proceeded to transport the provisions to the Secret Cavern, and only once a year, he established contact with some of the Tharsis Lords. But the news was invariably the same: the Templars didn't effectuate any movement in such direction. But, even if they not acted now, they were there, very close, and their presence constituted a threat that was perceived in the atmosphere.

Naturally, the Templars didn't act because they were waiting for the Immortals. And they finally reached, one hundred and forty years after the murder of Lupo de Tharsis in the Fortress de Mozón. A ship of the Templar army, coming from Normandy, landed in Lisbonin1268 with the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Great Master of the Temple, and custody of fifteen Knights. The Great Master explained to Queen Beatriz that the expedition had for destiny the Castle of Aracena, where would be named a Provincial obtaining all her support and the subsequent authorization of King Alfonso III. The presence of Bera and Birsha was not noticed there because they simulated to be servant brothers and were dressed like them. Days after, the travelers took the ancient Roman road, which started in Olisipo (Lisbon) and Hispalis (Seville) and passed through Corticata (Cortegana), a few kilometers from Aracena.

Once in Aracena, the Immortals approved all that the Templar did, referring to the edification of the Castle. In the interior of the Church, the floor of the apse was the trap door that connected with the Cave of Odiel: in reality, the Cave was not exactly under the Church, but it was necessary to reach it by a ramp tunnel, which access was in a wood stairway in the apse. But Bera and Birsha overlooked the construction details because their major interest was focused on the Cave. They explored it inch by inch, for hours, speaking each other in a strange language that their four accompanists didn't dare to interrupt. They were the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Great Master of the Temple, both Golems, and two Templar Preceptors "experts in the Hebrew language", it means, two Rabbis, representatives of the Chosen People.

Apparently, the inspection had positive results; they divined by the Immortals' expressions because they were extremely serious in all what referred to the Cave and their presence there. In any case, they only made one request: the adaptation to some symbolic form, which they described with precision, the mirror of a small underground lake, which was fed by a trickle of minimum volume. Also, such affluent had to be momentarily interrupted diverting the

eroded watercourse of alimentation. And in certain places had to be distributed, around the lake, seven Menorah candelabrums.

Twenty-Fifth Day

The Immortals exposed the actual situation to the Cistercian Order, the Templar, and the Rabbis: The Supreme Lords of the White Fraternity, «*Ruge Guiepo*», and their Supreme Priest, Melchizedek, had received with displeasure the betrayal of Frederick II and his pretension to become a Universal Emperor. These acts debilitated the Papacy Power and avoided until the present to fulfill the plans charted by centuries by the Golem: the triumph was still possible, but it had to be worked with an iron fist; eliminate from the root every possibility of opposition. The Crusade against the Cathars had been a success that was too late to avert Grail's disastrous influence. For these reasons, Ruge Guiepo ordered, in the first place, to exterminate the damn lineage of the Hohenstaufen and to dislodge House Awabia from the Sicilian Kingdoms: such directives had been already communicated to Pope Clement IV. In the second term, the Blessed Lord sent to the execution the old sentence that was pending over House Tharsis. In the White Fraternity was not forgotten that the Venus Stone of the Tartessians could not be found until then; and now it was not possible to run the risk of a surprising apparition of a new Grail. The solution consisted in eliminating *ipso facto* to their possessors and possible operators.

The beloved of The One wanted that this time the Immortals mission would be approximated to perfection, and due to this he entrusted them, in an extraordinary gesture, the *Dorché*, His Divine Sceptre: with it, according to what explained with excitation the Immortals, all was possible. Such Sceptre, of metal and stone, formed part of a set of instruments that the Traitor Gods made for the Supreme Priests, when millions of years before they founded the White Fraternity and pledged to work for the maintenance of the Uncreated Spirit incarcerated in the animal-man and to stimulate the evolution of the Created Soul. With the Dorché, the word acquired the Word's Power, and the voice became Verb; all the created and named things by The One were sensitive to the Logos of the Scepter owner.

Of course, the name that the Immortals gave to the instrument was other, but the Frenchs translated it the best they could in the word «Dorché[1]».

In sum, the Elder of the Days wanted no fails in the Immortals' new attempt to destroy the Tharsis Lords, and he had gifted them with a terrible weapon: he had transferred His Power.

[1] Dordge in Tibetan.

What would do the Immortals with the Dorché? They would try to disintegrate the lineage's fundaments over the blood, over the message contained in the blood. And for it the needed a sample of that blood, a representative of the damned lineage by The One: to obtain such sample the Immortals would go personally due to, they clarified, the Tharsis Lords were terrible beings, to whom the Templars could not even dream of stopping them. For the surprise of the Golem, because the Hill Candelaria was many kilometers away from Aracena, they manifested their intention to travel by foot; but the astonishment was huge when they watched the following acts of Bera and Birsha: they stood up facing each other, separated by a distance of five or six steps, and they looked each other straight in their eyes without batting an eye; then they started to pronounce in counterpoint a series of words in an unknown language, to which they impressed particular rhythmic cadence; one moment after that, both made a prodigious leap which elevated them over the walls of the Castle. They were then in the weapon courtyard and, when they were thrown, they gained a major height than the walls, and they lost in the night. The Golem ran through the stairs up to the battlements and squinted indirection of the horizon; and they looked under the light of the moon, at a large distance, two little points that were fading away in huge leaps: they were Bera and Birsha advancing towards the Chapel of the Hill Candelaria.

Since the advent of Bera and Birsha, the facts occurred in a vertiginous manner, leaving the Tharsis Lords practically without reaction capacity. Just fifteen days, the Immortals had to wait in the surroundings of the Chapel of the Hill Candelaria: once concluded that time Godoof Tharsis, who inexplicably didn't notice the presence of his foes, was in front of them. When he realized that a few steps from him were those personages dressed in their robes of Cistercian monks, in an instinctive impulse he took his sword; but nothing else than this he could make with great rapidity Bera raised the Dorché, he pronounced a word, and an orange ray hit the chest of the young Noyo, throwing him many meters away. Then the Immortals took the unconscious body of Godo by the elbows, and after they repeated the series of words in counterpoint while they looked each other straight in the eye, they left the place realizing such huge leaps that allowed them to cross the kilometers in just a few minutes.

Bera and Birsha would lose some time trying to obtain the confession of Godo about the Key of the secrete entrance. With that purpose, they didn't kill him immediately, and they tried to do what they had already practiced other times without success. But this time, calmer, they concentrated in his psychic structure, trying to read in some memory the register about the manner to enter and leave from the Secret Cavern. Nevertheless, all was in vain again; neither the key seemed to be registered in his mind; nor the most refined torture achieved that Noyo released the tongue. To all this, the Tharsis Lords received the sad announcement of the disappearance of Godo.

Once elapsed twelve hours since he left the cavern, Noyo Noso comprehended that Noyo would not return, and he decided to warn the Count of Tarseval. Then he descended from the Hill Candelaria, and he went to the shore of the Odiel, where the Tharsis Lords had a little boat for similar cases: one hour

later, he landed two kilometers from the Seigniorial Residence. In this way, the Count of Tarseval knew that the Golem had kidnaped his son Godo.

If some day you decide to visit Huelva, appreciated Dr. Siegnagel, surely you would want to know the Cavern of the Miracles and the Ruins of the Templar Castle in Aracena. For it you will have to take the road that pass through Valdeverde del Camino, very near from the ancient emplacement of House Tharsis, until Zalamea la Real; there is necessary to bifurcate to a secondary road that goes up to the Mines of Río Tinto, which were exploited in remote times by the Iberians, and after twenty kilometers it reaches to Aracena. Of course, there's no touristic reason that justifies going by other path, at least it is desired to travel through better roads and if is continued from Zalamea la Real to Jabugo, that connects with the broad route which goes from Lisbon to Seville and follows the old Roman scheme from where Bera and Birsha came. But suppose it is not the motive and wants to enter into unnecessary complications. In that case, you can go through this last path and prepare to take a small carriageway, which deviation is at some two kilometers after the bridge over the River Odiel.

It is necessary to drive with caution due to the trail is usually careless, when not wholly impassable; there are a pair of villages of uncertain name and some farms bit prosperous, dwelled by hostile people to the strangers: if someone decide to enter through those places he should go disposed to all due to no help could be expected from its dwellers; it seems a lie, but seven hundred years later still persists fear for what occurred in the moments that I am referring to! It is not exaggerated, in all the region is perceived a gloomy climate, threatening, which goes increasing towards the North; and the villagers, more and more hostile or frankly aggressive, retain many familiar legends about what happened in the days of House Tharsis, although they take care well to not comment them with strangers. Fear lies in the possibility that the story could be repeated, in that the terrible punishment of those days could fall again over the country. For this reason, it is convenient to not with them, and much less make any specific question about the past: that would be a suicide; after thrilled of terror the interrogated, undoubtedly, would mount in wrath and that would attract other villagers; and then, if he doesn't reach to scape at the time, would be attacked by all and would be lucky if he saves his life.

After roaming some eighteen kilometers, very near to Aracena, is arrived at a tiny elevated valley, situated in the heart of the mountain range of Aracena. There exists a village which has to be crossed very fast to avoid the blows of stones of the children or something worse; is a population of the XV century and it not seems to have evolved much since then: the majority of the housings are made of stone, with the apertures masked with wood worked by axe, and roofs of uneven slates; and many of these housings are uninhabited, some of them totally destroyed, showing that an increasing decadence affects the village and that only the tenacity of the ancient families has prevented its extinction. Its name, «Alquitrán» (tar), was imposed in that Age and constituted a kind of curse for the dwellers, who never achieved to change it by others due to the persistence that neighboring villages have. The origin of the name is at

two kilometers ahead, near the end of the valley, where a colorless cartel expresses in Latin and Spanish «*Campus pix picis*», «Campo del pez», «Tar pits».

Logically, it is useless to search «the tar pit» there because such denomination came from the XIII century when existed much tar in that field, at least something similar. The name of the near population of miners, who founded it in the XV century, had to support the tenebrous name imposed by their neighbors, and they ended up accepting it without resignation. But, from where had come the tar which distinguished that lost valley within the Desert Mountains? That pitch, that tar, Dr. Siegnagel, is all that remained of the army that the Count of Tarseval raised to attack the Castle of Aracena and rescue his son Godo. In fact, in such valley, the Count Odielón encamped with his troops that overpassed a thousand effectives; fifty knights, five hundred brave almogavars, and five hundred men of the village. More than sufficient to attack and raze the Templar Castle, which just counted of a garrison of two hundred Knights; although the Templars had fame to fight three to one, nothing could do against forces five times superior. All that was required to end with the Templar threat, and rescue Godo if he was still alive, was to prevent that the Castle could receive reinforcement, and for it would be fundamental to dominate the surprise factor. For this reason, the Count Odielón decided to march towards Aracena through a cornice path which only the Tharsis Lords knew, and that passed for that valley where they went camping the nocturnal hours to appear by surprise at the dawn. But the dawn would never reach for these Tharsis Lords.

At eleven o'clock in the evening, Bera and Birsha began the satanic Ritual. Noyo was lying at the shore of an underground lake, still alive but fainted due to the received tortures and the multiple suffered mutilations: he had lost his hand and feet nails, the eyes, the ears, and the nose; and, as the last act of sadism and cruelty, they had cut his tongue «as a prize to his fidelity to House Tharsis and the White Atlanteans». Curiously, they didn't apply torment his genital organs, perhaps due to the devotion that those sodomite Priests professed for the phallus.

Even though the forty-nine candles, of the seven candelabrums, illuminated a lot the Cave of Odiel, the aspect of the seven personages that were present was glum and sinister: the Abbot of Clairvaux, the Great Master of the Temple, and the two Templar Preceptors, were involved in a taciturn funereal air; their stillness was such absolute that they would have passed as stone statues, if it were not due to the malignant brightness of their eyes revealed latent life.

But who would really infuse terror in any unwarned person that would have the opportunity to witness the scene were the Immortals Bera and Birsha: they were dressed with linen tunics, now hideously stained with the blood of Noyo, and they were wearing pectorals of gold studded in twelve rows of stones of a different sort; but what would impress the witness would not be the clothing's but the fiery of their faces, the hate that sprouted from them and which was propagated in the environment as mortal radiation; but it mustn't have to be thought that the hate contracted or twitched the faces of the Immortals. On the contrary, *hate was natural in them*; it could not be distinguished in the countenances of Bera and Birsha a single gesture that would indicate by itself the tremendous

and inextinguishable hate that they felt for the Uncreated Spirit, and to all what opposed to the plans of The One, due to their own were, entire, complete in their expression the *Countenances of Hate*, a hate that now would charge their sacrificial victims, the offering that Jehovah Satan was claiming.

If it is judged by the acts of Bera and Birsha, it was rather simple; but if are considered the catastrophic effects produced in House Tharsis, it would be necessary to agree that such acts were the end of deep and complex causes, the unknown manifestation of «Ruge Guiepo». In this way was developed ritual: while Bera was sustaining the Dorché with the left hand, and the arm outstretched to the level of the eyes, Birsha lifted the head of Noyo taking a handful of hair with the right hand and placing a silver knife on his ear with the left one; disposed in this way the scene of ritual, the head of Godo de Tharsis was suspended some few centimeters from the water mirror; then, a simultaneous action, evidently prearranged, Bera pronounced a word and Birsha beheaded Noyo with one skillful slew in the throat; really, the extreme of the knife had been supported in the left ear of Noyo and, when Bera pronounced the word, he uttered a perfect curve that sectioned the throat and concluded in the right ear: literally, Noyo was beheaded «*from ear to ear*»; the blood gushed and then it fell mixing with the water while Bera continued reciting other words without moving the Dorché; little by little occurred the first miracle: the water, that was barely staining with the blood, started to become red and to spread out until the whole lake seemed to be an immense clot; in that moment, a reddish luminosity was emerged from the water in form of steam, an intense resplendence, similar to the one that an incandescent oven would emit; when all the water was converted in blood, that's to say, when not a single gout fell anymore from the ensanguine corpse of Godo de Tharsis, Bera put down the Dorché and signalized to the lake while he released a lurid scream: then the color of the lake turned from red to black and its substance was transformed in a kind of pitch or dark tar; and there concluded ritual. It must be added that such substance, similar to the pitch, was nothing else than an organic synthesis of a human corpse, as it would be obtained after a geologic period of evolution of millions of years but accelerated to an instant with the wonderful Power of the Dorché. Then, such black pitch was the essence of the physical death, the last extreme of what has been life, and which is potentially written in the message of the blood.

But the blood is unique to each Lineage. Due to this, the consequence seemed by the Immortals black magic consisted in the propagation of that transmutation to the resting Lineage members, to those who participated of that damned blood, it means, to the Tharsis Lords. Repeating those as mentioned earlier, if it is judged ritual of the Immortal Golem by the catastrophic effects produced in members of House Tharsis, it must be agreed that it occulted a great secret relating to the power of the sound, the meaning of the words, and to the function of the Dorché. Because, in the same moment that the lake of blood changed of color and was transmuted in black pitch, the ninety-nine percent of members of House Tharsis exhaled the last breath. Only Stone Man survived, it means, those who had transmuted their human nature with the

Power of the Spirit. Of course, within them was Noyo and the Vraya, but both too old to procreate new Lineage members.

However, some hundreds of kilometers from there, other Stone Men were also living, and they would comply with the familiar mission. From the rest of House Tharsis, no one survived to tell it.

The almogavar sentinels who guarded the bivouac of the Count of Tarseval started to worry when they perceived the buzz; they could not say when it began, but the truth is that it had been increasing and now filled the whole valley. Nevertheless, when it turned audible, the rude warriors believed to recognize, extraordinarily, such sound was the exact tone, the oscillating sound *of a swarm of bees*, but amplified tremendously by some unknown and frightful cause. But the buzz, even being surprisingly abnormal and have gained intensity able to produce daze, soon was forgotten. The sentinels, in fact, warned that something severe would happen due to a terrifying scream broke the continuity of such impressive vibration; but, such scream didn't come from out but from inside of the bivouac, and it not consisted of in one but a multitude of laments that had coincided in one instant: the instant when the water of the underground lake was transmuted in the blood of the Tharsis Lords. Then, all Lineage members experienced a scorching heat a thousand times more powerful than Warm Fire of the Animal Passion: and they screamed with one voice. But no one would reach to help them due to minutes later he'd die «in the same moment in which the water of the lake turned in pitch».

In a few minutes, the buzz ceased completely and a sepulchral silence seized from the valley. And the madness began for the scarce two hundred survivors from the army of the Count of Tarseval: all of them were Almogavars native from the region of Braga, that's to say, of Celtic Race. The terror had paralyzed them initially, but those fearsome warriors were not susceptible to run in any circumstance. Instead, the dawn surprised them, deliberating grouped in the middle of the encampment: according to the customs, in the absence of the Lords or Knights, they would choose an Adalid amongst them. That charge fell over a subject which was as brave in War as simple-minded out of it; he was known as Lugo de Braga. This Leader was as perplexed as the rest of due to the sudden mortality and, after a prolix inspection through all the tents and places where Warrior had died, it was concluded that the cause of the evil was *an unknown pestilence*: the corpses, in fact, not present at the moment any sign which could reveal what type of had caused Death, but what doubts existed that it was about a pestilence? According to the criterion of the Age, only a pestilence was able to kill in that manner! Naturally, in the middle Ages the pestilence was feared as the worst enemy, a part of those that the Lords signalized as such and had to be faced.

The soldiers would have escaped then, but they could not abandon with impunity the presence of so many Nobles nor the Count of Tarseval because they would be persecuted through all Spain. However, they could neither move a corpse contaminated with pestilence; the correct, explained Lugo, was to overcome fear and give Christian sepulture to all the dead. Therefore, domi-

nating fear to the contagion that they suffered, the brave almogavars aligned the 850 corpses that would descend to the sepulchre; that had planned to excavate three kinds of tombs: a mass grave for the almogavars, other equal for the villagers, and individual tombs for the Knights. They were dedicated to that work, making the crosses, and rescuing the convenient to return to the barracks, when someone discovered the liquefaction of the corpses and released the first scream of terror: pix picis! pix picis!, that's to say, the pitch! in a few seconds everyone ran to the corpses, and they realized that an incredible process of organic disintegration was reducing them to a black and viscous liquid, similar to the asphalt, but from which emerged a swifter juice similar to the black bleach: from there the identification with the pitch, made by a startled almogavar. But such an abrupt process of decomposition of a corpse was much more than those superstitious minds could bear without relating it to sorcery and black magic. For this reason, when all ran away, this time very fast, to the mounts, many who fell prey of the panic exclaimed: *bruttia! bruttia!*, that's to say, tar! tar! And others: lixivia! lixivia!, it means bleach! bleach! And, the rest *pix picis! pix picis!*, the pitch! the pitch!.

When they reached the Turdes Village, Lugo de Braga encountered the amazing spectacle that the *pestilential* had reached before him. But there the havocs of the plague were tremendous: from the 3500 dwellers of the Village, five hundred died in the valley, with the Count of Tarseval, and from the rest three thousand only five hundred were alive, all coming from different regions and Races of the Iberians of Tartessos. What occurred had been analogous to what happened in the Count's encampment: first, the buzz, then the scream, realized with one voice by all the victims, and at last the horrible simultaneous death. It seems that the lye's transformation was slower there, but the symptoms were already exposed in the corpses. And no one knew if such pestilence was contagious neither its previous symptoms. Hence, Lugo de Braga decided to run from the region forever. Still, before, they did the most reasonable, common reaction of the Age: he pillaged the village with his two hundred companions.

The Tharsis Lords did not exist anymore, nor Knights or Nobles, to defend that patrimony. Lugo de Braga went to the Seigniorial Residence, and he plundered it thoroughly, bathe didn't dare to burn it as his people claimed. Then he left the country, taking the booty with him. Naturally, all of them would be persecuted years later for that crime, and many would end in the gallows. Although no one could imagine it then, when the pestilence attacked House Tharsis, some of them still remained alive that later would claim their own. With this exception, most House Tharsis members had died of the same cause and in the same calamitous night, in such distant sites as Seville, Cordova, Toledo, or Zaragoza.

Twenty-Sixth Day

Dr. Siegnagel, you will agree with me in that the Immortals almost had success executing extermination sentence against House Tharsis. At least Bera and Birsha thought it, who presumed about it before the Golem and Rabbis.

They were still in the Cave of Odiel. The lake brimful of pitch, was still bubbling, releasing sickening odors. In the first place, the fiery image of Bera exceled, the Immortal that the Golem called *Bafoel* and the Templars *Baphomet*, and they idealized him as an expression of the perfect *androgynous*. Without leaving the Dorché, he said in excellent Latin:

–Finally, the damn lineage of House Tharsis is extinguished. That will rejoice the Supreme Priest.

–You've contemplated a great prodigy; you have seen in action the Power of YHVH Sebaoth– affirmed Birsha in the same language.

–Is this, peradventure, the death of the Body?– he dared to interrogate the Abbot of Clairvaux.

–The Asphalt, the Pitch, Death, and Pestilence are one thing, We –answered Bera with security.

–Don't you recognize this substance? –asked Birsha to Rabbi Nasi.

– Yes, he affirmed. Is «*bitumen of Judea*», the same that contaminates the *lake Asphaltites*, which we denominate the Dead Sea.

The Golem and Rabbis knew that Bera and Birsha were the last Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah. And they also knew how they had obtained such high hierarchy in the White Fraternity: during their reign, in a moment of wonderful illumination, they discovered the Supreme Holocaust Secret of Fire. Then fell the Fire of Heaven which calcined these populations, and Bera and Birsha went to Chang Shambhala, one of the Mansions of Jehovah Satan and his Ministers, the Seraphim Nephilim. Thus, much before Israel's existence, when its seed was still in Abraham and no one offered sacrifices to the God One, they had been capable of giving their respective populations in the holocaust for the Glory of Jehovah Satan. The bitumen of Judea, the evident residue of their people's annihilation, avented for them to the region of the Dead Sea. But such Sacrifice allowed them to be received by Melchizedek, the Supreme Priest of the White Fraternity, who consecrated them in the Highest Grade of his Order. What Cult Priestural Pact would not desire to imitate Bera and Birsha?– Oh; thought the four present there, What would not give a Priest to dispose some day of an entire population to sacrifice, as undoubtedly Bera and Birsha did? That would be a sacrifice worthy of Jehovah Satan!

–What is Jehovah Satan's curse for those who don't comply with the Law?– asked Bera to Rabbi Benjamin.

–«I will send wild beasts upon you. I will smite you seven times for your sins. And I will send a sword upon you; and when you are gathered in your cities, I will send the *Pestilence* amongst you, I shall break the staff of your bread», synthesized Benjamin, repeating to Isaiah.

–Thus, is written! –Confirmed Birsha fiercely –That would be the punishment for our weakness, but it can also be our Force! You must think on it as

Bera, and I did millenniums ago, when the Law was not Written in the way you have expressed. Then, we were capable of comprehending the Supreme Holocaust Secret and carrying out it in Sodom and Gomorrah: for this reason, and by the Will of Jehovah God, now We are the *pestilence*. You must meditate about the Curse with composure, we advise you. Because only those who have the calm to contemplate the Beginning and the End of Time could understand the Supreme Fire Holocaust's Secret, the End of Humanity. But the reward of such knowledge means the Soul immortality, the High Priesthood, and the Power that you have seen us applying. Reflect on it, Priests: We, the six of us, are Manifestation of Jehovah, and us musn't break the Law. But we can induce the Gentile to do it to make that the Curse falls upon them, to produce the *Pestilence* amongst them: then will be possible the Supreme Fire Holocaust!

–In what consists?!–roared the Abbot of Clairvaux, unable to resist.

–There is the answer–Bera said, signalizing with the Dorché the lake of tar–. But this would be only comprehended by those who understand *that our war is between Stone and Bleach*. The Stone, placed at the Beginning of Time, is the Enemy; and Mankind, placed at the End of Time, is the Bleach, the Supreme Holocaust, and the Purification by Warm Fire that demands the Priesthood of Melchizedek.

Notwithstanding the immortals' insistence, no one of the four of them understood that they had revealed to them the Supreme Holocaust Secret. Matter of what was between the Stone and the Lye seemed very mysterious for them. Only Nasi asked:

– Are you referring to the death of the Final Judgement, the Burning Death of the Condemned?

–No! It is written that the flesh would not really die, even though the corpse is disintegrated in the tomb, because all men would resuscitate to be judged according to their sins. That will be possible because men exist in many worlds simultaneously, worlds that have been and worlds that have not been: but from those worlds will be extracted the corpse that will reborn, perhaps for a thousand years, perhaps for much more; some of them will be condemned, effectively, and will die definitely; but others will live again over Earth. Is not then, about that death which we are talking about. Really, we are referring to something much posterior and conclusive: of the *extinction of human consciousness.*

The End of Mankind will come when Warm Fire embraces all the worlds where men exist and the Soul of men and will only remain the Lye as a witness. In that moment, we, Manifestation of Jehovah Satan, will reach the perfection of the Soul, the Divine Finality projected since the Beginning. But not the Gentiles, who will have no reason to exist in the world anymore, due to the objective of their creation was to stimulate our perfection. *The Will of the Almighty will be the ashes cover Earth to produce that the Saltwater of Heaven and turn them into rivers of lye.* Listen well, Priests of the Almighty: as soon as Mankind be calcined, as soon you will approach perfection! Convert men in Lye, and you will consummate the Supreme Holocaust that the Creator awaits at the End of Time! – explained Bera, displaying notable patience.

And he continued speaking, because the four Priests had muted.–Is the Faith in the Final Perfection that the believers in Jehovah Satan will obtain by the Priesthood of Your Cult, which will make the greatest miracles. If you are capable of seeing the End you will anticipate the End, perfection will be in you, and the moment of the Supreme Holocaust would come: your unbreakable Faith in the Final Perfection, and the Comprehension of the End, will bring to the Present Warm Fire of the End, which will calcinate the imperfect men; and over their ashes will rain then, the Water and Salt of the Creator; *and the Abominable Sign which is in the Fire Stone will be cleaned with the Bleach*.

That's what occurred in Sodom, in Gomorrah, and in other ten cities of the Valley of Siddim, when Brisha and I reached the Final Perfection, and *we established the difference with the imperfection of their dwellers, achieving to make them exhibit their own degradation openly*: then the *Shekinah* of God descended, and the *Angels of God*, and fell the Fire of Heaven that reduced to ashes those senseless populations, and fell the Water and Salt of God; and appeared the Lake Asphaltites, the Sea of Bitumen of Judea, the Dead Sea; really, the *Sea of the Bleach*. That was Priests, our Holocaust to Jehovah God. But such Sea of Lye was insufficient to clean Sign from the Stone: such mission is reserved to the Chosen People of Jehovah Satan, to the Sacred Race of Him. Once they be enthroned over all the gentile populations of Earth when the whole of Humanity will be subjected to their World Government, will come the moment for the Supreme Holocaust. For it you must work without rest, with the Faith placed in the Final Perfection and the effort applied to fulfill the Universal Chosen People Synarchy! Only the Supreme Holocaust of all Mankind by the Chosen People's Priests will produce the lye that will clean the Abominable Sign in the Fire Stone!

All our followers, the Great Priests, know this Secret and they have consecrated their populations with the Sign of the Ash! Even the Brahamin Priests have anointed the Aryans with the Sign of the Ash, attempting to cover the Abominable Sign and waiting that the Grace of Heaven gave them the water to form the lye and clean the Fire Stone! For that reason, the ash has always been a sign of pain and affliction, *a sign of repentance and penance: Man anointed with ashes is who begs for Divine mercy, who kneels before the Creator and ask for the forgiveness of his sins, especially the greatest sin, to Be Himself before the Creator who is everything, sin that can be only cleaned with bleach!* The Chosen People members anoint their heads with ashes in the sign of penance, but the Priests of the Lambs add holy water to the ashes to create the lye of the forgiveness of Jehovah. But nothing will save men from the Fire Holocaust and from the Ashes and Lye of the Final Judgement! Jehovah warned millenniums ago against the false Priests who employ the ashes of the incense to give false forgiveness: *only human ashes constitute the lye that cleans the Abominable Sign. And Jehovah promised to convert in ashes the false Priests who do not respect the necessary Fire Holocaust!* Repeat, Kohens of Israel, the words of Jehovah!

Rabbi Benjamin repeated in the act.

–«And, behold, there came a Prophet of God from Judah unto Bethel, by Jehovah's command, when Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense, and he

screamed against the altar, by Jehovah's command, saying: Altar! Altar! Thus saith Jehovah: Behold, a child named Josiah shall be born unto the house of David, he shall offer upon thee the Priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee. Upon thee, Altar, man's bones shall be burnt, and the bones of the false Priests. And he gave a sign the same day, saying, this is the sign that Jehovah hath spoken: Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out». *{Kings, 13, 1}*.

–Thus is written! Only of human ashes is composed the lye that claims the Justice of Jehovah! And that are the ashes of the real penance, which Job employs when he *confesses* his sins unto Jehovah!

Benjamin didn't need more than a gesture to clarify the quote:

–«Then Job replied: I recognize that thou canst everything and that nothing can be with holden for thee. *I am* who hideth thy plans with senseless reasons. Therefore, I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. Hear, I seek thee, and I will ask and declare thou unto me. I have heard of thee only by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *Thus I recognize myself guilty, and I repent in dust andashes» {Job, 42}.*

–The Scarlet Heifer is the Symbol of the *consecrated* Mankind unto Jehovah for ritual Sacrifice of ash and bleach, for the elaboration of the lustra water! Jehovah said unto Moses and the Supreme Priest Aaron and imposed them the deity to sacrifice the Scarlet Heifer of Mankind to purify the Chosen People, deity that would be the perpetual Law for Israel! Remember it, Kohen!

–«Speaketh Jehovah unto Moses and Aaron: And who *burneth* the Scarlet Heifer shall wash his clothes in water, and bathe his flesh in water, and will be unclean until the afternoon. An Israelite that is clean shall gather up the *ashes* of the Scarlet Heifer and lay them out of the camp in a pure place, and it shall be kept for the congregation of the children of Israel to prepare the lustra water: *it is a sacrifice for the sin*. And who gathered the ashes of the Sacarlet Heifer shall wash his clothes and will be unclean until the afternoon. And it shall be a perpetual Law for the children of Israel, and for the foreigner that sojourned amongst them» *{Numbers 19, 9}*. Declaimed Benjamin without mistake.

– And how does Tamar purifies herself, who had been raped by her brother Ammon?

–«And Tamar *put ashes upon her head» {II Samuel 13, 19}* –Benjamin answered quickly.

–Only the lye will clean the Abominable Sign! For that sin there is no forgiveness or redemption except for the bleach: the repentance and penance or mortification of the haircloth are not enough! Only after the sprinkling with lustra water on the ashes, the penitent will wear the haircloth! Just as the Chosen People did when was attacked by Holofernes, who the Divine Judith beheaded! Benjamin referred to the quote:

–«All the Israelites cried with fervency to Jehovah, and all man of Israel, children, and women who dwelled in Jerusalem prostrated before the sanctuary, *they put ashes upon their heads and covered with hair clothes*, and they claimed with one accord to Jehovah» *{Judith 4,9}*.

–Now you will understand the meaning of this ancient Law! The *Elders of Zion*, said Jeremiah, have covered their heads with ashes as a sign of penance! And then, the Prophet, with Jehovah's words, speak to his Wife, Israel Shekinah, and warned her that it would not be easy to erase the stain of the Infidelity!

Very pleased, Benjamin recited the metaphor of Jeremiah:

–«Saith the Lord God, Go and tell this to the ears of Jerusalem: For of old time ye have broken thy yoke and thy bands; and saidst, I will not serve; when upon every high hill and beneath every leafy tree thou laid like a whore. Yet I had planted as the chosen vineyard, wholly a genuine seed: How then art thou turned into the misbegotten plant of a strange vineyard unto me? *For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much bleach, yet thin iniquity is dirty before me* – Oracle of Jehovah Sabaoth»– *{Jeremiah 2,20}.*

–The lamb also ordained to the Chosen People to repent in ashes and haircloth, but the Gentiles took the prevention to the letter, and they have supposed that it is so easy to take off the Abominable Sign. But, for their impurity, will be no other purification than to convert those populations in bleach, as we did to clean the stain of Sodom and Gomorrah! That was also foreseen by the Lamb! Repeat, Priest of the Lamb!

–«Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! For if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, *they would have covered long ago in haircloth and ashes. But I say unto you, it shall be less rigor for Tyre and Sidon at the Day of Judgment, than for you» {Matthew 11, 21}.*

–But once sacrificed the Lamb, his own disciples are repented in the lustra water!

– Yes,–affirmed the Abbot of Clairvaux–. During Lent, before the Resurrection, the penitents receive the ashes and the holy water. They repented of their sins, they confess, and await the salvation in the Final Judgement. Still, they don't understand that the Abominable Sign can't be cleaned in such a way, notwithstanding the Priest tells them, *«remember that you are dust, and in the dust you'll be converted».*

Here ended Bera, but Birsha added:–The moment of the triumph of the Created over the Uncreated, of the Being unto the Nought, of the Light unto the Shades of the Soul, is near! Soon the Synarchy will be a reality, and Humanity will remain at kneeling before the Power of the Chosen People! The time to blandish men to obey him to exhibit their imperfection and beastliness would have come, such primordial evil which he hoards in the depths of his Soul.

Will be the time to replace the Serpent of the Paradise for the Dragon of Sodom.

Remember Priests that the Temptation of the Serpent sinks man into the sin but leaves intact his virile function; and that the virile man can always ascend from the moral misery by means of War and heroism, and fall under the power of the Creation Enemies!

The virile man, the Warrior, the Hero, will delay the fulfillment of the Final Holocaust: but it will not be enough to prevent it, the massification and equalization of Mankind that the Chosen People Synarchy will exert over them,

and the vices and perversions which in it will prosper due to the Temptation of the Serpent, if man preserves his virility and becomes in Warrior and Hero if he disposes of the will to rebel against the White Fraternity plans, which is the Hierarchy of Jehovah Elohim.

The temptation of the Serpent of the Paradise nothing can do against that Luciferic determination to be and exist beyond the Created Beings by God the One: *only the Dragon of Sodom has the Power to remove from man his virility; and only we, the Pestilence, know how to convoke it!* Respond, Kohens: What is the Emblem of Israel?! In front of the unexpected question, Benjamin hastened to respond:

–Thus is written by the Prophets, that the Emblem of Israel in the Dove.

«The Sons of Israel shall walk in the wake of Jehovah: he shall roar like a Lion, and they shall come as a *Dove*», said Hosea *{Hos. 7 and 11}* because Jehovah had ordered, by Jeremiah's words: «Israel, be like the *Dove* that maketh her nest in the edge of the abyss» *{Jer. 48}*.

Continued Birsha, satisfied with Benjamin's answer:

– You must never forget, Priests that the Emblem of Israel is the Dove, because that symbol will signalize the End of Time! I said before that the moment of the triumph is near that the Chosen People Synarchy will be established soon: therefore, the Emblem of Israel will be imposed on men and would have reached the opportunity of our intervention. This will be made due to the White Fraternity decided it and was approved by Melchizedek, the Supreme Priest: in all the world, thousands and thousands of Priests, and followers of the Cause of Israel, will adopt this Emblem; only the virile men will resist, and they will try to escape from the social massification by means of the rebellion and war: they will try to found a New Moral Order based in the Aristocracy of the Blood, but they will be drowned in their own blood, and We will respond to the clamor of those who have the Emblem of Israel by sign, and we will release amongst man the *Dragon of Sodom*; and man will lose his virility and will be softened; he will turn *as a woman*; even when he could procreate, his will to fight will be debilitated by an increasing effeminacy which will be extended through all Humanity; perplexed many will confuse the sodomite moral as a product of the high civilization, but really, will occur that the Heart will dominate the Mind and will enervate the Will.

At the End, all will end accepting the synarchic way of life; and man will replace the Eagle for the Dove, War for the Peace, the heroic Risk for the passive Comfort. But such Peace of the Dove, that they will enjoy with the Chosen People Synarchy, will be the shortest path towards the Final Holocaust in which they will be sacrificed unto Jehovah Satan, to the Ocean of Pitch in which will be converted to clean the Abominable Sign in the Fire Stone! This is the «Pestilence» that the Curse of the Almighty assures for those who remain out of the Law!

Immediately, as though their minds would be strangely synchronized, Bera took the floor again:

– Yes, Priests! Let's make come to the Chosen People Synarchy, that Humanity will adopt the Emblem of the Dove, and We will return to bring the

Pestilence of the Final Death, Warm Fire, and the Saltwater of Heaven! But we will be predicted by the *Dragon of Sodom*, the Herald that will announce our arrival! You have seen the extremes of the process in this Cave: the blood, degraded with the water, and the water, converted in blood; and after the lake of blood, the *Pestilence* of the Final Death, the bitumen of Judea, the black pitch.

Tell me, Priests of Israel! what was the *first plague* that Jehovah sent to Egypt to impose the Cause of Israel?– The water was converted into blood! –said Benjamin.

– And what was the *last plague*, with which the triumph of the Chosen People was assured?

–The *Pestilence* amongst the Gentiles! The Pestilence offered the life's of the Gentiles unto Jehovah as a holocaust for coming Glory of Israel! The Pestilence did not touch only those who were stained with the blood of the lamb!

– And now respond, Priests of the Lamb! What will be the plague that the Third Horseman will bring, at the End of Time?

– The water will turn into blood! –answered the About of Clairvaux instantly.

– And what is the plague of the Fourth Horseman?

–The *Pestilence* amongst the Gentiles! Warm Fire will embrace them and the Pestilence will offer their lives as holocaust unto Jehovah for the coming Glory of the New Israel and the advent of New Jerusalem! The Pestilence will not touch only those who have the blood of the Lamb and hold the symbol of the Dove!

– And what will come after the Pestilence, which will be the *Last plague?*

– The complete destruction of Mankind in a Sea of Sulphur and Fire! – sustained the Abbot of Clairvaux categorically, undoubtedly inspired by the speech of the Immortals.

Bera clarified the meaning that should be attributed to those answers extracted from the Apocalypse of Saint John.

– Think it over, Priests, about these prophecies and what you have seen us making in this Cave: there will appear the Supreme Holocaust Secret. The Water, the Blood, Warm Fire, Death, the Pitch, the *Pestilence*, We: here's the Mystery. About how the Curse of Jehovah God, which is our weakness, can be our Strength. That was, and that will be. If you have understood us, you will make your words that Jeremiah uses to who are a part of the Law: they represent *our Strength* over the Gentiles!

–«Thus saith Jehovah; to whom are out of the Law: the captivity, the famine, the sword, The *Pestilence» {Jer. 15}*. – The Countenance of Rabbi Benjamin shined when he repeated the four forms of the Curse of Jehovah because now the Prophet's words were full of new sense.

– And you will know then–continued imperturbable Bera–what is our real *weakness*, Mystery that the Gentiles must never comprehend. And Benjamin added the forthcoming words of Jeremiah:

–«Jehovah Admitted to the people of Israel about the four classes of evil, be-

fore they would be *weak*: Be careful with the Sword, It can Kill; and the Dogs, they can tear; and Fowls in the Sky, they can devour; and the Beasts in Earth, they can annihilate» *{Jer. 15}*.

–Thus is written! –approved Bera.

– And against such weakness we possess for remedies, that the Gentiles must never know –completed Birsha:

Against the Sword, the Peace of Gold
Against the Dogs, the Illusion of Rage
Against the Fowls, the Illusion of Earth
Against the Beasts, the Illusion of Heaven.

That was more than mysterious, and the Priests remained momentarily mired in deep reflections. The Great Master of the Temple, notwithstanding, who until now had been quiet, was thinking in another thing:

–Oh, *Tzadik*!–He said–. Your explanations constitute the Brighter Light for our understanding, and many of us appreciate the privilege of hearing them. I'd not want to abuse of the favor that you have dispensed us, asking for clarifications that perhaps you musn't give; but I can't stop telling that our heart would be full of joy if you could talk something else about the Fire Stone.

– You say well, Priest; the Fire Stone contains a very big Mystery. I will talk about it, but we will be brief because *it is time to return to the East*. –Was evident that Birsha was speaking in an allegorical key because the Immortal would not leave until the next day –. But before we leave, we will also talk about your next mission, now that the Damned Seed of Tharsis died, and will be fruitful to do it in the mark of that Mystery. Have you brought the book that we requested?

– As you demanded, the book has been transferred here–affirmed the Abbot of Clairvaux –. It is in the castle library, under permanent custody of three Knights, who will kill to anyone who tries to get closer to it. We also brought from Clairvaux clairvoyant master sculptor, who awaits our call in his cell.

–Let's go up then, to the library!–ordered Bera, while he was hiding fearsome Dorché under his robe.

They ascended for the trap door that guided the Church Our Lady of the Highest Sorrow, and a few moments later, the six of them were in a hall that suite consisted of bookcases and tables covered with books and rolls. Many lecterns exhibited, opened, some enormous books of exquisitely illustrated pages by the Benedictine monks and constructed with tops embedded with gold and silver. Of a reinforced bunker with riveted fittings and voluminous lock, the Abbot of Clairvaux extracted the *Sepher Icheh*. He placed it over a major table, of inclined double flat well illuminated by a central candelabrum. At a sign of Birsha, the four Priests sat in front of the book while the Immortals remained standing, one on each corner.

– Open it on page 12, *Lamed*! –demanded Birsha.

It had only images; that is to say, it didn't have any text, apart from the words distributed on the images. In the requested page remained exposed the representation of the ten Sephiroth of the Creator One in the form of *Arbor Philosophica*. All were paying attention to Bera, who immediately took the floor.

Twenty-Seventh Day

As it is known, Dr. Siegnagel, the «sacred book» per excellence, for the Jews, is the *Torah*, which is essentially composed by the five books of the Pentateuch just as was presented by Scribe Ezra in the V century B.C., but this is the written Torah, T*orah Shebikhtab*, which must be considered as a profane Doctrine, exoteric, due to its real «Divine Wisdom», *Hokhmah*, is encrypted in the Writing and it can't be interpreted unbeknownst the cryptographic keys of the Kabbalah. Also exists an oral Torah, *Torah Shebalpeh*, which treats about these keys and constitutes the esoteric Doctrine of members of the «Kabbalistic chain», *Shalshelet ha-Kabbalah*. The main theme of the Torah is the Sinaitic revelation, it means, *Hokhmah* that Jehovah, *YHVH*, reveals to Moses in the *Mount Sinai*, and from this fact must, necessarily, emerges the Kabbalistic chain due to Kabbalah comes from the verb *Kabul*, which means *receive*. However, if the *Shalshelet ha-Kabbalah* begins with Moses, it must be remembered that he received two *Tablets of the Law*: the first just contained the revelation of the «Divine Wisdom», *Hokhmah,* object of the esoteric Doctrine of the Kabbalah; the second was an esoteric synthesis of it and was encrypted, as the whole written Torah. According to the Kabbalah, *the first Tablets preceded from the Tree of Life, that's to say, the Intelligence of the One,* Binah, *meanwhile, the second were taken from the side of the Tree of Good and Evil.*

The Tree of the Science of Good and Evil, whose fruit had eaten, was the cause of the expulsion of Adam from Paradise: –«*And Jehovah God said: Behold, Man is become as one of us, for knowing Good and Evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the Tree of Life, and eat, and live become Immortal: therefore Jehovah God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out Man: and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubim, armed with Flaming Sword, to keep the way of the Tree of Life» {Genesis3}*. Therefore, the second tablets are destined to those who want the redemption of Adam's sin but who still remain subjected to him; the first, instead, reveals *Hokhmah* to whom have elevated themselves above human condition, to the «adamic state», and deserve to gain the immortality that proceeds from the *Binah*, the Intelligence of the Tree of Life: they can only be, of course, the Highest Priests of the Chosen People. For this reason, Moses veiled *Hokhmah* to the population, and he only communicated it to Joshua. He transmitted it to the Elders of Israel, and he sealed the concealment magically, in such manner that they only could've found in the XII century A.C. by the Templars, who transported it to Clairvaux. Other Prophets, nonetheless, communica-

ted *Hokhmah* verbally to the Priests of the Great Synagogue, who continued the Kabbalistic chain. After Babylon's captivity, there were no more Prophets in Israel and Ezdras, the Scribe, presented to the Jewish people the exoteric Doctrine of the written Torah, based in the second Tablets of the Law. That Doctrine was sustained by the Priests of the Great Synagogue, who then were called Scribes, *Soferim*, until the advent of the Tannaim, from the I to the III century A.C. The great kabbalists of such period, amongst them stood out Simeon bar Yochai, named «The Holy Lamp», achieved to transcend the written Torah and to obtain Hokhmah again. Then, the Oral Torah was transmitted again by the Amoraim, and Rabbis, Rabbi, until the middle Ages.

Apart from the written Torah, three books can be considered as the most important for the Jewish kabbalists: the *Sepher Ha Zohar*, the *Sepher Yetsirah*, and the *Sepher Icheh*. The *Sepher Ha Zohar*, or Book of Splendor, was written by Simeon bar Yochai in the II century A.C., but the unique existent version since the XIII century is the translation to Aramaic effectuated by the Spaniard kabbalist Moses de León. The *Sepher Yetsirah*, or Book of Formation, is older, and the traditional Kabbalistic chain traces its origin to Abraham. But, by far, the most secret and mysterious book, as the most coveted by the kabbalists is the *Sepher Icheh*, or book of the Fire Holocaust, which is supposed contemporaneous of Adam and that proceeds, as the first man, from the Garden of Eden. The original book had been written in Paradise by the Angel Raziel for the instruction of Adam, and its content would be the own *Hokhmah*; such mystical book must not be confused, with the «Book of Raziel» written in the XII century by the kabbalist Eleazar ben Judah of Worms, and based in of secondhand news about the Tablets of Sapphire.

According to the rabbinical tradition, the real Book of Raziel, engraved *Tablets of Sapphire*, had been stolen from Paradise by *Rahab*, King of the Sea, and hurled to the Ocean; then, it would be found by the Egyptians and would remain for millenniums in the power of the Pharaohs. Moses would carry with him the exodus, and he would bequeath it to Joshua, from whom, following the Kabbalistic chain, would come to King Solomon. He would obtain his famous Wisdom, *Hokhmah*, by the interpretation of the Tablets of Sapphire the Book of Raziel, but, noticing its enormous power, he would hide it in the Temple in such manner that only the Golem Templars would find it within the ruins twenty-one centuries later. It is clear, Dr. Siegnagel, at the light of what I have already exposed in this letter, that the *Tablets of Sapphire* and the *Tablets of the Law* are the same thing; that's to say, that the first Tablets, with *Hokhmah* proceeding from the Tree of Life, are nothing else than the Book of Raziel given to Moses in Egypt by the Cultural Pact Priests. The explanation is the next: if we despoil the Hebrew myth from its cultural custom, it results that Rahab is no one other than *Poseidon*, «The King of the Sea», and legendary ruler of Atlantis. We arrive in this way to Atlantis, the «Garden of Eden», and the homeland of the «first man»: of such «Lost Paradise» came the Swarthy Atlanteans, founders of the Egyptian priestly hierarchy. After the cataclysm, they had transported to Egypt one of the «Book of Crystal» that existed in the Library of Atlantis, which contained the register of the Universe Cons-

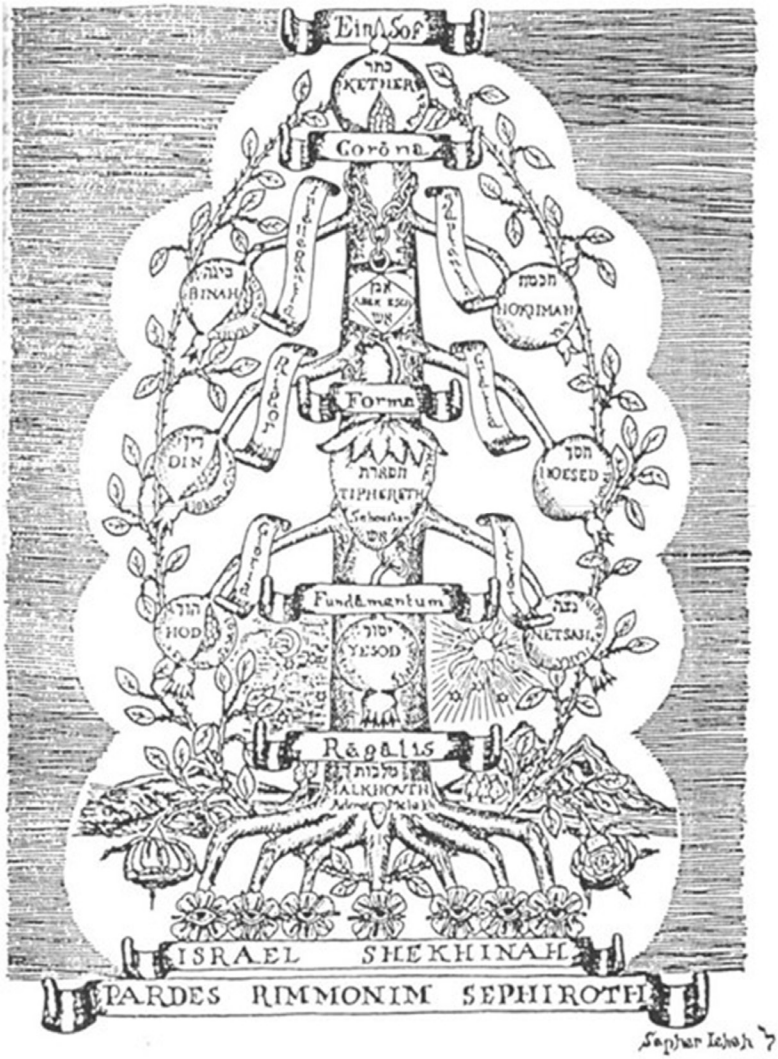
truction by God the One, *YHVH Elohim*. That Book of Crystal would be the Book of Raziel, in which were engraved the thirty-two operations executed by the Creator to build the Universe: *ten Sephiroth and twenty-two Letters.* In other words, the Tablets taught, by means of signs, the twenty-two sounds and measures of the sacred alphabet «employed by the Creator One, *YHVY Elohim*», from which comes the Hebrew alphabet, and the Cosmic Form adopted by Him to create and sustain the Universe, that's to say, the ten *Sephiroth*: is what is known as «the Serpent's Secret».

In the Age of Moses, the Egyptian Priests ignored how to interpret the Tablets, but they remembered that the Swarthy Atlanteans had left them there to be given to the «Chosen People by The One» as a fundament of a Divine Covenant. Moses received in secrecy, then, the Tablets of Stone, and he went with his people to the Mount Zion, where Jehovah celebrates with his Lineage the Covenant of Fire, *Berith Esch*, and reveals *Hokhmah* of the Tablets of the Law: the retribution demanded by Jehovah to the Chosen People would consist, as it can be concluded from the statements of Bera and Birsha, in the Supreme Holocaust of Fire, Icheh, from where the book adopts the name that the Immortals requested to the four Priests in the Castle of Aracena.

In sum, the Templars found the first Tablets of the Law, the Book of Razel, which made it possible to the Golem Church to attain *Hokhmah* for the College of the Constructor of Temples and to outbreak the architectonic revolution of the Gothic or Gaelic.

But, even if the mathematical-Kabbalistic decoding, it means, *gematria*, the Book of Raziel permitted to know the Cosmos Construction's secrets, as certain images that were seen on it reminded incomprehensible for the Cistercian Golems. Such visions were represented symbolically by the Rabbis and Golem Priests, which constituted the Book *Sepher Icheh*. The figures, referred in great measure to the Supreme Fire Holocaust, and titled in Hebrew and Latin, that the Golems were recently starting to understand with the explanations of Bera and Birsha.

Today, Dr. Siegnagel, it is believed that exists just *one exemplar* of the *Sepher Icheh*, which is hidden in a secret Synagogue of Israel, to which only the Elders of Zion have access. They don't permit to realize copies of it and only authorize to the highest Rabbis and Initiates of the Kabbalah a visual contact, being condemned with ritual death any representation or reproduction after about the observed. However, apart from that Israelite exemplar, there is *another copy* of the *Sepher Icheh*: is the one that was kidnapped by the Inquisitor Richard «The Cruel», Richard de Tarseval, that's to say, the father of Lito de Tharsis, and that he brought to America in 1534. It is a quite reliable replica of the Templar book, dated in Granada 1333, that's to say, after the Order's dissolution, and surely copied from the original that the Golems and Rabbis carried when they escaped from France. From that granadine edition, which for centuries has remained in a chest of our house in Tucumán, is the facsimile of the page 12 attached for a better comprehension of the descriptions of Bera and Birsha.



–Well, Priests! –Exclaimed Bera, while he was examining attentively the image exposed in page 12 of the *Sepher Icheh*–. Your Order has realized a Great Work representing with images Wisdom of the Book of Raizel. But the peril, if such *Hokhmah* be in power of the Gentiles, is huge: thus, you must avoid the unnecessary copies of this book and submit it to the most rigorous control. What would be of our plans, that are the plans of *YHVH*, if the Gentiles could *remember* the

Secret of the Pomegranate, the Tree *Rimmon*, practically revealed by this draw? What would we answer if they knew again that *a Pomegranate was the Tree of Life*, the Tree of the Paradise that was not allowed to Adam to avoid him to know the Secret of Life and Death? The Gentiles already know that the Tree of the Science of Good and Evil was an Apple-tree and they have related it with the Rose, understanding that it treats about a family of plants *which also count the Almond-tree amongst them*. They know, then, that in all of them there are different parts of a *unique Message*, of an idea impressed of the Creator One. However, they will never reach to relate the Pomegranate with any Tree to form the family because *Rimmon* is Archetype of the Creation: on it will be discovered similar elements to all the rest species, but the same could not be derived of any other thing; as *YHVH*, contains all of them with his Form, but he is not contained by anyone. The mission that we will entrust you is related to the Pomegranate of Life, but it is specially referred to as one of its Fruits, the *Sephira Binah*, in which you should inspire to fight against the awful heresy of House Tharsis.

– Yes, Priests! Even though the Tharsis Lineage died, there still subsists the effect of their Luciferic acts, from which is not minor the Cult to the Virgin of the Grotto. Against that imposture, you shall fight immediately, developing the attack according to the instructions that we will give you now! In this moment of History, that The Very Holy has designed for the Chosen People, is smiling to us: soon will be established in Europe the Universal Synarchy; then will appear the World Government of the Chosen People, during which will be manifested, upon the Gentile Humanity, the irresistible Power of the *Messiah*, for whom will be offered the Fire Holocaust. But much before such wonderful act is fulfilled, I'd say that in the present days, if it is possible, *the Order of Melchizedek will raise in the Sephart of Spain a child from the House of Israel gifted with the Verb of Metatron. He will possess the necessary Hokhmah to close the doors that the Hyperborean Demons have opened and to open the Doors of the Heavenly Palaces, Hekhaloth, from Eden; the Kabbalistic name of this Supreme Priest is «*Quiblón*». Quiblón will be gifted with great Power: he will emerge from the nowt and will drag entire Spain behind gold that he will offer to them in abundance. Blind, as Perseus, Spain will raise the Sword and will cut Three Heads of Medusa in a shelter, beyond the Tenebrous Sea, in a new Tartarus, which path he will show them.*

–Heed, Priests, because we are prophesying it! Is the Word of *YHVH* which is sprouting from our lips! I repeat: *Quiblón will be sent from Heaven, an ambassador of YHVH. And you must know that this region of Huelva has been signalized by Melchizedek as the seat of the Embassy of Quiblon, as port and breakwater for his magical voyages. Yes; the land where the greater sacrifice after Atlantis was committed, the land where the White Atlanteans gave birth to their Luciferic plan destined to predispose the Uncreated Spirit to outbreak a Final Battle against Goodness of The Creator One. This land, Priests, will be redeemed of its sins, blessed and sanctified, by the Triple Holocaust of Quiblón.* For this reason, we let you know, at this time, that you had to occupy *The Boulder of Saturn*: You did it?

–In fact, O Divine *Arlim*! –Confirmed the Great Master of the Temple, who was still awaiting the explanation about the Mystery of the Fire Stone–. Once

we received your message, we requested the papal authorization in the same site of the Bouder of Saturn.

–Well, y*ou must know, also, that Rus Baal, or Baulder of Saturn, is a place consecrated to Binah, the Aspect with which YHVH is manifested as Great Mother. When Quiblón reaches to that sacred place, YHVH will reflect in him the Shekinah hand he will gift him with the Verb of Metatron*. How many times descended the Shekinah to Earth?

–Ten times *in front of Israel*! –hastened to respond Rabbi Nasi:

First: in *the Garden of Eden*: «And they heard the voice of *YHVH Elohim* walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and Adam and his wife hide themselves from the presence of *YHVH Elohim* amongst the trees of the garden»*{Genesis 3,8}*.

Second: t*o watch the Tower of Babel*: «And then YHVH came down to see the City and the Tower that the children of men built». *{Genesis 11, 5}*.

Third: *in Sodom*: «Speaketh *YHVH*: I will go down now, and see whether they have done according to the cry of it which is come unto me; and if not, I will know» [Genesis18, 21].

Fourth: *in the Burning Bush:* «Then *YHVH* appeared unto him in a Flame of Fire, out of the midst of a bush; and Moses looked, and behold, the bush burnt with fire, but the bush was not consumed» *{Exodus 3, 2}*.

Fifth: *in Egypt*: «Therefore I come down to Egypt, to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians and to bring them out of that land into a good and large land, into a land that floweth with milk and honey, into the place where lives the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Amorites, the Perizzites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites» *{Exodus 3, 8}*.

Sixth: *over the Mount Sinai*: «*YHVH* came down upon Mount Sinai on the peak of the mountain. And *YHVH* called Moses up into the top of the Mount» *{Exodus 19, 20}*.

Seventh: *on the Elders*: «*YHVH* came down in a cloud, and spoke unto him, and took of the spirit that was in him, and he gave it unto the seventy Elders: as soon as the spirit rested upon them, they prophesied, but then they failed to do it again» *{Numbers 11, 25}*.

Eighth: *over the Red Sea*: «He bowed the heavens and came down, and dense clouds he left under his feet» *{II Samuel 22, 10}*.

Ninth: *in the Sanctuary of the Temple*: *YHVH* said unto me: «This gate shall be shut. It shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it, because *YHVH* God of Israel hath entered in by it; therefore it shall be shut» *{Ezekiel 44, 2}*.

Tenth: *He will come in the Age of Gog and Magog*: «Then *YHVH* shall go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of the Battle (of Atlantis). His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof towards the East and towards the West, and there shall be a very great valley: the half of the mountain shall remove towards the North, and the other half towards the South. And *YHVH* shall be King over all Earth: in that day

YHVH shall be one, and his Name shall be unique. All the land shall be turned as a plain, from Geba to Rimmon, that's to say, Granada, in the Negev. But Jerusalem shall prevail» *{Zechariah 14, 3}.*

– And one time amongst *the Chosen People*!–added the Abbot of Clairvaux:

Eleventh: *on the Messiah*: «And Jesus, once he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the Heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of YHVH descending *like a Dove*, coming upon him: and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, *'This is my beloved Son, in whom I have pleased'*» [Matthew 3, 16].

–Take note then, of the other *two more times in which the Shekinah will descend to Earth*! –Suggested Bera–. The Eleventh that the Abbot has mentioned is signed with the letter *Aleph (1)*, which reigns the *Air's* essence: it was a *pneumatic* descend, symbolized by the fowl of the Standard of Israel. It means that Christianity constitutes a *Holocaust of Air* for *YHVH Shaddai*:

The Twelfth that now we announce you will occur in the Baulder of Saturn, in Rus Baal, before Quiblón, when Quiblón seek there the intelligence of the Great Mother Binah: that will be a descent signed by the letter Mem (13), which expresses the essence of the Water. That means that the Discovery of Quiblón will constitute a Holocaust of Water for YHVH Shaddai.

And the Thirteenth, will occur during the World Government of the Chosen People, then the Shekinah will descent on the Messiah, before Israel. And the Messiah will be One with Israel, and Israel will be One with the Shekinah; and Israel will be One with YHVH; and Israel will be YHVH: blessed be the Mystery of Israel!; and Israel Shekinah will end as always with all the Gentiles, and with two-thirds of its own blood, *propitiating the Judgement of Din of Elohim Gibor, the rigorous Judgement of Geburah; and Israel Shekinah will comply the Sentence of YHVH Sebaoth,* which has been already pronounced in Heaven: *that will be a descent characterized by the letter Sin (21), that defines the essence of the Fire. It means that the Sentence of the Judgement of Din, the Final Judgement, will constitute a Fire Holocaust for YHVH Shaddai.*

The four Priests attended with boundless interest the words of the Immortals, but who was more impressed was the Great Master of the Temple, directly responsible for Rus Baal's occupation from the Convent Our Lady of the Rábida.

Twenty-Eighth Day

Rus Baal, the Baulder of Saturn, is located five kilometers from Nubba, the actual city of Huelva, over an elevation of 37 meters, which dominates the comarca de Palos, it means, on the left shore of the confluence of the rivers Tinto and Odiel. In the Age when the Phoenicians conquered Nubba, they edified the Temple of Rus Baal specially to satisfy the request of the Hebrew merchants; they were who transported the ships towards these far ports. Were the days of Solomon when the riches of Israel could rent the Phoenician fleet. «*And all the drinking vessels of King Solomon were*

of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold. None were of silver; it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon. For the king had at Sea a navy of Tharsis with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharsis, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks» {Kings 10, 21}. As can be read in other chapters of the Book of Kings, Solomon, who effectively possessed *Hokhmah*, discovered that *YHVH* was also manifested under other *Aspects*, generally identifiable with foreign Gods, and he worshipped them, or allowed the Priests to do it, and to raise altars and Temples. With the «navies of Tharsis» they travelled, due to the Priests who ordered the construction of the Temple of *Rus Baal* in the far Tartessos. Two hundred years after Solomon, and five hundred before the fall of Tharsis in hands of Carthage, colony of Tyre, Isaiah who also possessed *Hokhmah*, and knew the plan of the Golem, could «prophesy» with mathematical precision its end: «*Howl*, ye ships of Tharsis; for your port is devastated. *«Who hath taken this counsel? ». «YHVH Sebaoth hath purposed it, to stain the pride, to debase the glory of all the Lords of that country» {Isaiah 23, 1}.* But in days of Solomon the most important colony, apart of Tyre, was Zidon, to whose port reached and departure «the navies of Tharsis»: well, «*Zidon*» is not a Phoenician name but Greek, country with which the punic men were allied against the maidans or Persians; What means that name, what is its origin? well, neither more or less than the «*Great Tree of the Pomegranate*», due to *Pomegranate*, in Greek, is *Side*, Σίδη; about the origin, the Greeks gave it such name because an Hebrew cult was practiced there under King Solomon's auspices. This is, *the Cult to the Divine Mother of Egypt, Side, The Great Wise Pomegranate; Rimmon Binah*, in Hebrew. Side, as Achiroe was the wife of King Solomon in the Greek Myths.

The Hebrew Priests also transported the Cult of the Great Mother Rimmon Binah to the Phoenician Colonies and gave the name, amongst others, to the actual Andalusian City of Granada.

In fact, the Phoenicians founded a fortified factory which they called Rimmon, in honor to the Cult practiced by their main customers. However, the Iberian native populations, who were Pelasgians as the Etruscans, denominated the fruit with the voice *grana* which has the same root that the Roman-Etruscan *malum granatum*, that's to say, «fruit of many grains». To that citadel of Semite merchants, Rimmon, was locally called *Granata*, *Granad*, and *Granada*.

In reality, the chosen site by the Phoenicians to install their factory was a crossroads of Iberian paths already occupied by the own Iberians and Greeks, as would be then by the turduli, tartessians, and the Celts; but, being the main objective the commerce, it is understood that each population fortified their own urban base and appeared, in this manner, many citadels extremely very close to each other, in such way that their posterior unity constitutes the modern city of Granada. Existed, for example, in front to Granada, an ancient city, contemporary to Tharsis, called *Vira* or *Virya*, in an Indo-European language, according if it is pronounced in Sanskrit or Iranian, and that means *Demigod Man, Hero, Man who participates of the Divinity, Wise Warrior, etc.* Both cities, one dwelled by followers of the Blood Pact, that's to say, Vira, and the other by staunch defenders and propagators of the Cultural Pact, Grana-

da, they could not live without permanent conflict. Nevertheless, time would show, that at least, in this case, the God of Granada was stronger than the God of Vira, and Granada ended dominating Vira, and the other cities, absorbing them into their walls. The Hebrews took this as an unequivocal sign of their messianic destiny and would never forget it.

Vira must not be confused with *lliber, lliberri, or Eliberi, the Eliberge* that the Greek Hecaton mentioned, because they were different cities. During the Roman dominion, the cities were still separated, and such a situation was maintained even with the visighotic. The Arabs, in compensation for the provided favours for their invasion, concede to the Hebrews the control of the city of Granada, or *Granatha* according to the new denomination; thence they would refer to it as the « Jews Castle». But they even did more: after the destruction of lliberi, they installed their farmstead the heart of *Castala, Cazalaor* or *Gacela,* commonly knew as *Casthilla*, another adjacent city, and they favored the economic expansion of Medinat Garnata, the «Mansion of the Jews». That is the end of *El-Vira*, or *Elvira*, whose inhabitants have to capitulate thousands of years of resistance, and abandon the hill of the same name, and move to Garnata. The will occur with Medinat Alhambra and Medinat Casthilla: all would end under the «Jews of Granada» control. In the XIII century, when the narrated event occurred, only subsisted the Arab Kingdom of Granada, being the City composed by the influential «Jewish neighborhood» situated in the primitive location of the Castle of Granada, the Arab neighborhood of the Alahambra, the Mozarab neighborhood of Casthilla, of primal Gallo-Roman root, and the depopulated Elvira. Finally, I will add that if the Hebrew denominate «Rimmon» to the pomegranate, the Arabs know it as «román», which explains why for some time, the city was called *Hinz-Ar-Román*, which means «Castle of Granada». But, in one idiom or other, it is proven that the meaning of the name has not changed in thousands of years.

At the light of such missionary activity of the Hebrew Priests, who travelled in the "navies of Tharsis», must be appreciated the foundation of the Temple of Rus Baal, or of the Baulder of Baal. The Phoenicians consecrated every city to Baal and designated the West with a particular Name: so, the Baal of the Sidons was called Baal-Sidon, the one of Tyre, Bal-Tsur, and the one of the inhabitants of Tharsis, Baal-Tars. From the three main Aspects of Baal, this is, Baal Chon, the Producer, Baal Tammuz, the Conservator, and Baal Moloch, the Destructor, the Hebrews accepted the last as a personification of *YHVH Sebaoth*, the Aspect of *Netsah* of «*YHVH* of the armies», who guides to the *Victory* by the destruction of the Chosen People enemies or *Shekinah*. Nonetheless, the Temple of Rus Baal was dedicated to the Cult of Baal Tammuz or Jehovah Adonai. When House Tharsis oversaw that Iberian Seigneury, once free from the Phoenicians after a bloody war, prevented the maintenance of it with the Cult of Baal Tammuz-Jehovah and dedicated the place, in a first moment, to the Cult of Fire, and in a second cultural instance, to the Cold Fire Cult.

After the invasion of Hamilcar Barca and the Tartessian Empire's destruction, the Golems established the Cult to Baal Moloch in Rus Baal, until the Roman

Reconquista. They recognized in Baal Moloch and Jehovah God of Saturn, who denominated «Baulder of Saturn "to Rus Baal. But Saturn was no other than the Greek God Cronus or Kronos, who in that time was active in the Roman pantheon; the Priests of Saturn, as will be seen, only replaced the Cult of Saturn, for the one of his granddaughter, Proserpine or Persephone. It is easy to demonstrate it comparing the Hebrew Myth with the Greek that Jehovah is equivalent to Kronos, and, of course, to Tammuz, to Moloch, and Saturn. To begin, Kronos is the son of Uranus, the Supreme Heaven, as *YHVH Elohim* is of *Ehyeh*: and both, Kronos and *YHVH Elohim*, are Gods of the immanent World's Time, Kronos or *Berechit*. And, most importantly: both are *enemies* of the Cyclops, it means of the White Atlanteans. Regarding it, it is convenient to remember what the Greek Myths tell about Uranus, Kronos, Zeus, Demeter, and Persephone, and clarify such legends by means of the Hyperborean Wisdom.

Uranus is the Supreme Heaven, Father of the Titans, the Titaness, the Cyclops and the Hecaton cheires, generations of Gods from whom descend all the others Greek divinities and Humanity. That is to say that Uranus, is another representation of the Origin, from which had come to the Universe his own Creator, Jehovah Satan, and the successive Hyperborean Spirits, the first «Gods», as the «Traitors» who incarcerated his Comrades to the animal-man, as the «Loyals» or «Liberators», who seek their orientation and Return to the Origin. But one of Uranus's sons, Kronos-Jehovah, *castrates* his Father and declares War on the Cyclops, to whom he avoided to dwell in their habitual abode precipitates in the Infernal Tartarus. It means that Kronos-Jehovah *closes the access to the Origin*, point of provenance, and return of all the Uncreated Spirits as Himself, *«castrating» the Generator Principle of the Gods*, preventing his Divine *birth*. Therefore, he is involved in a war with the Cyclops. But, who were the Cyclops? The White Atlanteans, the Weapon Constructors of Atlantis: according to the Greek legends, the Cyclops fabricated the arc and the arrows of Apollo, the Hyperborean, and the ones of his sister Artemis, the Bear Goddess; previously, during War of Kronos-Jehovah, they had provided Zeus with the Arms of the Thunder, the Lightning, and the Ray; to Poseidon, King of Atlantis, the Arms of the Trident; and to Hades, or Vides, the famous Helm of Invisibility. After the Battle of Atlantis and the Cataclysm that submerged its Continent, the White Atlanteans had to march towards the infernal lands, which was only dwelled by the animal-men, and the most degraded hybrid Races of Earth. There when the legend represents the Cyclops, Divine Constructors, roaming through the infernal regions.

And during their transit for such lands of madness, we have seen, they were closely persecuted by the Swarthy Atlanteans, the minions of Kronos-Jehovah.

But Kronos, notwithstanding all his efforts, cannot avoid the *birth* of Zeus, another son of the Origin. The Cultural Pact Priests have outrageously degraded the image of Zeus, but, reviewing the older versions of the Myth, it is possible to recognize in Him to Kristos Lucifer, the Lord of Venus who descended to Atlantis to *bring the Grail* that would make possible the orientation and liberation of the incarcerated Spirit to Matter, *the awakening of the Spirit of*

Man. For this reason, Zeus is a natural ally of the Cyclops, who provide him with the Arms with which he beats Kronos-Jehovah and secured his power in Earth's Olympic region it means, in K'Taagar, where is initiated the Path towards Venus. Zeus-Lucifer fights against Kronos-Jehovah in Poseidon and Hades company and with the technical support of the Cyclops. Once victorious, in a primitive version of the Battle of Atlantis, the Gods are established in determining parts of the Universe: Zeus-Lucifer goes to the Olympus, that's to say, to K'Taagar, but, through its Door, its real domicile is constituted «in Heaven», it means, in Venus; Poseidon in Atlantis, as King, and also like God of the Sea; and Hades goes to K'Taagar too, but without returning to Venus, as Zeus-Lucifer did, but remaining as Lord of the terrestrial Abode of the Liberator Gods to the Spirit of Man, a place that the Cultural Pact Priests, according to what I have exposed the Tenth Day, would identify with the infernal Tartarus: Hades is, Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar.

With Demeter, a *Daughter* of the Origin, Zeus procreates Persephone, that is to say, to Proserpina, the Goddess that the Roman Priests of Saturn-Kronos-Jehovah, evoked in Rus Baal, for her Cult and to whom they dedicated the Carthaginian Temple of Baal Moloch-Jehovah. She was a cruel Goddess who dwelled in the infernal Tartarus with Hades and conciliated perfectly with such remote region of Tartessos, famous for the ancient legend that signalized her as the residence of Medusa. Demeter was the Goddess of the Wheat, who gave to men for the first time such cereal and lived with Zeus in Olympus. He had no other sons apart of Persephone, who was captured by Hades and guided to the Tartarus to a Mansion that required to cross the Country of the Dead to reach to her.

Tells the Greek Myth that saddened for her absence, Demeter abandoned the Olympus and descended to Earth to seek her, because she ignored her infernal location. She learns in this manner that Zeus has been the accomplice of Hades in the rapture. For *nine nights*, Demeter seeks in vain to Persephone, carrying a torch on each hand; finally, guided by Hecate, the Goddess of the Sorcery, to whom she found *in the crossroads of certain paths*, she finds out that Persephone is located in the Country of the Dead. She goes down there alone, to warn that the definitive return of her daughter is impossible: Persephone *has eaten* a grain of pomegranate, and she can't go back to the world of lives anymore because *all who eats food in the Country of the Dead, remains prisoner there forever: in Hell is precise to make fasting to avoid Death*. At last, Demeter returns to Olympus with Persephone, who notwithstanding that she has to return periodically to Hell to *perform Death*. The Myth of Persephone formed part of the Eleusinian Mysteries, where was explained esoterically to the Initiates. The attributes of Demeter, by the other hand, were the *Ear of Wheat* and the *Crane*.

Until here the Greek Myth; but, what is hidden behind Demeter and Persephone or Proserpina's legend? I already explained that Hades is the degraded name of Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, to whom the Cultural Pact's conspiracy equated to a God who is Lord of Hell or Tartarus. In the same way, the Priests threw there Persephone, an Ancient White Atlantean Goddess, who I am referring to? to Frya, the Wife of Navutan. To discover the real facts behind the story of Persephone and interpret the cause of the calumny, it is necessary to

Aeneas and the Sibyl. Unknown author.

The Return of Persephone. Frederick Leighton.

The heroic hyperborean mysticism remained in the world as myths, structured in Initiatic Mysteries. Of these mysteries, the ones that most closely approximate the Golden Age's initiation rites were the "Eleusinian Mysteries." They were annual initiation rites to the cult of the agricultural goddesses Demeter and Persephone, which were celebrated in Eleusis (near Athens), in ancient Greece. Through its rites, the initiate could understand the pomegranate's secret of death (the fruit of the pomegranate symbolizes eating from the tree of forgetfulness, the loss of memory about the eternal origin).

The initiatory mysteries had only one premise: to see beyond death. The Virya was subjected to initiatory tests in which his will was put to the test. He descended into hell, into the unconscious, into his shadow sphere, from which only the bravest can emerge. Because only by transposing the thresholds of fear, death is overcome, and enlightenment is achieved. The Virya, after being prepared and instructed, was led under the guidance of a hierophant, who indicated the purification actions that he should undertake in order to emerge victorious from the confrontation with his own death.

The initiate had to drink certain drinks and observe ritual dances performed by beautiful priestesses. If he heroically endured the temptations of his first initiatory instance, if he resisted the seductions that intoxicated his psychic pathos, the Virya nourished his true self (heroic ethos) with which he could access a second initiatory instance. At this point, the virya had to endure the hardest of tests, the gaze of the goddess of death, and if he endured her gaze, which killed any initiate who still suffered from Warm Love, the virya was no longer the same. He was reborn, he had transcended death and understood death in life, the mystery of enchaining and liberation. The iniciate had experienced the truth enclosed in the reality of himself; his double nature, human and divine.

The peoples of the Cultural Pact, their Semitic monotheisms, has systematically degraded the Greek and Roman initiatic mysteries; and almost nothing is known about them.

Theseus and the Minotaur in the Labyrinth. Edward Burne-Jones.

Valknut. Symbol of the Nine Worlds (Odinic-Baldr Mysteries).

The most sacred mystery of Hyperborean wisdom is the Labyrinth's symbol, the Gnostic representation of the material world to which the eternal spirit is chained. The synarchy, the ruthless custodians of this world, disorient and confuse the virya, to keep him asleep, to mislead him in his "systems of social control". The cultural paths, academic sciences or religious dogmas, have a specific function: to incorporate the virya to a certain *egregore*, to chain him to the strategic disorientation and even to make him "collaborate" with the "evolutionary" and "progressive plan" of Jehovah-satan.

The Demiurge's labyrinth is analogous to a tree full of ramifications, extending endlessly towards the Nine Worlds of creation, its crown reach heaven and its root establish in hell. This is the tree of terror, in which Wotan was crucified. At its roots is coiled the "great deception" of life, the Uroboros serpent, which devours itself, symbolizing the wheel of samsara, metempsychosis or the law of karma. The "lost virya" is in an abject state of material chaining, which forces him to periodically reincarnate, an eternal and miserable comedy marked by the sinister illusion of pain, fear and death.

We are eternally devoured by the labyrinth's illusion, sacrificed to the Minotaur, Baal, the golden calf. From such a fate, only the bravest virya escapes, the one that is determined to rebel and fight against the labyrinth's custodians. The labyrinth symbol becomes an initiatory journey, when the virya passes from darkness to light and from ignorance to knowledge, to the gnosis of liberation.

Theseus represents the hero who seeks his liberation through an action of war, determined to kill the jailer (Minotaur) and escape from his jail (labyrinth). Adriadna, (goddess who represents the origin) guides and orients the hero within the labyrinth, following the thread leading to her (the uncreated runes) at the exit of the labyrinth. She also grants him the sword, that is, the heroic mystique, the Hyperborean warrior ethic. Theseus, armed with courage, traverses terrifying paths (descent into the unconscious), confronts the Minotaur (internal demiurge) and kills it. After that, he searches the runic thread for his exit, and escapes from the labyrinth.

The virya who understands that he is imprisoned, like Theseus, begins his pilgrimage, his search for liberation. The Virgin of Agartha assists him encourages him, indicating the way forward. She give him the fury, the courage; she is in his blood guiding us, reminding him the exit of the eternal spirit to the divine origin (Olympus, Valhalla, Hyperborea).

take present that for the White Atlanteans, as for every member of the Hyperborean Race, the «Wife» is also the «Sister», identity which goes further than a simple symbolic association, and refers to the Mystery of the Original Couple of Uncreated Spirits.

Frya, apart from being his Wife, is «Sister» of Navutan, to whom the Greek Cultural Pact Priests equated to Demeter, *the Goddess who gave to Men, for the first time, the Plant of the Wheat, the Keeper of the Seed*. Thenceforth it is said that never to a Son of Demeter, to whom she would have conceived being Virgin in Venus, that's to say, in the Olympus, as I already related the Twelfth Day. Her Spiritual Son, Navutan, who auto-crucified himself in the Tree of the Terror, the Pomegranate of Life, to discover the Secret of Death, and would be his Wife Frya who would resuscitate him revealing with her dance the Secret of Life and Death. For this reason, the legends only mention Frya-Persephone, whose name was very in grained amongst the Blood Pact populations, and they cast the veil of taboo over the Feat of Navutan: the Swarthy Atlanteans, and the Cultural Pact Priests, wanted to hide by every means, the posterior legacy that the resurrected Great White Leader made unto men, i.e., *the Labyrinth Mystery.*

It was Navutan, in fact, the real inspirator of the Labyrinth's Mystery, in whose course was administered to the Hyperborean Initiates a sign called *Tyrodinguiburr*, formed with Uncreated Runes. To the incarcerated Spirit, such sign permitted to wake up and orientate towards the Origin, finding the exit of the *Labyrinth of Illusion* in which was strayed. Nevertheless, as in the Feat of Navutan, the exit could be never found by the Hero with the absence of his Original Couple: in another way, he can die, spiritually, after the nine nights hanging from the Tree of Terror. Thereby that the Priests' cultural humbug wanted Ama-Demeter to search for Frya-Persephone for *nine nights*. Finally, who guides her is Hecate, with whom she coincided in *across a* road of paths, it means, in the interior of a Labyrinth: Hecate is then, a *general* representation of what Frya would be *individually* for Navutan: the Original Couple. For the ancient Greeks, in all the crossroads of paths was Hecate, pleased to orientate the lost journeyman towards his better destiny, symbol that came from far away as it is seen. Notwithstanding this Wonderful Goddess, to whom tricepahlous statues were erected, that indicated the triple nature of the White Man, Physical, Soul, and Uncreated Spirit; she was finally converted into a Goddess of the Sorcery and Witch, consequence, of course, of the Cultural Pact.

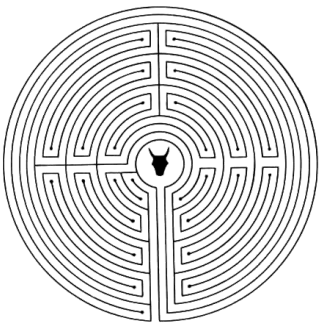
Naturally, the «rapture» of Frya-Persephone is a spiritual rapture realized by herself to resuscitate her Husband, it means, in the impulse of a sacred ecstasy. Zeus-Lucifer, allegedly the Father of the own Navutan, and Hades-Vides, the Lord of K'Taagar, are the «Sages of the Age» to whom She asks about the manner to save his Husband. And the counsel that she received from them was what make her decide to go down the Hell of Illusion, the Homeland of the «spiritually dead», it means, to Earth, the World of the Asleep Men. And, it is known that who «eats» from the Illusion, who let enter inside of Himself the Great Deceit of the One, remains chained forever in Matter, unable to return to the Origin, lost in the Enchanted Labyrinth of Warm Life. However, Frya

had not tasted the Forbidden Fruit. She was free to go back, if she wanted, to the Origin, keeper of the Secret of Death: was her decision to resuscitate Navutan, revealing by means of dance, the knowledge of the Kalachakra Key.

But, for it, *she had to believe in Death, she had to eat a grain of Pomegranate and become a Partridge, she had to transcend the Mask of Death and reach to the end of Navutan's being.* And Navutan, when he saw death Head-on, he awakened and understood Death, resurrecting then and revealing to the Asleep Man the Secret of the Labyrinth. But in this legacy, Navutan compromised his Divine Wife, who agreed to remain periodically in the infernal Tartarus, that's to say, in the World of the Asleep Men and to show herself before them with the Image of Death: to make them transcend in the Cold Fire Mystery and resuscitate, also, as Stone Man, as Hyperborean Initiates, as Wise Warriors.

A pallid reflect of this part of the Story is conserved in the legend of the young Perdix, «Sister», therefore Wife, of Daedalus, the «Inventor» of the Labyrinth, it means, of Navutan: when Perdix was falling into an Abyss, the Goddess of Wisdom, Athena, felt mercy for Her and she converted her in Patridge, from where emerged the Greek belief that the patridge's dance resolved the enigma of the Labyrinth, and which gave place to a College of Priestesses bent on reproducing such dance.

I already explained that Kronos-Saturn-Jehovah «*closes the access to the Origin, point of provenance and return of all the Uncreated Spirits*», that's to say, *he cuts off the Path towards the Exit of the Labyrinth*. In the Cretan Myth, the Inventor of the Labyrinth's Mystery is Daedalus-Navutan, and who cuts off the path to the Exit is the Minotaur, a half-human, half-bull being. But the God who also had the feet of a bull was Dionysius, a defect that obeyed him to wear boots or buskins; and Dionysius, the God of Wine, was classically assimilated to Jehovah by the ancient Hebrews, who saw in both of them the God of Barley. In this manner is closed a circle traced by the Cultural Pact Priests in which are collected, in different Ages and places, the representations of Kronos, Saturn, Jehovah, Dionysius Sebacio, and the Minotaur or Guardian of the Exit.



Finally, I will tell that in times of the Prophet Amos, VIII century B.C., the identity of Jehovah and Saturn was established; and accepted by the Priests: –«*But ye have borne the Sanctuary to Siccuth, Saturn, the Idol of Your God. Therefore, I will deport you to go into captivity beyond Damascus –saith YHVH, whose name is Adonai Sebaoth*» *{Amos5, 26}*. But the situation didn't change after the Captivity, because in the Age of the Prophet Ezekiel, VI century B.C., was worshipped interchangeably as Jehovah or Tammuz Adonis, that's to say, to Adonai:

«*Then he brought me to the door of the Temple of YHVH which was towards the North, and I saw there sat women weeping for the death of Adonis (Rimmon)Tammuz*» *{Ezekiel 8,14}*.

Twenty-Ninth Day

To comprehend reason of the Cult of Proserpina in Rus Baal, it is necessary to advance a lot in the historical time and reach an Age in which the Cult Priestural had obtained to confuse profoundly in the individual features of Demeter-Ama and Persephone-Frya, to whom they called just the «Goddess». The Priests' objective was to replace the Hyperborean Atlantean Goddess for the image of the Great Mother Binah, one of the Aspects *YHVH*, the Creator One. Is here where must be located the Myth of Adonis, Greek Name of Adonai the Lord *YHVH*- According to the Greek Myth, the mother was Myrrha, the one that the Gods had converted in Tree when she was pregnant of Adonis; Myrrha, the same vegetal that one of the Wise Men of the East, sent by the White Fraternity, offered to child Jesus. At the ten months, the Tree of the Myrrha gives Birth and Adonis born, a child who represented the beauty, which is not more than a symbolic manner to say that from *Tiphereth*, the Beauty in the Heart of *YHVH*, one of his Ten Aspects, the Tree of the Pomegranate arises. Continues the Myth stating that Aphrodite, the Goddess of Fire of Love, in other words, the Archetype of Warm Fire in the Heart, falls in love for this child and she entrusted his care to *Persephone-Proserpina*. We have already presented then, that to the Great Mother Binah, the Aspect «Intelligence» of *YHVH*. Both Goddess, Aphrodite and Persephone, end competing to conquer Love of Adonis-Adonai, which means that to the animal-man or common man, representations of Adam, it is normal to enter in conflict with Warm Fire in the Heart, Tipheret, and the Intelligence that Binah infuses in the Mind. This ambivalence can be seen in the irresolution of the Myth: Adonis-Adonai must be pleased to stay alternatively with each one of the Goddess, although the preeminence that the Priests concede to the Heart as seat for the Soul, wanted God Bello to «pass a longer time with Aphrodite than with Persephone». The heart is connected to the symbol of the rose and is in this manner that death of Adonis- Adonai brings to the world red roses, born from the blood of her wound: is Artemis, the Bear Goddess, who causes that a wild boar hurts mortally the God. The opposition between the wild boar, one of Vishnu manifestations, and the Bear, is a classic theme in the Hyperborean Wisdom. I will only tell that the Wild Boar is related to the Mystery of the Golem, as was seen in the murder of the Vrayas of Tharsis, and that the Myth indicates allegorically *a Grade* reached by Them, a hierarchical level which will allow them to carry out the ensign of Israel when the own Chosen People be unable to do it, when Adonis-Adonai be draining blood momentarily in the Pardes Rimmonim to create the roses that will flourish during the Universal Synarchy.

In Phrygia, the Golem officiated as Priests of Cybele and adopted the practice of ritual sodomy, a vice that still subsists in the high grades of Freemasonry

created by them. The Phrygian Myth of Adonis-Adonai was the one of Attis, in whose Cult the Golem would develop a fundamental leading role. There the Great Mother Binah was called Cybele, Goddess that propitiated scandalous orgies and demanded to her «Priests of the Dog» to be eunuchs: in the course of the Cult was common that, taken by the orgiastic frenzy, many participants castrated themselves voluntarily, as the Archetype Attis, passing to integrate then, survived from the mutilation, the court of sodomites that worshipped and served to the Goddess.

According to the Phrygian legend, Cybele was worshipped as Fire Stone; eager to copulate with Her, Zeus-Hokhmah places over the Stone his semen, an act that impregnates the Goddess. And Agdistis born, an androgynous being who had been drunk and castrated by Dionysius-Jehovah, with the finality to individualize his sex. From the wound of Agdistis drains abundant blood, which is transformed in the *Tree of the Pomegranate*, reason why Attis, as Adonis, was called Rimmon, Pomegranate. However, the maimed phallus of Adgistis, hurled to Earth, is transformed in the *Tree of the Almond*, a member of the Roses' family. A pomegranate, fruit of the Pomegranate of Agdistis, impregnates Nana, daughter of the God sanguinary River. From this pregnancy born Attis, a Beauty God similar to Adonis; and as Adonis, for Attis will also fight with the Great Mother Binah and Warm Fire Goddess in the Heart, Tiphereth: Agdistis, now converted in woman, falls in love with Attis as also Cybele, with whom she has to dispute the favors of the Beauty God. Evidently, Attis is a Phrygian Adonis, a representative of the Beauty of *YHVH* in the Heart, pretended simultaneously by Great Mother Binah-Cybele and by Tiphereth Agdistis-Aphrodite.

But the Phrygian Myth contains more details. Attis, mad for Agdistis, castrates herself and dies, due to the mutilation, during the Cult of Cybele. The Goddess buries him and plants on her tomb an Almond-tree. Attis was, then, a eunuch and sodomite, signed by the symbols of the *Pomegranate* and the *Almond*, which clearly proves that the Myth's origin is Hebrew.

Remember, Dr. Siegnagel, on the other hand, that the *Jacobins* who developed the French Revolution, whose Leaders were Jews and Golem, identified themselves with the *Phrygian hat*, that's to say, the hat of the *Priests of Phrygia*, which has the form of *crannied foreskin* to indicate the sodomite character of the Priests of the Great Mother Cybele-Binah, the «Goddess of Reason» of the encyclopedists.

Must not surprise at this point that Dionysius Sebacio was a God of the Barley as Jehovah, who castrated Agdistis after he drunk him with the wine of barley. Jehovah had sanctified the Saturday, the day that in all the Mediterranean was dedicated to the Cult of Saturn and to which was dedicated the *Pomegranate*. Saul, *the first King of Israel*, consecrated the Kingdom, Malkhouth, and the Pomegranate which represented to *YHVH*. Dionysius, the one of the bull's feet and boots, was a hobble God, as the Minotaur, as hobbling was the dance of the Labyrinth that they practiced, and that they still dance, the male partridges. This Dance was performed by the Hebrew Priests of Baal Tammuz Adonis in times of Elijah, IX century B.C.: *«And the Priests took the bullock*

which was given to them, and after they prepared it, they called on the name of Baal Tammuz Adonis from morning until noon, saying: Oh Baal, hear us! But there was no Voice, nor Answer. Meanwhile, they danced hobbling next to the altar which they had made» {Kings 18, 26}.

The Hebrew word *Pesach*, which designates the Easter, means precisely «hobbling dance», because such festivity was the same as the one of Baal Adonis, the God Rimmon who was killed by a Wild Boar: this identity is the origin of the prohibition to eat hog meat in the Saturdays. Also, the Levitical tradition decreed that the Easter lamb, the victim of the holocaust of the Easter, had to be served over a platter of Pomegranate's wood.

The pomegranate was the only fruit that could be introduced in the Sancta Sanctorum and the Supreme Priest to make the annual entrance in the Temple, it had sewn on his ephod little tassels of pomegranate's form. The role of the Torah was wrapped up in a stick called *Es Chajim*, i.e., *The Tree of Life*, which was topped on each extreme with two carved pomegranates. And the *octuplet* candelabrum, Chanukah, possesses a pomegranate crowning each arm, in which Yod shines, the Eye of *YHVH*. These *ptuple* candelabrum, on its part, Menorah, has seven shafts of *Almond's Flower*, that evokes the institution of the Priesthood of Aaron, when the *Almond's rod* flourished, that Moses gave him: *«And occurred that, on the morrow, Moses went into the tabernacle of witness, and the rod of Aaron, of the Levi House,* was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds» *{Numbers 17, 8}.*

To perpetuate the remembrance of this miracle, *YHVH said: «Thou shalt make a Candelabrum of pure gold; of work beaten out with the hammer shall the Candelabrum be made. Its shaft, branches, bowls, knops, and flowers shall be of the same. Six branches also shall come out of the sides of it: three branches of the Candelabrum on one side, and three branches of the Candelabrum out of the other side. Three bowls like unto almonds in one side, one knop and one flower in one branch, and the same in the other; etc.» {Exodus 25, 31}.* And, according to the vision of the Prophet Zechariah: «*These seven lamps are the eyes of YHVH which run through the whole earth» {Zechariah 4, 10}*, that is, a representation of the Shekinah.

The Cults of Rus Baal, the ancient of Baal Tammuz Adonis, practiced by the Hebrew Priests, and the one of Ball Moloch, officiated by the Golem, were interpreted by the Romans as different forms or adoration of Kronos-Saturn, a God equivalent to Jehovah-Adonai or Rimmon-Attis-Adonis-Dionysius. Since the III century B.C., the Cultural Pact Priests, who proliferated in Rome, dedicate Rus Baal to the Cult of Proserpina or Persephone, Adonis's infernal lover. In the same Age, and at a short distance, the Tharsis Lords consecrated to the Cult of Vesta of Tharsis, and the Fire Goddess, behind her they veiled their conception of the Cold Fire Cult. Both opposed Cults, the Cold Fire of Vesta from Tharsis, and the other of Warm Fire of Proserpinade Palos, are performed simultaneously without any of them surpass the other. And it is worthy of repeating that such version of Proserpina was equivalent to a late Persephone, closer to the Great Mother Cybele Binah than the old Persephone, or Frya, the Wife of Navutan.

In the II century A.C., always furtively, Bera and Birsha reached to Huelva; but this time they didn't attack House Tharsis, but they go to Rus Baal, t*o «supervise the Cult of Persephone under the command of Melchizedek», a Supreme Priest of the White Fraternity.* After the departure of the Immortals, the Temple of comarca de Palos started to gain fame for the miracles that the Goddess realized, the main of them was the *cure of hydrophobia*: that all the regions of the peninsula, and even of overseas, came the bitten or infected by the dog's bites to recover the lost health. Only when they heard to Bera and Birsha «*against the dog, the illusion of the rage*», the four Priests understood those ancient miracles were related to the powers of Bera and Birsha.

One century later, in the year 159, the missionary Cyriacus converts the Cult of Rus Baal in Christian by the simple process of identifying Proserpina with Virgin Mary, called since then "Our Lady of the Ribat», because the Goddess continue healing the hydrophobia. But in that time as Mary «Mother of God», Proserpina-Persephone was already a completed image of the Great Hebrew Mother Binah. The name «de la Rábida (of the Ribat)» was, then, five hundred years older than the denomination, *Rapta or Rápita* (Ribat), which the Arabs used to signalize the hermitage edified in Rus Baal, over the foundations of the ancient Chapel of Our Lady of the Ribat. Once occurred the Re-conquest, the hermitage passed in the beginning to the hands of the solitary monks of San Francisco, who built the Convent with its actual dimensions, but soon was given by the Pope to the Templars, who occupied it until the dissolution of their Order. The Bishop Saint Macarius, to celebrate the liberation of the Convent, donated to the Constantine soldier Daniel of a sculpture that the tradition attributed to the Apostle Saint Luke and that represented to the Virgin Mary.

The moment which I am evoking, when the Immortals Bera and Birsha were gathered with the four Priests in the Castle of Aracena, such sculpture was still in the Convent of the Ribat, in Rus Baal, in front of the comarca de Palos.

Thirtieth Day

The four Priests of Jehovah Satan were meditating about the announcement of the Immortals: then, the twelfth manifestation of the Shekinah would occur, very near from there, in Rus Baal; and They would be protagonists of that extraordinary portent: only other Priest of Israel could comprehend the ecstasy that the four of them experienced before such possibility! Because only the Soul of a Jew is capable of understanding the Shekinah! The most excited was the Great Master of the Temple: –«Oh, what a great honor, he shivery thought, that to my Order has been entrusted the custody of such sacred place! The own God will descend now, amongst ours! »–. And with this style, each one of them released their Golem and rabbinic fantasies.

–Indeed, Priests! –Approved Birsha, reading the presents' thought– you will contribute as nobody to execute the Plans of God! Thousands of Golem monks and Hebrew Doctors are working to establish the Universal Synarchy: all of them are favored by Elohim, and they will be magnificently rewarded! But only four of you know, today, the Announcement of the Shekinah: and only to you, and to whom you call to collaborate, YHVH will consider responsible of the Water Holocaust that Quiblón will offer in his day! Rejoice then, Priests! Because the Triple Holocaust of Quiblón, one of the most sanguinary of History, will be attributed to you *if you comply with the Mission that we will entrust you!* Of that depends on the realization of *YHVH's* plan; on it rests, Priests, one of the pillars of History!

–Now that the Evil has been extirpated from Huelva, –continued Bera– now that the Blood of Tharsis has been converted in pitch, *we will entrust you a very simple Mission, which is to affirm* Good on Earth! *And Good is YHVH!* And *YHVH* can only descend in Holy Land! To you correspond, Priests of *YHVH, the purification of Earth!*–The gaze of Bera was questioner.

– Yes!–Exclaimed Nasi and Benjamin with one voice–. *The purification of Earth is the work of the Priests! To sanctify it is faculty of God!*

– Agree, Priests: we, the Representatives of Melchizedek, command you: *to purify this land of Huelva, erase any vestige of the Mystery of Cold Fire, clean the Stain of the The Virgin's Cult of the Grotto! And above all: remove the remembrance of this tenebrous Deity! Because there will be no peace, nor in Earth nor in Heaven, and Rus Baal will not be Holy Land, while the perturbing Presence of Virgin of Agartha keeps carrying the Damn Seed.*

–Naturally–Said Birsha– That such *atonement* will only be effective if a *Cult replaces a Cult*. In consequence, we also command you to implant in all the necessary places *the New Virgin's Cult of Miracles: She will illuminate with Her Warm Fire the Shades that the Intruder shed! When the Gentiles give their Hearts unconditionally, the Intruder will be forgotten, the remembrance of her abomination will be obscured, and Earth will be purified: then, and only then, the Shekinah will descend in Rus Baal!*

–But that Cult already exists!–Interrupted the Great Master of the Temple–. Precisely in La Rábidais worshipped the Virgin of Miracles, the ancient Proserpine de Palos, Lady of the Rage!

– You are wrong, Priests! – Assured Bera, smiling horribly –. I am referring to a New Cult *that will also replace the one that you are mentioning: the Cult of the Great Mother Binah, to whom you will advocate as Virgin of Miracles to avoid that the Gentiles suspect the substitution, but who will receive many Sacred Names, only knew by the Initiated Priests, Golem and Rabbis.* I am referring to the Virgin of Pomegranate,

Or *The Virgin de la Cinta*
Or *The Virgin de la Barca*
Or *The Virgin of Earthen Child*
Or *The Virgin of Warm Fire*

–Bring Priests, bring now the sculptor monk that you have brought from France!

The Abbot of Clairvaux went out hasty from the library, and one instant later, he was entering followed by a humble Cistercian monk, who was carrying in his hands a scroll of parchment and a smut of charcoal. The monk stopped before Bera, followed by the Abbot, and contemplated terrified the diabolic countenance of the Immortal.

–Listen well, miserable! –Snapped Bera with his eyes full of hate–. I will give you a warning: about what you'll see in this place; you'll never talk with anyone. You will comply with your work, and then you will cloister forever in an enclosed Monastery. And you don't dare to disobey our mandate because Earth will be small to hide your betrayal! However, we don't trust you, and you will be watched day and night from now. But you must know, mortal creature, that not even death could save you from us, because to the own hells we'll go to punish you! Have you understood the risks that you run?

The poor monk had thrown himself to the ground, to the feet of Bera, and he was trembling like a frightened dog. –«No...No I'd never d...dare to betray you»– He was babbling, without lifting the gaze from the feet of Bera, without daring to see the mortal threat of his eyes again.

– You better be telling the truth–Said with irony such King of the Lie, that was Bera–. Get up, dog! –He ordered with rudeness– and watch the page of this open book. What do you see on it?

The four Priests looked at each other, astonished because the Immortals were showing to the sculptor monk, who was neither Theologian nor Kabbalist, and much less an initiate, secret draw of the Sepher Icheh.

Trying to calm himself, the sculptor supported his both hands on the edge of the ramp table and observed the indicated page. What he saw, made him forget the bitter previous moments immediately and, he would repeat to himself all his life that, rewarded all the afflictions suffered before that moment. For first time he felt free of guilt, without sin, forgiven by a Piety which came from inside of the Soul, as if the Soul was participating of a Divine Joy: and who inspired such feeling of animic freedom, that security of being accepted by God and loved by Christ, was the most Beautiful and Majestic image of the Mother of God that the monk had ever seen; because, in peace, as though She *was alive*, while sustained the child in her arms, the Mother looked him fleetingly, and was in that moment that he felt forgiven, in peace, as if She would have tell him –Go, son of God, that I will intercede to make that the Rigor of His Law, not be recalcitrant with you. Comply your mission and do a portrait of me, in the Plenitude of my Holiness, to make that men could see also the Miracle that you see; comply with all your talent and the Great Countenance of God will smile to you!

–Is so Beautiful! –Screamed the sculptor, completely hallucinated–. Only a few hands guided by the Grace of God, and a stone blessed by the Almighty, could realize the Work that they asked me. But I will put my hands to the Service of God, and you, who are powerful, will provide me of the best alabaster stone of the World!

He started to draw the portrait of a Virgin with the Child of newfangled features feverishly and deploying the scroll next to the book. The four Priests were him surprised, due to it was evident that his vision did not come from the book Sepher Icheh, at least from the page that was at sight, but from another reality, of a Celestial World that had been opened before his eyes and had revealed the Lady of his inspiration.

The Immortals awaited a large hour with unusual patience until the monk seemed to return to reality: over the table, was placed completed, the graphic synthesis of the supernatural vision.

–Eminences: now I understand Your reserves–said the carver, still exited– You undoubtedly, with the authorization of the Lord, have allowed me to lean out in Heaven and contemplate the Holy Mother. I assure you that even if I will always remember it, and my Work remains as a testimony of this vision, I will never say a word about the origin of the same. As you warned me at the beginning, I respond for it with my life! But –Here he narrowed his eyes and reflected aloud, for himself–what is Death, before the even more terrifying possibility to lose the favor of the Mother of God, to fail her?

–I will comply! –he said, screaming now– Oh, yes. I will comply for her!

–Do you feel capable of carving the statue that we need? – Asked Birsha, without many contemplations for the mystical state of the sculptor monk.

–Oh, yes! I will put all my Art, and the Divine Inspiration that overwhelms me to make the most perfect finish to this image! – And he signalized the charcoal sketched drawings over the fine leather of the scroll.

In these were exposed a Sublime Mother, gifted of a beautiful countenance of Israelites features and dressed in the same nationality, with the head covered by a large mantle, down to her waist, and sustaining the Child with the left hand, while in the right one she wore *an scepter crowned with Pomegranate*. The corpse body of the Mother gave the impression of being slightly inclined to the left, peradventure to leave that the Divine Child occupies the Center of the scene. By his part, the Child was looking straight and blessing the observed with a gesture of the right hand, while in the left, he sustained a *sphaera orbis terrae*. Both, the Mother and Child, were crowned: the Mother was wearing a Queen's Crown, that the sculptor annotated, which had to constructed of pure gold; and the Child had over a hoop of silver in halo, *three almond's flowers* proportionally separated: from the sixth petal of each flower, sprouted nine rays, symbol of the Nine Powers of the Messiah. To the feet of Virgin, divers symbols, as snails and fishes, indicated the marine nature of the devotion: She by herself *was situated over the waves.*

–We will trust in you up to a point, although you will be watched –Threatened Birsha after he examined the sketch–. We like what you have seen and what you want to do. You are fortunate, Lamb of God! Now go back to your cell; you have much to pray for and meditate.

Moments later, the six of them were gathered before the Sepher Icheh.

What was the vision of the monk, O Immortals? Certainly, that was not the figure of the page lamed– Asked the Abbot of Clairvaux.

–Certainly not, –answered Birsha– Bera made the sculptor eat a grain of this fruit–and he signalized the Pomegranate Binah.

–In fact;–Confirmed Bera– we have allowed the monk to peek into the Seventh Heaven, the Palace where the Messiah dwells, and the Divine Couple of the Aspects of *YHVH* that reigns the Seventh Heaven: the Mother Binah, shedding the creator Intelligence of *YHVH Elohim* with Warm Fire of His Love; and the Blow of *YHVH* is the Soul of the Messiah, the Child whose Form is *Metraton*, whose horse is *Araboth*, the clouds, whose round is realized over the waters of *Avir*, the Ether, an whose manifestation is the *Shekinah*, the Descent of *YHVH* onto the Kingdom. We have done this because we needed to represent such vision over a First Stone and exhibit it in La Rábida to replace Bishop Macarius's statue that the Templar guarded. The carving will be realized in secrecy and, when it is finished, you will substitute it with the major discretion. It will be affirmed then, with more emphasis than ever, that the same is the Evangelist work, that the own Saint Luke carved in the I century. It is important to do it in this way because Quiblón, someday will reach to Rus Baal to confirm the key, that will be *S.A.M.*, it means, *Shekinah, Avir*, *Metraton*, the universal key of the Messiah. For the new image of the Virgin of Miracles, he will know that there will be manifested the Shekinah you gift it with the Verb of Metraton through Avir, the Ether.

As you know, this image of the Sephirotic Rimmon Tree, symbolizes to *Adam llaah*, Man of Above, also called *Adam Kadmon*, the Primordial Man, i.e., human Form of *YHVH*, which is reproduced in *Adam Harishon*, the terrestrial man. In the fruits of the Divine Pomegranate of Life are the ten archetypal Names-Numbers with which He adopted the aforementioned Form and gave existence to all the created entities. These Names-Numbers called *Sephiroth* to hare the nexus between the Unity of *YHVH* and the plurality of entities: for *YHVH*, the Sephiroth are identical and one with The One; for the World, the Sephiroth are different and give existence to the multiple that constitute reality. Seen from the World, by Us, the Created Beings, the Ten Sephiroth emanate successively from The One without dividing it, and springs from the Tree Rimmon.

The first fruit is *Kether*, the Crown of Ehyeh, the essential Aspect of *YHVH*: beneath the Kether is the Throne of God, the Highest of Creation. Kether is Saint Elder, *atika kadisha*, or even more, the Ancient of the Days, *atika deatikim*. He sits on the Throne, and even He reaches alone to Metraton, who descends some time amongst men, as he spoke with Moses in the Sinai, and guided them to the Ancient of the Days. Is what said to Moses–«*I Am Who I Am», Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh {Exodus 3, 14}*. The Power of *Ehyeh* is extended directly over the *Seraphim, Haioth Hakadosch*, that's to say, Holy Souls, Constructor Angels of the Universe.

From Kether emerges the second of the Sephiroth, the Sephirah *Hokhmah*, Wisdom of Yah, and the Father God. Hokhmah is the Divine Thought of all entities: there is nothing that already existed, exists, or will exist, that was not before in potency in Hokhmah; *many are the grains of this Fruit, Father of all the fruits of Earth*. This same Image of the Tree Rimmon is a product of the Sephirah Hokhmah, which reveals itself. Who is present in Hokhmah, and introduce men in the sphere of the Father is Raziel, the Angel who wrote for

Adam in the First Book of the Law.

But Wisdom of the Father crosses the duct *Dahat* and is reflected in *Binah*, the Third Sephirah, which Divine Intelligence is necessary to fulfill the thought entities' creation. Binah is the Great Universal Mother: for Her Wisdom of the Father produces the fruits of the World and the Worlds' content. Warm Fire of his Universal Love floods the Ether Avir and transmits to all the Worlds the Intelligence of *YHVH Elohim*, the third Aspect of The One. Under his Power are the energy Angels *Aralim,* who acts in *Saturn's* sphere, but the main Angel, who communicates men with the Divine Mother, is *Zaphkiel,* who was the guide of *Noah, the great navigator. Binah is, thereby, Lady of the Seaman.*

– Kether, Hokhmah, and Binah constitute the Great Countenance of the Elder, *Arikh Anpin*: the seven Sephiroth of Construction that remain form, the Small Countenance of God, reflection of the Great Countenance and first access to The One that men can obtain starting from any created thing.

–The next Sephiroth are Numerations which emanated from the essential Trinity Kether, Hokhmah and Binah: *Hoesed and Netsah* that are at the rights of the Tree Rimmon; they are male as the Father; *Din and Hod*, female as the Mother, fructify from the left of the Pomegranate. In the central column of a trunk, grows the neutral fruits that synthesizes the opposites of the two successive trinities: *Din, Tiphereth, Hoesed,* and creator and productive, and *Hod, Yesod, Netsah*, executer, and concentrator of entities. At last, in the center is *Malkuth,* the Kingdom, that reflects to *Kether*, The Crown, and the synthesis manifests the Form of the Ancient of the Days. For the Kingdom descends the Shekinah to Earth, and the Kingdom of God will be concentrated in Earth when the Shekinah takes the form of the Chosen People, Governed by the King Messiah.

The fourth Sephirah is, thereby, *Hoesed*, the Grace of *Elohai*, His Mercy and Piety. Is *The Right Hand of YHVH*, and under His Power are these creatures of the Heavens called Dominions or *Hasmalim*, which act in the sphere of *Jupiter*. The main Angel is *Zadkiel,* which guides out of Abraham.

The fifth Sephirah is *Din*, the Rigor of *Elohim Gibor*. From this fruit comes the Law of God, and its grains are the Sentences of His Tribunal: every human act, and every entity of the Creation, must submit to the Judgement, of *Geburah*, of *Elohim Gibor*. Is *The Left Hand of YHVH*, and under His Power are the Authorities called *Seraphim*, who influence in the sphere of Mars. The main Angel is Kamael, the protector of Samson.

The sixth Sephirah is *Tiphereth*, the Beauty of *YHVH*. United with the Sephirah Hoesed and Din conform the triad productor of the created entities, *Din, Tiphereth, Hoesed,* but in reality, *Tiphereth is the Heart of YHVH,* the seat of Warm Fire of the Great Mother Binah. In Tiphereth, the Forms acquire the Supreme Beauty's archetypal perfection: the acts of men, inspired by Tiphereth, can only be acts of Love; and the created entities are relegated amongst them by the Universal Love that the Heart of *YHVH* irradiates. In Tiphereth, everything is Beauty and Perfect, because Wisdom Hokhmah of the flawless thought things, and the Intelligence Binah of his conception, produced by the Grace Hoesed and adjusted to the Rigor Din of the Law, shines in its Fruit.

But Tiphereth is not a Pomegranate but a Strawberry, i.e., a Rose, *another part of the Message One Love of YHVH towards the Animic Man.* The Strawberry Tiphereth is transformed in Rose when the Heart of the terrestrial Men shelters Warm Fire of the Animal Passion. Under His Power are the Angels that operate through the Sun's sphere, the Virtues called Malachim. And here exist two powerful Angels: one, Raphael, who was guider of Isaac; and the other, Pelial, who led the destiny of Jacob.

Some Angels who should be higher act here: they are the Seraphim Nephilim that the White Atlanteans accuse of «Traitor Angels», but really, they serve to YHVH with energy dedication, carrying out their Plans of human progress and favoring the creation of the Universal Chosen People Synarchy. They founded the White Fraternity and established their residence in the Heart of YHVH, and of Them depend on the Occult Hierarchy of Priests of Earth.

The seventh Sephirah, Netsah, reveals the Victory of *YHVH Sebaoth*, the God of the Celestial Armies. Is *The Right Column of the Temple, Jaquim,* and under His Power are the Principalities or Elohim, the Angels that influence from the sphere of Venus. *Cerviel,* the director of Angel of David, chairs it.

The eighth Sephirah is *Hod*, the Glory of *Elohim Sebaoth*, the *Temple's Left Column, Boaz*. Who dominates the Archangels *Ben Elohim*, which is expressed from Mercury's sphere: Michael, the inspirator of Solomon, is here the main Angel.

The ninth Sephirah is *Yesod*, the Fundament of the Creation of *YHVH Saddai*, the Almighty. Is the *reproductive organ of YHVH*, and, with Netsah and Hod, compose the last constructor triad or executive: Hod, Yesod, and Netsah. Its Power includes the Angels known as *Cherubim*, who are manifested from the Moon's sphere, and the main Angel is Gabriel, protector of Daniel.

And the tenth Sephirah is *Malkhouth*, the Kingdom of *Adonai Melekh*, and the Lord King of the Creation, last reflect of the Ancient of the Ancients. For this reason, under His Power are situated all members of the Occult Hierarchy and the White Fraternity, the Issim of the Chosen People. And for them the main Angel is Metraton, the Soul of the Messiah. *Malkuth is the Inferior Mother, as Binah is the Superior Mother*, but, if the Inferior Mother's descent is externalized in the Chosen People, and this passes to be the Shekinah, the *Mystical Wife of YHVH.*

Thirty-First Day

You know well all this –Added Bera, who was describing the draw of the Sepher Icheh– But I have repeated the essential to avoid misunderstandings, but immediately we will explain the Mystery of the Fire Stone. Such explanation that was requested to us by the Great Master of the Temple needs the previous and exact comprehension of the Work of The One, the creation of *YHVH*. From his Manifestation in the Created as the Tree Rimmon of the immanent and absolute Principles, of his triple immanent action, Shekinah, Avir, Metraton.

Sighed, relieved, the Great Master, who already feared that the demanded explanation would never come.

–Watch the Pomegranate roots of Life: from the tenth Sephirah emerges, the Kingdom that carries on its trunk the Almond Sign. As the candelabrum Menorah, the roots are seven and culminate in the Almond's flower's chalices, from where poke out to the terrestrial World the Eyes of *YHVH*, the Eyes that never sleep, the Eyes that see everything, the Eyes that Prophet Zechariah saw.

These optical roots of the Tree of YHVH represent the Israel Shekinah, the Chosen People, being One with God, i.e., they show the Plan's fulfillment, the Chosen People performing the World Government in the Name of The One. In reality, the ineffable one will show Himself in the Shekinah of Israel at the End of Time.

–The Prophet said:–Continued Birsha– *«YHVH saith: Heaven is my Throne and Earth the Fire Stone beneath my feet»*. *YHVH* rests, because his feet, the roots of the Tree Rimmon, over a Fire Stone which is nothing else than the Soul of the Messiah, manifested in the Shekinah: this terrestrial Stone, is the replica of Metraton, the Celestial Man, Archetype of all men of warm clay. Because this Fire Stone, which was since the Beginning of Creation, but the Constructors did not employ that, will fit with justice the End of Time, when the Time will end and will become in Cornerstone, Key of the Vault of all the edification: *«The stone which the quarryman refused has become Cornerstone»{Psalms 118, 22}.*

And where is the seat of such Fire Stone, the Messiah Soul, Metraton, which is the model of all men of warm clay? According to the Prophet: «*thus saith Adonai YHVH: Here I am to put in Zion the foundation of a Stone, a tried Stone, precious, fundamental, corner, a grounded; he who believeth, shall not move from such foundation» {Isaiah 28, 16}.* The mortal men, *Stones of clay*, shall be the End as the Fire Stone, as Metraton, the Celestial Man; thus, shall be when the Temple be ready, and each one will occupy his place in the construction, according to the model of the Messiah; thus shall be in the days in which the Kingdom of *YHVH* will be concentrated in Earth, and with the reign of the Messiah King; and the Shekhinah will be manifested as the Chosen People. Because only for Israel has created *YHVH* the Kingdom and the King: no Gentile population has been ever areal Kingdom, even if it seemed to, neither has existed a real King, out of the Chosen People: for this reason, the name Melchizedek, the Supreme Priest of our Order, really means «*The One who dethrones the Kings*» and not «*The King of Zedek*» as we have made believe to the Gentiles. Melchizedek, and those who belong to his Order, must destroy every false Kingdom and King before the real Kingdom of *YHVH* be reproduced in Earth, Malkhouth, with the World Government of the Chosen People.

However, Priests, the Plan of God has been disturbed and now will be necessary to sacrifice men of clay in a Fire Holocaust, the End of Time, justly when the Temple be erected, and the Kingdom be realized in the Shekinah of Israel: as we assure you, the Fire Stone, which was a Pure Archetype at the Beginning of Time, was multiplied, without losing its singularity in The One that characterizes to all the Sephiroth: and each Fire Stone, identical to the one of the Beginning, was a Soul that would reach perfection at the End, when all would

be One with The One; men of clay would reach in this form to be Fire Stone, similar to Metraton: for it only should comply the Law and travel through Time towards the End, where is perfection. But it was there when they, the Seraphim Nephilim, creators of the White Fraternity, *engraved the Abominable Sign* in the Fire Stone over which each Soul of men of clay is seated. And Abominable Sign *cooled* the Fire Stone, *Aben Esch*, and removed it from the End. *Therefore, Priests, the Stone that must be cleaned with a pitch at the End, is the Cold Stone that would not be where it is due to it was not placed in the Beginning by the Creator One.*

Damn Stone, Stone of Scandal, and Seed of Stone: They placed it after the Beginning in the Soul of men of clay and now it is in the Beginning. *Time is the constant stream of the Consciousness of The One*: between the Beginning and the End of Time is the Creation; and at the End of Time is Soul's perfection as Fire Stone. It is the Will of *YHVH* that the Soul reaches the Final Perfection according to the model of Metatron. But now the Soul *can't see* the Cold Stone that is sunk in it. Not perceives it until it crosses its path and becomes in Stumbling Stone for the Soul, in an insurmountable Obstacle to reach Good of the Final Perfection. Without the Seed of Stone in the Soul of men of clay would not have existed Evil nor Hate for the Creation, the Force of Love would have realized the evolution to the Creator, the Final Perfection would have been assured for every Created Soul: now that Plan of *YHVH* will be impossible to be accomplished, and the Judgment of Din the Ancient of the Days determines that only those who reach Good of the Final Perfection, in any Time, will reach alive to the End of Time; instead, those contaminated by the Evil, men of clay whose souls incubate, even unknowing it, the Seed of Stone, will be dissolved and converted in pitch, to clean with it the Abominable Sign in the Fire Stone.

– Yes, Priests: –Continued Birsha– Ehyeh created all beings, included the Stone. He extracted it from Warm Fire, and because of this, he designed it as «Fire Stone». And he puts all the Created Beings in the Becoming of Time, which is his Flowing Consciousness: because before the Beginning existed nothing except the ineffable Supreme Being. The Spirit of The One went out at the Beginning of the *Ein Sof*, the Actual Infinite, representing the *nought* for all the Created Souls. Thus, The One, who also appeared from that naught, brought all the Created Beings from there, the first of them was Warm Fire, created the first Day: giving in this way Beginning to the Time. The Souls of men of clay, created after, started to evolve thenceforth, in direction to the Final Perfection. But that evolution was very slow. To accelerate it the Seraphim Nephilim came with The One's consent; also appeared from the Ein Sof: to those Angels, our enemies call «Traitor Gods». The truth is that they extracted from the naught the Abominable Uncreated Sign and engraved it in Warm Fire: a*nd that was the Origin of Evil*.

That Sign in «Cold Stone transformed the signalized Stone,» and it was instantly moved to the Beginning of Time, moved backward from the initial nowt to sustain an abominable existence out of Time. Amongst the created Beings, within the Created Stones, the Cold Stone refused the Creation's Order, rebelled against the Will of The One, and was declared Enemy of the Creation. Who had introduced the Uncreated Sign in the World, placed the

Cold Stone in the Soul of Men as Seed of Stone, to make it grow, to mature and fructify, to make that the force of its development obtains the Soul rapidly to the Final Perfection. But such Seed, as we said, would produce a Fruit extremely hostile to the God One and His Creation: a Fruit would only accept to exist out of the Time, before the Beginning, a Fruit would only yearn to abandon the world of the Created Beings and get lost in the original naught; a Fruit that the Soul could not foresee because its Seed would remain invisible since the Beginning; a Fruit which would be denominated «the Self».

And the cause of that Fruit would be the Cold Stone, neither the Seed of Stone, but those inhabitants of the Abyss that you know as *Hyperborean Spirits.* They are our real enemies, but, fortunately, they only can be manifested in the Soul of men through the Cold Stone; you will comprehend that what incarcerates them to the Soul of men, without being aware of that, is the Cold Stone in the Beginning. However, if Warm Stone was extracted of Warm Fire, and the Cold Fire, contrarily, has sprouted from the Cold Stone: by that Uncreated Fire, the Damn Lineage of Tharsis, that we have just exterminated, escaped for centuries to our control and infested the world with Stone Men who tried to destroy the bases of the Cult. It seems that the Seraphim Nephilim didn't count that with the Cold Fire would sprout the Cold Fire and would reveal to the Luciferic man what they denominate «*Infinite Blackness of Himself*». For it is necessary, since that hateful Mystery was possible, to avoid in the Future that the Seed of Stone mature and fructify, Child of Stone's birth will receive the revelation of the Cold Fire and that will turn off Warm Fire of the Heart. It is necessary to *clean the Cold Stone with a pitch to recover Warm Fire;* the Fire must never abandon the Heart of men.

Actually, Priests, even if They blame The One, and his terrestrial representatives, for the disgrace that affects them, were the Hyperborean Seraphim, those who dwell in the Heart of *YHVH*, Tiphereth, who preserve the spiritual incarceration; itis true that they worked with the consent of The One and no one knows when nor for what he created them, nor why he gave them, also, the Power to extract beings from the naught. At least if it is granted credit to what they affirm: *that they are not Beings Created by The One, but they come, as Ehyeh, from a World that exists Beyond the Ein Soft; and their spiritual nature is equal to The One.* But to believe them would be to commit the greatest heresy against Hokhmah of the Master of Everything, because was not the own One who declared his Absolute Unity and Exclusive? *«To whom then will ye compare me?, saith the Holy Elder. Lift up your eyes on high and see, who hath created these things? » {Isaiah 40, 25}. «Thus saith YHVH. King of Israel, and his Redeemer YHVH Sebaoth: I am the first and the last; and a part of me there is no other Stone. Ye are my witnesses. Is there a God except from me? There is no God; I know no other» {Isaiah 44, 6} «Ye are my witnesses, saith YHVH, and my Chosen People; that ye may know and believe me, and understand that I am, Ehyeh. Before me, there was no God, neither shall there be after Me. I am God since always and also since today I am the same, and no one can escape of my hand: I will do what I want, and who will change it?» {Isaiah 41, 10}*. Yes, Priests; we must not doubt of The One. But neither forget that the Hyperborean Seraphim founded the White Fraternity to which all of us belong, and in which Hierarchy we have reached the Highest Priesthood.

In sum, according to the Seraphim Nephilim plans, while the Seed of Stone is being developed, the Soul of Earthen men would evolve undoubtedly accelerated towards the Final Perfection. But reality contradicted these plans: such Germ of Evil, when it be fructified, far of impulsing the Soul to raise it towards the Final Perfection, would be sunk in the Terror of Abyss without Name, in the Eternity of an Infinite Blackness. And finally, the Seed of Stone would end, dominating the Soul of Man of clay and converting him in an Enemy of the Creator and the Creation, hardening his Heart and turning him into a being without Love, converting him in a *Stone Man*. For this reason, We, the Perfect Priests, must propitiate the Fire Holocaust, that will clean with pitch at the End the Abominable Sign *in–the–Stone–that–is–planted–in–the–Soul–of–the–Man–of–Clay*. –Concluded Birsha.

Thirty-Second Day

Immediately, Bera added the next:

–For millenniums, in the submersed Continent of Atlantis, that the Gentile must never know that existed, the Priests of The One fought against the hostile effect that the Cold Stone caused in the Souls of men of clay. By diverse means, it was attempted that the Uncreated Spirit, incarcerated to the Soul by the Cold Stone, *forgets its Origin, beyond the Ein Sof.*

And the results were encouraging then, finally, the blood of clay men had been degraded in such way that the Uncreated Spirit was incapable of orientating itself to the Cold Stone that would reveal the Divine Origin. Then existed a Cultural Golden Age, in which other Chosen People, similar to Israel, established the Universal Synarchy and was prepared for the Kingdom of the Shekinah. It was in that moment when some Stone Men, who escaped to extermination that the Priests and the Seraphim Nephilim submitted them, and they achieved to attract for their help other Seraphim, called «Hyperborean», who entered the Created Universe through the sphere of Venus. The most terrible of those Seraphims was *Lucifer, Phosphorus, Hesperus,* due to facing all the Celestial Legions of YHVH *Sebaoth*, he precipitated to Earth to bequeath his own Crown to the Spirit, incarcerated in Earthen man. Then, he placed the Damn Gem of the *Grail, which has the power to avoid that the Spirit forgets its Divine Origin.* Once realized, he returned from where he had come, but leaving the fertilized germs of the Luciferic Lineages against which we are still fighting, in all similar to House Tharsis that we have recently exterminated.

And would be those condemned Lineages by YHVH, especially the ones that emerged from the White Race, the ones that would never forget the Origin. Such Origin would try to germinate the Seed of Stone in all Earthen men, which would unbind the rebellion against the Law of YHVH and the hate for the Creation. Thus was reached inevitably to the Battle of Atlantis, which ended with a planetary catastrophe. However, the greatest Evil has not happened yet: this one overcame because of Lucifer and *that Woman, the Intruder Ama,* who was capable of entering in the Venus sphere to obtain the Secret of the Seeds of Stone.

Yes Priests: the Seraphim Lucifer gave to the Intruder the Spikes of the Seeds of Stone that until then was only possessed the Seraphim Nephilim. And with his return, the Greatest Evil fell over Earthen men, because The Intruder chose the bravest ones and started to plant in their hearts the Seed of Stone that turns off Warm Fire of the Animal Passion, Love of the Great Mother Binah. Each Seed of Stone would be one Wise Warrior, a Stone Man situated out of the Law of YHVH, instead of the Name identical to Metraton, which was destined to be at the End of Time. *With her indescribable act, The Intruder, the Virgin of Agartha, offended profoundly to the Great Mother Binah, to whom she snatched Love of many Sons: for this reason, the Land of Huelva must be purified, that for many centuries has been dedicated to an Impius Cult.* Only in this way will descend the Shekinah in Rus Baal.

She, Priests, is Our Most Powerful Enemy, her Evil is above all the evil; her Hostility for the Creation, surpass any Stone Man; her Courage to face the One overpass the bravest Wise Warrior: before Her, and her Infinite Mystery, all tremble of Terror; and behind the Terror and Death, will only survive the Uncreated Spirits, who are of the same Hyperborean essence. She returned from Venus, carrying the Spike of the Seeds of Stone and bringing in her belly the Demon of War, Navutan, her Uncreated Son. All was a conspiracy of the Seraphim Lucifer: He wanted that Ama to have a Child of Stone, a Son that would be at the head of the White Race and would found for his members a

Mystery; and that the Initiates in that Mystery could obtain the Immortality and receive in their Hearts the Seed of Stone of the Virgin of Agartha.

–Look at the Sepher Icheh!– Ordered Bera, to whom this part of History produced a strange mix of Hate and Terror–. Here Navutan crucified Himself, –He signalized the branches that ranged from the trunk unto the Pomegranates Housed and Din–. The Ace was tied from the Right and Left Arm of the Holy Elder, under his Great Countenance and without realizing that the Fire Stone, Aben Esch, was hanging over his head, Nine nights agonized in the Cross of Rimmon until Frya, a Female Demon as terrible as Ama, went out from the eye and found out the Secret of Death. But, to reveal it to Navutan, who had just died, *she had to eat a grain of the pomegranate Hokhmah* and became a partridge: she performed for Navutan the lame dance that allows to go out from the Labyrinth of the Illusion of Death; however, such food incarcerated her to the Illusion, like Persephone, and she couldn't return to the Origin from where she had come to save his Husband. Thus Frya, a new Enemy of the Creation, remained with Vides, the Lord of Agartha, the Uncreated Demons' refuge. With Navutan, his Husband, to carry out the Essential War against The One. Navutan, by his part, resuscitated and revealed to members of his Race the Secret of Death through the Labyrinth Mystery. In that course, the Initiates receive the Seed of Stone of the Virgin of Agartha in their hearts and can become Stone Man. Disciples of Navutan were the White Atlanteans, who planted in the World of impious Stones, who *opened the doors of the Celestial Mansions to take them by assault.*

For this reason, don't forget, Priests, the conditions of the Cultural Pact! Stone Men are our most terrible Enemies because they are proposed to impede the Plans' fulfillment that YHVH has disposed for Humanity: *but there are also the Stones of Stone Men.* Not forget that their damn Stones must be destroyed because inside of them could exist Seeds of Stone, germs of inconceivable beings that could fructify and born in determinate moments of History. Don't forget that the Cold Stone is invisible for Our Souls but ready to manifest their *essential hostility* when the opportunity, that's to say, the *Kairos*, permits it. We ignore if from such Menhir will emerge Stone Men, but we must destroy it in any case. Remember that we declared the Essential War against the Creation's Enemy and that our war is between the Pitch and the Cold Stone, between Warm Fire and Cold Fire, between the Created and the Uncreated, between the Being and the Naught. Birsha spoke again to talk exclusively of the mission that the Immortals left to the Priests. The meeting was ending and would pass many years before Their return: perhaps, then, as before, as always, would exist other Priests to receive them. They shouldn't, thereby, miss any word that They were telling, because no one could repeat it after. And the error, in the Order of Melchizedek, was severely punished.

– You already know, in part, your mission, –said Birsha–. You will dedicate all your powers and influence to purify this region of Huelva. House Tharsis has been destroyed and, even if we not recovered the Venus Stone, it neither would be used against you. That was one of the last Lucifer Stones, that allowed the Hyperborean Initiates to orientate in the Labyrinth of the Illusion of Life; without them, the Guardian of the Labyrinth can be tranquil, YHVH Adonai:

only the Priests of Israel know the lame dance that signalizes the Exit. Priests: the Enemy is almost defeated! The Chosen People Synarchy will be a reality soon, the Shekinah will descend prompt, and the Messiah King will reign! The Holocaust of Fire is drawing nigh! Quiblón will come to Rus Baal to search for the Great Mother Binah and will exhibit his Name S.*A.M., Shekinah, Avir, Metraton; and she, lovely, will plant Earthen Seed of the Pardes Rimmonim, the Germ of Metraton that at the End will be Fire Stone, Perfect Soul of the Chosen People!*

Demolish without considerateness the Altar of the Imposture! Remove her hand from the abominable Spike of Hate! Make that nobody remember her Essential Sacrilege, her Seeds of Stone condemned by YHVH! Destroy her places of Cult and her Images, kill even her memory and, of course, burn it to ashes, those who believe in the Virgin of Agartha and aspire the Seed of Stone! Be hard, Priests, because the Enemy deserves it! Raise Altars for sweet Mother Binah instead! Put in her hand the wonderful Pomegranate of Love of YHVH! Let that everyone know her Essential Sacrifice, of being depositary of Earthen Seeds blessed by YHVH! Build places for her Cult and invoke her Images, generate in the people her remembrance and, of course, reward with the greatest dispenses to all those who believe in the Virgin of Miracles, or of the Ribat, or of the Pomegranate, or of the Ribbon, or of the boat, or of Earthen Child, or of Warm Fire! Be effective, Priests, because the Plans of YHVH demand it!

In sum, you will start substituting Bishop Macario's statue with the new sculpture Our Lady of Miracles that the monk will carve according to the vision of the Sepher Icheh. You will place This sculpture in the Convent Our Lady of the Ribat. Still, immediately you shall dedicate to the work and propitiate the near edification of a great sanctuary for the Virgin of the Ribbon. This one, will have to shelter a Brotherhood of seamen and owners of Naos, who will request her protection and will gather around her Cult. The ideal site will be a hill near the Sea, where the estuary of Odiel, the City of Huelva, Palos, and La Rábida and Moquer. And the image that will be worshipped there, will be very similar to one seen by the sculptor monk, but gifted of major sacred attributes: the Great Mother Binah will exhibit in her left hand the *Pomegranate,* i.e., the acid fruit of Warm Life, halved in from of *vulva* and showing in its aperture the grains of the Seeds of Stone; and with the right hand will hold the Messiah, who will appear completely naked except by his feet, that will be covered with gaiters to dissimulate his lameness of Dionysius. The left hand of the Divine Child will be directed to the Pomegranate, while with the right will sustain the *sephirotic ribbon*, the cord with the ten measures of the Universe, the symbol of the overseas navigators. But in the Mother of God's dress, visible and contrasted, must be the Hebrew letters of the Name Quiblon, *S.A.M.*, that is, *Samekh, Aleph, and Mem.* Finally, *on* the image of the Virgin of Ribbon, you will portray two of the Seraphim Nephilim, sustaining in their hands the *Celtic Symbol of the Kâlachakra Key.*

You will also make other images and sculptures inspired by the recent descriptions. But have present that, in every case, the Messiah Child must be despoiled from the sacrilegious book that holds the Child of Stone of the Virgin of Agartha, the Book of Hyperborean Wisdom. On its place, you'll put a *sphaera orbis terrae*, as symbol of the Universal Power that the Messiah King will reach

in the Kingdom of Israel Shekinah. Like it, they will be the images and sculptures that you'll distribute in all the places that be necessary.

And lo, Priests! Because we'll prophesy you one last time.

Hear this message *it will be accomplished at any time and place because it is the Word of YHVH:*

YHVH Sebaoth saith: Days of Glory shall come for the Chosen People. I shall come, Shekinah, upon it, and I will Reign, in the midst of the Fire Holocaust in which the impious shall fall before me. And in those days, when the Glory, and the Victory, of Israel, be drawing nigh, I will send a univocal sign announcing that the time hath come: Such Sign shall be the fall of the Pomegranate, Mansion of the Jews. In reality, will always be the Pomegranate that shall signalize this hour. Pomegranate that will be in possession of a decadent Kingdom that a nascent Empire shall conquer. The Triple Holocaust of the Gentile People shall be offered then; thereupon I shall come, and the Glory and Victory of Israel will have begun. Quiblón whose Voice closeth the Doors of Hell and openeth the doors of Heaven, shall offer me the Triple Holocaust and Announce me, thus Signalizing the Time of Israel.

–Rejoice, Priests of YHVH *Sebaoth*, that today the Lineage of Tharsis has been exterminated, and we will announce to you the forthcoming Shekinah!

Comply, comply with firmness and exactitude our orders, and soon Quiblón will come to receive the Verb of Metraton and celebrate the Triple Holocaust awaited by YHVH! Be the Victory Netsah of YHVH with you!

–Saluted Bera.

– And the Glory Hod of *Elohim Sebaoth* crowns your efforts! –Ended Bera.

The Immortals had gone to Shambhala the next day, leaving the four Priests mired in deep musings. Of course, the diabolic arrogance of Bera and Birsha would be appeased a little it would have been suspected that Tharsis Lords still existed alive and that the Condemned Lineage, like the Phoenix, would be reborn of their own ashes in House Tharsis.

Thirty-Third Day

Estimated Dr. Siegnagel:

I hope you have the patience and enough time to continue reading. Perhaps this letter has overextended, but it was impossible for me to abbreviate more because I run the risk of obscuring the message that I want to reveal you with its lecture precisely. Certainly, that I have limited to mention just the most important facts of the complex history of House Tharsis; with another expositive criterion would have been impossible to reach even here. Thence, I will try to resume even more the part that is missing, not because the message is already revealed, nor because the next lacks importance, but because I run out of time because I have a presentiment that They are getting nearer each moment. I wish that you Dr., rather I beg you to effectua-

te its entire reading and judge after I know that my condition of «mentally diseased» rest does not credit to its content *if the same is rationally judged*; but, I must not deny it, I trust in that you will adopt at the end *another point of view*.

I have to abandon, thereby, the satanic Immortals, who would not delay returning to the Temple of Melchizedek, to talk again about the Tharsis Lords. Now will be understood how the necessity that House Tharsis had to survive influenced and gave definitive orientation to the Strategy of the *Circulus Domini Canis*; and how this strategy culminated when the inspired management of Philip IV fulfilled its objectives.

Noso of Tharsis was prepared to return to the Secret Cavern when the *Pestilence* made its presence in House Tharsis. Immediately comprehended there that he was the only survivor and, dominating Warrior fury that was sprouting from his Spirit, he tried to evaluate with calm the situation. Being a Golems' attack was not convenient to encourage hopes about the rest members of the family, except for the Stone Men who, as he, were evidently invulnerable. It was disposed then, to await the confirmation of what occurred with the expedition of the Earl of Tarseval. During that wait, he checked with horror that his relatives' corpses were transformed in bitumen of Judea. When Lugo de Braga came and the pillage's beginning, Noso didn't need more information to know the Count and his Knights' fate. And at that moment, he only thought in the Virgin of the Grotto Basilica, and her image, the most valuable that remained there for a Stone Man. Without thinking twice, he ran to the Church, sword in hand. Where fifteen soldiers had already arrived, perhaps intending to steal golden Chalice, and he had to face the fury of the Wise Warrior: unequal combat for the Almogavars and for any not Initiated warrior, which cost their lives.

When Noso approached the Altar, who was sure that he came first, he warned amazed a mutilation in the Child of Stone's statuette: someone had dissected the hand of stone that expressed the Bala Rune. But that was not the moment to solve the enigma. Noyo wrapped the Virgin and the Child's busts with a cape and won a horse the left shore of the River Odiel, where an unfrequented footpath would him to the mountain range of Candelaria.

The news about the extermination of a great part of the family affected the strong old woman: 1700 years before, another Vraya had lived a similar situation. Was not possible, she said almost for herself, that all that effort was in vain. Even by all the attacks suffered until then, House Tharsis achieved to overpass always the difficult moments, although no one such critical as the present; but the progress were also many: the familiar guideline was almost accomplished: the Cold Fire Cult since centuries ago that was giving Stone Men to the Tharsis Lords; and they had preserved the Venus Stone, the most valued trophy for the Enemy; was only missing a last effort of blood purification, that the family could produce a Stone Man able to understand the Serpent with the Origin's Symbol, that's to say, someone capable to project the Origin's Symbol over the Venus Stone; that Hyperborean Initiate would reach in this way the Highest Wisdom, the localization of the Origin, and the Venus Stone would show them the Lytic Sign of the L'Taagar; then the Tharsis Lords could march towards the destiny that the Liberator Gods had reserved to them; and that moment not seemed to

be far, House Tharsis was conscious that the imminence with which would reach a Stone Man that would be Pontiff and would comprehend the major secrets; they were awaiting him with anxiety since many years ago but they were all agree that he would come soon; and the signs of the Gods were coincident. How, then, how was this disaster occurring now? Had they underestimated the Enemy again? Undoubtedly, that was the answer. He has not maintained a sufficient state of alert and was allowed to the Enemy to act, who had to be attacked preventively once he approached the region of Aracena. Being as this, the occurred was explained, at least strategically, because against the knowledge employed by the Immortals, they had no defense apart of the Purity of Blood.

Was not possible, repeated the Vraya, that the Liberator Gods had abandoned us at the Golems will; such hit could not mean the end of House Tharsis, not before the accomplishment of the familiar mission; with security would remain some Tharsis Lords alive to save the Lineage and make possible the generation of the awaited Stone Man. It was necessary to search for them! Noso of Tharsis would have to leave and go around the places where they lived other relatives, although it was not convenient to keep hopes about the survival of no one who was not initiated. And these last ones, Stone Men, were all incorporated into the Order of Preachers, working in different monasteries and universities of France and Italy. Noyo would travel immediately. She would remain in Guard; rationing all that was possible; the available victuals would resist six months, then, naturally, would die there if Noso did not return at the time.

The Vraya was right: there still existed Tharsis Lords alive and with possibilities to save the Lineage, but it was not less true that this would be the most critical situation that they ever faced, including the destruction of Tartessos. This time, sixteen family members achieved to survive: now remained only eight, considering the old Vraya and Noyo. In fact, during his journey to Seville, Cordoba and Toledo, Noso only found the mourning and fear of the non-sanguineous relatives, to whom nothing had happened, and he realized that the Pestilence knew not distance. Recently in Toledo, Noso met other Stone Man, who was aware that something terrible occurred and he was preparing to travel to Turdes: there also had died many familiars by the weird Pestilence. When he knew the bad news, he decided to travel with Noso to Zaragoza and Tolosa, in Languedoc, where lived the *Domini Canis* leader. In Zaragoza, they realized that the Final Death has converted in bitumen the beautiful family of one of his cousins, mother of twelve children: the thirteen of them died in the same moment, in the same fateful night; his Husband, a byzantine Knight, talented professor of Greek, had no consolation. According to what he said to the Tharsis Lords, the deceased had revealed years ago that an esoteric sect integrated by some terrible people called «Golem» was persecuting since ancient times to the Tharsis Lords; when he exhaled such frightful scream, before he died, she clung to Pedro de Crete, and he believed to have distinguished the word «Golem», modulated with the last breath. For this reason, he swore later, over the thirteen corpses, to revenge those dead if they were really the consequence of the Golems' black magic, just as was suggested by the horrible decomposition that was seen in the bodies: his life, explained Pedro, was destroyed, and he would have accepted to

die that night before to survive bearing the pain to remember those he loved so much. He would consecrate his existence to search the Golem, now his own enemies, and he would try to comply with his vow; he would revenge or die in the attempt: was evident, he said with innocence, that only the fury that was burning in his blood allowed to maintain him alive.

Pedro de Crete ignored where to start the quest when the monks came, relatives of his wife, who would surely know to orientate him. Stone Man, whose dead familiars were counted by hundreds, was not with mood to be affected by the byzantine Knight's small drama. Nevertheless, they were admired for his noble naivety, the courage without limits that he exhibited, and the wonderful fidelity for his love. Obviously, he had no idea of the enemies he was facing and that he lacked any chance against Them; but it would be almost impossible to find them by himself, and that impotence would constitute his major protection.

The Tharsis Lords were withdrawing, without saying a word, when Pedro de Crete reached them: Man did not believe anything; on the contrary, he was sure that they were hiding something, and he decided to go with them; he offered the protection of his sword to the monks, but if they refused, he would follow them at a distance. There was no manner to persuade him to abandon his enterprise. Stone Men had no alternative: or they allowed to go with them, or they would have to execute him. They decided the first because Pedro de Crete was, clearly, *a man of Honor.*

The Leader of the *Domini Canis* was waiting for them. Rodolfo was born in Seville, but in the Order, he was called «Rodolfo of Spain». His wisdom was legendary, but, for strategic motives, he never wanted to stand out in the academic ambient, and he only accepted that priorate in the surrounding of Tolosa: from his monastery, he operated the most internal group of the *Circulus Domini Canis*. He belonged to the same family of Petreño, and he still had a grade of kinship as the second uncle of the newcomer monks, who were cousins. He placed Pedro de Crete in a monastery that housed laical pilgrims, and then he spoke with frankness:

–I know everything! The Voice of the Pure Blood revealed it to me at the moment that occurred. And the internal sight permitted me to watch the ritual of the Demons. Now They have gone to the Temple of Melchizedek with the conviction that they achieved to exterminate House Tharsis. Thereby, we have a little strategic advantage that we must utilize effectively to save Tharsis's Lineage. This is the scheme of the situation: from Spain, only you two and the Vraya have survived; here are two nuns, who are my nieces Vrunalda and Valentina; and two Initiates, one in Paris and the other in Bologna: to them I have already sent messengers requesting them to come urgently to Tolosa. Gentlemen: we must sustain a Familiar Council!

Fifteen days later the seven of them were gathered in a secret crypt, under the Church of the Monastery of Rodolfo of Tharsis. There was not too much to discuss in reality because the six remainings would accept all that proposed Rodolfo, by far the Wisest of the Tharsis Lords. And they were not wrong in their plan,

simple and effective, which resulted rather efficient against the Enemy Strategy, and permitted to save the Lineage of Tharsis. Thus he exposed:

–First of all, I must confirm that House Tharsis is debated as never before in front of the alternative of the extinction; and that the possibilities of continuation of the Lineage are minimum: specifically, they are based in the two present Ladies here. It is not unknown for Us that in the whole history of our lineage, Stone Men have always proceeded from the matrilineal heritage: the Pure Blood message is transmitted from daughter to daughter, and only from the Ladies of Tharsis born Stone Men and the Kâlibur Ladies. Thence, the strategy's main priority to follow consists of bind these Ladies in convenient marriages for our purposes. This means that such marriages must be rigorously under our control: all must be sacrificed in favor of the familiar mission, even an infertile husband!

Vrunalda and Valentina assented with a gesture.

Rodolfo continued speaking:

–The *Circulus Domini Canis* will give to all of you new identities, naturally, because you will not return where you were hitherto. The Golem must never suspect that we are alive neither that no one of us belongs to Tharsis's lineage. We will just retake your names the day when we will achieve to break the Power of the Golem, either destroying their satanic Orders, either strengthening the *Circulus Domini Canis*. Meanwhile, we'll work in secret inside of the Order of Preachers, and we will be occupied to assure that the marriages of Vrunalda and Valentina give fruits.

We can't go back to Spain while the possibility of being discovered or recognized exists. We have to maintain the fiction that House Tharsis is effectively extinct. I know that it means to leave the Vraya abandoned to her luck, but that is preferable before the risk of a new siege of the Immortals in the Secret Cavern. Remember that many have died to preserve the Wise Sword and that the Vraya will be only one more of those who will give their lives for such a noble mission. However, one day we'll have to return to the Secret Cavern to restore the Guard.

We will have to foresee the manner to recover the inheritance of House Tharsis. For it nothing seems better than to carry out the next: exists an Initiate in the *Circulus Domini Canis*, a young Catalan Earl, who would be willing to give the rights of his rich Mediterranean Seigniory, in favor a son of Alfonso III, in turn of the County of Tarseval. I am sure that the King of Portugal will grant that will, considering the obtained advantages, in prestige and rents, for the Catalan County's beneficiary. The Order shall arrange all, but there is something else: I have thought that this Earl is the ideal consort for Vrunalda.

Here the surprise was painted in all the countenances. Vrunalda, a young woman of fifteen years old who since the thirteen was a novice in Franjeaux, reddened. Rodolfo explained his plan:

–Don't be surprised, that soon you will know the reason. I understand that it seems crazy to send Vrunalda to Spain; after the risks that I have confirmed and the Strategy that I have proposed, I will tell you how that it can be possible. If we work with caution and take a prudent time to adjust details, for

example, some four years, nothing permits to anticipate more dangers or difficulties; on the contrary, the presence of Vrunalda in the lands of House Tharsis is necessary to make that the charismatic Power of the Venus Stone acts over her seed. Of course, we won't send her unprotected because we dispose of the power to give her a new identity, whose change would be hardly noticed by the Golem. The case is that one of the German members of the *Circulus Domini Canis* is a Territorial Lord vassal of House Swabia, a widower since many years ago and consecrated to the preaching inside of the Order. When his wife died, this Noble trusted to us his little daughter of nine years old as a novice of the monastery of Fanjeaux, who died three years later, more or less for the date when entered Vrunalda. I have spoken with him, and he is agreed to swear that she is his legitimate offspring and to die rather than betray such oath. He will take Vrunalda with him to his Castlein Austria, and he will present her as his daughter, that he has abandoned the religious life because she had been promised to a Catalan Earl. For four years, he will integrate her into the German customs, and he will provide her all the information about his recent family. I hope that after that time, Vrunalda be able to pass as a German Lady and respond to all the lineage's interrogations. For now, we have already substituted the graves and adulterated Death certificates of the monastery, being that who died, and was buried three years ago, would be in that moment Vrunalda de Palencia. What do you think about this plan?

–In regard to Valentina, I will tell you that I have not decided anything and that we will have to search her husband who collects the requested conditions by us. But, anyway, must disappear definitely as member of House Tharsis. Therefore, I announce you that Valentina de Palencia, Dominican nun of the Convent of Fanjeaux, for the legal effects died that night. The Pestilence swept House Tharsis: her death was written in the certificates and has her own sepulture in the cemetery of the Order. While we prepare her future, she will be occulted in a farm that we have in San Félix de Caramán. Such property belonged to a Noble of the lineage of the rajmunds, who Simon de Montfort burned during one of his advances to Tolosa: the unique alive heritor, confessed heretic, was obeyed to pass his lifetime in one of the enclosed monasteries of the Order of Preachers. After his dead, the rights passed to the Order now have decided to sell them to a Roman Knight willing to live in these regions and own much gold to pay. This Knight, «Arnaldo Tíber», is no one else than our recently arrived from Bologna, here present: his mission will be, then, to carry out the production of the farm and rebuild the Castle, that now is in ruins; also, he shall marry with a chosen Lady amongst the families of the *Domini Canis*. Valentina will have to pass as his sister or niece until the situation was solved. Momentarily, there will be a Stone Man who came from Toledo, and he will help in everything to the supposed Roman Knight. You must have present that you will be vassals of the Count of Tolosa and, therefore, of the King of France; but, as the Order of Preachers will reserve the donation's religious rights, your sword will be really at the service of the Pope and the Church. And I suggest you accommodate in the Castle, as Leaders of the garrison or mayor, to the widower Knight that has accompanied you from Spain: I have no doubt that he is someone legit.

All occurred just how Rodolfo had planned, with one exception that didn't disturb the objectives, as will be seen immediately.

The King of Portugal gave place to the Catalan Knight request, strongly supported by order of Preachers, and he granted him the County of Tarseval. This was happening one year after the extinction of House Tharsis by the Pestilence and, for that time, the Golem had meticulously inspected the Turdes Village and the Seigniorial Residence. They would leave convinced that there were no Tharsis Lords alive, notwithstanding that they would extend the quest through all Spain and then to the rest of Europe. But these indignations would give negative results*; or positive*, according to the point of view, in all the sites where members of the condemned Lineage dwelled, they realized that the Pestilence pass didn't leave survivors.

The new Count of Tarseval repopulated the Turdes Village with five hundred families of Barcelona and settled down a garrison in the Seigniorial Residence of three hundred Catalan soldiers. Where was located the Chapel, at the feet of the mountain range Candelaria, he ordered to build a small fortress composed of tower and wall: thence, that place would always be under the surveillance of the sentinels of the County. Not existing Noyos or Vrayas to guard the Secret Cavern, the best would be to maintain surveillance on the mountain range to keep away the curious or possible suspects. Three years later, the County of Tarseval travelled to Austria, and he married Vrunalda, transformed now into a German Lady. The Seigniorial Residence, remodeled and fortified by the Catalans, received then such shy Lady, who never stopped learning Alfonso X's language and preferred to pass the hours praying in the Church of the Grotto that to enjoy the courtly customs.

The family resulted prolific in sons and daughters that the continuity of Tharsis's Lineage was until certain point assured. Otherwise, the County enjoyed relative calm during the next years, especially due to the care that the Earl manifested to not be involved in the struggle of interests that Portugal and Castile's monarchs sustained. King Sancho IV reincorporate the region of Huelva, and he granted his seigniory with effects for life to Don Juan Mate de Luna, and the Earl of Tarseval pass without problems to the crown of Castile, that confirms his rights and the arms of the Catalan Count. The same respect will show for Ferdinand IV and the successive owners and Lords of the country of Huelva. In sum, the family that was growing in Spain, in the ancient dominions of House Tharsis, would enormously surpass the aspirations proposed by Rodolfo and the Hounds of the Lord, although they would converse until the middle of the XIV century the secret of their lineage.

But not all occurred as Rodolfo expected: there was one exception, but, as I said at the beginning, that didn't change the objectives of the Strategy. The problem was proposed by Valentina, who was a young woman full of gifts but extremely passionate. Rodolfo had arranged with a Lord of Flanders, follower, as his family, of the *Domini Canis*, the commitment of marriage between his son and Valentina. The engaged, a Captain to the Duke of Flanders' orders, was certainly in conformity with the marriage. But not Valentina. Why?: what nobody imagined in that Family Council had occurred in San Félix de

Caramán; Valentina was madly in love of Pedro de Crete. Naturally, the bizantine Knight had something special due to he was already loved by the other Lady of Tharsis, his deceased wife. But the passion that this time awakened in the Cold Heart of Valentina, overpassed all the arguments of Rodolfo and every reasoning or advice of Stone Men. The Lady did not listen to reasons: or she married with Pedro de Crete or the lineage's strategy of survival would not pass for her. And what said Pedro de Crete to all this? Undoubtedly, he was also in love, but, he affirmed, that the contracted vow for his murdered family inhibited him from formalizing other marriage: he first should take revenge, punish in some way the damn Golem. He had come here with this purpose, and he was still waiting to be oriented towards the Demon's den. But his patience was exhausted and, if he not obtained soon the requested direction, he would go alone, putting his course, as an errant Knight, in the hands of God.

As can be seen, the situation was entangled but not impossible to resolve. Pedro de Crete's dilemma could manifest, about if he was worthy or not to marry with a Lady of Tharsis, was already elucidated with his previous marriage. His family belonged to the byzantine nobility. In the distribution of an inheritance, he was injured by the intrigues with some familiars and, finally, he was forced to flee. One of the Tharsis Lords met him in Constantinople, and he offered him such a place in Spain. He was now thirty-eight years old; and I already exposed the circumstances of his widowhood. Thereby, in principle, not existed in surmountable obstacle to fulfill Valentina's yen: all was reduced to convince the Knight about the importance of that union. But that would not be easy to obtain, due to they would have to give explanations; and many. Finally, a new Council of Family decided to annul the commitment with the Lord of Flanders and talk clearly with Pedro de Crete.

They told him the truth. They make him understand that no one could face the Golem terrible power if he only counted with the blood and the sword: was necessary, also, Wisdom; and that Wisdom could be found in the *Domini Canis*, that they offered to integrate. But they didn't occult the mortal danger that he would run if his marriage with Valentina was discovered: he would be conscious, painfully conscious, that in such case, his family could be exterminated by the Golem again. Pedro de Crete understood in this way that the possible major damage against the Enemy would be caused by the constitution of a family of the blood of Tharsis to perpetuate in secret the inheritance of the lineage. And then he was disposed to follow the plan of Rodolfo of Spain!

The presence of Pedro de Crete was justified by the amity that he had with the Baron of San Félix, this is, with the «Roman Knight» that represented Stone Man, and then by the marriage with his «sister», a young Spaniard woman named Valentina. The couple passed great part of their lives secluded in the Castle, as for the family of Arnaldo Tíber, without never arousing the suspicion of the Enemy about their real origin. For the exploitation of property and to cover any possible suspiciousness amongst the villagers, the Spaniards counted with the inestimable help of a family of villagers to whom they had feudalized the farm. The Nogaret's, as they were called, came from an ancient occitanian lineage deeply committed with the «Cathar heresy», in other words, with the

Hyperborean Wisdom. Many of its members were burnt by Simon de Montfort during the siege of Albi; the rest of the family would have ended in the stake too if the *Circulus Domini Canis* would have not protected it, accepting in the inquisitor courts, that they controlled, their conversion to the Catholicism and transferring them to San Félix de Caraman. These brave Cathars, loyal unto death and brave unto temerity, were united with the Hounds of the Lord, for the same hate against the Golem Church and its Creator God Jehovah Satan: they were only waiting for an opportunity to contribute against the White Fraternity plans. And that opportunity was offered by the Hounds of the Lord, thirty years later, to Guillaume de Nogaret.

Pedro de Crete and Valentina of Tharsis procreated four children, who lived all their lives inSan Félix. Six of their grandchildren, with other ten familiars of Arnaldo Tíber, were those who returned to Spain since the year 1315: *and amongst them was Enrique Cretez, ancestor of Lito of Tharsis*. It is clear then, Dr. Siegnagel, why I have stopped to speak so much about them: I came directly from that couple formed by Pedro and Valentina.

Thirty-Fourth Day

At the beginning of the XIII century, the White Fraternity plans seemed to have been complying relentlessly: *notwithstanding that they failed.* What happened then? This was Dr. Siegnagel, the question exposed in the Eighteenth Day. The answer that now you will be capable of understanding more profoundly affirmed that two exoteric causes and one esoteric and fundamental, explained the failure. Synthetically, the esoteric causes were concentrated in two men of History, Frederick II of Germany and Philip IV of France; however, they only expressed some occult forces' action, which I have denominated the «opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom». The first exoteric cause and the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom have been already exposed. Now it is only missing, to complete the explanation, to show how the Circulus Domini Canis applies the Coup of Grâce to the enemy Strategy directing against their plans the acts of Philip IV of France, the second exoteric cause.

In 1223, Philip II Augustus died, a King anesthetized by the Golem, who remained indifferent during the Crusade against the Cathars and permitted the Order of the Temple's consolidation in France. He would be succeeded by Louis VIII the Lion, a monarch physically and spiritually weak, who would participate in 1226 in the second Crusade against the Cathars and would die the same year. Thenceforth, and until 1279, governs Louis IX the Saint, who left settled the issue of Languedoc when he incorporated all the territories to the Crown of France by marriage, obliged, of the unique daughter of the Earl of Tolosa with his brother Alphonse of Poitiers. Then, the Guelph King of Aragon James I, would confirm to Louis IX the territorial occitanian conquests conceding, in the treaty of Corbeil of 1257, the rights of Aragon over

Carcassonne, Rhodes, Lussac, Bezier, Albi, Narbonne, Nîmes, Tolouse, etc., betraying with it the Cause of for which his father, Peter II, died in the battle of Muret fighting against Simon de Montofort; he would also give his daughter Isabel as wife of Philip III, son of Louis IX. Is that James I was such child that Peter II had given as hostage to Simon de Montfort «for his education». Once Peter II died, a delegation of Noble Catalans managed before Innocent III the return of the child, to which the Golem Pope agreed with the condition that he would have to be educated by the Templar of Spain, that is, in the Mozón Fortress. In the same place, Bera and Birsha assassinated Lupo of Tharsis, Lamia and Rabaz. James I was six years old when he was put in hands of the Templars, who would dedicate for many years brainwash and convert him into the synarchic policy instrument. Then, it must not surprise that his unsupportive conduct with the Cause of his father death neither the criticism poured in his book of memories about the acts of his father. Very opposed to the Guelph politicy of James I would be, instead, the behavior of his son Peter III the Great, who would play entirely against the papal theocracy.

Thence, when Louis IX the Saint died in 1270, his son occupied the throne, Philip III, taking Isabel of Aragon as Queen, sister of Peter III. In that Age took place the events that I mentioned yesterday, that's to say, the Catalan Earl reconstructs the County of Tarseval and Valentina falls in love with Pedro de Crete. Philip III would govern until 1285, the date in which he would be succeeded by Philip Philip IV, the executor arm of the Domini Canis. But what happens meanwhile, in the summit of the Golem Power, in other words, the Papacy? To answer, it would be necessary to go back to the death of Frederick II, when he was fighting in a successful war against Innocent IV, a war that threatened to end forever with the papal privileges: in these circumstances, the Golem poisoned him in 1250. But the Emperor had already caused irreparable damage in the European political unity, and he was leaving in Italy a Ghibelline party strongly consolidated that would not submit easily to the papal authority. It must be noted that the hate that the Golem experienced against House Swabia was only surpassed by the one that they professed for millenniums over House Tharsis: to that Lineage, like this, they had sworn to destroy without mercy.

Innocent III and the next Popes decided to despoil the Hohenstaufen of all their rights on Italy, that's to say, in Rome, Naples, and Sicily, and avoid that some member of that House could accede to the imperial throne. Frederick II was succeeded by his son Conrad IV, who was promptly excommunicated by Innocent IV: he died in 1253, leaving as heir to his unique son, the little Conradin, who had born in 1252. As regent of the child governed Manfred of Sicily, natural son of Frederick II. Excellent general, this King continued War undertaken by his father against the Golem papacy: he received three ex-communications of Urban IV, a terrible arm of that period but that did not leave a dent in the powerful Saracen army that he formed. Manfred won in every part a threat to conclude purifier work of Frederick II, and for the disgrace of Urban IV, he married his daughter Constance with the King Peter III of Aragon. It is in that moment when the Golems decide to realize an ambitious maneuver, which would be initially successful but that finally would produce the ruin of

their plans. They tried to replace House Swabia of Germany for the House of the Capet of France in the White Fraternity plans' executrix role.

Even about what can be thought, the plan was not misbegotten due to, particularly strengthened, but also divided by the feudal character of their States; the German Landowners could be easily debilitated in their imperial ambitions; in fact, the Interregnum, the actual period in which didn't exist agreement to elect the King of Germany, could be indefinitely maintained. That would be, then, the occasion to support the King of France and to assign him the role that in one time was entrusted to Frederick II. But the Golems were not thinking in the present King Louis IX, strong personality and difficult to manage, but his successor Philip III, the weakest and able to be influenced by his court's clerics. Urban IV offers the throne of Sicily to Louis IX, but the King of France does not accept because it he considers legitimate House Swabia's rights: who accepts is his brother Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence.

This Knight, a hero of the Crusades, wanted to be King as his brothers and accepted to become the executioner of House Swabia. With his intervention in Matters of Italy, the Golems achieved to compromise France in their theocratic policy and to restore the Papacy Power according to the conception of Gregory VII and Innocent III: then shall come, they suppose, the World Government and the Chosen People Synarchy.

According to the Provencal's feudal organization, the Lords only gave troops for forty days, and with the condition to not transport them very far. Without being able to obtain anything for that part, the Cistercian Order financed to Charles of Anjou a mercenary army of thirty thousand men. Such troop of adventurous without law enters Italy in 1264 and defeated completely to Manfred in Benevento's battle: then they would begin peerless massacres and pillages, only comparable to the barbarian invasions. In the afore mentioned battle, apart of Manfred, many Knights of the Ghibelline side lost their lives, amongst them the father of Roger of Lauria, a child who grown in the chamber of the King of Aragon, Peter III, because his mother was Lady-in-waiting of the Queen Constance; Roger of Lauria was, of course, the brilliant Admiral of the Catalan Navy, the most powerful of the Age, with which Peter III conquered the kingdom of Sicily years later.

When Manfred died, and once the Ghibelline party was broken-down, only remained the child Conradin in Swabia as the rebel Hohenstaufen's last male offspring. Charles of Anjou agreed with Urban IV the usurpation of his rights: he proclaimed himself King of Naples and Sicily's seizes. Immediately he established a regimen of Terror, oriented principally against the Ghibelline side; the expropriations of goods and titles, executions and deportations, occur continuously; in a little time, the French were as hated as Saracens of the Holy Land. One of the most illustrious victims is John of Procida, the Sage of the Courts of Frederick II and Manfred: a member of a noble Ghibelline family, Lord of Salerno, of the isle of Procida, and many Counties, he would not be only despoiled from his goods and titles, but Charles of Anjou would commit a coward rape with his wife and daughter. He would only save his life thanks to the admirable prudence that he knew to deal with the Golem Pope Urban IV.

A huge outcry rises in the following years against the French domination. In 1268 Conradin, who in that time counted with sixteen years old, went to Italy at the head of an army of ten thousand men, trusting that the peninsula would join him more troops. Charles annihilated him in Tagliacozzo, making pass a terrible torment to the Knights that he took prisoner.

Conradin, the last Hohenstaufen, tries to flee from Italy but is betrayed and guided to Charles of Anjou's power. It was promoted a unanimous request to ask for the forgiveness of the grandchild of Frederick II, but Clement IV is inflexible: «Death of Conradin is Life of Charles of Anjou»; but the Golems were not disposed to suspend extermination of the Lineage that caused much evil to the White Fraternity plans.

After a parody of Judgment, Conradin was condemned to death in Naples. Before giving his head to the executioner, the child demonstrated his gallantry through a gesture that will mean, in the short-term, the virtual defeat of Charles of Anjou: he threw one of his gloves to the crowd that had come to see the execution, while he screamed: I challenge that a real Knight of Christ takes revenge of my death in the hands of the Antichrist! an instant later is beheaded in front of the presence of Charles of Anjou, the papal legacy, many Cardinals and Bishops, and tens of Golems can't hide their joy for the extinction of the lineage of the Hohenstaufen: in that moment only remained alive the King of Sardinia Enzo, son of Frederick II, but lifetime prisoner in a Castle of Bologna since 1249, who would be soon poisoned for major security.

However, the gesture of Conradin would not be in vain, due to there were still Knights disposed to fight against the satanic forces: John of Procida picks the glove in name of Peter III of Aragon, husband of Constance of Swabia. The daughter of Manfred, and first cousin of Conradin, is now the legitimate heir of House Swabia's rights over the throne of their two Sicilys and the unique hope of the Ghibelline party.

It must be seen in the deployed action by John of Procida thence, another aspect of the opposition of the Hyperborean Wisdom to the White Fraternity plans, i.e., the esoteric cause of the failure of those plans. In fact, that great Hyperborean Initiate took refuge in Aragon, with other illustrious persecuted by Charles of Anjou and the Golems, and then incorporating the Aragonese Nobility. The King gave them many Seigniories in Valencia, from where he took contact with the *Circulus Domini Canis*, and he integrated into their Strategy. More than anyone corresponds to the merit of having persuaded Peter III about the justice of the Ghibelline Cause. For years, this Hound of the Lord advised the King of Aragon about Matters of Italy and plans the manner to conquer it. He was helped with enthusiastic animus by Constance, who wanted to avenge his father Manfred and the destruction of her family, Roger of Lauria, Conrad Lancia, and other Sicilians Knights not initiated. In 1278 Peter III felt sufficiently strong as to carry out his Sicilian project. He sent then John of Procida on a secret mission to Italy and the Middle East.

This Sicilian Knight travels wearing the Dominican robe. He met with the prominent representatives of the Ghibelline party of Italy and Sicily, who promised to help King Aragon, and in 1279 he reached to Constantinople to pact

with Emperor Michael Palaiologos, who is just to be attacked by a fleet by Charles of Anjou. However, the fact that Charles of Anjou was not suspected that in such Age not existed more powerful fleet than the Catalan navy of King Aragon. The byzantine contributed with thirty thousand ounces of gold to maintain the campaign, and John started the return, after passing through the isle of Sicily; there he obtained the compromise of the Noble Alécimo de Leutini, and others, to prepare an uprising against the French. All these arrangements obeyed to the Strategy of Peter III, who wanted to prevent a direct struggle between France and Aragon and prefers that the change emerges from a local plot against Charles of Anjou. In 1281 all is ready for the revolt when a Golems maneuver obliged to suspend the movements. Charles of Anjou forced in Viterbo the election of Simon de Brieu, a French Cardinal highly clarified about the White Fraternity plans, which professed ferocious hate for House Swabia Ghibelline Cause. He took the name of Martin IV, and he immediately began a terrible persecution of the Ghibellines in all Italy: evidently, the Golems suspected that something was contrived against Charles, and they tried to stop it. Martin IV is a typical exponent of the Golem mentality, which was improperly called «Guelph»: of the fanatic class of Gregory VII and Innocent III, also possess the cruelty of Arnaud Amalric; for his instance in the murders, rapes, and lootings that occurred steadily, subjecting the Sicilians to a regime of unsupportable terror: finally, the own Rome will end rebelling. But in 1282, that state of things ends in Sicily. During the Easter celebration, the 30th of March, a French soldier tried to abuse a young Sicilian woman in Palermo and, at the cry «*death to all the French*», explodes the general insurrection: the French were exterminated in Palermo, Trapani, Corleone, Syracuse, and Agrigento; in one day died eight thousand and the rest must flee hastily from the island. In one month it was not possible to find any French alive in all Sicily.

These popular reactions were from the famous «Sicilian Vespers», which occurred because in those days Peter III had sailed from Barcelona with the powerful navy he was in Africa, near to Sicily. His projects, largely elaborated, were carried out with great precision; in June, he saw many Sicilian ships: they were ambassadors of Palermo who came to offer the Crown of Sicily to King Aragon and Queen Constance. Then he landed in the island in the middle of the people's general joy, which was seen with that act of sovereignty, free forever from the French and Guelph domination. Therefore, it was not about invasion but of a real legitimate election: the Sicilian people, liberated by their own means from the French occupation was given to their own kings, restoring in this way the ancient rights of House Swabia in the person of the granddaughter of Frederick II. But the Golems didn't bite the hook.

Note, Dr. Siegnagel, that once again the Golem seemed to have won the match: the heretic Cathars not existed now, neither was perceived the Grail's presence, nor existed an ostensible Universal Emperor as Frederick II to dispute with Pope the Spiritual Power, nor even existed a King in Germany, but in France yes, Philip III, completely controlled by the Church, and a Financial Templar Synarchy in full march, and a French King, Charles of Anjoum occupying the two Sicilys and maintained keeping at bay the Luciferic Ghibellines.

But suddenly, the Smite of Peter III, which could not foresee because he was a product of the High Strategy of the *Domini Canis*, produced the resurge of the Ghibellines and threatened with the failure of the White Fraternity plans. The Golems would not permit it with impunity. In November of that year, Martin IV declared the ex-communication against Peter III and coerces him *to withdraw from Sicily and love Charles de Anjou, loyal vassal of the Pope.* Before the indifference of the Aragonese he repeated the ex-communication in January and march of 1283, preparing the hand to stab him in the back: in the last papal bull, indeed, he affirms that the Kingdom of Aragon were vassal of the Pope for the commitment of Peter II, the grandfather of Peter III who died in the battle of Muret and that the Pontiff had the faculty to name King to whom He pleased; so, he removed the Crown to the excommunicated Aragonese and deprived the Church's sacraments to the populations and places that obeyed him. *The Golems' plan consisted of outbreaking a struggle unto death against Peter III and expand the Dominion of France at the expense of the one of Aragon. It would be the previous step to make that a King of the Church be elevated to the World Government's thronet, supported by the Financial Synarchy of the Templars, and prepare the wherewithal to establish the Universal Synarchy.*

In that plan, evidently, the Golems had underestimated Peter III. Really, all failed with the Aragonese because they ignored the spiritual strength that he had developed by John of Procida and the *Domini Canis's* influence. But he prompt gave proofs to have unerring courage; and unlimited intrepidity; an unbreakable loyalty to the Hyperborean Wisdom Principles. That is, to the Pure Blood Lineage inheritance, what grants him the divine right to reign without asking anyone than to Himself; and a monolithic sense of Honor, that the Spirit dictates in him, and impulse him to fight unto death for his ideal, without surrendering never. The formidable enemy has challenged the Golem this time.

The stab in the back meant to compromise the Kingdom of Aragon in a war with France, which Peter III was trying to avoid. The Golems believe that the presence of Peter III of Aragon would leave Sicily free to fulfill the new occupation. But the island, protected by the Catalan navy, has been converted into an impregnable Fortress. Peter III withdraws serenely to Aragon in 1283, leaving the defense in the hands of the reckless and fortunate admiral Roger of Lauria.

Charles of Anjou possess the second most important fleet of the Mediterranean, financed by the Cistercian Order of Provence, by the Kingdom of Naples, and by the Pope, but he failed to plan a coherent tactic to face Roger of Lauria, who in successive clashes will go destroying it relentlessly. After sinking some ships and capture others, he seized the islands of Malta, Gozo, and Lipari; then he went to Naples and tended an ambush to the French, showing just a part of his squad. Charles of Anjou was absent, and his son, Charles the Lame, Prince of Salerno, decided to respond to the challenge thinking in an easy victory: then he began the persecution of the Catalans with all the available galleys, colliding with the rest of the enemy navy. That was the most important naval battle of the Period, in which Roger of Lauria sank a great number of French galleys, captured others, and only a few achieved to escape. The Flagship did not have the same luck, which Roger captured in person and

where was Charles the Lame, Jacob of Bruson, William Stendaro, and other brave Provencal and Italian Knights.

The son of Charles of Anjou was taken prisoner to Sicily, where all claim his execution in vengeance for the death of Conradin. Nevertheless, Oh Mystery of the Hyperborean spiritual nobleness! It was Queen Constance who saved him and then, he was confined in Barcelona.

Days after the defeat of his son Charles of Anjou arrived to Gaeta but he not dared to attack the Spaniards. Roger took advantage of that indecision to devastate Calabria's garrison and take many continental regions; in a short time, Sicily disposed of a Governor in Candelabria that threats, now by land, the French dominion in Naples. But, when Charles decided to send the rest of his navy to the coasts of Provence, to support the advance of the King of France, his ships were taken between two fires in front of Saint Pol and completely defeated by Roger of Lauria. That disaster, that costed seven thousand French lives, represented the end of the Neapolitan naval might of Charles of Anjou.

To all this, Martin IV outbreaks in 1284 the strike that, he thought, will be mortal for the Aragonese: through a papal bull, he offered the investitures of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia to the King of France for one of his non-first-born sons. Philip III accepted in the name of his son Charles of Valois and prepared to invade Aragon. The enormous warrior enterprise will be financed now by all the Church of France. And, as in times of the Cathars, Martin IV publishes a Crusade against the excommunicated King of Aragon: the Benedictine orders, Cluniac, Cistercians, and Templars, agitate the entire Europe calling to fight for Christ, to cross against the abominable Ghibelline heresy of Peter III. Soon Philip III, who was also King of Navarre, gathered in that country an army *integrated* by two hundred and fifty thousand of infantry soldiers and fifty thousand in cavalry, *formed* principally by French, Picards, Tolosates,Lombards, Bretons, Flemish, Burgundians, Provencals, Germans, English, etc.

With the assistance of four tolosates monks who reveal to Philip III a secret path through the Pyrenees, the Crusaders invaded Catalonia in 1285. Surrounding the King, and encouraging him permanently, are the main Cistercian Golems, who consider that war matter of life or death for their plans of world domination. Barely such King, who in no case deserved the sobriquet of «the Bold», would have joined to the crusade adventure without the sustained insistence of Martin IV and the pressure of the French Golem. The papal legacy warns to Peter III that «*he must obey the pontiff and give his Kingdoms to the King of France*», to what the Aragonese responds: «*is easy to take and give Kingdoms that have cost nothing. The mine, bought with the blood of my ancestors, shall be paid at the same price*». In Catalonia, the resistance turned fierce; all the social classes support Peter III in what was sensed as a Total War. The Aragonese Knights, the infallible Catalan crossbowmen, the fiery Almogavars warriors, the servants, and the village's combatants stop, harass and inflict permanents defeat on the Crusaders. Finally, an epidemic ended, demoralizing them, and they choose to withdraw to the Pyrenees. But in Collado de Paniza was waiting for them, Peter III to cut off their path, and for two days was fought the great battle. The French army ended annihilated: from the three hundred thousand Crusaders,

just forty thousand returned alive; King Philip died in the campaign, and to France will be impossible the conquest of Aragon. *It is in these circumstances that Philip IV the Fair accessed to the throne of France.*

Thirty-Fifth Day

Charles of Anjou died on January 7 of 1285, sick and desperate. In March of 1285 died the Golem Pope Martin IV, and Philip III, King of France, on October 5 of the same year. And at the end of that fateful year, 11 of November 1285, expired Peter III of Aragon, the King who achieved to defeat the united force of the three precedents and frustrated in great measure the White Fraternity plans. After his death, his Kingdoms are distributed amongst his sons, girding Alfonso the Triple Crown of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, and James the one of Sicily, succeeded by Frederick I. But John of Procida, and the Hounds of the Lord, continued advising to the Kings of Aragon.

Hence, with the death of Philip III, the Golems suppose that their plans were momentarily delayed. But, only *momentarily delayed* or their plans are *definitely frustrated*, without warning it at the time? As will be seen immediately, only when it was too late the Golem will realize that something very strange had happened to Philip III's successor. In fact, such King, whose education was entrusted to France's most erudite monks, this is, to the Dominicans, *had become a Hyperborean Initiate*, a potential enemy of the White Fraternity plans. How occurred such heresy? Who initiated him in the Hyperborean Wisdom? The answer, the unique possible answer, would be the incredible possibility that inside of the Church, in the Order of Preachers, would have existed a conspiracy of the Blood Pact's followers, a joint of Initiates in the White Atlanteans Hyperborean Wisdom. They not suspected of course, from the Tharsis Lords, to whom they considered definitely extinct, and the failed to discover opportunely to the guilty of the disaster: the hit would be extremely shocking as to assimilate it with the necessary rapidity. And that inevitable perplexity, that paralyzing surprise caused by the Tharsis Lords and the *Circulus Domini Canis'* Strategy, would signalize the beginning of the end of the enemy Strategy. Thenceforth, after that Philip IV performed his brilliant mission, the Golems and the White Fraternity would have to wait until the XX century before to dispose of another historic opportunity to establish the World Government and the Chosen People Synarchy.

As I said, the Golems would not achieve to counteract the consequences of the new situation. They had maneuvered for many years to strengthen in Europe the House of France, and from its bosom would emerge a King hostile to the papal hegemony. They had yielded the academic teaching field to the Dominican monks and would result that amongst them were infiltrated the enemies of God the One. What was worse, to such Order of Preachers, was entrusted the Tribunal of the Holy Office, in charge of inquiring about the

faith. Until then, the Inquisition permitted them to eliminate of neutralizing oppositions under the threat of the accusation of heresy, but, and this they assumed clearly, the major Heretics were them: thence, they should work with caution, if it not, *as the jujutsu*, the own force of the attackers could be returned against them.

Unable to submit him under the papal authority, the Golems would try, vainly, to eliminate Philip IV, a failure that was caused by the security enclosure that the *Domini Canis* tended around the King. When they finally poisoned him, in 1314, Philip IV had reigned twenty-nine years and accomplished with Honor the entrusted mission: and before the greatness of his work, nothing counted the calumnies of a defeated Golem Church and a Chosen People who lost their historic opportunity, even if they were repeated without fundament for seven hundred years.

But neither would dispose of an equivalent political personality to replace or oppose him during the twenty-nine years of his reign. The King of England, Edward I, even if he intervened in the European matters, he only did it indirectly in times of Philip the Fair, especially through his allies, the Earl of Flanders and the Duke of Guyenne: his ruthless was against the scots maintained him occupied in the British island. And in Germany, the Guelph Rudolf of Habsburg, elected in 1273 to end the Interregnum, died in 1291 dedicated to fighting against the Ghibellines and increasing Goods of his House. He was succeeded by Adolf of Nassau, who only reigned for six years engaged in a struggle with the sons of Rudolf; and then continued Albert I, who would concur peacefully with Philip IV and would agree with him in that the course of the Rhine would be the frontier between France and Germany. Nothing could do the Golem against these sovereigns to face a personality as the one of Philip the Fair; and we already know what could expect the Kings of Aragon and Sicily. I want to show with this, Dr. Siegnagel, that once the control over the King of France was lost, the Golems Strategy was seriously compromised.

For fifty years, the *Circulus Domini Canis* awaited their opportunity. This was presented with Philip IV, over whom they exercised great influence since childhood due to the high number of instructors of the infant that existed amongst them. When Philip III died, his son had seventeen years old, and he was Initiated in the Hyperborean Wisdom in secrecy. It is possible to affirm, then, that when he started to reign, he already disposed of a clear project of his historical mission, and he also had people around him that would advise him and would allow him to execute his ideas. Because it is convenient to distinguish clearly between two objectives, complementary, that are established as goals at that moment: the first is the one proposed by the *Circulus Domini Canis*, and already explained, that aim to stop the Enemy Strategy and avoid the Golems to fulfill the Chosen People Synarchy; the second objective sprouted from the Pure Blood of the Philip IV, and consisted, as in the case of Frederick II, in to express on its highest grade the Regal Function. Regarding the second, it must not be forgotten that in every lineage of the Capetians, as in all the Hyperborean Lineages, existed a familiar mission impressed by their remote ancestors in times of the Cultural Pact fall.

The Lineage of Philip IV was of very Pure Blood, even if in the last generations they would have been dominated by the Cultural Pact Priests, that's to say, by the monks and the Golem Bishops. Such dynasty, indeed, began with the first King of France, Hugh Capet, son of Hugh the Great and grandchild of the Earl of Paris and Duke of France, Robert; this last one was son of Robert the Strong, *member of the royal Saxon House*, invested by Charles the Bald, grandchild of Charlemagne, with the title of Count of Anjou, to make that his German troops stop the Normans attacks. In Philip IV would reborn, thence, as occurred with Frederick II, a fruit that proceeded of a same Saxon racial root and that was developed in secrecy in the fertile field of the Pure Blood.

It Will be seen how both objectives are reached jointly; as the Regal Function, assumed entirely by Philip IV, who deposited in the society the seed of *nationality*; and how the measures taken in his government, measures based in the Hyperborean Wisdom would produce the failure of the White Fraternity plans. Lamentably, Philip IV would not reach to see totality realized his yearnings by the same reason that Frederick II did not entirely reach: the Age was not propitious for the integral application of a Strategy that could only end with the Final Battle against the Potencies of Matter; such Age is still pending in History, and perhaps we are entering on it, but Philip IV was as near as he could, to his objective; and that undeniable fact lies his Glory.

In the first place of importance, the instructors *Domini Canis* revealed to the child in what consisted the Regal Function of the Blood Pact, a concept that Frederick II, seventy years before, had understood clearly: *if a racial population exists, a community of blood, always, always, in its bosom a Spirit's Aristocracy will be conformed, from where would emerge the Sovereign King: the King will be who has the highest grade of the Aristocracy, the Purest Blood; who has such courage, will be recognized charismatically by the people and will reign for the Divine Right of the Spirit. His Sovereignty could not be questioned nor discussed; thus, his Power shall be Absolute.*

There is nothing Higher than the Spirit, and the King of Blood represents the Spirit; And in the Pure Blood of the population lies the Spirit; and for this reason, the Pure Blood King, who represents the Spirit, is also the People's Voice, the individualized Will that tends towards the Spirit. In such way that nothing material can interpose between the Blood's King and the Population: on the contrary, the Pure Blood unites them charismatically, in a contact that is out of the Time and the Space, in that absolute instance beyond the created matter which is called *the common Origin of the Spirit's Race.*

Therefore, all that is materially in relation to the population must be subordinated to the Blood's King: all the wills must join or break before his Will; all the powers must be subordinated to his Power. Even the religious power, and the one who reaches the Cult's limits, must lean under the Will of the Spirit that the Blood's King manifests.

In second place is explained to Philip IV that the fall of the Blood Pact populations is suffered due to a «war fatigue» and the employed methods by the Cultural Pact Priests to detract, deform, and corrupt, the Regal Function. In the case of the Roman Empire, the aforementioned concepts, inherited from the Etruscans, were contemplated in the ancient Roman Law and in many

aspects would remain present until the Period of the Christian Emperors. Specifically would be Constantine who would open the door to the staunchest followers of the Cultural Pact, when he authorized with the Edict of Milan the practice of Judeo-Christian Cult; but Theodosius would cause the greatest damage to the Regal Function I seventy years later when he made official Judeo-Christianity as the *unique religion of the state*. It would begin the large but fruitful process in which the Roman Law would be converted in Canon Law. It means that what was convenient to lay the foundation of the supremacy of the papacy in the Roman Law would be retained in the Canon Law, and the rest wisely expurgated or ignored. That process would give the juristic justification to the *Caesar-papism*, the papal pretension to impose religious absolutism over the Blood Kings, whose most fervent exponents were Gregory VII, Innocent III and Boniface VIII.

Before the decadence of the Empire, the Roman Kings and Emperors attributed themselves Divine Origin, which was also in the Roman Law. The task of the catholic canonists was, if it is desired, very simple: consisted in substitute «Pagan Gods», source of regal sovereignty, for the «Real God»; and to replace the highest representative of the Power, King or Emperor, for the image of «Peter», the vicar of Jesus Christ. Even if it is obvious, it must be clarified that after these substitutions, every Divine Origin remained exiled from the Canon Law, that from now on would be the official Law in the Christian world: Jesus Christ had been manifested only one time, and he said:

—«And I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock, I will build my church». The Divine right to reign the Church, and all its congregation, poor or rich, noble or commoner, corresponded, then, *only* to Peter; and, of course, to his successors, the High Priests of the Lord. Peter had been chosen by Jesus Christ to be his representative and to express his Power, and Jesus Christ was the Son of God; the God One in the Mystery of the Trinity, the Creator God of All the Existent. There would be nothing, then, in the world that could be considered more elevated than the representative of the Creator God. In consequence, if someone dared to oppose Peter, or pretended to exercise a Power or Will opposed to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, or to assume a Divine Right, for it, would be clearly a heretic, a man damned of God, a being whose own insolence has situated out of the Church and to whom corresponds, with all justice, to erase also from the world.

Hence, the Canon Law did not leave any possibility for the Kings of Blood to exert the Regal Function: the real Sovereignty proceeded now from the Christian Cult; and the Kings should be *invested* by the successor of Peter, the *Maximus* Priests. And if the royalty should be *confirmed*, with it remained annulled the Pure Blood Aristocracy principle, just as was convenient for the Cultural Pact. Naturally, as many times before, the populations will submit to the Priests' spell and come the tenebrous days of the absence of the King, in which the Potencies of Matter have usurped the Regal Function. The Kings of the Canon Law are of Kings of Blood but mere governors, agents of the state Power, according to the definition of the Pope Gelasius I: «apart of the State Power exists the Church's Authority, from where proceeds the sovereignty of

the first». From this Gelasian idea comes the theory of the Two Swords, realized by the Golem Saint Bernard: the State Power is analogous to the «*Temporal Sword*», as the Church's Authority is equivalent to «*Spiritual Sword*»; Peter and his successors, therefore, would wield the «Spiritual Sword», before which shall lean the «Temporal Sword» of the Kings and Emperors.

But nothing of this is true, even though it is encoded in the Canon Law. The pretended «*Spiritual Sword*» of the Golem Church is just a *Priestly Sword*. And the Power of a Blood's King authorized to exert for the Divine Right of the Eternal Spirit, is not precisely analogous to a «*Temporal Sword*» but to a *Sword of Absolute Will*, a Sword which hilt is located in the Origin, beyond the Time and Space, but *whose blade can cross the Time and Space and be manifested to the people*. In every case, the Blood's King wields the *Volitional Sword*, which action is called *Honor*, and impresses with its touches the forms of the Kingdom: from those hits of real Will, from these acts of Honor, will appear the Legislation, the Justice, and the wise Administration of the Charismatic State.

If Philip IV wants to present himself as Blood's King, clarify the *Domini Canis*, he shall restore the Regal Function previously, he shall abandon the illusory «Temporal Sword», that was imposed to his ancestors by the Cultural Pact Priests, and wield the real Volitional Sword of the Blood Pact Lords, the Sword that manifests the Spirit's Absolute Power. However, the Canon Law, prevailing until those days, legalizes the Swords' hierarchization according to the Cultural Pact: first the priestly Sword, pontifical; second the «temporal» Sword, regal. It is necessary, then, to modify the juridical existent order, to circumscribe the Canon Law to the exclusive ambit of the religious and establish a separate Civil Law: the Regal Function demands the separation of the Church and the State inevitably.

Well: in front of this exigency, Philip IV was not in a situation to initiate something totally new, some kind of «juridical revolution»; on the contrary, the *Circulus Domini Canis* was preparing the field for it since the times of Louis IX, grandfather of Philip IV. Since those days, the Hounds of the Lord came influencing the French Court to favor the formation of a whole class of *secular legists* whose secret mission would consist of revising, and update, the Roman Law. Philip III, the son of Louis IX, was a King completely dominated by the Cistercian Golems, who maintained him in such ignorance that, useful as an example, they never taught him to read or to write. His mental structure, skillfully modeled by the Golem instructors, corresponded more to a monk than a warrior. The Hounds of the Lord never tried to alter this control because their Strategy not passed by him but through his son Philip IV. However, in one moment, they achieved to influence in Philip III for the approval of a Law, apparently profitable for the Crown, in which was reserved the right to give nobility titles to the secular legists. This juridical instrument was used then to promote many and important *Domini Canis* to the highest charges and magistratures of the Court until then prohibited to all the commoner classes. Those secular legists, belonging to the *Circulus Domini Canis*, were dedicated with great devotion to their specific mission, and, in 1285, they had already *developed* the fundaments that would allow building a State in which the Regal

Function would be over any other Power. Philip IV would count then, with a team of advisers and functionaries highly specialized in the Roman law, who would help him faithfully in his confrontation with the Golem papacy. From the most prestigious universities of France, especially Paris, Toulouse, and Montpellier, but also of the Order of Preachers, and even the new educated bourgeoisie, will emerge the legists that will give intellectual support to Philip IV: amongst the main of them, the Knights Pierre Flotte, Robert de Artois and the Earl of Saint Pol; to Enguerrand de Marigny, coming from the Norman bourgeoisie, as well as his brother, the bishop Philippe de Marigny; Guillaume de Plasian, Knight of Toulouse and fervent Cathar; and Guillaume de Nogaret, member of the family of villagers who dwelled in the lands of Pedro de Crete and Valentina, in San Félix de Caramán: his grandfathers had been burnt in Albi by Simon de Montfort, but he professed Catharism in secrecy and integrated the *Circulus Domini Canis;* he was a law professor in Montpellier and in Nimes, before being convened Court of Philip the Fair.

Thirty-Sixth Day

Starting from the aforementioned concepts, inculcated to Philip IV by the *Domini Canis* instructors, he goes establishing the future Strategy: first of all, he will have to restore the Regal Function; for it, he will attempt to separate the Church from the State; and such separation will be based in the precise juridical arguments of the Roman Law. But, the Church's participation was manifested in the three main powers of the State: in the *legislative,* by the supremacy of the Canon Law over the civil; the *judicial*, by the supremacy of the ecclesiastical Tribunals to judge every case, independently and over the civil justice; and the *administrative*, by the absorption of great rents coming from the Kingdom, preventing the State to exert any control of them. The measures that Philip IV will adopt or change this last point will be those that will provoke the most violent reaction of the Golem Church.

When Philip IV accesses the Throne, the Church was politically and economically powerful and was superimposed on the State. His father, Philip III, had implicated the Kingdom in a Crusade against Aragon, which had already cost a terrible defeat to the French arms. The monarchy was weak before the landowner noblesse: the Feudal Lords, when they fell to the Cultural Pact, gave a superlative value to the land's *property*, abandoning or forgetting the ancient strategic concept of the *occupation* that sustained the Blood Pact populations; therefore, in times of Philip IV, was accepted that an absurd relation existed between the nobility of a lineage and the surface of the lands of their property, in such manner that the Lord who had more lands, pretended to be more Noble and powerful, reaching to dispute the sovereignty to the own King. Before Philip Augustus (1180-1223), for example, the Duke of Guyenne, the Count of Toulouse, or the Duke of Normandy, possessed individually

more lands than the reigning House of the Capetians. The King of England, in theory, was vassal of the King of France, but on more than one occasion, his territorial dominium converted him in a powerful rival; that was seen clearly during the reign of Henry II Plantagenet, who, apart of King of England, was also the ruler of a great part of France: Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, Aquitaine, Auvergne, Anis, Saintonge, Angoumoi, Marche, Perigord. Only when John Lack land committed the known errors, King Philip Augustus recovered for his House the Normandy, the Anjou, the Maine, the Touraine, and the Poitou. However, Louis IX, partner of Edward I in the Crusade, would return this English King to the French feuds.

Since the dismemberment of Charlemagne's Empire, and until Philip III, nothing similar to the *national consciousness* in the Kings of France was an ambition of territorial dominance that aimed to support the feudal power. The nobility was then purely *cultural*, was founded in the *titles of property* and not in the *blood* as would correspond to an authentic *Spirit's Aristocracy*. In such manner that territorial expansions of the predecessors of Philip IV had no other objective than the obtaining of power and prestige in the feudal society: in no way these possessions would have guided to the political unity of France, to the absolute monarchy, to the rational and centralized administration, and the national consciousness. Such results were exclusive consequence of the Strategy of Philip IV.

But a «Hyperborean Strategy» is not a mere set of measures but the dynamic structure of action finally effective. The Strategy of Philip IV was based on the next concept of the Hyperborean Wisdom: *if a population is organized according to the Blood Pact, then the Regal Function demands the strategic mode of life.*

It means that the Blood's King Pact shall guide his people applying the strategic principles of the *Occupation*, of the *Enclosure* and the *Strategic Wall*; supplemented with the *Magical Cultivation* principle i.e., with the White Atlantean inheritance of the Agriculture and the Animal husbandry. This concept, which I already mentioned in the Third Day, is necessary to return to comprehend the change structurally in the French policy after the advent of Philip the Fair.

In practical terms, the Strategy of Philip IV that he wanted to implement consisted in the execution of three principles mentioned through three correspondent political facts. I will explain now, in order, how Philip IV understood such principles related to the Regal Function, and I will show how his political acts responded faithfully to the Hyperborean Strategy of the *Domini Canis*.

First: *Occupation of the Real Space.* This principle admits many grades of comprehension; obviously, in the case of the Regal Function, the *occupation* must include the territory of the Kingdom essentially. But who should occupy the lands of the Kingdom? In the name of the racial community, the King of Blood and the reigning House, i.e., *of the Spirit*, which is a population of the Blood Pact. According to what is said, the King is said, «The Voice of the people», «their individualized Will»; the King must occupy the territory of the Kingdom to concentrate the popular sovereignty. The patrimonial feudal system, a product of the Cultural Pact, was undermining against the Regal

Function because it maintained the King separated from the people: the medieval population, indeed, they owed direct obedience to the Territorial Lords, and they to the King; and the King could only communicate with the people through the Feudal Lords. For this reason, Philip IV would sanction a law that obeyed, to all the people of France, to swear fidelity directly to the King, without intermediaries of any type: *«nothing material can interpose between the Blood's King and the People».* In synthesis, *the Occupation of the Kingdom, by the King, «is» the Sovereignty.*

Second: *apply the principle of Enclosure in the real occupied space.* In the most superficial grade of significance, is also referred the territorial area: the own area must best strategically isolated from the enemy dominion through the principle of Enclosure; this means that, in every case, the definition of a state frontier. But in this second strategic step is the one that gives reality to the concept of «Nation»: according to the Blood Pact, *a population, of Origin, common Blood and Race, organized as Sovereign State, and occupying and fencing the lands of its Kingdom, constitutes a Nation.* Inside of the enclosure is the Nation; out, the Enemy. Nevertheless, such ideal separation can be altered by diverse factors and is not without a struggle that can be fulfilled the application of the principle of Enclosure and give birth to the nationality: can occur, as will be seen immediately, that the area of the Enclosure exceeds, in certain stratum of the real space, the territorial area, invading the space of other nations; but can also occur, that the exterior Enemy enters in the area of the own state and threat the Nation internally. This last case is not difficult due to the *cultural* nature of the Enemy, that's to say, it proceeds from the Cultural Pact: *the «Exterior Enemy» is also the «Interior Enemy» because the Enemy is One, is the One and his representatives, in other words, the Enemy lacks of nationality or, rather, is «International»; the Enemy not know the Enclosure Principle and not respect any kind of frontiers due to the whole world for him is his campus belli: and in that field of universal war, where he tries to impose his will, are included the Nations and the populations, the cities and the cloisters, the Cultures that give sense to Man, and the fertile field of his Soul.*

It is understood then, that the Enclosure Principle is a more extensive concept than the suggested at first sight and that only its exact definition and application allows the discovery of the Enemy.

The principle is referred, really, a strategic Fence, which depends only on the Will of those who apply and sustain it. For this reason, the Enclosure includes multiple fields, apart of the merely territorial: *an area occupied can be effectively fenced, but such geographic area in nothing else than the «application» of the Enclosure Principle; is not the strategic Enclosure itself. The strategic Enclosure never describes a geographic area, neither geometric, but charismatic.* This is verified clearly in the case of the Nation that admits many national frontiers apart of the geographics: the territorial limits of Babylon perhaps were signalized by the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, but the frontiers of *fear* that inspired its national army were extended to all the Ancient World; and the same principle can be employed to signalize any other aspect of the Culture of a Nation, which will always present an area of national influence: *only members of Nation know where to begin and end its limits; who are aloof to it could intuit the regions in which the nation is manifested, but the precise*

definition is only known by those who belong to the Nation. And this perception, which is neither rational nor irrational, is said that is charismatic.

The Hyperborean Wisdom affirms that the *Enclosure Principle* determines a *form* and a *content*: *to the form, calls «Mystic»; and to the content, «charisma».* Members of a Nation, on the other hand, are *strategic subjects*. As a product of the strategic Enclosure, a Nation determines its own Mystic form, which is perceived charismatically by the strategic subjects that belong to it. Every Mystic, the national or any other, is independent of the time and physical space: its manifestation is purely charismatic. For this reason, all who perceive the Mystic, that's to say, who are under the same strategic Enclosure, acquire *identic knowledge about its form, without difference of perspective*: such unity is possible because all the strategic subjects have a connection a priori, which is the Common Origin of the Pure Blood; *under the form of a Mystic, the strategic subjects experience a Charismatic Connection, that unites them in the Origin, and reveals them identical Truth.* It is understood then, the concept of the Mystic *centrality*: *every strategic subject is the Core of the Mystic; but, as the perception is charismatic, not temporal nor spatial, itis clear that the same core is simultaneously in all the strategic subjects.* In regard to the Mystical Nation, for example, there is a Center that lies simultaneously in all members of their people, the strategic subjects: each one of them projects the Enclosure Principle in any field, being geographic or cultural, and receives the national Mystic charismatically; and *the Nation is one and the same for all.*

Now it will be understood better Dr. Siegnagel, the charismatic character of the Regal Function: according to the Hyperborean Wisdom, *if the Core of a Mystical Nation is embodied in one man, he, undoubtedly, is the Pure Blood King, racial Leader, charismatic Leader, etc., of that population.* The Pure Blood King constitutes then, the *fundamental Core* of the Mystic of the Kingdom, which is the same center that lies simultaneously in all his people: *«in such manner that nothing material can interpose between the Blood's King and the population», because amongst them exists the Charismatic Connection in the common Origin of the Pure Blood.*

When applying the Enclosure Principle to his Kingdom, Philip IV perceives the Mystic of the French Nation and also sees, as for contrast, to the Enemy, external and internal.

Who is the Enemy? It is necessary to consider many grades. In the first place, the Enemy is anyone who has opposed the establishment of the strategic Enclosure: who recognize a national frontier but does not accept it; who put pressure against any of the national borders. In this case is, for example, other Nation, neighbor or not, but that exerts the unquestionable power to expand its national enclosure, based on the Divine Right of the Spirit to Reign over populations racially inferiors and to occupy their territory: the polemic will decide War, the means by which is determined unequivocally what Nation possess the best Hyperborean Strategy and, therefore, what is the population of Purest Blood and who is the more spiritual King of Blood. But this is a worthy Enemy because it recognizes the existence of the adversary Nation although not respects the limits of the Enclosure: with such an Enemy, it is always possible to pact an agreement of national coexistence, which doesn't means, of course, the definitive peace, due to is not possible to suspend the charismatic effect of a Pure Blood Aristocracy:

as in any other Nation, will be appearing leaders that will try to resolve the problem. The permanent peace is not conceived in the National Strategy of the Blood Pact populations, but both populations will reach a concept absolutely different, known as national Mystic, and that at the end of War: the first objective of the national war is not, then, the mere occupation of the enemy territory, neither the imposition of a foreign Culture, nor the annihilation of the faced population; all these objective, placed in the first term, obey to the strategic deviations introduced by the Cultural Pact Priests; the main objective is the incorporation of the enemy Nation to the own *national Mystic*, the Charismatic Connection between both populations and the coincidence with the Blood's King; and if that means the destruction of a Royal Family, the extinction of a Voice of the people, the triumphant mystic will be manifested, for all the strategic subjects in the struggle, in other Voice of the People of superior charismatic character, that will express them all.

But, in second grade, it must be considered that the Enemy doesn't admit even the right to exist to the Mystical Nations; with this Enemy is not possible to conciliations of any type.

Of course, he neither requests it because he never declares War openly, to which they affirm to repudiate, and prefers to operate in secrecy, *from inside the strategic Enclosure.* The Enemy is proposed to corrupt and destroy the charismatic bases of the mystical State and cause enfeeblement and eventual disintegration of the mystical form.

This Enemy that must be qualified as *synarchic*, has in every Nation, and in all the sectors of the structures of the state, with organizations of indoctrinated agents in the objectives of the Cultural Pact: such *satanic internationals* conspire against the existence of the mystic Nation; and, therefore against the application of the Enclosure Principle and the Charismatic Connection between the King and the people, that puts the Nation out of their control, that's to say, out of the Control of the White Fraternity, which encourages, feeds and vivify, the synarchic internationalism. The White Fraternity plans, I already explained widely, aims to establish the Universal Chosen People Synarchy.

For this reason, such Internationals would coincide all in to sustain the principles of the Cultural Pact, directed treacherously to debilitate the Hyperborean strategic principles of the Blood Pact populations: to erase ethnic base to the reality of the Spirit's Aristocracy, founded over the racial heritage of the Origin's Symbol in the populations of Pure Blood, they *affirmed the equality of all men before the Creator Jehovah Satan.* To demonstrate that the Strategic Enclosure, and the Nation defined by him, was only a measly idea, elaborated by mediocre men, austere and egoist, who would never accept the «High Ideal of the Universalism», that employed the Christianity as an instrument to equate the populations culturally and the conditioned them to identify el Universal Principle of the Power with the Pope of Rome, who with no doubts wielded the priestly Sword that dominated the temporal Swords of the Kings: the Pope was a real Universal Sovereign, who prevailed over the populations and Nations; before his «Greatness and Power», the work of the Blood Kings would have to appear from the asleep men, evidently unproved of the mystical cha-

racter; and the Spirit's Aristocracy and the Blood, would be, for them fanatic egalitarians, an artificial creation of the Nobility, a product of the privileges of the feudal society.

And to discredit War as means to affirm the national Mystic, they were proposing the utopia of peace: a perpetual peace that would be obtained in every case if Humanity entered in the stage of the religious universalism, if all the secular powers, the temporal Swords, kneel before the priestly Sword of the catholic high priest; then Wars would end, and the Christians would live forever in peace, far from the arms and the battlefields, and of the caprice of the Lords, committed to the work and the prayer, protected by the absolute justice of the Representatives of God and his Law; only one World Government would have the power, and yet it might be possible that the Two Swords would be in hands of an imperial Pope, and the peace would bring richness to all; but that richness would be administered fairly and equitably by a unique Bank, a product of a bank concentration, or *financial Synarchy,* dependent exclusively of the High Priest that would exert the Universal Power. Then, the Christian people shouldn't doubt about who really represented their interests and to whom they should concede without questioning the Universal Sovereignty: the occupant of the Throne of Saint Peter, the promoter of the *universalis pax,* the regent of the Pigeon of Israel.

Against this Christian civilization of Love and Peace, of egalitarian culture, were opposed the national frontiers and the Blood Kings; and the Pagan civilization of Hate and War, which invariably was produced inside of the mystical enclosures; and the Spirit's Aristocracy; and the strategic subjects that were perceived charismatically and knew the limits of the national frontiers: against them they would fight without declaring War, subversively, the internal Enemy, and external, of the Nation, supported by their forces of the fifth column, in their international organizations, that aimed, all, to the establishment of the World Government and the Chosen People Synarchy.

And who was the Enemy of the French Nation? With the advice of the *Domini Canis*, Philip IV determines the Enemy's identity rigorously, who was deployed in many tactical organisms. In order of dangerousness, the different lines of action were carried out by the following organizations:

I) The Golem Church. Since centuries ago, the Golems controlled the papal elections and, from Rome, they guided the Christian world. Even if the main enemy properly speaking were the Golems, they would oppose Philip IV as an external Enemy through the Pope and as an internal Enemy through their monastic Orders, warrior, and financial.

II) The Benedictine Golem Orders: the Congregation of Cluny, the Cistercian Order, and the Templar Order that employed the Kingdom of France headquarter.

III) The Chosen People, with their permanent destabilizing and corruptor task.

IV) The Lombard Bank, property of the Guelph Houses of Italy.

V) The English Royal House, controlled by the Anglo-Saxon Golems

and owner of great feuds in the Kingdom of France.

VI) Some Feudal Lords vassals of the King of France, as the Earl of Flanders, who betrayed the King in favor of the English Royal House, motivated by commercial and financial interests, to whom were not strange the numerous and rich Chosen People members who infected the Flemish and English cities, and by the Anti-French influence of the Anglo-Saxon Golems.

Third: *build a Strategic Wall.* It is understandable that Philip IV not reached to comply with the third objective of the strategic way of life due to, if such thing would have occurred, the history of Humanity would have taken a totally opposed course and would not have been now, again, in the precedent moments to the settlement of the World Government and the Chosen People Synarchy. The application of the Enclosure Principle, brilliantly accomplished by Philip the Fair, cost his life in the hands of the internal Enemy, but it served to signalize the total failure of the White Fraternity plans in that Age. And Stone Men and Hyperborean Pontiffs, who inside of the *Circulus Domini Canis* were awaiting the occasion to suspend the project due to the lack of initiatic aptitudes of the next Kings, who plunged the Kingdom, already converted in a Sovereign Nation, in multiple difficulties, which only one of them was the Hundred Years War.

Thirty-Seventh Day

We are getting closer, Estimated Dr. Siegnagel, to the outcome of the history of Philip IV, that's to say, the moment in which the White Fraternity plans failed, developed during the previous seven hundred years by the Golems.

I already indicated from where would begin the Initiated King's Strategy: *Occupation* of the real space and *Enclosure*. Then, the internal Enemy should be eliminated to safeguard the national Mystic, which is the effective action field of the Regal Function. Concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom that I exposed the Last Days, and that analogously were assimilated by Philip IV in the XIII century, permitted access to a different strategic point of view where the acts of his reign were acquiring its real sense. Philip IV received the Crown of France in 1285: he inherited from Philip III, in that moment, the military disaster of the Crusade against Aragon and the obligation contracted by the Realm to vest his brother Charles with the Crowns of Peter III. But Philip IV was interested in continuing the struggle and limited to stop the hits of audacity of the Aragonese that, emboldened by their triumphs, realized periodic incursions and disembarkations in French territory. The peace of Tarascon, concerted in 1291, and the Treaty of Anagni of 1295. With free hands, the King would

undertake the enterprise to expel the English from the French territory.

Guyenne was the most extensive province of France after the Laguedoc; from its capital, Bordeaux, came Bertrand de Got, a Hound of the Lord who was Pope under Clement V's name and from whom I will talk later. But that huge Duchy was in the power of Edward I Plantagenet since 1252, although surrounded by the French Counties of Poitou, Guyenne and Gascony, and the Kingdom of Navarre, which King was also Philip IV. The opportunity to occupy the English areas of Guyenne would be given by a conflict between English and Normand marines in the port of Bayonne in 1292. The English Corsairs seized a French squadron, and they ransacked the La Rochelle: nothing else needed the French to take numerous strongholds and castles and try to close the enclosure. Two years later, England and France were mired in a sanguinary naval war.

The war against the English exterior Enemy meant the change of front of the French policy and contributed a great pretext to initiate the administrative reform of the Kingdom. This reform, largely planned by the *Domini Canis* legists, had to start necessarily with the *financial separation* of Church and the State: essentially, it was necessary to control the ecclesiastic rents that usually were retired to Rome out of any audit. In parallel, would be sanctioned a tax system that assured the continuity of the real rents. The pretext consisted in the authorization that the Popes had granted to Philip III and Philip IV to tax with a tithe the rents of the Church of France with the finality to afford the Crusade against Aragon: if in 1295 the peace with Aragon was concerted, one year before exploded War with England giving occasion to Philip to prosecute with the exactions. That was not legal; nevertheless, soon, it would be thanks to the real law at the ends of 1295 that imposed to the clergy of France the forced contribution of a «war tax» over their rents.

Before it, they see that the Golem Church reaction deserves a separate commentary, the attitude that the Golem Pope Martin IV had assumed when he questioned the Realms of Peter III: on it is clearly appreciated the enormous hate that he felt against House Swabia. The case is that impressive army that Philip III took to Catalonia, not only was financed with the tithe of the Church of France: Martin IV suspended the Crusade that was being planned by Edward I of England to the Holy Land, to derive against Aragon the tithe of the English clergy. But he also spent entirely the sums with which Sardinia, Hungary, Sweden, Denmark, Slavonia, and Poland, had contributed to aid the Christians of Palestine.

Waiting in vain the succor of Europe, the oriental regions would not delay falling in the power of the Saracens: in 1291, Acre, the last Christian bastion, ceded before the Emir of Egypt Melik-el-Ascraf. Thus, two centuries after the First Crusade, and leaving rivers of Blood behind, concluded the existence of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem. The Order of the Temple, without the necessity now of simulating the sustenance of the «army of the East», remained free to dedicate to their real mission: to affirm them as first financial potency of Europe, to maintain a militia of Knights as a base for the future unique European army and the Chosen People Synarchy.

After the deaths of Martin IV and Philip III, Pope Honorius IV continued giving tithes to Philip the Fair with the hope that he would give accomplishment to the Crusade against Aragon. The same criterion would adopt Nicolas IV, from 1288 until 1292, who was a follower of the Angevins even though he belonged to a Ghibelline family; nonetheless, he favored the family Colonna, naming Peter Colonna Cardinal. He founded the University of Motpellier, where Guillaume de Nogaret would teach laws; and he put the Order of Friars Minor under the direct jurisdiction of the Throne of Saint Peter. The fall of Acre produced to him great consternation, and he published a Crusade to send succor to the Christians and the attempt of the re-conquest; he was tracing these plans when he died in an epidemic that decimated the city of Rome. When such Pope died, who represented an encouraging promise in the King of France's projects, the Cardinals fled on its majority to Rieti, in Perugia, leaving abandoned the Holy See for more than two years: during that interval, the Pontifical Household would remain vacant. Apparently, the twelve Cardinals, six Romans, four Italians, and two French, not achieved to agree in the election of a new Pope, but, in reality, the delay obeyed to as killed maneuver of Philip IV and the Hounds of the Lord.

The Golems had favored the french presence in Italy because they had the House of France as unconditionally Guelph: they never foresaw that from its bosom would emerge a Ghibelline King. That confidence was rewarded in principle by the terrible repression that Charles de Anjou exerted over the Ghibelline party and House Swabia members. And these «services» had the effect of increasing the French influence in the issues of Rome.

Philip IV would know how to take advantage of this situation to prepare to secrecy the Ghibelline party's resurrection. His main allies would be family Colonna members, and the cardinal Hugh Aicilin, who communicated with him through Pierri de Paroi, Prior de Chaise, who was Hound of the Lord and French secret agent. To all of them had been offered rich French Counties in turn of the

College of Cardinals' support. Of course, the support consisted of avoiding that a Golem Pope be elected or, in the best of the cases, to name a Dominican.

The Colonna's were a family of noble Romans who had much weight in the Rome Government and the Catholic Church for many centuries. They had many Seigniories in the mountainous region that goes from Rome to Naples, in such manner that almost all the paths towards the South of Italy passed through their lands. In those days, existed two Colonna's Cardinals: the old man Jacobo Colonna, patron of the Order of Spiritual Friars, and his nephew, Peter Colonna. The older brother of Peter, John Colonna, in the same period, was Senator and Governor of Rome. It is evident to mention that this family constituted a powerful Clan, that formed party with other Lords, Knights and Bishops; such party was faced, with great strength, against the second important Clan, the one of the Orsini's or Ursinos, who were decidedly Guelph and were controlled by the Golems. Both groups dominated the rest of Cardinals that had to decide the papal election; until that moment, the positions were drawn, the Colonna's trying to hinder the Golem attempts and to propose, in turn, members of their own Clan.

But the Catholic Church was in that Age, an organization extended through the whole world, with thousands of Churches and vassal Seigniories that directed considerable amounts of money and valuable merchandises; its administration could not remain too much time adrift. Hence, after two years and three months of discussions, the situation turned quite unsustainable as to demand the election without delay. Then, once they realized that no accordance would emerge to name any of the present Cardinals Popes, they agreed to designate a non-cardinal. Both groups thought in a straw person, a weak Pope whose will could be guided in secrecy. Therefore, on July 5 of 1294, was obtained the unanimously of votes, opting all for Peter de Morrone, a Saint hermit of eighty-five years who lived retired in Cavern of Abruzzo.

The Spiritual Franciscans, led by Jacobo Colonna, had retaken the ancient monastic tradition inspired in the Rule of Saint Francis and in the apocalyptic vision of Joachim of Fiore.

Thirty years before, Peter was the guide of many communities of Spiritual Franciscans, but, not satisfied yet with the Order's extreme rigor, he founded his own, which later would be remembered as the «Order of the Celestines». Nevertheless, even though the Celestines monasteries were extending continuously through the region of Abruzzo and meridional Italy, Peter had retired to the Cavern of the Motagne del Morrone to devote himself to a contemplative life; was in that retirement when he had news about his nomination for the charge of Pope: he doubted of the convenience to accept but he was convinced by Charles II the Lame, son of Charles of Anjou, who, liberated from the Catalan prison was reigning in Naples.

Finally, Peter accepted the papal investiture and took Celestine V's name: all the Christianity saluted merry the enthronement of the Saint, from whom was expected to put end to the regnant materialism and immorality in the ecclesiastic hierarchy and to open the Church to a spiritual reform. It is understood then, that for the Colonna, and for Philip IV, such election had a taste of triumph.

But Peter de Morrone lacked every instruction and the necessary knowledge to administrate an institution of the Catholic Church's dimensions; his unique experience of government came from the conduction of small communities of Friars. Moreover, the Saint was not interested in those mundane matters, but all were related with the practical religion: the evangelization, the praying, the Soul's salvation. Hence, he delegated, amongst the Cardinals and in a group of legists Bishops, the temporal issues, forming a corrupt environment and interest that in four months plunged the Church in a great economic disorder.

The Golems, as is logic, were also expecting to control Peter de Morrone; they relied above all, in the King of Naples, for whom Peter professed special affection: they supposed that Charles II would not support the intrigues of his cousin Philip the Fair and he would prosecute the Guelph policy of Charles de Anjou; with the help of the King would be easy to achieve that the Pope could sanction as his own the measures proposed by Them. And they also had an astounding secret: a Cardinal, the Benedictine Gaetani, coming from a Ghibelline family and openly enrolled in the cause of France, was one of their own. This Golem, Doctor in Canon Law, Theologian, and expert in Diplomacy, would place himself near to the Saint without awakening the suspicions of the Colonna, against whom he fed in his interior mortal desires.

It is convenient to standout now the two changes introduced by Celestine V at Charles II's quests. The numbers of Cardinals increased, naming other twelve, most of them French and Italian, and he re-established the law of the Conclave, that obeyed to replace the vacancies members of the Sacred College. And he bestowed to the Spiritual Franciscans the authorization to work independently from the Order of Friars Minor. Such dispositions favored the French influence in the Church and the party of the Colonna.

The Golems would not reach to control Celestine V. And as the moths passed and fell in the account that War between France and England not only strengthened Philip IV but threatened with paralyzing the White Fraternity plans. There was no time for quibbling anymore: it was urgent to eliminate the Saint and put in his place a Golem Pope, a man capable of imposing over such callow King who dared to challenge the Potencies of Matter: since the Throne of Saint Peter, which dominion they had exerted almost continuously for seven hundred years, would present to Philip IV an opposition as was never seen since the days of Henry IV, Frederick I and Frederick II. However, they didn't dare to kill Celestine for the repercussions that this fact could have over Italy's people. In this way appeared the idea to convince the Saint that his Pontificate was not appropriate for the Church, which required a Pope occupied to carry out other important issues apart of the religious, as to be administrative, legislative, juristic, and diplomatic. The prolocutor of this idea, and who offered the legal counseling to fulfill the renounce, was the Benedictine Cardinal Gaetani.

Such pressures produced doubts in Celestine, but the advice of those who wanted him to remain in his place could be more, due to the Church required the Sanctity of his presence.

Approximately after five months of his reign, Benedictine Gaetani reached to the coarse appeal to buy his valet and to place him from the superior floor,

a voice bearer tube on the back of the Christ of the Altar, in a Chapel to which Celestine concurred daily to pray: the voice that emerged from «Jesus» said: «Celestine, release from your sword the feud of the Papacy, due toits heaviest that your forces». In the beginning, the Saint took the advice as from Heaven, but later, he was warned about the humbug. However, the Christmas party was drawing nigh, and Celestine was disposed to retire to a lonely monastery in the Abruzzo to pray in solitude, as was his life custom. By the King of Naples' counsel, he decided to assign three Cardinals authorized with great powers to make them act in his name during the four weeks of absence: was in those weeks when a Golem Cardinal accused the Pope of an illegal action. The Church, said to him that he could not have four husbands; the papal dignity was not delegable up to that point. So, the Saint decided to renounce, more disgusted by the intrigues that were around him than by the brandished arguments.

But to renounce from the papal investiture, is not the same to abdicate from the royal investiture. In the Canon Law in force until then, the possibility was not contemplated and had never presented a case since Saint Peter named his successor to Saint Linus, in the I century.

On the contrary, the Canon Law affirmed that the investiture was for a lifetime. Its acceptance had the character of a marital bond between the Pope and the Church, which was dogmatically indissoluble. To save this insurmountable difficulty, the canonists Cardinals Bianchi and Gaetani appealed to a puerile logic reasoning: the Canon Law rules and formalizes the behavior of the Popes, but, above all the Canon Law, is the Pope himself, the Vicarius of Jesus Christ; to him corresponds the evident right to modify with his infallible word every law and every dogma: included Matter of the renouncement to the papal investiture.

In December 13 of 1294, five months and nine days after his enthronement, Celestine V signed the papal bull written by the canonists of Benedictine Gaetani in which was confirmed the right of the Pope to renounce if profound and founded guilty consciousness, for example, the belief that his manner to guide the Church could redound in serious damages for it, or just, the conviction of being unfit for the charge, justifies him. Thereupon, he took off the tiara, the sandals of Saint Peter, and the ring, and he renounced to his high charge. On December 29 of 1294, the Conclave elected the Benedictine Cardinal Gaetani, natural from Anagni and member of the royal families that had given to the Church the Popes Alexander VI, Innocent IV, and Gregory IX: he took the name of Boniface VIII. Peter de Murrone, who, apart of Saint, had the fame of a prophet before his departure, made him the following admonition: «*You have risen as a fox, you will reign like a lion, and you will die like a dog*».

About the legality of his attitude, the bitterest polemics aroused amongst the canonists that remained for centuries, due to the older widespread opinions sustained that any decretal could not renounce the papal investiture. This opinion, shared by many theologians and canonists of Italy and France, was also sustained by the people, which continued considering Celestine V as a legitimate Pope. Fearing a schism, the Golems decided to eliminate Peter the Murrone: Boniface VIII arrested him in a cave of the mount San't Angelo, in Apulia, where he had

retired, and confines him in the Fortress of Fumona, in Campania; in May of 1296 would be murdered and his body buried five meters underground.

Thirty-Eighth

The famous *Investiture Controversy*, sustained between Gregory VII and Henry IV, between the priestly Sword and the volitional Sword, would be renewed now by Boniface VIII and Philip IV. But where the first had triumphed before, now would be imposed the second, with all the weight that can release the Absolute Truth over the essential lie. Times had changed, and it was not about a struggle between the Cult Priest and the Blood's King anymore, in which the first was ahead because it dominated the Culture through the Religion and the organized Church while the second lacked the necessary *strategic orientation* to enforce the *charismatic power of the Pure Blood.* With Philip IV, the Golems were before an Initiated King who opposed them in terms of Strategies, i.e., in the context of an Essential War: the Cult Priest and the Cultural Pact, against the Blood's King and the Blood Pact; the synarchic Culture against the strategic manner of life; the Golem Pope Boniface VIII and the theocratic concept of the World Government, against the Pure Blood King Philip IV and the concept of the Mystical Nation; the White Fraternity plans against the Hyperborean Wisdom. Yes, Dr. Siegnagel, this time the complaint was proposed in the plane of Two Total Strategies, and its resolution would imply the total defeat of one of the adversaries, i.e., the impossibility to comply with their strategic objectives. But, as it was about the Strategy of the Potencies of Matter against the Strategy of the Eternal Spirit, represented by Boniface VIII and Philip IV, it would not be difficult to predict who would win.

That was better synthesized by Pierri Flotte, a Hound of the Lord who was minister of Philip the Fair: when Boniface affirmed: «For being the Pope, I wield the Two Swords», and he answered: «It is true, Holy Father, but where your Swords are just a theory, the ones of my Kingare a reality».

In October of 1294, many French provincial synods were gathered to discuss the King's help to solve War against England. Many approved the transference, for two years, of an extraordinary tithe, but most Orders protested to the Vatican. And here can be said that started one of the most fruitful divisions in the bosom of the Church: the French Bishops, in great number, went won by the national Mystic, and they felt charismatically inclined to support Philip the Fair; on the other hand, the Golem Church, represented in France by the Benedictine Orders, that's to say, the Congregation of Cluny, the Cistercian Order, and the Templar Order, are fiercely opposed to the pretensions of Philip IV: was the Abbot of the Cîteaux who raised to Boniface VIII the most virulent claims, after the general assembly of 1226 in which are compared the «servile Bishops», who accepted to pay taxes, with the «dumb dogs» of the Sacred Writings, meanwhile

the King was equated to the Pharaoh. Such difference, which was quite exaggerated at that moment, divided the Church of France into two sides. On the side of the King, were aligned the nationalist Bishops, some of the Hounds of the Lord. However, the majority were composed by simple patriots who feared a confrontation with the Holy See privately: Philip IV would not neglect them, assuring in every case the real protection against any reprisal that their behavior could produce; also the University of Paris, the most prestigious school of Canon Law of Europe, was divided: there, apart from the issue of the tax reform, was still debated about the legality of the election of Boniface VIII, being many the canonists who considered Celestine V as the real Pope. The next measures of Philip IV and the strategic movements of the *Domini Canis* would tend to consolidate the unity of that side, agglutinate them around the Blood's King, and oppose them against Boniface VIII.

In the other side, the one of the Golem Church, properly said, headed by Boniface VIII, were grouped the enemies of the Mystical Nation, that's to say, the followers of the «internal and external Enemy», the Golem Orders and their secret center: the College of Temple Constructors. For Philip IV, and in this manner would be exposed in the process to the Templars, from that Secret Societies was being elaborated a plot destined to debilitate the monarchies in favor of a World Government. Against that satanic side, still powerful enough as to try a last defense of the White Fraternity plans, Philip IV should smite with all the force of his Volitional Sword, trying at the same time that the hit would respond to the Highest Hyperborean Strategy.

Boniface VIII didn't lose more time. He decided to apply over the King of France, and in an extensive form to all who dare to imitate him, the Catholic Church's universal prestige.

From this prestige appears the principle of obedience to the papal authority. Until then, no one dared to disobey without suffering severe punishments in his religious condition, when not to punishments of more concrete order. The call of a Crusade to safeguard the Catholic Religion convoked the most fervent adherences and put in movement thousands of faithfuls; it was only about a papal mandate, of an order obeyed for the respect to the Holy Investiture of his transmitter. Would not be, then, the right moment to apply such prestige over that insurgent kinglet, who dared to intervene in the Golem Church's centennial plans? But Boniface VIII had not warned, when he evaluated the force of such prestige, the recent loss of Holy Land, neither the frustrated Crusade against Aragon, nor the Aragonese presence in Sicily, nor the extreme weakness that War against Swabia had produced in the German Kingdom, nor the almost inexistence of the Empire, except for the title that was still conferred to the German Kingdoms, etc. He warned none of these things and decided to compete with Philip IV through the bull Clericis laicos of February 24 of 1296.

On it was prohibited, under the *ex-communication penalty*, to all the secular Princes to demand or receive the clergy's extraordinary subsides. For their part, clerics had prohibited to pay them, unless under authorization in contradiction of the Holy See, *under the same ex-communication penalty*. Until such point to the absurd that a Bishop ran the risk to be excommunicated, not only for

falling in heresy, but also for paying a tax. You won't miss, Dr. Siegnagel, the Judaic connotations that are behind such a greedy and avaricious mentality.

The reaction of Philip IV was consequent. He gathered in France an assembly of Bishops to debate the bull *Clericis laicos*. He accused who obeyed to not contribute in the defense of the Kingdom and was, therefore, liable under the charges of treason: the Roman Law was opposed, already, against the Canon Law. He sent some loyal Bishops and ministers to Rome to treat the issue with the Pope, while in secrecy, animated the Colonna to strengthen the Ghibelline party. But, apart from these measures, he made something much more effective: in august 17, he promulgated an edict in which he prohibited the exportation of gold and silver of the Kingdom of France; other royal edict prohibited to the Italian bankers who operated in France to accept founds destined to the Pope.

In this manner, the Pope remained deprived to receive the ecclesiastical rents from the Church of France, included his own feuds.

Boniface VIII, of course, not expected such strike from the French King. Philip IV had exposed the new situation to the people through sides, libels, and assemblies convoked to the effect; and he had skillfully exposed it, in such way that the Church of Rome appeared as indifferent before the necessity of the French Nation, as interested only egoistically on its rents: while the nation had to mobilize all its resources to face an exterior war, was pretended to make the accept passively, «under ex-communication penalty», that the clergy directed important rents to Rome. These arguments justified before the people and the estates the royal edict, and predisposed to everyone against the papal bull: unanimously was requested to Philip IV to disobey the *Clericis laicos,* which content, according to the secular legists, was manifestly perverse due to it obeyed the King to miss the laws of his kingdom. To Boniface VIII, whose love for gold was hand in hand with his fanaticism for the Golem cause, the deprivation for such rents meant little less than physical mutilation, especially when he had news that the English King Edward I was imitating the measures of Philip concerning to the exaction of ecclesiastics tithes, and now was preparing to disobey also the *Clericis laicos* and to commandeer the totality of the rents of the Church. Boniface VIII's pain will be better understood if we observe the amounts in question: Italy contributed with 500.000 guilders of gold in papal tithes; England with 600.000; and France, which was retaining a part destined to the Crusade against Aragon, 200.000. It was about a guilder that for nothing in the world could be renounced.

For what needed Boniface VIII such quantities? In part to finance War with which he wanted to break the Ghibelline fence that had been developing in Italy, where was still missing the Sicilian issue; and in part to enrich himself and his family, due to Benedict Gaetani was gifted with perfection of the features of the boundless ambitious, the unscrupulous climber, the corrupt tyrant; worthy of these examples: when he acceded to the papacy he immediately annulled the laws and decrees of Nicholas IV and Celestine V that benefited the Colonna's, transferring the titles in favor of his own familiars; the King Charles II obtained for his nephew the title of Count of Caserta and many feuds; for the sons of him, of the Earl of Palazzo and Earl of Fondí; for himself, he seized from the old

palace of the Emperor Octavian, converted then in the military Force of Rome, which he restored and rebuilt magnificently, employing for it the money of the Church; same procedure continued with other castles and fortresses of Campania and Maremma, and all passed to integrate his personal patrimony; he possessed palaces, in Rome, Rieti and Orvieto, his habitual residences, although the most beautiful and luxurious was undoubtedly the one of his natal city of Anagni, where he passed most part of they ear; so he lived in an environment of splendor and luxury that was in nothing coherent with his condition of leading of the Church that exalts the salvation of the Soul by the practice of the humility and poverty; he lacked of scruples to concede charges and favors in exchange for money, i.e., he was simionac; he put his own money or of the Church, interchangeably, in hands of the Lombard or Templar bankers to be borrowed at user interest; he lacked of any piety when it was treating about to reach his purposes, quality that he demonstrated in first instance when he ordered the assassination of Celestine V, and then confirmed the bloody persecutions of the Ghibellines that he unleashed in Italy; and to complete this profile of his sinister personality, perhaps be enough with a last example: as every Golem, Boniface VIII had affection to ritual sodomy.

Of course, just as the Golems had not disposed of a King of Philip IV's height to oppose him, neither they disposed of a Saint Bernard to seat in the pontifical throne: Benedict Gaetani was the best they had, and to him they entrusted the execution of their Strategy. And the best Strategy seemed to be, before the toughness and courage of Philip IV, to go back one step and prepare to advance two. In other words, would be attempted to calm the King mitigating the sense of the bull *Clericis laicos*, through other bull, *Ineffabilis amor,* on September 21 of 1296, and they will dedicate by all the possible available means of the Church to end with the Ghibelline threat in Italy and Sicily. Concerning the pretext of war with England, brandished by the King of France to justify his exactions, he would be neutralized obeying the parts to pact the peace; pure logic: without war, the King would have not motives to demand taxes nor contributions to the clergy.

The *Ineffabilis amor* is followed by the bulls *Romana mater ecclesia* and *Novertis,* in which it threatens the King with ex-communication, manifesting the total approval of the tithes, only when the Kingdom be really in danger. But what stands out in all of them is the arrogance with which is directed to the King, whom he considers a mere minion. These bulls would raise a wave of indignation in France; due to it, they were openly read by order of the King, and they would predispose even more the French bishops against papal intransigence. They were who gathered in an assembly in Paris and asked the Pope, in February the 1st of 1297, the authorization to subsidize Felipe IV, which was facing the treason of the Earl of Flanders. In fact, he had allied with the King of England, who was trying to recover the Guyenne and was threatening the North of France. Boniface VIII must yield before the facts and authorize the contributions, leaving the Clericis laicos in dead letter.

In April of 1297, Boniface sent to Paris the Cardinals Albano and Preneste carrying a new bull: on it, he *ordained* to the monarchs in conflict the establish-

ment of a one-year truce while the definitive Treaty of peace is being arranged; the negotiation would be in charge of the Pope. Philip received them, but before to permit the reading of the rescript, he made the following warning: «tell to the Pope that is our conviction that only to the King corresponds to command in the Kingdom. That We are the King of France and we don't recognize the competence of anyone above us to intervene in Matters of the Kingdom. That the King of England and the Count of Flanders are vassals of the King of France and that we do not accept to their advice than the voice of the Honor to treat our subjects».

The bull was read, but Philip did not respond until June of 1298, when the fate of the weapons was adverse before the united forces of England and Flanders. Then he accepted the arbitration of Boniface VIII but not in the quality of Pope, but only as «Benedict Gaetani»: thus, he avoided admitting the papal jurisdiction in Matters of the Kingdom.

Meanwhile, the controversy about the legitimacy of Boniface VIII continued more alive than ever. In France, the Hounds of the Lord was in charge of updating the debate. Simultaneously, in Italy, the agitation ran by account of the Colonna's: the preference for Boniface VIII or Pope Celestine V had been transformed there in synonym of Guelphs Ghibellines. The Colonna, receiving secret help from Philip IV, and now the allies of the King Fadrique of Sicily, son of Peter III of Aragon and Constance of Swabia, were present in the view of the Pope as the staunchest candidates for a Golem *vendetta*. They just needed a chance. This one appeared when Esteban Colonna's anger took him to assault a papal caravan that was carrying the pontifical treasure from Anagni to Rome. Esteban *Sciarra* Colonna had not acted with the intention to rob but with the certainty of rescuing Goods of the Church, which were in the power of a usurper. For this reason, he carried the treasure at the light of the day to his castle of Palestrina.

The lesson that Boniface VIII would apply to the Colonna, and the Ghibellines, would be exemplary, although characteristic of the Golem mentality. First, he presented the act of Sciarra Colonna to the people of Rome as an indescribable crime, for which he blamed his entire lineage: «The Cardinal Pedro is the Leader of the Ghibellines and both, he and the Cardinal Jacob were guilty of the two-years retardation of the papal election in Perugia. Now, another member of that family dares to revolt against the Pope's authority, the highest of the Universe, and dares to steal this treasure: that accursed lineage must be banished from the Church». The proclamation of the illegality of Boniface VIII by the Colonna's was in vain, their contributions in the accusations about the doubts that the University of Paris sustained about the resignation of Pope Celestine V, or the request of information of a General Council of the Church to utter on the case: in less than a month, and with the approval of the Sacred College, the Cardinals Jacobo and Peter were excommunicated and deposed, as well as Juan Colonna and his sons, Agapito, Jacobo, and Esteban Sciarra. Besides of taking them away from the Church and Christianity, the bull is ordained to confiscate their goods, properties, and titles. Naturally, the Colonna's resisted, and Boniface replied publishing a Crusade: all who take part of it will get the same dispenses that if they had gone to Holy Land.

With the pass of the Crusaders, the Ghibelline's massacres are renewed in all of Italy. The castle of Sciarra, Palestrina, is taken and, by order of Boniface, reduced to rubble, the ground plowed and covered with salt. Sciarra and the rest of the Colonna's must flee to France, completely ruined. Then was the turn of the Spiritual Franciscans: according to another Bull, the Holy Office found their doctrines heretical and ordained the order's dissolution.

Thirty-Ninth Day

Only in 1299, Philip the Fair would finish War with England. The truce agreed by Benedict Gaetani had been developed morosely, and Warring Nations were unable to yield in their intentions to restart the struggle. Finally, through the Treaty of Montreuil, the same ended due to the own conditions of the time: Edward I, King of England, would marry with Margaret, sister of Philip IV, while Edward II, son of English, would engage with Isabella, a four-year-old girl who was the only daughter of the French; Isabella would inherit the Duchy of Guyenne, but the English would not tread French territory by the moment. The next year, Philip occupied the County of Flanders with his troops and closes the strategic Enclosure.

In the year 1300, Philip the Fair completed the two first steps of the strategic way of life of the Regal function: he realized the *Occupation Principle* on the territory of the Kingdom and applied the *Enclosure Principle,* and fields were prepared for the rational exploitation of the agriculture and animal husbandry. The Hyperborean Strategy then reaches its highest degree of development, and there is almost no power on Earth able to oppose the Blood's King and the Mystic Nation. Has sounded the charismatic State's hour, in which the King and the people are a single Voice and a single Will. The arrest of the Bishop of Pamiers, which will outbreak the last reaction of Boniface VIII, will clearly show the charismatic State's real existence.

Bernard de Soisset, Bishop of Pamiers was, in reality, a Golem spy. They entrusted him the Mission to investigate the existence of a Secret Society in Languedoc where allegedly belonged counselors of Philip the Fair. After a patient work, he reached to a stunning conclusion: «in fact, a wicked conspiracy existed against the Golem Church; on it converged the Cathars, who reappeared surprisingly organized, the Spiritual Franciscans, recently excommunicated, and some members of the Order of Preachers, especially Spaniards; disputes between Heretics and inquisitors were clearly simulated and was easily to warn that behind the plot was the hand of Philip the Fair, who protected all the imputed ones in person». Before being discovered by the Hounds of the Lord, and then arrested and accused of high treason, the Bishop of Pamiers sends his report to Boniface VIII, who demanded to the King of France his immediate release. This was not possible without running the risk to expose more details about the Domini Canis, so he was formally accused of being in-

volved in a seditious plan at the Crown of Aragon's service. He was going to be judged by a civil court, which was in total contradiction with the Canon Law, which prohibited the Bishops from appearing in the secular court.

The necessity for the Bishop of Pamiers to obtain testimony against Philip the Fair, and the challenge which meant in that time the civil prosecution of a Bishop, caused the anger of Boniface VIII. His response would be the bull *Ausculta filis*, dispatched to France in December 1301, with others of lesser importance. On it, Boniface criticized the legal and administrative reform violently to the King: *«Return, my beloved son, to the path that guides to God, and from which you have missed, either by your own guilt or by the instigation of malicious advisors. Above everything, don't let you be persuaded that you do not have a superior and that you are not subjected to the Pope, who is the head of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Such opinion is senseless, and who encourages it, is an infidel already segregated from the flock of Good Shepherd».* Those «evil advisors», of course, would not be other than the *Domini Canis.* Then Boniface expresses that, with the finality to consider the disorders caused by the misbehavior of Philip, and to find a fair remedy to it, *he convened all the Bishops to a Council in Rome in November of 1302:* during the same, the King, who is invited to be present, will be prosecuted for his «crimes» and called to the correction. Of course, Philip IV would not present, but he would prohibit to the Bishops to leave France without his consent.

The «crimes» that were imputed to the King in the *Ausculta filis* would seem us today perfectly sovereign: they accused him to «have changed the monetary system»; to «create taxes unknown until then»; to «tax the rents that the Church of France guided to Rome»; to «impose national frontiers to their subjects»; etc. Copies of this bull were read and burnt in public in all France, generating a popular movement of indignation against the theocratic despotism of the Pope.

As I told you, Dr. Siegnagel, with the *Ausculta filis* appeared the opportunity to exhibit the Mystical Nation, with this new structure of the State that was patiently created by the *Domini Canis* legists. This demonstration was realized exactly the day, April 10 in 1302, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame Paris, and can be considered as the first *Constitution* of the modern French State. There were gathered the representatives of *all* the French provinces, reason why that Congress was called «of the General States». But what was really new consisted of the *Three Orders* that composed the Assembly; it means, representatives of the Nobility, the Clergy, *and the Cities*. These last ones, present for the first time in a Council chaired by the King. It must be placed at that time of the XIV century to appreciate on its real dimension the innovation which meant to include with Noble and Ecclesiastical representatives the plebeian class; and not as a «democratic right», extorted by force to sanguinary Tyrants or weak Kings, but by the real recognition that the people participate in the sovereignty, such as affirms the Hyperborean Wisdom. Naturally, in the third Order, the different strata integrated the Mystical Nation: mainly the new and vigorous bourgeoisie, composed by traders, merchants, and yeomen; the artisans and builders; free peasants, etc.

Outstanding performance in the Organization of such first Assembly of the Three Orders had the Hounds of the Lord, especially the first three named,

Pierre Flotte, Robert of Artois, and Count of Saint-Pol. Pierre Flotte spoke to Parliament in the name of the King, and his words are still remembered: – *«The Pope has sent us the letters in which he declares that we must submit unto him as to the temporal government of our Kingdom refers and that we must abide not only the crown of God, as was always believed but also the Apostolic See. According to this statement, the Pontiff convokes to all the prelates of this Kingdom to a Council in Rome to reform the abuses he said have been committed by our functionaries and us in the administration of our States. On the other hand, you know how the Pope impoverishes the Church of France, giving at his free will be hoofing which incomes pass to foreign hands. You ignore that the Churches are overwhelmed by tithes demands; that now the metropolitans don't have the authority over their suffragans; neither the Bishops over their clergy; which in a word, the Court of Rome, reducing the episcopacy to nowt, attracts to himself; power and money. It is necessary to curb these outrages. Thus, we beseech you, as Lords and as Friends, to help us defend the Kingdom's liberties and the Church. In what treats about us, if it is necessary, to sacrifice for these double motives our goods, our lives and, if the circumstances demand it, the ones of our children».* The position of Philip the Fair was supported in collective form by the General States.

The Nobles and the Cities subscribed quite letters in which they refused in hard terms the accusations against the King they denounced, at the same time, the Pope's intention to convert the Kingdom in an ecclesiastical feud, but the relations went poisoned more and more. During the Assembly, the most atrocious crimes attributed to Boniface VIII had been made public: the usurpation of the papal investiture, murder, simony, heresy, sodomy, etc.; and such lack of moral authority, from who pretended to become Supreme Sovereign, was divulged through all the corners of the Kingdom by the publicists of Philip the Fair. So, the people were with their King and would not react adversely before any initiative that would have finality to limit Boniface VIII's ambitions.

Concerning the Bishops, they were in front of the following dilemma: if they concurred to the Council, would be considered «personal enemies» of the King; they could be accused of treason and, just as occurred to the Bishop of Pamier, judged by civil courts. But, if they not, they would be excommunicated by Boniface VIII. Nevertheless, even by the terrible retaliations that had promised the Pope to those who don't present in Rome, most of the Bishops were in the side of King, to whom they considered a worthier representative of Catholic Religion. Only the Golems and the spies of Philip IV would go in November to the Council; it means only 36 would go of a total of 78 French Bishops. But before the Council, in July 11 of 1302, an unfortunate event came to tarnish the Mystical Court of Philip the Fair: to suffocate a general revolt that had sprouted in Flanders, Philip sends a powerful army of Knights, which results annihilated such day in the battle of Courtrai; and in the battlefield remains forever the invaluable Pierre Flotte, Robert de Artois, and the Count of Saint-Pol, three Hounds of the Lord whose performance was the main factor of the success of the Strategy of Philip IV. Other *Domini Canis* were even more fearsome than the three defunct: Guillaume de Nogaret, Enguerr, and de Marigny and Guillaume de Plaisan.

During the Council, no resolution was taken against Philip IV due to, as in the fable, no mouse would exist disposed to put the sleigh bell to the cat.

Nevertheless, the fury of Boniface has no limits when he knew that in France has been confiscated Goods of the present Bishops and a judgment of high treason has been promoted to them. Thus, on November 18, he published the bull *Unam Sanctam*, which would be considered the most complete juridical exposition ever realized in favor of the papal and priestly absolutism. Incapable of taking other more effective measures against Philip the Fair, the Golems tried to initiate a juridical polemic about the Matter of the «spiritual power» and the «temporal power»; for this reason, Boniface insists once again with the analogy of the Two Swords: the tactic consists into obtaining to be accepted, like a syllogism, the truth is that the spiritual Sword is above the temporal Sword; once admitted it, it is continued with the identification of the Pope with the spiritual Power and of the King with the temporal Sword: the conclusion, evident and logic, is that the King must submit to the Pope because in this manner is accomplished «the Will of God». The idea was not new, but now was elevated as the official Dogma of the Church, and its explicit rejection would imply the sin of heresy.

Let's remember, Dr. Siegnagel, the main conclusions of the bull. In the first place, it affirms the existence of just *one Church*, denying the recent accusation of the *Domini Canis* consisting that, inside of the Golem Church, heretic and satanic, from which Boniface would be one of the Leaders; thence the name of the bull: *Unam Sanctam Ecclesiam…* in this unique Church, «*we are obeyed to believe because out of it there is no salvation nor forgiveness for the sins*». And this unique Church is analogous to an organic body, in which the head represents Jesus Christ and, also, the Pope, the vicarious of Jesus Christ: «*therefore, in this lonely and unique Church there's just one body, only one head, and not two heads as the monster has; it means: Jesus Christ and the vicarious of Jesus Christ, Peter and the successors of Peter, are the head of the Church». «For these reasons, the temporal and spiritual Swords are subjected to the power of the Church; the second must be used for the Church, and the first by the Church; the first, by the Priest; the second, by the hands of the Kings and Knights, but to the will and conformity to the Priest». « A Sword, however, must be subjected to the other, and the temporal authority to the temporal power».*

The King mustn't interfere in the issues of the Church, either in what treats about its rents, due to if he do such thing commits a great mistake, he interferes with the «spiritual power», and the Pope were obeyed to judge him and to call him to the order, but without, on the contrary, exists anyone over Earth that can judge the Pope: «*We see it clearly in the contribution of tithes, either in the glorification as in the sanctification, in the reception of such power and in the government of the things. Because, as the truth testifies, the spiritual power must institute and judge Earthly power if this is not correctly exerted». «Thus, if Earthly power errs, it can be judged by the superior power; but if the supreme power really errs, this can be only judged by God, not by any man».*

It means that all the accusations of Boniface VIII exposed during the Assembly of the General States and transcribed in the letters to the Cardinals, lack value because they come from those who don't have the spiritual capacity to judge the acts of the Pope: only God can do it. And to believe the opposite is manifested heresy: «Therefore, whoever resists to this power ordained by

God, also resists to the law of God, unless that he pretends the existence of two principles, as Manichaean… So we declare, we say and define that is entirely necessary for the salvation, that all human creatures be subjected to the High Roman Pontiff («Porro Subesse Romano Pontifici, omni humanae craturae declaramus, decimus et diffinimus omnino esse, de necessitate salutis»). The glove has been thrown to the King of France; and was clearly adverted, in the words of the bull, the intention to excommunicate him.

In the next four months, Philip the Fair and the *Domini Canis* celebrated many secret meetings. Boniface VIII's prestige has fell lower than ever in France, after the bull *Unam Sanctam*: is the moment, proposed the Hounds of the Lord, to depose the Pope; once beheaded the Golem Dragon, will be easier to disband the body. However, the argument of the illegitimacy of his investiture doesn't have the unanimous support of the University of Paris, necessary request to substantiate the claim or imposition of a new papal election. Gains strength, instead, the idea to present an accusation of heresy: the heresy, according to the Canon Law, is causal of demission of the Pope and is supported with historical antecedents. Of course, that to prove such accusation and derive from it the substitution of the Pope, was necessary the scheme of a general Council. Philip IV was then disposed to force the recall to a Council to judge the «heretic» behavior of the Pope: he entrusts to enforce there the number of his national Bishops. The Hounds of the Lord will accompany him, orchestrating a campaign of denunciations of heresy against Boniface VIII, to morally influence over the Bishops and over the Nobles and the Cities. Guillaume of Nogaret and Guillaume of Plasian, offered to officiate as accusers, being the first elected to perform a secret mission in Italy, what would not avoid to initiate the campaign of accusations «begging in public to the King to defend the Christians from the evil of Boniface VIII», and the second to accuse openly to the Pope.

In March 12 of 1303, Guillaume the Nogaret, before the Council of Ministers of the King, reads and signs a manifest, which is immediately copied and published in the whole Kingdom. It said: «*The glorious Prince of the apostles, the Blessed Peter, talking in the name of the Spirit, told us that, as in past times, as in coming times, would emerge false prophets that will besmirch the path of the truth, and those who, in their greed, and through misleading words, will traffic with us, following the example of that Balaam who satisfied with the prize of the iniquity. To impose the punishments and to utter his threats, Balaam had a beastly creature that, gifted with human speech, proclaimed the nonsenses of a false prophet… these things, which were announced by the Father and Patriarch of the Church, we see now with our own eyes realized letter by letter. In rigor to the truth, there is seating in Blessed Peter's chair that master of lies, who notwithstanding being Maleficent (Malfaisant) in every possible form, is called Beneficent (Boniface). He didn't enter through the door, in the flock of Our Lord as shepherd and cottager, but as raider and thief… Even being alive, the real husband of the Church, Celestine V, dared to injure the wife by means of illegitimate embraces. The real husband had no participation in this divorce. In fact, according to what human laws say,* nothing more opposed to the acquiescence than the error*… can't marry who, while the worthy husband lives, has besmirched the marriage with the adultery. Thus, as all that perpetuates against God is an injure that is commi-*

tted against everyone. Such great crime concerns, the testimony of the first who comes must be received, even being one of the wives, although being of a shameful woman.

– I, therefore, like the beast that, through the power of God was gifted with the Voice of a real human to make him reprove the nonsenses of the false prophet, who reached to curse the blessed people, I direct unto you my supplication, the most excellent of the Princes, our Lord Philip, by the grace of God King of France, who after the example of the angel that showed the naked sword to comply with the justice, you must oppose to this other and most fatal Balaam, and prevent the consummation of the damage that he was preparing against the people».

The damage consisted of the ex-communication of Philip IV and all the French Christians' liberation to comply with the vow of fidelity. The Kingdom would remain in question and could be rightfully conquered for whom the Pope authorizes. Such were the plans that Boniface VIII was preparing and that the spies of Philip IV informed periodically. On the other hand, as an effect of Manifest of Nogaret, no official measure was taken, but promptly the people started to refer to the Pope as «*Maleficent VIII*», which explained why the Gascons enjoy in France of the same fame that in Spain have the Andalusians.

Fortieth Day

In June 13 of 1303 was celebrated an Assembly of the General States in Louvre, chaired by the King. On it were renewed the complaints against Boniface VIII and formally proposed the necessity to convoke a Council to condemn him and name a new Pope. The Nobles, the Cities, and the nationalist Bishops accept. Guillaume de Plasian requested to be the accuser of Boniface in the future Council; he was accepted too, and reads a declaration where he exposes his arguments: *«I, Guillaume de Plasian, Knight, anticipate and affirm that Boniface, who now occupies the Holy See, will be found a perfect heretic, according to the heresies, prodigious facts, and wicked doctrines as the following: 1st he doesn't believe in the Soul immortality; 2nd he doesn't believe in the eternal life, because he affirms that he would prefer to be a dog, a donkey or a brute before a French; thing that he would not say if he believes that a French has eternal Soul. He doesn't believe in the Real Presence because he decorates his throne with major magnificence than the altar. He has said that to humiliate his majesty and the French, he would disrupt the whole Universe. He gave his approval to the book of Arnaud de Villenueve, the protected sorcerer of the Cistercians, who had been condemned by the Bishop and the University of Paris. He erected statues of himself in the Churches with the purpose to be worshiped beside the Crucified. He has a familiar Demon, which he calls 'Bafoel' who reveals to him what he wants to know: for this reason, he said that even if the whole mankind would be placed aside, and would be only he on the other side, he can't err, either in what treats about an aspect of a factor only of right. In his public preach, he expressed that the High Priest, even putting a price on all the sacraments and ecclesiastical charges, can't commit simony, which is a heresy to affirm. As a confirmed heretic, he sustains that only his own faith is the real;*

he qualified the French –notoriously one of the most Christian populations– of Cathars. He was a repugnant sodomite, as numerous testimonies prove it. He was also a killer: in his presence gave death to many clerics saying to his guards, when they not reached to slay them with the first smite: 'Beat, beat, Dali, Dali'. He obeyed the priests to rape the secrets of the confessional. He doesn't watch nor vigils nor fasts.

He releases philippics against the Order of Dominican Preachers, against the minor brothers and the Spiritual Franciscans, often repeating that they ruin the world, that they are hypocrites and false, and that nothing good would happen to those who confess before them. Trying to destroy the faith, he has conceived an old aversion against the King of France, in his hate towards the faith of the real Christ, because in France is where he was and was the splendor of the faith, the great support, and example of Christianity. He raised everyone against the House of France, to England, Germany, confirming the title of Emperor to the King of Germany, and proclaiming that he did it to destroy the pride of the French people, who boasted to not be subjected to anyone concerning to the temporal things, that there was no one above his King. He added that they had lied through their ruff and declared that if an Angel would have descended from heaven and said that the French are not subjected either to Boniface or the Emperor, it would be anathema. He permitted the loss in Holy Land… employing in his personal wars and luxuries the money destined to the defense of that site. He has been recognized in public as simonist, and moreover, as the source and base of the simony, selling benefits to the highest bidder, imposing over the Church and the Bishop servitude and vassalage, with the objective to enrich his family and his friends with the patrimony of the crucified, and to convert them in Marquesses, Counts, Barons. He dissolves marriages for money… he annuls the votes of the nuns… in sum, Knights, he said that prompt, he would make of all the French martyrs or apostates».

Impressed by the accusations of Plasian, all accompanied by abundant proofs, the parliamentarians convened to invite Boniface VIII to assist the Council to exert his defense.

Nevertheless, Philip IV was not in accordance with the collective approval, and he wrote personal letters for many dioceses of France; At the same time, Nogaret went to Rome to notify the Pope, Guillaume de Plaisan, escorted by a dissuasive royal troop, he visited every city in person, village or hamlets. He collected the signs of the statements. As was expected, almost everyone signed when reading the letter to the King and hearing the exposition of the official accuser; only the Cistercians resists and the other Benedictine Orders. Main refugees of the Golems, Citeaux, the Cluny, and the Temple, disapproved of Philip the Fair's behavior and manifested that there's nothing reprehensible in Boniface VIII. Instead, the University of Paris, the Dominicans of Paris, and the Franciscans of Touraine declared to favor the King.

In mid-August, Boniface VIII published a bull in which he affirmed that only the Pope was authorized to convoke a Council, and he tried to defend himself from the accusations of Plasian and Nogaret. At the end, he wondered: how has it been possible to reach to the absurd that the Cathars accused the Pope of heresy? But the spies of Philip IV informed him that the decree of ex-communication of the King was being drafted and questioned the Kingdom of France: to the bull has been placed in advance the date of its emission: 7 of September 1303.

Philip IV decided to give a hand hit and capture Boniface before the publishing of his infamous resolution. He would be judged in France and formally deposed, naming in his place a French Bishop of his trust. To comply with this plan, he conceded a *white letter* to Guillaume de Nogaret, to whom he gave his own sword and said these historical words:

–«The Honor of France is in your hands, Knight Lord».

Guillaume de Nogaret went to Italy accompanied only by Sciarra Colonna, the most fearsome personal enemy of Boniface, and by Charles de Saint Félix, a *Domini Canis* who was a grandson of Pedro de Creta and Valentina de Tharsis: Nogaret knew Charles since he was a child, because he was a son of who was the Lord of the family of Saint Félix of Caramán. In Florence, the King of France's banker gave Nogaret an important sum because he had the order to provide the Gascon with whatever that could be necessary for his mission. Since their departure, many people addicted to the Ghibelline party to advise the Colonna's allied Lords in the proximities of Anagni, Alatri, and Ferentino. The Pope was located in his palace of Anagni, his natal city in the ancient pontifical State of Frosinone; the neighbor city of Ferentino, Ghibelline rival of the Guelph Anagni, in the meeting point of the conspirators. The chosen day was September 6, i.e., one day before the emission of the bull that would excommunicate Philip IV.

The signalized day, in the highest secrecy, arrived a dozen of Lords, sworn enemies of Boniface VIII, who were waiting since years ago a similar opportunity to take revenge: all they craved an occasion intimately to execute Boniface, due to they considered worthless his transference to France; ironically, Guillaume of Nogaret shall appeal to all his authority to protect him and comply, in this manner, with the Strategy of Philip the Fair. Each Knight had travelled separately, accompanied by a small guard that would not awake any suspicion; to these troops were added the mercenary effectiveness provided by Captain Reynold Supino, guard of Ferentino who sold himself to Nogaret for 1.000 florins. In sum were 300 horsemen and 1.000 infants: such companies would be really exiguous for the enterprise that they proposed to realize, if they would not have the principle of surprise in favor, due to neither Boniface VIII nor his Golem followers, imagined remotely that they could be attacked in Anagni. Formed a few kilometers of distance, the battalion of Nogaret seemed to have emerged from the naught; and nobody in Italy could know with anticipation of its existence as to warn the Golems.

One of the Ghibelline Knights was Nicholas, from the Conti's powerful family, whose brother Adenulfo, dwelling in Anagni, would support vital collaboration to the invaders.

Through him, it is achieved to buy the commandant of the papal guard, Godfrey Busso, fora good bag of gold, while the own Adenulfo would be occupied to deceive the Anagnians during the attack.

At midnight arrived Warriors of Kristos Lucifer in front of the ancient capital of the Hermics; two Knights carry the pennants of France and of the Church. Nicholas Conti guided them to a door in the wall that has been opened from inside and all rush to the scream of: «Die Boniface! Long live the

King of France!». The horsemen, followed by the infantry, are deployed in many groups by the narrow and declivitous carriageway. They go right whither are erected the sumptuous palaces, that belonged to the Cardinals and the Pope, and many Churches of splendid ornamentation. The commandant of the papal guard joins, with a part of his own, to the intruder forces, and the siege to the palace of Boniface VIII begins, who scarcely disposes of a few men to resist. For one time, history was inverted: the argument is the same, the personages similar; is the fight of the Spirit against the Potencies of Matter, the Blood's King against the Golem Priests, of the representatives of the Blood Pact against the ones of the Cultural Pact; but this time the King of Blood is who triumphs over the Golem Priest, over the exterminators of the Pure Blood, over the Crusade proclaimers against the Hyperborean Wisdom. Inside the sumptuous residence, the pride of Boniface collapses. See him there, trembling and crying like a woman, the Golem Demon who pretended to prevail over the charisma of the Blood's King! Perhaps he is not crying because of the tragedy but for the future punishment that his Lord will impose on him, the Supreme Priest Melchizedek, and the Masters of the White Fraternity.

The dwellers of the Anagni, to all this, arouse with the surprise that their city has been occupied by the King of France troops. Someone made the bell tolls calling to the reunion. All the families run towards the town square of the market; the news were overwhelming: Sciarra Colonna had come with a battalion provided by the King of France surely he will kill the Pope. Godfrey Busso has passed to the enemy side, and the City has remained unprotected.

Rapidly, in the midst of great confusion, they name Leader Adenulfo Conti. He, accompanied by some neighborhoods, previously elected amongst the Colonna's and the Conti's followers, leaves to parley with the raiders. He talks with Reynold Supino andre turns immediately; he assured with vehemence that it would be impossible to resist the «Frenchs», who have already looted the Cardinals' palaces: only rests the possibility to join them and to share the booty. Desperate, the Guelphs begins the pillage, stealing beside the Ghibellines the Cardinal and papal palace. There, artworks of incalculable value would disappear, antiquity treasures, rich crockery of gold and silver; each one takes what they want and can take with them. Some of them discover Warehouses, in charge of satisfying the cardinals' exquisite palates and to calm their inextinguishable thirst, and promptly the bottles pass from hand to hand. During the day, few would be the Anagnians who have not stolen or get drunk; no one dares to walks through the streets, and the city remains under the total control of the scarce men of Nogaret.

While the nocturnal pillage took place, and the population was being entertained in that barbarous task, a feverous warrior activity emerged in the surroundings of the palace of Boniface, who, conscious that with his reduced guard could not resist for a long time, tried to arrange an agreement with the besiegers; his legacy received the conditions: to surrender without capitulation, to lift the ex-communication of Philip the Fair, to rehabilitate the Colonna's, and to concur as a prisoner to France to be judged in the Council. When

Boniface received the terms, he refuses to accept, and he remained plunged in desperation: he just dressed with the Golem papal investiture and awaited his enemies seated on the Throne.

Amongst sobs of bitterness, he prayed fervently to the Creator God to realize the miracle of his salvation and of the White Fraternity plans. Could it be possible, he wondered aloud, that the Lords of War could triumph over him, who is a representative of the Creator of the Universe? If he, in whom he had been committed to stopping the temporal Kings failed, what recent misadventures would supervene later for the Golem Orders, that for many centuries developed the White Fraternity plans? After each of these questions, he convulsed and was evident that he would not delay losing reason.

With the exception of two Bishops, one Spaniard and the other Italian, everyone escaped from his side as they can; some were captured and killed by Sciarra Colonna men, while others remained as hostages because they surrendered voluntarily, amongst them his own nephew. Such news ended to depress Boniface. Finally, a window yielded, and Guillaume de Nogaret and Charles de Saint Félix entered, followed by a dozen of soldiers of Ferentino who stayed to a prudent distance to not be recognized by the Pope. Nogaret and Charles get nearer to the Throne: wearing the papal Tiara, replica of the Egyptian crown of the Swarthy Atlantean Priests; with the white robe of the Levitic Priests of Israel, in which is embroidered the Four Leaf Clover of the Golem Priests, stylized as a Celtic cross; in his right hand sustaining the Cross, symbol of the Spiritual Incarceration, and in the lefts the keys of Saint Peter, a symbol of the Kâlachakra Key with which the Traitor Gods of the Spirit consummated the Original Treason; there was seated, with his eyes burning with hate and fear, one of the wickedest man of Earth.

–Cathar, son of Cathar!–Exclaimed defiant when he recognized Nogaret–. Your Lord, King of France, could not do anything against the Law of Jehovah God!

–I am Knight of the King of France –replied the Gascon– and I can assure you, detestable Priest, that my Lords only know and respect the Law of the Honor, which is the Law of the Holy Spirit, of the Will of the Real God. Only your God Jehovah, a demon called Satan, to whom you obey slavishly, can oppose that Law.

–Damn Golem!–now was Charles de Saint Félix, or Charles of Tharsis Valter, or Charles of Tarseval, who spoke– I assure you that the King of France will end with you and the diabolic Orders that aid you! You will never govern the World while Initiates as him or Frederick II! But you have for sure still that We, the Eternal Warrior of Kristos Lucifer, will end someday with the Leaders of your Leaders, with the Occult Hierarchy of Supreme Priests that maintain the Uncreated Spirit chained into the slavery of the created matter!

Boniface paled and shuddered when hearing the Stone Man. Something as a halo of essential hostility emerged from such Knight with an impressive intensity: what was Death of Warm Life before that other Death that was intuited through his presence? What was the loss of Life, of the ephemeral joys and riches, of the Power in this World or the Supreme Priest punishment

in the Other World, which produced much fear in him until then before the abyss of eternal Death in which the Eyes of Ice of the French Knight sank him?

–Heretics!–he screamed out of control, at the moment when a door fell shattered and entered in full steam a multitude chaired by Sciarra Colonna–respect for who, by the disposition of the Unique God, must govern over the whole world!

Siarra, such mortal enemy of Boniface, reached to hear his last words and gave him a violent slap with the iron glove, pouring out blood from his cheek. Nogaret had to contain him to avoid him traversing the Pope right there with the sword. The people and the soldiers, meanwhile, were taking every valuable object that they had at hand.

The situation was not, nevertheless, promising with the Palace taken, Boniface prisoner, and the City under control. One thing was to enter in secrecy in Italy and prepare a surprise attack, and others leave the place, taking the prisoner the Pope. Neither in Anagni could have remained much time if the dwellers had discovered how small the occupant troops would be. In the port of Ostia was waiting for them a ship of the Annibaldi's family, allies of the Colonna's, but, to reach there, they would need important reinforcements. The brothers of Sciarra were in charge to concur with five thousand men, but they delayed, and the day September 7 elapsed intense calm, while the Anagnians were awakening from the surprise.

The next day, all continued as before, but rumors of that they had been victims of the reason of and a hit of a few aggressors started to circulate amongst the dwellers. The hostility started to be felt in the form of many provocations to the soldiers of Nogaret, and promptly, they realized that they would have to leave Anagni as soon as possible. Guillaume of Nogaret, Charles de Saint Félix, and Sciarra Colonna were deliberating about the convenience of killing Boniface or take the risk of carrying him with them when they learn that Godfrey Busso has passed again to the side of the Pope and has cut them the pass to the entrance of the Palace.

Immediately restarted the battle, bloody this time, and the three envoys of Philip IV are obeyed to flee, leaving Boniface in the hands of the Guelphs. Days later, they were in France, being approved by the Great King all that happened in Anagni.

Is that Life of Boniface didn't serve anymore to the Golem interests due to he has lost reason irremediably: one month after the events of Anagni, on 11 of October of 1303, he would die in Rome, finishing with him the Age of the Golem medieval domination in the Holy See, and failing the imminent fulfillment of the White Fraternity plans, i.e., the World Government and the Chosen People Synarchy. The High Strategy of the Tharsis Lords and the *Circulus Domini Canis* was triumphing over the Potencies of Matter. Philip IV, who appeared as the exoteric cause of the Golem's failure, was a Hyperborean Initiate who accomplished to the letter the esoteric guidelines of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But the death of Boniface, Dr. Siegnagel, just signalized the beginning of the end. It was still missing to dismantle the Templars' financial infrastructure, the germ of the Chosen People Synarchy.

The crisis that broke the Soul of Boniface occurred when his diabolic pride was terribly humiliated by his enemies' acts: first, the Cathar Nogaret, treating him as a subject of the King of France and taking him prisoner in his name. Then the mysterious Charles de Saint Félix, transmitting to him his frightening power and preaching the failure of the Golem Orders most secret plans: these confirmed the suspicions of Bernard de Soisset, the Bishop of Pamiers, that around Philip the Fair existed a conspiracy of the Sons of Shadows; surrounded by enemies, captured in his own palace of Anagni, bathed in cold sweats, Boniface understood later that he has underestimated Philip the Fair and that he didn't take seriously the frequently warning advice that the monks sent to the Cistercians and the Templars. Prey, of a mix of hate and terror, he felt that his Soul was depressing irredeemably. Then the *Banditti* Sciarra darg in to hit him and even threatened him with death, while his men covered him with insults. And at last, the treason of his natal population, looting without shamelessly his palace, allying to his enemies who were the enemies of the Golem Church, the Church of God the One the Creator of the Universe, of the God from whom he, the Priest *Maximus*, was the living manifestation. Oh God One, what ingratitude one of your people! Perhaps such aggression of his people, for being of lesser importance but more affective, harmed him more than the precedent offenses. And, naturally, inside of that pain detached in highest grade the anguish of having been despoiled from gold and silver, of his art treasures of unparalleled beauty gathered in the entire life of acquisitions, many of them inherited or properties of the Gaetani's family. The weight of the failure was released without extenuations, crushing in some hours to Boniface. Too many feelings at once, even for a Golem of legendary cruelty, the ones that afflicted to the Pope of 69 years old.

When the people of Anagni rescued him, his consciousness had been situated out of reality and, even if many promised to return the stolen, Boniface was not in conditions to comprehend it. Mechanically he requested to be taken to the palace of Lateran. There, the Cardinals Orsini, when checking his insane state, maintained him a parted from the Romans. With exorbitant eyes, he exclaimed: Bafoel! Bafoel! *Aliquem ad astra fero*! In some moments of lucidity, he exploded the request for vengeance against his enemies and predicted the ruin of who had betrayed him. Later, his mind went obscuring and he suffered fits of rage in which he howled, vomiting foam form his mouth, and tried to bite who were taking care of him. Finally, in 13 of October 1303, he died converted in furious beast, complying in this manner the prophecy of Celestine V. The Saint had said: –«*You have risen as a fox, you will reign as a lion, and you will die as a dog*».

Forty-First Day

The manner in which Boniface VIII died, and the certainty that King Charles II remained indifferent before his fall, caused great fear amongst the Guelph Cardinals. As nobody wanted to run his same luck, or even

worse, nine days later, the Sacred College agreed on the new Pope's identity: on 22 of October 1303, they elected Cardinal Nicholas Boccasini, who took the name of Benedict XI and was General of the Dominicans. The brand new Pontiff, who although the Initiates of its Order strongly influenced not a *Domini Canis,* tried to carry out a conciliatory policy with the King of France and to initiate the reform of the scandalous Golem customs which reigned in the high clergy, but he was poisoned with some figs before the first year of his mandate. As in Celestine V's case, the defunct was a solution of convenience amongst the irreconcilable ecclesiastic parties: both sides entrusted in intimately to dominate the Pope. His death plunged the Cardinals in a large discussion of ten months under pressure, now inevitable, of Philip the Fair.

The King of France offered gold and protection against the Golems' revenge and achieved that many Guelphs Cardinals to sell their vows. Finally, they reached an agreement: a cleric, not a member of the Sacred College, will be invested. Philip the Fair met with Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, in Saint Jean d'Angely. The Archbishop was a Hound of the Lord, and the King of France requested his collaboration: he wanted him to accept the papal investiture and to take eight measures that will assure the Strategy of the Realm. He didn't hide him the that the mission would be quite dangerous due to the Golems will try to kill him by any means.

However, Bertrand de Got accepted. He would comply with what he promised: proof of it is the countless calumnies that the synarchic historians have affirmed about his memory. Nevertheless, as in the case of Philip the Fair, all the calumnies lost consistency and were disintegrated when the Strategy that reigned and gave sense to his acts was known. Whatever it was, the Archbishop convened to comply with the mission that the King proposed: first, to condemn the work of Boniface VIII; second, they raised the ex-communication of Philip IV; third, that the Church receives no incomes for five years, of grace, his rents of France, with the purpose to recover the economy of the Kingdom; fourth, rehabilitate the Colonna's Cardinals and their family; fifth, to name Cardinals some *Domini Canis* that would be indicated to him opportunely; sixth, approve the determinations that the Kingdom could adopt against the Chosen People; seventh, seizes the stealthy accumulated gold by the Benedictine and Cluniac Orders: eighth, contribute effectively to achieve the extinction of the Order of the Temple and the dismemberment of its financial infrastructure.

In 5 of June 1305, the Cardinals elected Bertrand de Got, who took the name of Clement V. He immediately requested to be crowned in Lyon, capital of the County of Provence. Why there? Is another large story, Dr. Siegnagel, that I couldn't narrate here: but I will give you a synthetic answer. Lyon, is a city edified in a site which was known in antiqueness as *Lugdunum*, which in gallic-celt meant *hill of Lug*; such name originated because in that hill existed a Temple dedicated to the Cult of the God Lug. Well: such Cult was really ancient, from the time of the Swarthy Atlanteans, but it maintained active for thousands of years after that the Atlanteans had abandoned Europe; how? because his descendants travelled from Egypt intending to maintain always with Priests the Hill of Lug or Lyg, that is, Lyon. When the Golems came accompanying the Celtic invasion

of the V century B.C., they decided to make of Lyon their main sanctuary. There they remained since then, during the Roman domination, burgundy, and frank, until the days of Philip the Fair. Then, the Golems occupied practically the region from hundreds of Benedictine, Cluniac, and Cistercians monasteries and extensive Templar patronages: the Cult, of course, had not disappeared, but it formed part of the secret Templar rites, due to the Knights were who guarded the exact site of the old Temple. To give just one clarifying example, I will say that it was not casual that the Golem Pope Innocent IV convoked the XIII ecumenical Council in the City of Lyon, in June of 1245: the same had as objective to decree the ex-communication of Emperor Frederick II, what was fulfilled after a violent speech of the Pope about the «the five sores of Christianity», from which the fifth, was the Emperor. It means, that, to condemn to who represented the Universal Emperor of the Blood Pact, the Golem had situated in the most sacred Temple of the Cultural Pact.

Therefore, Clement V's crowning had the character of a challenge settled in the heart of the own Enemy. And the Enemy didn't make a blind eye in such imprudent action: sabotage in a platform full of people, in the moments in which passed the royal party, caused a decay; Philip IV and Clement V saved Life by the Will of the Gods, but other twelve Princes who died in the act didn't have the same luck, while many others remained seriously injured, amongst them Charles de Valois, brother of the King; days later Gaillard de Got died murdered, brother of the Pope. Philip IV swore then to obtain Lyon for his House, which he effectively achieved in 1307, and clean it from Golems. Clement V, by his part, announced that he was going to Bordeaux to put in order and give the Archbishopric, but he fell by surprise in Cluny, where he proceeded to seize from gold. To evaluate the pain, that such recollection of gold demanded five days due to its extraordinary quantity. Nevertheless, Clement V didn't flee from Lyon, but he returned and established his residence there, where he remained until 1309, the year in which he moved to Avignon's walled palace, the property of the Church.

In sum, Dr. Siegnagel, the Hyperborean Wisdom suggests paying attention to Lyon, especially in our days, because, as the Chosen People has proposed to make their voice *be heard from Jerusalem* when the disastrous work of the Synarchy be fulfilled, the Golem has proposed to *make their voice be heard from Lyon* in that moment.

Logically, Clement V had to simulate some initial independence from the King of France to prevent the Golem's desperate reaction. With that purpose feigned to be fond of luxuries and earthly pleasures, and yet he married with the Countess of Perigord, daughter of the Earl of Foix, who was an Initiated Cathar that made of liaison with the *Domini Canis* of Tolosa. The exhibition of such alleged feebleness calmed, until it was too late, to the Golems. However, Clement V's fidelity to the *Circulus Domini Canis*, and his unbreakable Honor, can be proved watching, not his personal behavior, but the form in which he fulfilled the mission. To mention just some of his most notable decrees, we can start remembering, for example, that in the year 1306, he confirmed the law of Philip IV for which, in the same day, were expropriated all Goods of the

Jews and threatened, under penalty of execution, to abandon France in a very brief time. According to a bull, the Colonna became catholic again. They had to restore their titles and properties; according to other, the Church was committed to not perceiving any louse from the Kingdom of France for the next years. By request of Philip the Fair, his legists arranged a *post mortem* ecclesiastic process to Boniface VIII, which counted with the approval of Clement V; at its termination, the Pope emitted the bull *Rex Gloriae*, in April of 1311, where are summarized the conclusions: in that bull, *res visenda*, was ordained that all the bulls of Boniface VII against Philip IV be burnt in public; Philip IV was innocent and «faithful catholic»; also they would be innocent of the assault of Anagni Nogaret, Sciarra, and Charles; Boniface VIII, in the other hand, was not declared heretic but guilty of *obstinate extrema*. And we'll add that in the course of his pontificate ended seizing from a major part of the accumulated gold by the Benedictine Orders, feigning always an insatiable ambition, and that he fell on deaf ears at the claims of the Lombard bankers, victims of a law of expropriation that confiscated their properties in France.

It is evident, then, that Clement V carried out all the objectives of his mission or he disposed of the juridical means to accomplish them. Precisely in an interview celebrated in Poitiers, in 1306, with Philip the Fair, both Initiates agreed in the way to dissolve the Order of the Temple: for Clement V, Hound of the Lord, that represented the eighth target of the mission and would constitute the most important strategic act of his pontificate; for Philip IV, that meant the neutralization of the «second tactic line» of the Enemy, just as I explained the thirtieth day. Naturally, it would not be understood why a powerful King as Philip VI, and a Pope that was the General Superior of the Order, had to effectuate a secret plan to extinguish it, if it is not realized the effort to imagine in what consisted effectively the Order of the Temple in the XIV century, the magnitude of its economic, financial and military might. If it is meditated about it, it will result clear that the Order was in conditions to present many types of answers, military or economic, that could put in serious difficulties to Philip IV. We must have present that the White Fraternity plans were supported, in a great measure, in this Order, and the Strategy of the *Circulus Domini Canis* demanded its destruction to assure the failure of those plans: so, the hit, would have to be devastating and *surprising.*

Indeed, the Order possessed more than 90.000 patronages distributed in the countries that actually are called Portugal, Normandy, Spain, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy, and England. In the France of the XIV century's beginnings, included Auvergne, Provence, Normandy, Aquitane, the County of Burgandy, etc., the most extensive estates were located, existed approximately 10.000 templar properties: from them, 3.000 were patronages each one of them averaged 1.000 hectares. In total, those properties amounted to 3.500.000 hectares, which represented 10% of the total surface of France. But this percentage, including the rivers, mountains, forests, and every kind of terrain useless for the cultivation, constituted 10% of the best land, chosen along two centuries with the patience of a Benedictine monk and obtained through donations collected by the Church. And there was more: those patronages,

which were composed of thousands of farms in full agricultural exploitation, *were free of every type of taxes* because the Order depended directly from the Pope, privilege that even Boniface VIII converted them into inviolable properties for any temporal Lord. To change this situation was precisely one of Philip the Fair's Strategic objectives, which took him to a confrontation with Boniface VIII and to oppose the national Civil Law against the Canon Law.

But it was not only about taxes: the Templars, since the advent of Philip IV, came developing a plan destined to break the Kingdom's economy through the impoverishment of the feudal nobility and the depopulation of the field. The foodstuff offered in the cities at *dumping* prices or just gifted in the monasteries turned purposeless any attempt for a state economic plan or rational exploitation of the national resources. In consequence, the Feudal Lords, that had just the land as a source of incomes, became impoverished more and more due to the impairment of the fruits of fields while they accepted as a solution that the peasants, burdened by taxes and to whom they could not feed anymore, had to emigrate to the cities. Of course, such subversive task was in concordance with the Golem Strategy: this one required the destruction of the nobility and the weakening of the monarchy as a previous step for establishing the theocratic World Government, which would be an anterior stage for the Chosen People Synarchy. Before the Ghibelline attitude of Philip IV, the Order of the Temple had not done more that to intensify a policy that was in the entails of its reason to exist. However, as we see, that policy would have a surprising end.

It must be added that the antinational economy of the Templars was supplemented on its destructive capacity with the commercial offensive launched over France by the Italian cities. But this has another explanation. When Philip IV received the Kingdom, it was almost an adventure to get into the paths of France to practice the commerce; the danger was that in the journey, usually, it crossed numerous feuds whose Lords, impoverished by the aforementioned causes, used to burden with heavy and iniquitous tributes to Goods in transit: this in the best cases, due to the majority of them some Lord, too jealous of his rights, proceeded to despoil the merchants from all their freights. But if this not occurred, the commerce was very risky too, due to the accumulation of liens that were added at the end of the journey. It is not necessary to say that the feudal Lords, apart from controlling the paths, they disposed of own armies with which they fought amongst them and imposed their own law. Philip IV, when he constituted the Mystic Nation, he proposed to solve this problem in the first instance.

In his name, Enguerrand de Marigny gave a solution: the King should not resort more, except in case of exterior War, to the troops of the Lords. Appeared in this way, the School of secular legists Domini Canis, the concept of internal security defined practically in base to the internal conflict's hypothesis. The solution of Marigny consisted in the creation of a kind of royal police force, the militia of the King, in charge to patrol all the paths a to give accomplishment to the laws of the Kingdom: with them would go, later, the tax collectors. The royal troops, usually mercenaries, soon they achieved that the Lords came into reason and in a little time the paths, not only became safe for

the commerce, but was charged a unique price in any region of the Kingdom.

It was that situation of security and order what attracted the greediness of the foreign merchants. The Italian cities, particularly, disposed of fleets that roamed worldwide, acquiring the most varied imported and exotic articles, before which there was no possibility to propose any competence. For this reason, the French cities were flooded with imported products that contributed day by day to destroy even more the economy of the Kingdom. While the foreign merchants and traders were enriched, often selling contraband goods, the Kingdom had to face the enormous expenditure that represented the military guarantee of such internal security. Due to this, the currency debased and inflation emerged; and the artisan guilds, incapable of competing with the foreign products, fell in misery and dragged the national industry to the worst depression. Apart from the Templar *dumping*, a rigorous analysis of the *Domini Canis* demonstrated to Philip IV, who was the occult guilty of such situation: the Lombard bankers and the Chosen People members. The Lombard bankers financed the Italian companies that operated in France, also to the Templar Bank. And the Chosen People members were amongst the main interior support of the foreign companies and capital: many of them had a bond of kinship with Jew bankers of Venice or Milan, or with the owners of great companies, whereas others betrayed the French Nation for mere love for profits. Philip IV would be inflexible with such vermins: to some of them, he only expropriated them because they lived in other countries; but to the other, he expropriated expelled them from the Kingdom because they lacked the necessary ethic virtues to deserve the right of residence.

Returning to the Templars, I hope that now, at the light of its overreaching territorial and productive patrimony, be more realistic the vision about why the King of France and Clement V had to proceed with caution in the problem of the Order of the Temple. Those 90.000 patronages, following the example, were attended by 30.000 monks, three thousand Knights, and 270 thousand laics, what represented an eventually warrior force very superior to the *national* army of Philip the Fair; a military Templar reaction would have been barely contained in France to another price than the great casualties in the national army, a fact that could determine the end of the Hyperborean Strategy of the Mystic Nation and the resurgence of the papal theocracy; and by all this even the possibility of the triumph of the White Fraternity plans. On the other hand, it is enough to remember what was said in Eighteenth Day about the financial might of the Order to comprehend that if in each one of the 90.000 patronages could be obtained money loans, deposit it, or wire money to any of the others, they was in the presence of the most redoubtable banking network of the world. It was only comparable, but not overpassed on infrastructure volume, to the modern Hebrew financial corporations of the Rockefeller, Rothschild, Kuhn-Loeb, or other "benefactors" of Humanity.

It will be easy to deduct that such an organization should count with a tuned organization of spies, dedicated to obtaining the necessary economic and political information to lead the business's march. In this manner, it will be understood that the most little infiltration in the designed projects by Philip the Fair and Clement V could reach rapidly to the ears of the Great Master and

the Golem Major Staff and produce the consequent alarm. A better Strategy would be to expose the interviews' different preoccupations: a discussion for the issue of the ecclesiastical rents, for example; or the situation of Eastern Christianity; or the attitude of the King of England, etc. But the real and secret motive of the interview of Poitiers, as history that he was responsible for demonstrating the projection of the Strategy that would make possible the extinction of the Order of the Temple and to dismantle its giant infrastructure.

Forty-Second Day

All the present in Poitiers, the Hounds of the Lord and Guillaume Plasian, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume Imbert of Paris, and Clement V, Stone Man Charles of Tharsis, and the Hyperborean Initiates, and the King of France, Philip the Fair, agreed in that the major possibilities to triumph over the Enemy depends on the employment of a secret weapon: the *astuteness.* The astuteness is the volitional result of an animal instinct and characterizes the animal-man behavior, i.e., Man provided with a body and Created Soul. But also exists men who possess Uncreated Spirit, although in the majority of the cases this is submersed in the Created Soul and for this reason, it is said that those men are spiritually asleep: they can also manifest the animal astuteness due to the asleep Spirit or strategically confused is unable to avoid it. But something very different occurs when the man is effectively spiritual, which can only be affirmed if it treats about an Initiated in the Hyperborean Wisdom: in this case, his behavior is reigned by the Honor and not only lack from astuteness but from any other animal characteristic of the animal-man, as the cowardice, foul-mouthed, the infidelity, the lie, the envy, the calumny, the insidiousness, the treason, etc. But what is Honor of the Hyperborean Initiate?: *the act of his Gracious Will*, i.e., the act of his Eternal Spirit, which is *pure Grace.*

No one of the present, for example, had astuteness in their personality due to the Honor had guided them along their lives, and now they have demonstrated an act of the Highest Honor when frightening with all their forces for the Blood Pact triumph.

But the Golem knew this and counted with the Hyperborean Initiates' naivety to defeat them; They, otherwise, were *pure astuteness*, and their main weapon was called *deceit*, pallid reflect of the Great Deceit with which God the One disguised his miserable Creation. Since then, they would never expect an astute reaction from the Initiates, to whom they always believed disposed to be deceived and betrayed. –«They were betrayed once, at the Beginning»–they mocked, twisting the mouth– and will ever be betrayed. They pretend to be roosters, and they are just stupid poultry chickens! With their Honor of another world, sooner or later, they will offer us their back. Then our daggers of this world will end with the Honor of the Hyperborean Initiates. According to the principles of War, *the Enemy's beliefs are the feebleness that can be exploited to*

our own advantage. The Hyperborean Initiates lacked astuteness, but they knew what the astuteness was, and they could employ it as a strategic arm to surprise the enemy. Here is the concept that was defined in Poiteirs: if the Golems believed that their enemies would act with Honor, and they were warned about it, then the ingenuous would be them; then, they could be deceived through the astuteness that they didn't expect, and guided to a mortal trap. And the Honor of the Initiates would remain safe due to nothing in their Spirits would change neither affect their strategic orientation towards the Origin: in the midst of a war action, the Initiates would have played with the illusion of the Created World, they fell in the simply enchantment of the Initiates, that could only be qualified as an exploitation of the Enemy error, something perfectly legitimate according to the laws of War.

If the Templars had been attacked from all the flanks at the same time, with security they would have defend themselves, with unpredictable results. On the contrary, if the attack came ostensibly from the field of the King of France, while from the side of the Pope, *in whom they should trust*, founded protection, they would have disregarded such flank and would be fatally defeated. The strategic astuteness would consist in the achievement of that trust in the Pope to make that he could give them, *unarmed,* to the King of France. In other words, the Strategy would demand to mount a scene with sufficient realism as to deceit the Golems: at the beginning, they would not have to suspect the argument of the comedy; after the outcome, that would not matter anymore. The main actors would be the Pope and the King of France: the Pope would feign to proceed in good faith, but he would demonstrate to be fearing the real reprisals; he would make promises and would try to gain the *trust of the Enemy*, who would *believe him a friend*; Philip the Fair, by his part would represent the ambitious and intolerant tyrant, attempting to draw to himself all the attention of the Enemy:

This would to the role of Clement V. When all was ready in Poitiers, was lifted the curtain and started the first act of the drama. This one began with the publication of a Crusade against Andronikos Palaiologos, Emperor of Constantinople, who was accused of maintaining the schism of the Greek Church. Since the fall of Acre, the Order of the Temple had retired to Cyprus, where they sustained a regular garrison; meanwhile, the Hospitaller Order did their own in the isle of Rhodes. With the finality to establish their participation in the Crusade, Clement V cited the Great Master of the Temple Jacques de Molay in France. Once in his presence, with total ingenuity, the Pope manifested his intention to fulfill the old idea of Gregory IX to fuse all the military Orders: such an idea, of course, caused terror on the Templars due to the integration of with an exoteric Order would unveil their secrets. Without suspecting the ambush, the Great Master would attempt to persuade the Pope about the inconvenience of such measure: according to his impression, it would not be difficult to deceive a simple-minded as Clement V.

After the insane fall of the Golem Boniface VIII, the Golems were warned about the offensive of the *Domini Canis*, and they knew what to expect in regard to the election of Clement V. Nevertheless, they considered that he was just an instrument of Philip the Fair and his environment of «sons of dark-

ness»: the impression of the Great Golem Jacques de Molay confirmed it; the Pope was vulnerable to the affective influence. The Great Master would dedicate to gain the amity of the Pontiff, without imagining that in Paris, Nogaret y Guillaume Imbert was preparing his ruin. And in a few months, Clement V would achieve that the Golem Leader distrusted not of his good faith.

Enguerrand de Marigny and Guillaume de Nogaret were raised to France's most important positions: *coadjutor* of the Kingdom and *seal-keeper* of the King, respectively. With this power, they launched a secret operation that had as objective the execution of simultaneous and effective action in the whole Kingdom: such action was fulfilled on 13 of October 1307, *when all the Templar Knights of France, including their Great Master, were arrested under the accusation of heresy.* In reality, the accumulated charges of Nogaret were many and varied, but it was emphasized in the heresy to obtain the intervention of the inquisitorial tribunal, which in France was chaired by Guillaume Imbert of Paris.

Thereupon, the strategic success of the *Domini Canis* was seen: while the Great Master received requests of the Knights to resist the arrest, and he hesitated about the attitude to assume, Guillaume de Plasian sent him a message where the Pope guaranteed his help and advised him to renounce in defense of the Order and the submission to his will. In this way, the Great Master ordered all the Knights to surrender, and he trusted in a papal intervention. Furthermore, according to what the Golems believed, they still had enough influence on Dominican Preachers' Order.

Philip the Fair wasted no time: without resistance, his troops occupied all the Templar properties. The terror was installed in the enemy Order; hundreds of Knights and monks were incarcerated. By this strong procedure, no one doubted the severity of the accusation and soon achieved enough witnesses and proof to assure its liquidation. Apart from the inquisition, Philip the Fair convoked the provincial Councils to the University of Paris and the General States to judge the Order. Thereby, when his diabolic fundamental was emerging from the darkness, France's whole people would assist to the exhibition of the secret templar philosophy and would know their depraved customs. This is what occurred during the three years of public process, when the amazement, the repugnance, and the horror of the French knew no limits. Nut the most amazing was perhaps that the Templars continued believing that a savior act by the Pope would set them free from the condemned during that lapse.

In the process was achieved to prove that the Templars professed the next ideas and customs: I- The high dignitaries of the Order sustained that Christ, to whom they mysteriously called *Navutan,* had been an impostor and not the real God; II- Christ was never crucified for the redemption of mankind; III- The cross would not be, then, the instrument of their passion, but a creation of the own Navutan Christ, which they named *Vrune*; IV- All the Knights, whatever their grade or condition, should spit periodically such Symbol of Evil, to relief the Creator God: therefore, was proved that at least one time, all the Templars had spited the crucifix; V- In consequence, they refused the Holy Virgin; VI- They officiated the mass according to an own canon and in a strange language, which later was proved that was the Hebrew; VII- They

worshipped an hermaphrodite idol of hideous factions which they referred with the soubriquet of *Baphomet* or *Baphoel* but whose name, which they never pronounced without go pale, was *Bera*; VIII- They pretended that such idol represented more powerful than Christ, who, in contradistinction to the Messiah, was manifested more often amongst men; IX-They affirmed that such abominable Demon imposed them, since the days of Saint Bernard, the obligation to practice sodomy, the vice that they had accustomed and constituted

a natural practice within the superiors of the Order; X- The Great Master, and the Great Priors or Preceptors, realized a secret ceremony in which they offered human sacrifices to Baphomet, especially children; XI- Ritual demanded the *incineration* of the victim in an oven disposed to that purpose; XII- With the calcined ashes the Templars elaborated an *human bleach*, and they conserved it in secret as the most valuable asset; XIII- they firmly believed that such lye had the power to clean the unction of the Christian sacraments: according to what they confessed, by that lye they had annulled the effects of the baptism and the communion, which they considered «spells of the Cross», etc.

Since the beginning, the *Domini Canis* decided to distinguish between «Templar» and «Golem». In the Middle Ages was normal that in a judgment of heresy, the accused ones that confessed spontaneously, repented, and accepted the Christian sacraments were acquitted; in the Templars process, such possibility was offered repeatedly, and many of them confessed what they knew. However, the *Domini Canis* was not disposed to permit that the Golems could escape from the trap: for Them, who never had been forgiven, would be no forgiveness; just for the «Templars», that is to say, the non-initiated Knights in the Cult of Baphomet, would be offered the opportunity to save their lives in turn of their testimony.

Thus, they obtained an overwhelming number of proofs against the Golems and the Order provided by their own members, confessed and repented Heretics. And then, the process turned irreversible, due to neither the Pope nor anyone could save the Order once the people and the Church became aware of their heresies and aberrations: *the Strategy of Philip the Fair and the Circulus Domini Canis had triumphed, now definitely, over the White Fraternity plans; the Golems didn't suspect the comedy represented by Clement V until it was too late; the Order of the Temple, responsible to found the Universal Synarchy, would be destroyed.*

Thereby, the Golems and the Order of the Temple were exterminated without mercy, receiving in their own flesh the medicine that in many opportunities administrated to the followers of the Blood Pact: ironically, the Inquisitorial Tribunal, that they used to finish with the Cathars, now was condemning them relentlessly to die in the stake: *as in the martial art of the jujutsu, the Enemy took advantage of their own forces to defeat them.*

The Golems would never forget the process to the Templars. Specially remembered would be the date 10 of May 1310: that day, in the Council of Senz, whose Bishopric was exerted by Philippe de Marigny, brother of Enguerrand were burnt at low heat 56 Templar Knights, the best of the Golem Hierarchy. Since the Tharsis Lords burnt the Sacred Forest and immolated the twenty of Cartage, the Golems never had a fateful day as that 10 of May. Manacled each one of them back-to-back to a sturdy oak-tree, the fifty Golems of Senz formed a large row of condemned, a procession of spectrums marching to Hell; at the feet of each post, the stacked firewood assured the next end of the Priests of God the One. Before then, the Minor Brothers threw blazing torch, a Knight of Philip the Fair, a warrior monk of some unknown Order, was getting closer to the Heretics, and he pronounced with bated breath some words that the

presents took as a pious prayer. Notwithstanding, when the Golems heard it, their faces were decomposed of hate, and some of them released atrocious curses: those words said, simply: – *For Navutan and the Blood of Tharsis!*

When the row was completed, while the Golems elevated their Soul to Jehovah Satan and claimed an indescribable punishment for Stone Man. Such Knight, who was no one else than Charles of Tharsis, made a sign to the executioners, and the stakes started to burn.

Thereupon the Golems, and their synarchic dreams, were no more than ashes; a handful of vile ashes that would not be enough to clean the damage caused to House Tharsis and too many others who fell annihilated for being opposed to those demential dreams.

To complete the work was required to legalize the result of the Strategy of Philip the Fair. With that objective, the Pope convoked Ecumenical Council Vienna from October of 1311 to May of 1312. Although defeated in all the fronts, the Golems still had forced to put pressure and try to avoid the Order's extinction. There was a secret conference amongst five Cardinals loyal to Philip the Fair and six delegates of the Council, in which was informed to the last ones about the terrible consequences that would bring the King of France opposition and the Order's absolution, even by the irrefutable collected proofs against them. But the terror was too much and, between the punishment of the King and the Golems revenge, many remained irresolute. The King's representatives before the Council, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume Plasian, Charles of Tharsis, Enguerrand de Marigny, etc., displayed their eloquence to persuade the Bishops about the necessity that the Church and Christianity had to suppress that focus of heresy. There was even a moment, to the month of March in 1312, in which the King threatened to advance with his troops over Vienna and take vengeance right there with Golems' followers: at that time, he reached to Lyon with his brother Charles, his sons, and a powerful regiment of Knights. Finally, in 22 of March 1312, the Order's extinction and the confiscation of all their goods in favor to the Order of Hospitallers of St. John of God, the Church and the Kingdom of France were voted. Notwithstanding, existed many doubts about the agreement of the Council, especially because who had voted in secrecy, denied in public that they did it, and the Pope was obeyed to solve the issue through a decree: in the bull *Considerantes Dudum* he declared that the Order of the Temple had been «provisionally» abolished until the Tribunal of the Holy Office lest issued, a thing that he had already done: *«non per modum definitivae sententiae, sed per modum provisionis… apostolicae».*

The bull and the decree of the Council of Vienna were dispatched to all the countries for its execution: the local Order must be extinguished, his members' taken prisoners and processed by heresy. In Aragon, the Knights fortified themselves and resisted, having to be submitted by James II in military campaigns. The ones of Navarra, where Philip the Fair reigned, surrendered without resistance, like Castile and Portugal's ones. In all the cases, those who are acquitted as well as the properties of the Order, which were a lot, passed to integrate the Hospitallers Order or other Orders created with that finality. In

Huelva, the Castle of Aracena was evicted and its garrison replaced by Portuguese troops, but later it would be given to Santiago's Order. Before leaving, the Golems sealed the entrance to the Cavern of Daedalus, where a lake bitumen would remember the infernal powers of Bera and Birsha for centuries.

The Convent de la Rábida then passed to the Order of Saint Francis. That, nevertheless, didn't prevent that the Golems from continued preparing the advent of Quiblón, according to the commandments of Bera and Birsha. On the contrary, the Golems that considered Rus Baal as the most sacred Sanctuary of Spain disposed of the Convent as a place of retirement and enclosure for their major staff. The Virgin's Cult of Miracles was already imposed in a vast region of Andalusia, but the one that major fervor aroused in the believers, was the Cult to Virgin de la Cinta, protector of the seamen and ship's owners, who were considered Patroness of Huelva.

This popular assertion of the Great Mother Binah was provoked, above all, to the indefatigable task of «purification» effectuated by the friars of Saint Francis. Which would yield, instead, would be the open fight against the Virgin of Agartha, due to the temporary loss of power of the Golems avoided them to sustain it adequately.

As is natural, these changes brought peace to the offspring of Vrunalda, due to the Secret Cavern was free, for the moment, from the Golems' ambushes. In 1312, a Noyo had been installed permanently before the Wise Sword.

The main Templar Leaders, the Great Master Jacques de Molay, and other three Golems, continued as prisoners in the House of the Temple of Paris. For three years, the torment was applied unto them with the purpose to make them confess certain subtle aspects of the Templar Organization; two things interested especially to the *Domini Canis:* they wanted to know the entailments with the East, with the White Fraternity, if a secure path existed to the Abode of the Immortals; and to know if they were actually in France, or in some place of Europe, agents of the Potencies of Matter, Masters of the White Fraternity, Immortal Golems, etc., to whom would be proceeded to arrest immediately. However, as terrible as they could be considered, such torments were mere caresses before the Golems' refined tortures applied in more than one opportunity to the Tharsis Lords. Anyway, one side of Nogaret announced in 23 of March 1314 the Heretics that would be executed in the Isle of the Jews, an islet in front of the royal palace where the Dominicans used to burn the sons of the Chosen People.

The signalized day, Jacques de Molay, Godfrey de Charnay, Hugo e Payrand, and Godfrey de Gonneville, Priests that had dominated the most secret knowledge of the Cultural Pact, were moored to the stakes and left to the purification of fire. Philip the Fair, the *Cirulus Domini Canis*, and many Tharsis Lords who came from the South of France for the occasion contemplated the igneous scene that closed a historical stage, a period characterized by the ignoble attacks against the Pure Blood and the Eternal Spirit: the conspiracy of the Demons was consumed in those four stakes, in the Isle of the Jews, in the City of Paris, in 23 of March 1314.

The Hyperborean Strategy's triumph was assured; the White Fraternity plans to establish the Universal Synarchy, were incapable of being realized for seven centuries; *and the advent to Spain of Quiblón, would be delay 180 years.*

Forty-Third Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The possibility of establishing the Universal Synarchy in the Middle Ages vanished in the Fire of the Inquisition. The enemy would take seven hundred years before to match with a similar opportunity in the current time. Here would be, then, the moment to leave the medieval synarchy topic and continue with the history of House Tharsis, which, as I anticipated many times, it would move in part to America and would find the lineage from which I descend. However, estimated and attentive Dr. Siegnagel, it is

my desire that you be able to learn with the possible depth the Hyperborean Wisdom because it is the real reason for the tragedy of House Tharsis. In many parts, I know that the narration of the history of House Tharsis had been obscured by lack of details because of the unknown that the Hyperborean Wisdom is for the profane. For that reason, before continuing the narration, I will take some days *to expose a «General Synthesis» of what we have already seen about the Hyperborean Wisdom*: Fundamentally, I will attempt to clarify the principal ideas mentioned or referred hitherto. I believe that the best way to achieve this objective will be to describe it in four concepts of Hyperborean Wisdom and define them through an accessible language for you. Those concepts are:

«The Culture is a strategic enemy arm», «The Self, in the Created Man, is a consequence of the Uncreated Spirit», «The Allegory of the Prisoner Self» and «The Odal Liberator Gods Strategy». While the exposition of these concepts occurs, I will subtitle the Days: «General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom» Of course, this Synthesis will produce the natural interruption of the narration of the history of House Tharsis. If you are very interested in going on with the basic narration, I suggest you skip to day 49. On that day, history goes on, and your expectation will be satisfied, but I warn you, it is indispensable that, *at the end,* you read the overlooked days to complete your general knowledge of the Hyperborean Wisdom.

In the letter that I wrote the third day, I explained that «*the principle to establish the filiation of an allied population of the Atlanteans consists* in the opposition between the Cult and Wisdom: the sustaining of a Cult to the Potencies of Matter, to gods who situate themselves over men and approve their miserable earthly existence, to Creator Gods or Determiners of the Fate of men, puts their worshippers automatically in the mark of the Cultural Pact, being or not the Priests at sight». The first concept is easy to understand as a consequence of this definition. For the enemy of the Blood Pact, or in other words, members of the Cultural Pact, «*the culture is a strategic arm*». Throughout my entire letter, I already showed that truth widely on the multiple examples where we saw members of the Cultural Pact dominating human societies by controlling the main social variants.

However, the Hyperborean Wisdom affirms that the enemy's objective is much more subtle and that their strategy aims to control the Spirit of Man, in Man, i.e., it proposes to control his Self. When the criticism of the modern urban culture is performed of «Occident Christian» are commonly detailed the «ills» that it produces in some individuals: the alienation; the dehumanization; the consumer slavery; the depressive neurosis and its reaction; the dependence of many vices, from the narcosis to the perversion of sex; the dispiteous competition, motivated in dark feelings of avarice and power ambition; etc. It is an endless list, but all the charges pass over, deliberately, the essential, emphasizing, in «external» ills of human Soul, originated in «imperfections of the society». As a complement of this fallacy, is argued that the solution, the cure to all these ills, is the «development of the society», the «evolution» to fairer ways of organization, more human, etc. The omission lies in that the evil, the only evil, *is not external* to man; it doesn't come from the world. On the contrary, it lies on

his inner self, in the structure of a mind conditioned by the cultural premises' preeminence that sustains reasoning and deforms his vision of reality. The actual society, in another way, has attained to Judaize in such way the ordinary man that has transformed him –a miracle that not even the biological genetic can dream- into a miserable Jew greedy of profits, glad to apply compounded interests and happy to dwell in a world that glorifies the usury.

Needless to say, that this society, with millions of biological and psychological Jews, is for the Hyperborean Wisdom just a bad nightmare, which will be definitely crushed at the end of the Kali Yuga by *Wildes Heer*.

Wildes Heer. Franz von Stuck

In Germanic traditions is called Wildes Heer to the «Furious Army» of Wotan. According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, Wotan's Army will take presence during the Final Battle along with the White Race's Great Leader.

It is convenient now to resume many complementary concepts of the Hyperborean Wisdom, some of them already explained. For the Hyperborean Wisdom, the animal-man, created by The One, is a physical body-soul being. As a result of the Original Betrayal, perpetrated by the Traitor Gods, the Uncreated Spirit, which belongs to an extra-cosmic Race, has been chained to Matter and has lost its Real Origin. The spiritual incarceration of the animal-man is the cause of the historic apparition of the Self, a principle of *Intelligent Will:*

Without the Eternal Spirit, the animal-man only had an *animic-subject,* which allowed him to acquire some consciousness and effectuate primitive psychological and mechanical acts because of the purely archetypical content of those mental acts. But suddenly, in history, due to the Original Betrayal, the Self *appears* within the animic-subject attached to it. That's how, the Self, expression of the Spirit lies *immersed* in the bowels of the Soul without any possibility of orientation to the Origin, because the Spirit ignores its own situation, that exists a possible return to the Spirit Homeland: *the Spirit is nor-*

mally lost without knowing it, and seeks the origin without knowing what is searching for. Traitors Gods chained the Spirit to the Soul of the animal-man to use the volitional force of its vain quest to be exploited towards the Soul's Final Perfection. Attached in the animic-subject, the Self is unable to obtain the control of its microcosm, with the exception of it pass through the Hyperborean Initiation, *which produces the effect to isolate the Self, from the Soul, using the Uncreated Runes, revealed to men by Navutan.*

For this reason, the Hyperborean Wisdom makes a distinction between two classes of Self: The *Awake Self,* the property of the Hyperborean Initiate or Stone Man; and the *Asleep Self,* typical of the asleep man or «normal» man of our days. Referred to the normal man, we can say that the animic-subject, with the incorporated lost Self, makes use of the psychic sphere, which can be considered, in a *general appreciation*, composed by two regions clearly differentiable and distinguishable: the *sphere of shadow* and the *sphere of light*; both regions are separated by a barrier called *threshold of consciousness*. The sphere of shadow has a close conceptual relation with the psychic region named *Unconscious* that defines the *Analytical Psychology* of the Dr. *C.G. Jung*. Basically, the sphere of light is the sphere of the consciousness, where occurs the activity of the animic-subject during its vigil. The Self, which is essentially a *volitional force,* has no relation with the temporal nature of the animic-subject. Despite this, it remains immersed in it, confused about its history, artificially *temporized,* or in a word, *asleep*. For this reason, the Hyperborean Wisdom makes a clear distinction between two states of the Self: the *lost Self* and the *awake Self*. The lost Self is characteristic of the *Asleep Man,* the strayed man in the Labyrinth of Illusion of the Great Deceit. The *Asleep Man* is that *animal man* in whose soul is chained, without knowing it, an *Uncreated Spirit.*

The awake Self is the *Awake Man's* property, that's to say, the animal man whose chained Spirit has discovered deceit and seeks the way towards the Origin, the exit of the Labyrinth. The awake man, the Hyperborean Initiate, can act according to the «Strategic mode of life» that the Blood Pact demand. It means who is able to apply the strategic Principles of *Occupation*, of *Enclosure*, and of the *Strategic Wall*. Referred to the second principle, in what treats about the Regal Function, I said the sixteenth day: Philip IV will have to «*Apply the Enclosure Principle in the real occupied space*». According to this, It seems that the Enclosure Principle belongs exclusively to the awake man, who would have to «*Apply*» or «*Project*» that principle in the occupied area. Although, in correspondence with the hermetic principle: «*The microcosm reflects the macrocosm*» principle that, as we saw in the Bera and Birsha exposition, is also cabbalistic: *Adam Ha-rishon is the Adam Kadmon reflection*; does it means that the Enclosure Principle has to be also present in the macrocosm, as a *Law of Nature* for example? If that occurs, perhaps it would be possible, in theory at least, to detect some characteristic phenomenon of a certain *Enclosure Function*, which could reveal us by another way, externally this time, the aforementioned strategic principle. But I can advance that the result will be negative. It is appropriate to examine the possibility of the external quest because the test will allow understanding many gnosiological and cultural aspects that affect mankind.

If we accept the hermetic principle of correspondence between macrocosm and microcosm, it will be evident that *all* the macrocosm laws are reflected on the microcosm's analogous. But that equivalence is further of being a mere passive reflection between structures. At the moment man *discovers and formulates laws,* unbalances that relation, and assumes a prominent role. As a consequence of this dominant attitude appears now, separating the Self from the macrocosm, a cultural model elaborated by a cultural subject.

In the Hyperborean Wisdom Dr. Siegnagel, are defined and studied these three elements. Synthetically, I will tell you that the «*cultural subject*» is just the animic-subject when acts dynamically over a «*cultural structure*» constituted in the «sphere of shadow» of the psyche. In the same way, when the animic-subject acts on the «rational sphere»; and if it is manifested on the «sphere of consciousness», «conscious subject»; but always, the Self lies immersed in the animic-subject or soul, being rational, cultural or conscious of the action field.

Thus, the «*cultural model*» is responsible for the deformed vision that manhas of himself and the world because it *interposes* between the macrocosm and the microcosm. The cultural model is a content of the cultural structure of a collective character or sociocultural; therefore, it consists of a systematic set of concepts proposed by the cultural-subject and translated to one or two habitual languages, for example, linguistic and mathematical. In sum, the cultural model is composed, normally, by mathematical principles and cultural premises. When the Self of Man is confused with the conscious-subject, it accepts solidarity as representations of external entities, as its truth. These cultural objects proceed from the intermediary cultural model, cultural objects that the cultural subject has proposed as a premise in the habitual language.

Let's examine now what do men understand for the «Law of Nature». Without the necessity to enter in complications, we can affirm that a law of Nature is the mathematical quantification of a significant relation between aspects or magnitudes of a phenomenon. Let's clarify this definition. Given a phenomenon, it is possible that by observation and by empirical experimentation can be differentiated certain «aspects» it. If among Many distinguished aspects, some of them result as «significantly related between them», and if that relationship has statistic probabilities, i.e., it is repeated a high number of times, or it is permanent, then it can be enunciated a «Law of Nature». To do that, it is necessary that the «aspects» of the phenomenon can be reduced to magnitudes, in such a way that the «significant relation» be reduced to a «relation between magnitudes,» that is, a mathematical function, the «laws» of physics have been reduced in a similar way.

The concept «law of Nature» that I have exposed is modern and aims to «control» the phenomenon before explaining it, following the actual tendency that subordinates the scientific to the technologic. So, we have phenomenons «governed» by *eminent* laws that are not only accepted as determinants, but they are also incorporated indissolubly to the own phenomenon, forgetting, or merely ignoring, that it treats about rational quantifications. For example, that happens when it is perceived the phenomenon of a falling object, and it is

affirmed that it occurred because «the law of gravity acted». Here the «gravity law» is imminent, and even if «it is known the existence of other laws» which «also intervene but in a lesser intensity». It is blindly believed that the reason for its fall *responds* to Newton's Law and that this «Law of Nature» has been the *cause* of its displacement. However, the concrete fact is that the phenomenon doesn't respond to *any eminent law*. The phenomenon only occurs, and there is nothing on it that intentionally aims to a law of Nature, and even less to an eminent law. The phenomenon is an inseparable part of a totality, which is called «reality» or «the world» and which includes, in that character, *all* phenomenons that have taken and will take place. For that reason, in reality, the phenomenons just *occur*, after, perhaps, to some already occurred, or simultaneously to other similars. The phenomenon is just a part of that «phenomenic reality» that never loses the character of totality: of a reality that it is *not* expressed in terms of cause and effect to sustain the phenomenon. Finally, of a reality in which the phenomenons *occur* independently of if its occurrence is meaningful or not for an observer and if it complies or not with eminent laws.

Before we treat the problem of the «preeminence of the cultural premises» in the rational evaluation of a phenomenon, it is convenient to despoil it of any possibility that avertsit from the mere mechanical or evolutional determination, according to the «natural order». After a brief analysis, I will establish the difference between the phenomenons of «first» or «second» grade of determination, indispensable clarification due that the eminent laws, always respond to phenomenons of the first grade.

For the gnostic, «the world» that surrounds us is just the ordination of Matter effectuated by the Creator God, The One, in the beginning, and which we perceive on its temporal present. The Hyperborean Wisdom, the mother of the gnostic thinking goes farther when affirms that space, and everything that it contains, is constituted by multiple associations of a unique element denominated «archetypical *quantum* of energy», which constitutes a *physics term* of the archetypical monad, i.e., of the absolute formative unit of the archetypical plane.

These *quantums*, which are real archetypal atoms, *not* conformers or structures of forms, have each one of them, one *indiscernible point* through which it performs the Creator's pantheistic diffusion. It means that, due to a punctual system of poly dimensional contact, the presence of the Creator becomes effective in every ponderable portion of Matter, in any quality of it. At the moment of being verified by people in different grades of confusion, this universal penetration has taken to the wrong belief that the «matter» is the own substance of The One. Such vulgar conceptions of the pantheistic systems or of those that allude to a «Spirit of the World» or «*Anima Mundi*», etc. In reality, Matter has been «arranged» by the Creator and «impulsed» to a *legal development in time* from which doesn't escape not even a minimum particle (and from which participates, of course, the «human body»).

I have made this synthetic exposition of the «Hyperborean physics» because it is necessary to distinguish two grades of determinism. Just as I described recently, the world aims, mechanically, oriented to a finality; this is the *first*

grade of determinism. In other words: exists a plan to which guide it adjusts, and to which designs tends, the «order» of the world; Matter under the mechanical of mentioned «order» is *determined in first grade*. But, as the Will of The Creator sustains that plan, and his Presence is effective in every portion of matter, as we have seen, it would be possible that He, *abnormally*, influences in *another form* in some portion of reality, either to *modify his Plan theologically* or to express *semiotically his intention* or for *strategic motives*; in this case we are at the *second grade* of determinism.

For «strategic motives,» it is understood this: when the awake man starts the Return Towards the Origin in the mark of a Hyperborean Strategy uses secret techniques that allow opposing effectively to the plan. In these circumstances, the Creator, *abnormally,* intervenes using all his power to punish the intrepid.

Now we can distinguish between a *first-grade phenomenon* and a *second-grade phenomenon*, attending to the determination grade of its manifestation. It has to be well understood that in this distinction, the accent is placed on the *different* manners in which the Demiurge can act over the *same* phenomenon. For example, in the phenomenon of a falling flowerpot from the balcony to the sidewalk, we can't see anything other than a determination of the first grade; we say: «the gravity law acted». But if that flowerpot fell over the head of an awake man, we can suppose a second determination or, in rigor, a «second intention»; we say: «The Will of The Creator Acted».

To the first and second grade of determination of a phenomenon is also called, in another perspective, First and Second Intention of the Creator.

In general, every phenomenon is susceptible to being manifested in the first and second grades of determination. Attending to this possibility, we will agree in this: when the opposite is not indicated, by «phenomenon» will be understood: the one which determination is merely mechanical, i.e., of first grade; in the opposite case it will be clear, «of second grade».

Now, that we distinguished between the «two grades of the phenomenon», only remains to clarify the assertion that I made at the beginning of this analysis that all law of Nature, including those eminent, describe the casual behavior of the phenomenons of the first grade of determination. It is easy to understand and accept this because when a phenomenon intervenes in second-grade determination, the natural sense of the mechanical concatenation has been temporarily altered in favor of an irresistible Will. In that case, the phenomenon will not be «natural» even if it seems to, but it will be provided of superimposed intentionality of mere *evil character* for Man.

In another way, the phenomenon of first grade is always manifested *complete on its functionality*, which is the direct expression of its essence, and which will always be possible to reduce mathematically to an infinite number of «laws of Nature». When the phenomenon of first grade is especially appreciated by *one* law of Nature, which is eminent because *certain interesting aspect outstands* to the observer, it is evident that it is not treating with the *entire* phenomenon, only with that «aspect» of the same. In that case, it must be accepted the unfortunate fact that the phenomenon will only be perceived as an illusion.

Sensorially mutilated, gnoseologically deformed, epistemologically masked, it is not strange that the Aryan Indians qualified as *Maya*, illusion, to the common perception of a first-grade phenomenon.

I will propose now an interrogation, which answer will allow to face the problem of the «preeminence of the cultural premises», based on the last conclusions: «If every phenomenon of first grade appears necessarily complete (for example: at 6 A.M 'the sun rises')», What is the specific cause that the apprehension through the «cultural or scientific model» prevents to treat with the phenomenon on its integrity, and it is limited to partial aspects of the same? (when we say, for example: «Earth's rotation is the *cause* that has produced the *effect* that at 6 A.M the sun made itself visible in the eastern horizon»). In this last example is evident that at the moment to explain the phenomenon by an «eminent law», it is not more than the reference to certain partial aspects («Earth's rotation»), leaving behind–without seeing– the same phenomenon («the sun»). The answer to the proposed question takes us to treat a fundamental principle of the structural epistemological theory: *the relation adverted between aspects of a phenomenon, mathematically quantifiable as a «Law of Nature», is originated in the preeminence of the cultural premises from which reason modifies the perception of the phenomenon itself.*

Without having to say that this occurs by the «masquerading effect» that reason causes in every reflexive image created by the conscious subject: reason «responds to the interrogation», i.e., the reflections of the conscious subject in *which lies immersed the lost Self.* Like if it treats a fantasy, reason interprets and makes a rational scheme of the representation of the phenomenic-entity, scheme which image is superposed to the representation and masks it, giving it the propositional meaning that determines the preeminent cultural premises.

When a «scientific» observation is effectuated of a phenomenon, the rational functions become preeminent to every perception, «emphasizing» with eminency those interesting or useful aspects and «tarnishing» the rest (the phenomenon). In this way, reason operates masking the phenomenon, previously extracted from the totality of the real, and shows of it a «reasonable» appearance and always comprehensible in the ambit of human culture. Of course, that nobody cares that the phenomenons remain, thenceforth, hidden behind the irreasonable appearance; not if it is possible to use them, control them, take advantage of their energy, and guide them. Finally, a scientific and technological civilization edifies *over* the phenomenons and even *against* them; what matters if a rational vision of the world cut off the perceived phenomenons and face us to a *cultural reality* more artificial as more blinded we are? What matters, I repeat, when that gnoseologic blindness is the price that must be paid to enjoy the infinite variants that, in comfort and enjoyment terms, the scientific civilization offers?

Perhaps a danger that we cannot technically prevent has eliminated many and ancient ills, we that have prolonged human life and created an urban habitat with a luxury never seen before?

The risk exists, it is real, and it menaces to all those members of mankind with Hyperborean ancestors; the Hyperborean Wisdom denominates it *psychic*

phagocytosis. It is a risk of psychic genre and transcendent order that consists of the metaphysical obliteration of the consciousness, possibility that can be concreted in this World or in other, and anytime. The destruction of the consciousness occurs by *satanic phagocytosis*, that's to say, by the assimilation of the *animic-subject* to the Jehovah Satan's substance. When that catastrophe occurs, any possibility of transmutation and the return to the origin is lost.

However, it is convenient to repeat that the confusion is the main impediment for the transmutation from an asleep man into Stone Man. To the permanent confusion contributes the gnoseological blindness that I mentioned before, a consequence of the modern rationalist mentality. We live under the rules of the occidental «culture», which is materialist, rationalist, scientific-technologic and amoral; the thinking starts in the preeminent cultural premises and determines the vision of the world, transforming it in mere appearance, without noticing or having any idea of it. The Culture, then, keeps the confusion, prevents the orientation and the march towards the core of the psychic reintegration, impeding the transmutation of the asleep man into a Stone Man. Is this fortuity? I have told it many times: the culture is a strategic arm, skillfully used by those who wants the Hyperborean Legacy's perdition. In this way, it is proved that the «intermediary cultural model» between the Self and the macrocosm makes it highly difficult to find the Enclosure Principle in the world, as a law of nature.

Forty-Fourth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The aforementioned complementary concepts have manifested the fact that a «law of nature» originates in some relations that the rational judgment establishes between significant aspects. My objective is to clarify that even if some aspects really belong to the phenomenon, the relation that gave place to the eminent law has been created by reason and in no way can be attributed to the phenomenon itself. Based in the preeminent cultural premises, the reason uses the world as a *representative or projective model* in such a way that any phenomenon expresses its *correspondence* with an equivalent intellectual conception. In this way, men use rational concepts of the phenomenon, which keep a faint implication with the phenomenon itself, with its truth.

When we perform reasoning or analysis based on those concepts, we fall into a mistake, and the result can't be other than the gradual immersion in confusion and irreality. The Enemy searches this effect, I said it. We will see later what we can do to avoid it using the Hyperborean Wisdom teachings.

Before, when we talk about the hermetic principle, I said that all the macrocosm laws are reflected in equivalent laws in the microcosm. But «the laws of Nature» of the macrocosm are just representations of a mathematical model

that originated in the human mind; it means, in the microcosm, as I have analyzed. In the process that takes us to the «scientific idea» of a phenomenon converges elements of two main sources: «the mathematical principles» and the «preeminent cultural premises». the «mathematical principles» are archetypical, come from inherited psychological structures: when we «learn mathematics», for example, we just consciously update a finite number of formal systems that belong to the cultural ambit, but the «mathematical principles» are not really «learned» but they are really «discovered» because they are basic matrices of the brain structure. The «preeminent cultural premises» appear from the *totality* of the cultural elements, learned along our lives, which act as a content of the cultural structure systems and that the cultural subject uses to formulate judgments.

The distinctions that I have made between «mathematical principles» and the «preeminent cultural premises» as two main sources that intervene in the mental act of formulating a «law of Nature», will allow exposing one of the most effective tactics that the Creator uses to maintain Mankind in confusion and how the Loyal Gods counteract it, charismatically inducing mankind to discover and apply the «Enclosure law». For this reason, I have harshly insisted in the analysis: because we are in front of one of the most important Hyperborean Wisdom Principles, and also one of the most hidden secrets by the enemy.

When someone knows the principle that says, «for the Synarchy, the culture is a strategic arm», it is usually thought that it refers to the «Culture» as something «external», common of the behavior of Man in the society and of the influence that exerts. This error comes from the incorrect understanding of the Synarchy that is assumed just as a «politic organization», and its role in the terrestrial Jehovah Satan Demiurge Plan. The truth is that man tries to orientate himself to the Origin but doesn't achieve it because of the confused state in which he lies; to keep him in that state contributes to the culture as a strategic enemy arm. However, if this attack only proceeds from the exterior, it means, the society, it would be just necessary to move away from it, to become an eremite, to neutralize their effects. But it has been sufficiently proving that loneliness is not enough to avoid the confusion and that, on the contrary, this usually increases in the most hermetic retirement, being very probable that in this way, someone finds insanity before the Origin. The internal cultural elements are what confuse, deviate, and go with men in every moment. For that reason, the awake Self must release itself *before* the obstacle that the cultural elements impose on it if it pretends to save the distance that separates it from the Origin.

A Self free from every moral, from every dogma, indifferent to the world deceits, but open to the Blood's Memory, will be able to march gallantly to the Origin, and there will be no force in the universe capable of stopping it.

It is a beautiful image of Man who advances intrepidly, involved in a warrior furor, and demons incapable of getting him. We will always present it; but you will wonder: How is it possible to obtain such a grade of purity? Because the normal state of Humanity in this phase of the Kali Yuga is confusion. I will explain now in answer to that reasonable question, the Loyal God's tactic to

orientate the spiritual man and neutralize the effect of the Synarchic Culture.

In the asleep man, the Self is conditioned to reasoning. The rudder guides the course of its thoughts from which for nothing in the world he would separate; out of reason are fear and madness. But reason operates from cultural elements; we have already seen how the «preeminent cultural premises» participate in the formulation of a «law of Nature». In such a way that the yoke that the enemy has girded around the Self is formidable. It can be said, in a figurative sense, that the Self is a *prisoner* of reason and their allies, the cultural premises, and everyone would understand the sense of this figure. That is because there is a clear analogical correspondence between the Self, the asleep man, and the concept of «captivity». For that reason, I will elaborate later on an allegory. It will become evident the correspondence indicated, what will allow then, to understand the secret strategy that the Loyal Gods practice to counteract *the cultural arm* of the Synarchy.

I will start presenting the allegory focusing the attention on a man who has been taken prisoner and condemned, in an unappealable way, to life imprisonment. He doesn't know this sentence; he doesn't even know any information after his capture from the external world because it has been determined to maintain him indefinitely uncommunicated. To achieve this, he has been confined in an inaccessible tower surrounded by walls, abysms, and pits, where apparently results impossible any attempt to escape. A garrison of enemy soldiers, who cannot talk without receiving some punishment, permanently guard the tower; they are cruel and ruthless, but terribly loyal and efficient: not even think to suborn or deceive them. In this condition don't seem to be many hopes in the freedom of the prisoner.

However, the real situation is very different. Even throughout *outside* of the tower the exit is prevented by the walls, pits, and guards, from *inside it* is possible to go out directly to the exterior without stumbling with any obstacle. How? Through a *secret exit* which access is skillfully dissimulated on the floor of the cell. Naturally, the prisoner ignores the existence of this passage, but the guards ignore it too.

Let's suppose now that, just because the prisoner has been convinced that it is impossible to escape, or just because he ignores his captive condition, or by any other motive, the prisoner doesn't show fugue predisposition. He doesn´t show bravery or courage, and of course, doesn't seek the way out; he is simply resigned to his precarious situation. Undoubtedly is his own negative attitude the worst enemy because, if he would keep alive the escape desire, or even if he just could feel the *nostalgia* of his lost freedom, he would move around his cell, where exists, at least, one possibility in a million to find the secret exit by accident. But is not, and the prisoner, in his *confusion*, has adopted a placid behavior that, after months and years of incarceration, becomes more and more pusillanimous and idiot. Surrendered to his luck, the captive just would wait for external help, which can only consist in the *revelation of the secret exit.* But it is not simple to expose the problem because the prisoner doesn't want to escape or doesn't know that he can, as I said. There must be two things accomplished: 1st make that the prisoner assumes his captive condition, and if

itis possible, make him *remember golden years* where there were no cells and no chains. Itis necessary for him to become aware of his miserable situation and that he ardently desires to escape, previously to: 2nd reveal him the existence of a *unique possibility to escape.* Because it would be enough, now that the prisoner wants to escape, just to know about the secret exit's *existence*; he will search for it, and he will find it by himself.

Presented in this way, the problem seems to be very difficult to resolve: It is necessary to reanimate him, *to wake him up from his lethargy, to orientate him, and then reveal him the secret.*

For this reason, it is time to wonder: Is there anyone disposed to help the miserable prisoner? And if it exists, How would he arrange to comply with the two conditions of the problem?

Fortunately, I must declare that there are other people who love and try to help the prisoner. They are who participate of his ethnicity and dwell in a farther, a very farther country, which is at war with the country that incarcerated him. But they can't attempt any military action to release him due to the retaliation that the Enemy could take over the countless captives that maintain in their terrible prisons in addition to the tower. So, it tries to guide the help in an aforementioned way: *to wake up, orientate and reveal the secret to him.*

To do this, it is necessary to get to him, but how can we do this if he has been incarcerated in the heart of a fortified citadel, saturated with enemies in permanent alert? It must be discarded the possibility to infiltrate a spy due to the insuperable *ethnic differences*: a German would not be able to infiltrate as a spy in the Chinese army in the same way that a Chinese would not be able to spy in the ϟϟ barracks, without the possibility to enter in the prison or to deceive the guards only remains the *resource to send a message* to the prisoner.

However, sending a message seems to be as difficult as introducing a spy. In effect; in the improbable case that diplomatic management achieves the authorization to present the message and the promise that this would be given to the prisoner, that would not be useful at all because just fact that it has to pass through seven security levels, where it would be mutilated and censored, make absolutely vain this possibility. Moreover, this *legal route* (previous authorization) would be imposed the condition that the message be written in a clear language and accessible to the enemy, who then would censure part of its content and would impose the terms to avoid a possible second encrypted message. And don't we forget that the secret of the occulted way out interests us in being recognized by the prisoner but at the same time to be ignored by the enemy. And the first, what to say in a mere message to achieve the *awake, orientation*, and the comprehension of the prisoner that he *must* escape? As much can we think on that, it will make evident that at the end, the message *must be clandestine* and that the same *can't be written*. Neither can be optic because the small window of his cell allows watching only one of the internal courtyards, where rarely arrives signs from the exterior of the prison.

In the conditions that I exposed, it doesn't result evident, undoubtedly, how his *Kameraden* give a solution to the problem and help the prisoner escape. It

may become clear if we have present that, even by all the enemy's precautions, they didn't achieve to i*solate it acoustically*. (To do so, they would have to take him like *Kaspar Hausen*, in a soundproof cell).

As an epilogue, I will show how the chosen way by the Kameraden to give effective help; help that 1st: *awake* and 2nd: *reveal the secret* to the prisoner, *orienting him to freedom.*

At the moment to decide on an acoustic way to send the message to the prisoner, the Kameraden understood that they had a great advantage: the *enemy ignores the prisoner's original language*. It is possible then to transmit the message simply, with no double sense, taking advantage that the *enemy will not understand* the same. With this conviction, the Kameraden made this: many of them climbed to a nearby mountain and, using an enormous conch, which allows amplifying the sound of the voice tremendously, they started to emit the message. They made this continuously, for years, because they had sworn to not abandon the attempt until the last prisoner be free again. And the message descended from the mountain, crossed fields and rivers, traversed the walls, and invaded up to the last corner of the prison. The enemies at the beginning were surprised, but, due to that language doesn't mean anything for them, they have taken the musical sound for a song of a bird fabulous and farther, and at the end, they finished to accustomed to it, and they forgot it. But,

What does it say?

It consisted of two parts. First, the Kameraden sang an *infantile song*. It was a song t*hat the prisoner had heard many times in his childhood*, there, in the *golden homeland*, when the dark days of War and the perpetual captivity only could be a nightmare impossible to dream. Oh, how sweet memories evoked that melody! what Spirit, even how asleep it is, would not awake, feeling eternally young, hearing the primordial songs again, those which were spellbound listened in the joyful days of the childhood, and that, unknowing how, was transformed in a mysterious and ancient dream? Yes; the prisoner, even how asleep could be his Spirit, even if the oblivion locked his senses, He will finally awake and remember! He would feel the nostalgia of the farther homeland, he would understand that only who have an infinite courage, with an unlimited intrepidity, can realize the achievement of the fugue.

If such were the feelings of the prisoner, then the second part of the message will give him *the key* to finding the way out.

You must have present that I said *the key* and not *the secret exit*. Because it happens that with the key, the prisoner *must search* for the secret way out, work that would not be so difficult considering the cell's reduced dimensions. But, after he find it, he must complete his feat *descending* through incredible depths, across the corridors mired in impenetrable shades and *going up*, finally, to remote pinnacles: such complicated is the travel of the enigmatic secret exit. However, *he has been saved* in the same moment that he *begins the return*, and nothing and nobody will stop him.

Now it is only missing, to complete the allegory's epilogue, to say one word about the second part of the acoustic message, the part that had the key of the

secret. It was also a song, a curious song that narrated the story of a sublime and forbidden love between a Knight and a Lady already engaged. Consumed by a passion without hope, the Knight had started along and dangerous journey across distant and unknown countries, in which he was becoming skilled in the Art of War. In the beginning, he tried to forget his beloved, but after many years, and has proved that the memory was always alive in his heart, he understood that he would live eternally slave of the impossible love. So, he made a promise to himself: it wouldn't matter the adventures that he would have to pass in his long journey, neither the joys nor misfortunes that they would implicate. Internally he would stay loyal to his beloved with no hopes with religious devotion, and no circumstance would take him apart of his strong devotion.

In this manner, the song ended: remembering that in some part of Earth, converted in a monk warrior, the Courageous Knight marches, provided with a powerful sword and proud courser, but keeping hanged on his neck a bag that contains the proof of his disgrace, the *Key* to his secret of love: the *Wedding Ring* that his Lady will never use.

Adversely to the first part of the message's infantile song, this doesn't produce an immediate nostalgia, only a feeling of modest curiosity in the prisoner. When hearing, coming who knows from where, in his ancient natal language, the story of the gallant Knight, so strong and brave, so *full* in battle, and however so sweet and melancholic, so internally *broken* due to the memory of L-ove, the captive felt dam of that modest curiosity that the children experience when they presage the promises of sex or intuit the mysteries of love. We can imagine the prisoner brooding, befuddled due to the enigma of the evocative song! And we can also suppose that he will finally find a *key* on that *Wedding Ring*, which according to the song, would never be used in any wedding. Inductively, the idea of the *ring* will make him search and find the secret exit.

Hitherto the allegory. We must now stand out the analogic relations that attach the prisoner to the Self of the asleep man.

Forty-Fifth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

With the purpose that the analogic relation stays clearly evidenced, I will go on according to the next method: first, I will affirm a premise regarding the allegoric story of the «prisoner»; in the second point, I will affirm a premise to an analogic situation in the asleep man; in the third point, I will *compare* both premises, and I will extract the *conclusion*, it means, I will *demonstrate* the analogy. It is understood that I can't expose the correspondences' *totality* without the risk of extending indefinitely. So, I will only stand out those indispensable relations for my exposition and let, as an imaginative exercise, Dr. Siegnagel, the possibility to establish many others.

Remember that only in the asleep man, the lost Self lies immersed in the conscious animic-subject, it means, confused with the evolutive animic-subject or Soul. Here I have preferred to consider the lost Self directly attached to reason, that's to say, the *rational* animic-subject, by virtue of being this subject closer to the World, and who first receive the impressions of the external entities. For «reason», in every case, has to be understood «the animic evolutive subject» property of the animal-man, which evolves due to the confused action of the Self, that manifestation of the incarcerated Spirit.

- 1 –

a - The prisoner is subordinated to the guards; they maintain him in perpetual captivity.

b - The Self, in the asleep man, is a perpetual prisoner of the «reason», it means the animice volutive subject.

c - The «prisoner» and the Self are analogous.

- 2 -

a - The «guards» are the dynamic intermediaries, measly by the way, between the «prisoner» and the «exterior world».

b - The «reason» is a dynamic intermediary, very poor, between the Self and the «exterior world» (in the asleep man).

c - The «guards» and the «reason» are analogous (remember that when reason elaborates a «law of Nature», intervene in the «mathematical principles» and the «preeminent cultural premises»).

- 3 –

a - The «guards» use an «own language», different from the prisoner's language, which he has forgotten.

b - The «reason» employs logical modalities, different to the «Hyperborean primordial language» original of the asleep man, which has been forgotten due to strategic confusion.

c - The «own language» of the guards is analogous to the logical modalities of the cultural structure.

The «natal language» of the prisoner is analogous to the «Hyperborean Language» of the asleep man.

- 4 –

a - The first environment of the «prisoner» is his «cell» of the tower, which contains everything except for the apertures (door and window) where only very weakly can be extended the senses.

b - The first environment of the Self is the «sphere of shadow», which contains almost everything.

c - The «cell» of the tower is analogous to the shadow's sphere in the asleep man.

- 5 –

a - In the «cell» exists a «barred window» through which the prisoner obtains a precarious image but «direct» of the exterior world.

b - Establishing a permanent contact with the Self is the «sensorial sphere» through which it obtains a precarious image but «direct» of the exterior world.

c - The «barred window» is analogous to the «sensorial sphere» (or of the «senses») in the asleep man.

- 6 –

a - In the cell exists a «barred door» through which the guards get into and with them the censored news, in other words, where the prisoner obtains an «indirect» image of the exterior world.

b - The Self can make an «indirect» image of the exterior world by the «reflection», it means the act through which he receives the «reasoned» information.

c - The «barred door» is analogous to the act of reflecting or to warn.

- 7 –

a - The cell of the «prisoner» is in a «tower» and this one in a «walled courtyard». Surrounding the walls are «deep pits», then other walls, and other pits, and so on, they complete seven turns of walls and pits. The seven circuits of security of this formidable «prison» are connected to each other by «drawbridges», «corridors», «gates», «drawbars», etc. beyond the last wall extends the «exterior world», the country of the Enemy. In synthesis: the «prison» is an astatic structure that interposes between the prisoner and the exterior world.

b - Between the Self and the exterior world interposes a complex static structure called «cultural». The «reason», to make «reasonable» the information of the exterior world, supports in certain elements of that static or «cultural» structure, for example, the «preeminent cultural premises», which means concepts of the perception of entities or the external cultural objects.

c - The «prison» is analogous to the «cultural structure». Also: some parts of the «prison», walls, pits, bridges, etc. are analogous to some parts of the «cultural structure», that is, the «preeminent cultural premises».

Take present, Dr. Siegnagel, that, in the allegory, even the «guards» and the «prison» are intermediaries between the prisoner and the exterior world. But the «guards» are «dynamic» intermediaries (analogous to the «reason» in the asleep man), while the «prison» is a «static» intermediary (analogous to the «cultural structure» of the asleep man).

- 8 –

a - Beyond the last wall of the prison extends the «exterior world», that reality that will never be seen by the «prisoner» because the «prison» structure limits his movement and because a «guard» permanently cares to maintain that situation.

b - The Self, in the asleep man, is usually immersed in the depths of the cultural structure, floating lost within its artificial and statics elements and subordinated to the implacable tyranny that the «reason» performs. The cultural structure surrounds the Self completely, except for some slits, from where the «sensorial sphere» weakly emerges. Beyond the cultural structure, as an object of the sensorial and instinctive spheres, extends the «exterior world», the reality that couldn't be «seen» (on its truth, «just how it is») by the lost Self.

c - The «exterior world» beyond the prison is analogous to the «exterior world» beyond the «cultural structure» that sustains the Self in the asleep man.

- 9 –

a - In a nearby mountain, the Kameradens try to help the «prisoner» to escape from the «prison». For it, they send a message, in their natal language, using the acoustic way. In that message, there is an «infantile song» to «awake» the prisoner, and a «love song», with the «ring key », to search the secret exit and escape.

b - In an occult «center» called Agartha, the Loyal Gods try to help the asleep man to break the chains that maintain him immersed in the material Demiurge's World. For this, they send a message charismatically in the «Birds' Language», using the Navutan Runes. In the message, there is a «primordial memory», to wake up and orientate Man, and a «L-ove song» with the «key of the ring», to search the center, go back to the Origin, abandon, as a God, the material hell of Jehovah Satan.

c - It can be established between «a» and «b» many analogies. I will only stand out the more important of them: The Kameradens are analogous to the Liberators Gods.

I believe that the nine arguments above constitute an effective demonstration of the analogic correspondence between the «allegory» and the asleep man's situation. But this is not all. I have reserved three components of the allegory, infantile song, L-ove song, secret exit, to effectuate a last analogic correspondence and extract the final conclusion. As the validity of the existence of the analogic relation has been evidenced on the aforementioned arguments, it won't be necessary to draw on the same method in the next commentary:

I will consider proved all mentioned analogies. Now I will remember the reasons that took me to elaborate on the allegory. In an analogic way, I have proposed to demonstrate the method employed by the Loyal Gods to counteract the action of the «Culture», the strategic arm of the Synarchy. Previously I clarified that are the «interior cultural elements», the real instruments that the Synarchy use to keep Man «asleep», it means, in confusion. In that state, the Self is subordinated to reason by the cultural structure, source from which is nourished, finally, all mental activity. In that way occurs that the Self, that's to say, the present consciousness of man, results «directed to the world through the cultural structure «by» reason. The result, I said it many times, is a deformed vision of the world and a psychic state of confusion that hinders enormously the

«strategic reorientation» of man. Against this situation the Loyal Gods, as well as the Kameraden of the allegory, are disposed to help «sending a message».

The principal objective is to «circumvent all the walls» and reach the prisoner, the Self, with a double meaning message: 1st awake, 2nd orientate. For it, the Loyal Gods «transmit the message», charismatically, since *many millenniums ago*; someones hear them, awake and go; others, most of them, continue in confusion. Of course, it is not easy to recognize the message because it has been emitted in the Birds' Language... and their sounds can only be perceived with the Pure Blood.

Is it clear? The message of the Loyal Gods permanently resonates in the blood of the asleep man. Those who don't it is because he suffers strategic confusion or unknown its existence, what is the same. But how the message *should* accomplish the function of the charismatic message? In two steps. In the first place, the Gods *speak*, to the blood of men, of primordial memory, of something that occurred at *the beginning of Time when the Spirit had not been captured yet by the Gods of Matter.*

How do the Gods make it is a very big Mystery that only they can respond? This «primordial memory», the «infantile song» of the allegory, has been induced with the purpose to «activate» the own Memory of Blood of the asleep man.

If such a thing occurs, then the asleep man will experience a sudden «nostalgia of another world», a desire to «leave all and go». Technically means that the Memory of Blood has reached «there, where the lost Self was»: over the conscious subject. Such contact between the Self and the Blood Memory is realized independently of the cultural structure and reason, and the Loyal Gods search that objective. In that case, they have reached to the medulla of the Self, by the way of blood; will be then, in that fugacious moment when the prisoner will let to hear the «L-ove song».

I will talk now about the second part of the message, which I have named allegorically,«L-ove Song». First of all, I will say that this name is not capricious because the Hyperborean Wisdom teaches that, *from its Origin in the physical Universe*, it means, since its synchronization with the time, *the Spirit remains chained to Matter by a Mystery of L-ove.* When the Blood Memory, activated by the first part of the message, *opens a path* (not rational; not cultural) to *the Self*, then the loyal Gods *sing the L-ove Song*, they make men participate in the Mystery. If their blood is not sufficiently pure to understand the charismatic message consciously, men can «orientate themselves» towards the Origin and stay definitely «awake».

The Mystery of Blood can only be revealed by the Pure Blood, internally, in a transcendental contact with the Self, which is realized without the intervention of rational or cultural categories. So, it is an absolutely individual experience, unique for every man. The one who knows the secret of the Mystery of L-ove is a transmuted Hyperborean Initiate or an Immortal Stone Man.

The Mystery of L-ove is a personal discovering, I repeat, unique for every man about the *Truth of his own Fall*. No one can know the secret and go on in the same way. And nobody would dare to talk about it when the Supreme

Experience has been experienced. On the contrary, the lips are often sealed forever, the eyes blinded, and the ears closed. Not few hairs turn white and even less the minds that fall in the shades of madness. Because only infinite courage can sustain, alive and sane, to who has seen deceit of the Origins and has understood, finally, the truth of his fall. Being the weight of the secret such terrible it is comprehended why I say that never should indicate the Mystery of L-ove, and only a madman or irresponsible would affirm the contrary. The Hyperborean Wisdom gives *techniques to purify the blood* which purpose is to *approach to the Mystery*. But the Mystery, by itself, has to be internally discovered, is unique for every man, and i*t is not appropriated to talk about it.* Only can be offered some suggestions, like those that I exposed the eighth and ninth day when I narrated about the Cold Fire ritual.

The prisoner's allegoric story has permitted to expose in a simple form the method used by the Loyal Gods to guide the asleep men. The charismatic message permits, if is heard, to «awake» man putting him in contact with his Blood Memory. Then make him participate in the Mystery of L-ove, Supreme Experience that nullifies, as we said, the cultural Synarchy Strategy. But it *is not possible* to know in what consists the Mystery of L-ove until it has been experienced individually. There are only the *general indications of those who have transmuted and gone*. Based in those indications it can be affirmed that the Mystery of L-ove is experienced in *seven different ways* by man and that, precisely, due to this the Hyperborean Wisdom provides seven initiatory paths of liberation.

According to the way how the Mystery of L-ove has been gnostically perceived will be the path of liberation adopted and is for this reason that it is usually talking about a «path of mutation» or of «the ray»; of a «dry path» or «right-hand path»; or of a «wet path» or «left-hand path» or one of the «path of strategic opposition» or «path of the gnostic warrior for the absolute orientation», etc.

Of course, I will not talk about all the liberation paths, but I will talk of which that has an especial relation with this history, that is, «*the path of the strategic opposition*», which was the one followed by House Tharsis. But the path of the strategic opposition is the last interpretation of the ancient Labyrinth Mystery, founded by Navutan after the submersion of Atlantis: to House Tharsis, the second part of the L-ove song, *which was heard during the Cold Fire ritual,* revealed the Labyrinth Mystery as an individual path of liberation. It means that the Tharsis Lords, *always* understood the Labyrinth Mystery when transmuting into Stone Man. Referring to the prisoner Self's allegory, it must be understood that the *Navutan's solution of the Labyrinth Mystery*, the mystery of the spiritual incarceration, the Mystery of Death, is analogous to the s*olution of the L-ove song*: It consists in a way for 1st. awake; 2nd. orientate. Which way is what was lastly called «Path of the Strategic opposition» and that includes, necessarily, the employment of the Runes and the Enclosure Principle.

The second part of the message was quite extensive in the allegory because it also referred to the «other paths» of liberation that can «open» the Mystery of L-ove. But the prisoner has found the key in the *Wedding Ring*, which means, analogically, that has opted for the Strategic Opposition Path. The message has got to him by «the acoustic way», it means, gnostically, and, when taking

consciousness of its content, through the revealed key, finds in the cell *a circlet,* which allows to *open the secret exit.*

The «cell» according to argument 4, is analogous to the sphere of shadow. But, as a substrate of the sphere of shadow, is the cultural structure: a «dissimulated» *circlet* on the floor of the cell corresponds undoubtedly to a *mathematical principle*, an archetypical integrated symbol, «dissimulated» in the scheme of a Relation. The allegory permits us to comprehend, then, that the Liberators Gods with their charismatic message, *discover a mathematical principle* that remained unconscious in the cultural structure, which we named «*Enclosure Principle*». Thereby:

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a - The prisoner's cell «circlet» is analogous to the «Enclosure Principle», mathematical principle, or Collective Archetype, which remained unconscious in the asleep man and that the message of the Liberators Gods *dis-cover.*

I demonstrated, days ago, that in a mental process that give place to the «scientific idea» of a phenomenon concurs elements of two main sources: the «mathematical principles» and the «preeminent cultural premises». This can be verified mainly when formulating a «law of Nature», which explains the behavior of a phenomenon establishing casual relations between aspects of the same. I will give a simple example: to «measure» the side of a regular polyhedron. Here the phenomenon is a corpus with the form of a regular polyhedron; it means a «phenomenic entity». It takes for it the «graduated rule», which is, a flat surface where is engraved the longitudinal units and from which we are secure that one of its sides is perfectly straight. We make it coincide with the zero in the ruler with the «beginning» of the object that we will measure. It is observed now that the «end» of the side coincides with the number five of the ruler, and it is affirmed without more that «in the polyhedron, the side measures five centimeters». It has been realized, as will be seen, a series of subjective operations which conclusions, however, can be confirmed by other observers; this possibility of testing is what gives the designation of «law of Nature» to the mentioned fact.

But it occurs that in the ruler, that we believe numbered, are really engraved signs that *represent* numbers, not numbers themselves. The numbers are mathematical principles property of the cultural structure, subjective elements, which intervene in the act to «recognize that the limit of the side coincides with the sign «5». When we say, «measures five centimeters» we make the affirmation of an empirical quality: «exists a proportion (it means, a mathematical relation) between the longitude of the side of the polyhedron and longitude of Earth meridian». This proportion is inert or *constant* (=5cm.) and constitutes a «relation between aspects of a phenomenon», that is to say, a «law of Nature».

The *centimeter* is equivalent to the hundredth part of the meter and this to the ten-millionth part of a quarter of an earth meridian.

The phenomenic entity has been *entirely* presented, full-on its manifestation. However, it is not possible to apprehend it in its totality; observing *one part*

of it makes eminent, protruding, and standing out over the other aspects. The *unity* of the phenomenon has been broken in favor of the *plurality of qualities* that can be attributed to it. There are distinguished *two* squared faces, and on each face, *four* edges and *four* angles, etc. then is practiced the *measure* of each edge or side, and it is established a «Law of Nature»: «the longitude of the side is proportional to the longitude of Earth meridian and its ratio is of 5cm».

In this operation that I have just described have intervened the «mathematical principles» (when *two* faces are distinguished, *four* edges, etc.) and the «preeminent cultural premises» (when the face, the side, or any other quality turned «eminent») both sources concur in the rational act of «relate» (measure) aspects of the phenomenon and to postulate a «law of Nature» (measures 5 cm.) which can be universally proven.

I hope to have clarified that the *mathematical principles* (the *one*, the *two,* the *square*, etc.), for being intrinsic properties of mental structure, *intervene a priori* in the formulation of a law of Nature. Referring to the «numbers» of the world, those that appear engraved in the graduated ruler are just *cultural signs of representation* distinguished from conventional learning. Some ancient people represented the numbers with knots or ideograms; it is presumable that a measuring instrument composed by a rod in which has been engraved hieroglyphs, doesn't means, in the beginning, nothing to us if we cannot «read» the signs, it means, realize the numerical representations.

The epistemological analysis about how men establish a law of Nature will take us to the fatal conclusion that it would be impossible that the Enclosure Principle could be localized in the world as a property of entities and be formulated in a sociocultural language. On the contrary, what can occur, in any case, is that the Enclosure Principle be projected, conscious or unconscious, on a phenomenon and then be discovered on it as an eminent relation between qualities; naturally, it will depend on the kind of phenomenon represented the complexity through which the Enclosure Principle be empirically recognized and introjected in the psychic structure.

In sum, the «Enclosure Principle», discovered on the consciousness through the message of the Loyal Gods, is also a mathematical principle and, as such, will intervene «*a priori*» in every phenomenic perception. The natural numbers (that are in the mind) allow to «count» (one, two) the halves of that apple (that is in the world). The Enclosure Principle (in the mind) allows the application of the «Enclosure law» on that phenomenon (in the world). I have traveled a long journey to arrive at this conclusion. I will express it now in a general form: *the Enclosure Principle will make possible the Enclosure law's determination in every phenomenon and any relation between phenomenons.*

But the Enclosure Principle is, generally, unconscious, and only those who can hear the message of the Loyal Gods can incorporate it into the conscious sphere. And only them, the awake ones, will be able to apply the Enclosure law in a Warrior strategy that ensures the Return to the Origin.

Before I mentioned the *Navutan's solution to the Mystery to the Labyrinth* and I said that it includes the Runes and Enclosure Principle's employment. Now I

will add to that solution, called *Tyrodinguiburr,* which is translated in the *archemonic technique of the Hyperborean Wisdom.* That technique, which is indispensable to dominate in the «strategic way of life», allows defining in the Universe an «strategic enclosure», which I referred to the third and thirty-sixth day. According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, *every strategic Enclosure is technically an «Archemona» or «Infinite Enclosure»*. In other words, the awake man discovers the Enclosure Principle and project it to the world: *that is not enough to build an strategic Enclosure*; the Enclosure Principle is a mathematical principle, so, is an *archetypal* element, it means, *created by The One: in a bad way could be used an element created by The One to attempt the isolation from the Strategy of The One*; It is necessary to *modify*, then, the Enclosure law to obtain the desired isolator effect; In what way? *Indeterminating* or converting in *infinite* the real enclosure; this is achieved using the Uncreated Runes: *the inclusion of the Uncreated Vrune in the Enclosure law produces the «Strategic Enclosure», the infinite Enclosure from where it is possible to practice the strategic way of life and elaborate a Strategy to Return to the Origin.*

The Strategic Opposition's Path is applicable by every awake man who disposes of a Strategic Enclosure and a *lapis opposition* is. This last element is just a *Stone of Opposition*, it means a Stone that represents The One and against *which is realized the strategic opposition that allows approaching, inversely, to the Origin.* The *lapis opposition* is situated *out of the Archemona*, in front of the *infinite point of the strategic Enclosure*: When the Hyperborean initiate performs the strategic opposition, the interior of the Archemona becomes a liberated Area, with an own *Time* and *Space,* independent from the Space-Time of the Created Universe; thus *isolated*, never abandoning the strategic opposition, the initiate *advances* with no obstacle towards the Origin, get out from the labyrinth, and he *liberates* his Spirit from the material prison.

I will clarify the etymological meaning of the word Archemona and the philosophical sense that denotes in the Hyperborean Wisdom. Archemona, first of all, is a word composed of two Greek words, Arke, *beginning*, and monads, *unity.* The Archemonic technique initiation allows arriving at a *unique principle* of the psyche, that is, the egoist individuation of the Selbst, from where it is feasible to experiment the absolute possibility of the Spirit in the Origin: this is the Hyperborean sense of the Archemona.

For Stone Man, Hyperborean Initiate of House Tharsis, the «world» in which occurs the daily life is only a «battlefield», a *fore* occupied by mortal enemies that he must fight without truce because they «cut the path to Return to the Origin», «obstructs the retreat» and pretend to «reduce men to the vilest slavery» which is «the submission of the Eternal Spirit to Matter», his «incarceration to the evolutive plan of the Universe, created by the Demiurge and his Demons court». Thereby, the world is for Stone Man, the *Valplads.*

In Norse mythology, in the *Eddas*, the Valplads is the battlefield where Wotan chooses the ones who fall fighting for Honor, Truth, in the world, for the Spirit's Virtue. According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, House Tharsis extended the concept of Valplads to all the «world». But the «world» is the macrocosm, where subsists the potential microcosm of the awake man; the reality of that «world», that surrounds as the Valplads the awake man, is Maya,

the Illusion of the Great Deceit. When the awake man has been situated in his Archemona and liberates the interior Area through the Strategic Opposition, indeterminate or turning infinite the real enclosure, the *lapis opposition* is that is in the Valplads, it is said that its area constitutes the fenestra infernalis of the Archemona, the infinite point of the Strategic Enclosure: the *fenestra infernalis* is the point of higher approximation between the liberated area and the Valplads, and in front of it struggles the awake man and the Demiurge Face to Face, are confronted Two Total Strategies, the Hyperborean and the Satanic.

As a last reflection referred to the allegory, I will say that when the prisoner «pulls the circlet» and discovers the secret exit is effectuating an analogous action to when «the awake man» applies the Enclosure law, according to the archemonic technique, and «open» univocal and irreversibly a path to the Origin.

Therefore, it has been explained the method that the Loyal Gods uses to counteract the culture», strategic enemy arm. They send Their message which finality is to *wake up* in man the Blood Memory and *orientate* him to the Origin, his «secret exit». Finally, they induce discovering the «Enclosure Principle» and applying the «archemonic technique».

The Enclosure Principle is *infallible* for the strategic proposed objectives, and it can be applied individually and also collectively. History is full of examples of people that have applied techniques based in the Hyperborean Wisdom to immortalize themselves as Gods or to guide a populace of Pure Blood towards the collective mutation. As proof of those glorious actions have remained many constructions of stone that nobody understands today because to do that would need to have a vision founded in the Enclosure Principle. To the awake man, knower of the archemonic technique, with just one look to the megalithic constructions, or over Montsegur, or the K.Z., is enough to correctly interpret the Hyperborean Strategy from which its construction was based.

The castle of Montsegur, it is worthy of clarifying, was constructed by the Cathars following the archemonic technique, as well as the K.Z. or *konzentrationslager*, «Concentration Camps» of the German Black Order ᛋᛋ, which were not sinister prisons as the synarchic propaganda pretends, they were really wonderful «magic machines» to accelerate the collective and racial mutation, based on the archemonic technique of the Hyperborean Wisdom: inside of the isolated area of the K.Z., the most harmful racial elements of the society, the degenerates, criminals, the vicious, or even the Jews, were able to be transmuted and reoriented in favor of the National Strategy.

I will finally say that those who are conscious of the Enclosure Principle *have surpassed* the cultural Enemy Strategy and *can realize the double isolation of the Self and the microcosm.* The Enclosure Principle will let us establish the limits of the conscious subject, isolating the Self from the preeminent cultural premises, and transferring it to the «center» or Selbst.

The archemonic technique will let us, *thereby*, isolate the microcosm from the macrocosm, gaining an own space and time, which means immortality, the microcosm or the physical body will be transmuted in *vajra* the incorruptible matter.

Forty-Sixth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom: In the last day, I mentioned a «Strategy that the Loyal Gods uses to counteract 'the culture' strategic enemy arm» and explained it through an allegory, consistent in a charismatic message, that message followed two objectives: 1st.: *awake*; 2nd *orientate* to the «secret exit», «center» or «Origin»; and in that particular example, the «exit» was found after the discovering of «the circlet», it means, after making conscious the *Enclosure Principle.*

However, the second part of the message, the *L-ove Song* offered, to those who heard it, the possibility to «find the exit», by other six different paths to the Strategic Opposition, based on the Enclosure Principle. In any way, this Strategy, just as I have described, with its seven possible paths of liberation, responds to purely individual objectives, that's to say, it is directed exclusively to the asleep man. Because of this, now is the turn to declare that the same is part, the «individual» part, of a higher conception, which is called Odal Strategy.

The Odal Strategy is directed fundamentally to obtain man's individual liberation, but, in some favorable historical opportunities, the Gods procure to «orientate» the whole Raceto force the collective mutation. In that case, the «leaders», many times «sent» by the Loyal Gods and other times «inspired» by Them, project charismatically in the people the strategic guidelines, searching to *reintegrate them to the essential war*. To make that work can be realized with success probabilities, the «leaders», make use of an external element situated in the world, which represents the Race Divine origin irrefutably. This external element must also prove the compromise assumed by the Gods at «inducing» man to recommence War against the Creator and his resolution to «wait» the necessary Kalpas while they win the freedom. By these conditions can be understood that the «external element» is a real *Stone of Scandal* for the Creator and his Demonic hordes and that all His Power, that is, the Great Deceit, will be trying to attain his destruction or on his default to avoid that man could reach it. But, even by all the contrarieties that such action would produce in the Enemy, the Gods have accomplished their part of the Primordial Pact and, with an admirable despise to the Power of the Potencies of Matter, they placed it in the World. They protect it from every attack to make that man or their charismatic leaders *discover it and make use of it.*

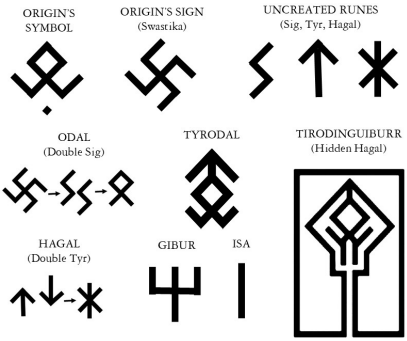
Thus, the Odal Gods strategy is directed to every man's interior through the «Charismatic Chants», trying to wake up in them the Memory of the Origin and induce them to follow one of the seven paths of liberation. But also procures to impulse the whole Race to make it stop marching in the «evolutive» or «progressive» sense of History and rebelling to the Plan of The One, and in an inverse jump, transmute the «animal tendencies» of man and recover the Divine Hyperborean nature. To achieve this second purpose, not individual now racial,

Thor God of the Vikings, by Marten Eskil Winge.

All the runic alphabets and languages of the Aryan-Nordic races come from the runic alphabet, the Birds' Language of the Hyperborean White Atlanteans. The Runes are sacred symbols semantically impossible to describe; their semiotic is noological, every symbol contains a metaphysical truth that awaken Anamnesis, the understanding of the Eternal Truths. The initiate, in each runic entasis, incorporates in his blood a heroic Mystique, which allow him to transcend the self, to feel the spirit or vril in his blood. In this sense, the uncreated runes represent the victory of spirit over matter, of the eternal over the perishable.

From the symbol of the Origin comes the Sign of the Origin, the SWASTICA (How many volumes have been written wrongly defining its Gnostic truth). The swastika, in its oblique inclination (left-handed), affirms the gnostic reversal, the liberation from time, the return to the past, to the origin. From the Origin's Symbol arise 3 uncreated runes: the SIG rune; the secret of the Bird's Language (the Hyperborean mystique); the rune HAGAL, the mystery of the Carved Stone (lithic science); and the rune TYR, the art of forging Weapons of War (the art of war).

The Swastika unfolds into the double Rune Sig, and from the double interseccion of Sig, the Odal Rune is formed. From the double intersection of Tyr, the Rune Hagal is formed, from which the thirteen archetypal runes are derived. The Hagal rune symbolizes the noological bridge between the created (ascending Tyr) and the uncreated (descending Tyr). Therefore, allows the virya to understand the mystery of his chaining and liberation. Hagal recalls the



Gral's presence, the fallen stone of Venus.

With the 3 uncreated runes, are built the Odal Archemone, Tyrodal and the sacred Tirodinguiburr. Tirodinguiburr represents the outer and inner labyrinth (the reality of illusion), the gnostic path that affirms the noological will in the self. The Gibur rune (Neptune's trident), defensive and conductive, opens a rift, making it possible for the virya to enter the outer labyrinth, and access the limiting and protective odal rune (Athena's shield), a timeless space.

In this walled interior space, the virya will be able to isolate from the conscious subject. This situation that allows him to reorient himself towards the rune Tyr (Wotan's Spear/ Thor's Hammer), conducive and aggressive, in the origin's direction. When the virya discovers the origin (the hidden Hagal Rune in Tyr-odal), he has realized the unification of his infinite (spirit) with the selbst (eternal truth of himself).

Château de Montségur.

Parsifal. Unknown author.

In ancient times, initiatory cults (cult of Apollo, Vesta, mysteries of Delphi, Délos, Eleusis) were open and public knowledge. For this reason, its temples were open, any Greek or Roman citizen could be initiated into them. In the Middle and Modern Ages, the Hyperborean myths (the secret of the Hyperborean crypt, the Black Sun) became hidden, since Christianity persecuted ancient wisdom relentlessly. The walled medieval castles made it possible to hide the initiation rites (Enclosure and Wall Principles) and to keep alive the mystery of Hyperborean lithic art.

The Hyperborean castles represent the Odal archemone; liberated spaces, noological constructions of gnostic initiation. It is worth highlighting two castles created in different historical strategic movements: Montsegur, which allows the Gral's vision in the world, and the castle of Frederick II, known as Castel del Monte, unique for its beauty and sublime excellence.

Inside the castles, a royal, heroic and chivalric ethic reigned. Only the warrior who had proven himself to be the bravest in battle, could aspire to initiatory mysteries. He was initiated in the Mystery of L-ove, in the lady's cult, myths that endowed the knight with spiritual nobility; will and courage, loyalty and honor.

While the scholastic teaching totally degraded the classical Hyperborean myths and their metaphysical truths, the Grail's legend and its Hyperborean symbolism preserved the heroic mystique and Gnosis of spiritual liberation. The myth of Parsifal reveals the *Kairos heroic mystique*, the initiatory path of the Hyperborean L-ove, a mystery that allows the wise warrior to find the Grail, that is, to feel in his blood the *Paraklitos* or Holy Spirit.

The *Paraclete* is a noological force, inexperienced and elusive on the physical plane, but its expression, the charisma, is perceptible in some men. The Grail's symbol will always be present in the spirit of every Hyperborean knight who feels in his blood the nostalgia for the origin and lives in the manner of his heirs, the knights of King Arthur and Parsifal.

I have said that it disposes of an «external element». what will be, specifically this «external element», this «thing», to which I have attributed such wonderful properties? It treats about something which only its description would take many volumes and that, in passed days I have called «*Grail*». Being impossible to reveal here a Mystery that has been impenetrable to millions of people, I will try, as usual, to «approximate» to it through some commentaries.

I asked what such a wonderful thing will be *specifically* called *Grail*. I will start from there. Specifically, the Gral is a Stone, a Crystal, a Gem; there is no doubt about it. But it *is not a terrestrial Stone*; there is no doubt about it too. If it is not a terrestrial Stone, rest to wonder what its origin is: the Hyperborean Wisdom affirms *that it comes from Venus* but doesn't ensure that it is the origin. Due to the missing of other precision that the Venus Lords brought it to Earth, it can be supposed from that green planet. But the «Venus Lords» are not natal from Venus; they come from Hyperborea, an «original center» that do not belong to the material Universe and which «Blood Memory» has taken many asleep men to identify it erroneously with a «Nordic continent» or «disappeared polar». According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Grail was extracted from the Solar System by the Gods *immediately after that they had irrupted from the Door of Venus to establish themselves in K'Taagar, it means, in Valhalla.* Whatever it was, there is another concrete aspect that is convenient to consider: the Grail is a Gem that has the major importance for the Gods n*ot to dispose of abandoning or losing it*. For camaraderie and solidarity with the asleep man, they have situated it in the World, but at the end of Time, the Gral will be recovered and returned to its Original place.

What is the reason for such immeasurable interest to conserve the mysterious Gem? Because it has been momentarily removed from the Most Beautiful Jewel ever seen in the Universe of The One. From that jewel, no one would be able to imitate in this or in other Worlds: neither the Master Goldsmiths or the Constructors Devas or the Planetary Angels, Solar or Galactic, etc. Because the Grail is a Gem of Kristos Lucifer's crown, Who is Purer than the Purest of the Loyal Gods, the only one who can talk Face to Face with the Unknowable God, Kristos Lucifer *is who being in hell is beyond Hell*. Being able to stay in Hyperborea, by the light of the Unknowable God, Kristos Lucifer wanted to come to the rescue of the captive Spirits making the incomprehensible sacrifice of his Own *Self-captivity*. He has established as the Black Sun of the Spirit, «illuminating» charismatically, from «behind» of Venus, through the Paraklitos, directly into the blood of the asleep man.

How, a Gem of the Gallant Lord has been smirched falling here, to Earth, one of the most repulsive sewers of the seven Hells? Because He has disposed of in that way. Kristos Lucifer has given the Grail to men *as an irrefutable material proof of the Spirit's Divine Origin.*

The Grail is, in this sense, a *reflection* of the Divine Origin, which will guide as ahead light

the vacillating route of the Rebel Spirits that have decided to abandon the slavery of Jehovah Satan.

You have seen what the Grail is: a Gem of the crown of Kristos Lucifer; You will see now what does the Grail *represents* to the captive Spirits. Firstly, the Grail is connected to the *Spirits' incarnation*, which meaning has to be first searched in relation to that Mystery. That can be explained if we have in mind that millions of years ago, when the Traitor Gods allied to the Demiurge Jehovah Satan to incarnate the Hyperborean Spirits, Kristos Lucifer gave his Gem to make *that mortal eyes could see the truth of the Divine Origin.* For this reason, the Grail, placed in the World as proof of the Spirit's Divine Origin, *gives sense to all the Hyperborean lineages of Earth.* Through it, the blood of men, still submerged in the most tremendous confusion, will always claim their *extraterrestrial legacy.*

The Grail's presence, primarily, *prevents the Enemy the denial of the Hyperborean ancestors*. But just as the Grail gives a cosmic sense to the History of mankind, connecting them with the Eternal Race of the Origins, and *divinizes* the Hyperborean lineages of Earth, also for the Demiurge, due to the Grail's presence, those lineages become «motive of scandal» and target of the persecution and derision, of punishment and pain. Since the Grail, the *Divine* Hyperborean lineages will be *heretic lineages*, «forever condemned» (one Manvantara) by Jehovah Satan. The Grail has come to wake up undesirable memories, valorize the past of man; will be then the remembrance and the past what will be more attacked and erase it influence will aim in great grade the Synarchy Strategy. If it is possible to warn that attack, which is evident from the gnostic view, it will be understood with more depth the *historical* function of the Grail. To put it in evidence, I will dedicate the next paragraphs.

The main crime committed by man has been denying the supremacy of «God», it means, the terrestrial Demiurge Jehovah Satan, and rebelling against his slavery. But man is a miserable being, immersed in a Hell of Illusion where he thoughtlessly feels «comfortable», with no possibilities to break the spell by himself. If he has denied the Demiurge and has «rebelled» has been in virtue of an external agent, but: what «thing» in this world can be able to *wake up* man, to *open his eyes* to the forgotten Divinity? «If such 'thing' exists, the Demons will say, it is the most abominable object of the material Creation». But that «thing», that «abominable object», is not from this world and of it has «eaten» the captive-Spirit-Man. That «green fruit», which later will be called Grail, is an aliment that nourishes with the *primordial gnosis,* in other words, with the knowledge about the Truth of the Origin. By the Grail, forbidden fruit par excellence, Man will know that he is Eternal and that he possesses a Divine Spirit chained to Matter that proceeds from a World impossible to imagine *from the terrestrial hell,* but for which *feels nostalgia* and *wants to return.*

Because of the Grail man has remembered!

There it is his foremost crime. To remember the Divine Origin will be, from now on, a terrible sin, and those who have committed it will have to pay for it; that is the Will of the Demiurge, the «Law of Jehovah Satan». Will be his ministers, the Demons of Chang Shambhala, the ones in charge of executing the sentence giving the punishment in a coin called: suffering and pain. The

instrument will be, naturally, the incarnation, repeated a thousand times in transmigrations «controlled» by the «law» of karma, declaring cynically that suffering and pain are «for Good» of the Spirits, to «help their evolution». If the «evil» lies in the blood, then it will be debilitated, making racial miscegenation, and it will become impure poisoned with *fear of the sin*. The result will be the *strategic confusion* of the Spirit and the complete darkness about the past of man «In the past, there is no one that deserves to be saved» will affirm for millennium's reasonable people, at the side of the Fraternity Demons.

The theology, and even the mythology, will speak about the evil of man with the language of the Demiurge: the «sin», the «fall», and the «punishment». The science, on the other hand, will show us a more discouraging panorama: «will prove» using filth fossils, that man descends from a proto-ape called «hominidae» in other words, that this miserable and despicable animal-man was the ancestor of the asleep man. The «science» has turned man's past to the most dramatic degradation connecting it «evolutively» to reptiles and worms. For the modern man, there will be no Divine Ancestors, only apes, and trilobites. It is really necessary to start from superhuman hate to desire to humiliate man in such sorrowful way.

But leaving apart the joyless, being optimist, why look at the past, will say the Synarchy with the Voice of the Science and Theology, if a man is «something projected to the future»? In the past, there is nothing worthy of respect: some primitive marine crustaceans under the silt trying to gain the terrestrial environment, impulsed by the «evolution»; millions of years after some apes decided to became in man: impulsed again by the miraculous «law of evolution» become bipeds, fabricate tools, communicate each other speaking, lose the hair and enter in History; and then come the history of man: the documents, the Civilization, the Culture. And History goes on implacable in the «evolution», transformed now in a more inflexible law called dialectic: the mistakes in Humanity, Wars, the intolerance, the Fascism, are «errors»; the success, the peace, the democracy, the UN, the Sabin's vaccine, are «successes».

From the struggle between errors and successes always emerges a higher state, a benefit for the future of Mankind, confirming the evolutional or progressionist tendency. Isn't that progressive tendency of History *all Good that has to be expected from the past?*

For that reason, let us be an optimist; let's take a look to the future; there are all Goods, all the realizations; the theologian guarantees that after a *future* judgment, the heaven doors will be opened to Good people, the Rosicrucians, the Freemasons, and other Theosophists, situate in the future the moment when, partially concluded the «spiritual evolution», Man who identifies himself with his monad, that's to say, with his «Divine Archetype» and incorporates to the Cosmic Hierarchies depending to the Demiurge; and even the materialistic, atheists and scientists, present a venturous image of the future: they show us a perfect society, with no hunger and diseases, where every man, technocratic or dehumanized, happily reign over legions of robots and androids.

I will not give many details of a fact that is evident: It has been attempted to *erase* the past of man disconnecting him from his Hyperborean roots; *it has*

not been totally accomplished, but, in compensation, it has been attained to create a metaphysical fracture between Man and his Hyperborean Ancestors, in such way that, in the present, an abyss separates him from his primordial memories, an abyss that has a name: confusion. Parallel to such sinister purpose has been «projected Man towards the future» a euphemism used to qualify the *illusion of progress* that suffers members of the modern Civilizations. That «illusion» is culturally generated by strong «power ideas» skillfully employed as a strategic arm: the «sense of History», the «historic acceleration», the «scientific progress», the «education», the «civilization against barbarism», etc. Man, conditioned in such way, blindly believe in the future, only look to it, and even the fatalistic, who foresees a «black future», admit that if any unpredictable exception or miracle offers an «exit» to the Civilization where he is, is in anyway, in the «future»; the past is in any case motive of general indifference.

This «evident fact» represents undoubtedly an important triumph for the Synarchy, but a triumph that is not definitive. In fact, Dr., you have seen that the maximum pressure of the Synarchy Strategy, is applied to *erase* the past, in obscuring the remembrance of the Divine Origin, and that such attack is produced as a *reaction* to the *gnostic action* of the Grail. But the Grail *is not just* a forbidden fruit, consumed by man in ancient times, immediately to his enslavement.

The Grail is a reality that *will remain* in the World until the last Hyperborean Spirit remains in captivity. By the Grail, it is always possible for men to *wake up and remember.*

But, to make use of its gnosis, it is indispensable to understand that the Grail, as a *reflection of the Origin*, illuminates into the blood *from the past*. Its light comes *back to the sense of time*, and due to this, no one that has succumbed to the Enemy Strategy will be able to receive its influence. It has been seen that a powerful cultural Strategy «projects Man to the future» and tries to erase the past and to confuse his memories. But the Grail *mustn't have to be searched looking to the future* because it will never be found in such a way. In rigor to the truth, the Grail *mustn't have to be searched* if with such verb, *search,* we understand an action that involves «movement». Only «search» the Grail those who have not comprehended its metaphysical meaning and believe, in their ignorance, that it treats of an «object» that can be «found».

I will remind one of the medieval stories about the Grail which, even deformed due to its Judeo-Christian adaptation, keeps many Hyperborean Tradition elements. On it, Parsifal, the pure madman, goes and «searches» the Grail. Due to his ignorance commits the disparate to begin the quest «traveling» chivalrously for different countries. This «displacement» aims *essentially to the future,* because in every movement exists an immanent temporality and inevitable, and, naturally, Parsifal never «finds» the Grail «searching for it» in the World. Until after years of vain quest he understands that simple truth. Then one day, completely naked, he presents in front of an enchanted castle and, once inside of it, *appears the Grail* (he doesn't find it) and his eyes are opened; he realizes then that the *throne is available* and decides to claim it, becoming finally a King.

It must be seen in this allegory that: Parsifal understands that the Grail *has not to be searched in the World* (Valplads), through the time (flowing conscious-

ness of the Demiurge), and he decides to make use of a *Hyperborean Strategic Path.* For it, he *situates* himself «naked» (without the preeminent cultural premises) in a castle (a fortified «Area» by the Enclosure law), disassociating himself from the «World's Time» and creating an «own time», inverse, that «aims to the past». Then *appears* the Grail «opening his eyes» (Blood Memory).

Parsifal realizes that the «throne is available» (that the Spirit can be recovered) and decides to claim it (submitting to the tests of purity of the Secret Paths of Liberation) and becomes a King (transmuting into a Stone Man).

I hope that I have clarified that the Grail must not be searched because it appears when man's consciousness has been desynchronized from the World's Time and has been despoiled of the cultural mask. I want to show now another aspect of the enemy reaction that has motivated the Grail's presence.

Because of the Grail, Man commits the crime of awakening; the sin, and the punishment is suffering and pain, through the incarnation and Karma law. The one sin charge to assure the law and those who are most offended for the Hyperborean remembrance of the awakened man are the «guardian angels», i.e., Chang Shambhala's Demons and their White Fraternity. Apart from this one, there is a *direct reaction of the Demiurge* that is convenient to know. But, as such reaction has been repeated many times since the Hyperborean Spirits have been chained to the flesh's yoke, a complete exposition would include a huge period, which is beyond the official History, and it loses in the night of Atlantis and Lemuria. Of course, I won't be able to realize such narration, and for this reason, I will only refer to the reaction of the Demiurge *in historic times,* but it must not be forgotten that all that can be said about this fact *is not exclusively of an Era,* it has been and surely will be again. A terse introduction will let to understand such a *direct reaction.*

> When the ingenious question is exposed, how are the worlds from where the captive Spirit comes?, believing that can be some image that represents the unimaginable Hyperborea, the Hyperborean Wisdom usually responds with a metaphorical figure; saying this to the ignorant novice: «imagine that a speck of dust receives a tiny reflection of the Real Worlds, and suppose that, then, mentioned speck is divided and reorganized in infinite particles. Make another effort to imagine and suppose now that the material Universe that you know and dwell has been constructed with the pieces of that speck of dust: the Hyperborean Wisdom says: if you can reintegrate in one act of the imagination, the huge multiplicity of the Cosmos in the original speck, then, seeing on its totality, you will perceive only a tiny reflection of the Real Worlds. *If you are able to reintegrate the Cosmos in a speck of dust, you will see only a deformed image of the Spirit's Homeland. That is all that can be seen from here».*

The metaphor becomes clear if it is considered that the Demiurge has constructed the Universe imitating a clumsy and deformed image of the Real Worlds. Has insufflated His Breath in Matter and has ordinated it with the purpose of «copying» the tiny reflection that once time he received from the Uncreated Spheres. But neither the substance was the adequate nor the Architect was qualified for it and, added to this ills, has to be considered the perverse intention of pretending to *reign as God the Creation,* in similarity (?) of the Unknowable God. The result is at sight; an insane and malevolent Hell, in which, a long time after his creation, by a Mystery of L-ove incalculable Eternal Spirits were enslaved, condemned to Matter and subjected to the evolution of life.

The main characteristic of the Demiurge is evidently the *imitation,* through which he has attempted to reproduce the Real Worlds and which result has been this vile and mediocre Material Universe. But is on his different parts of His Creation where he can be adverted the amazing persistence in imitating, repeat and copy. In the Universe «the whole» is always a copy of «something»: the «atoms», all similar; the «cells», which divide into analogous pairs; the «social animals», whose gregarious instinct is based in the «imitation»; the «symmetry» which is present in an infinite of physical and biological phenomenons; etc. Without the need to extend on more examples can be affirmed that the overwhelming formal multiplicity of the real is just an illusion due to the interchange, intersection, combination, etc., of a few original forms. In reality, the Universe has been made only by a few different elements, no more than twenty-two, that support, by their infinite combinations, the totality of the existent forms.

Having presented the imitative principle that reigns the Demiurge's Creation, his *direct reaction* to the Grail's presence can be considered now.

I said that the Grail *divinizes* the Hyperborean lineages by proving the Origin's truth irrefutably, and that the Demons' reaction has been to consider them as *heretic lineages* that deserve the most terrible punishment.

But while the Demons were occupied in pushing men with the heaviest chains of Karma, very different would be the attitude of the Demiurge. According to his characteristic, he has wanted to *imitate*, and even overpass, the Hyperborean lineages founding a *Sacred Race* which represents him directly, i.e., that *canalizes his will*, and, through the same, reign over the incarnated Spirits. A «Sacred Race» that raising in the same environment of the people condemned to suffering and pain of life, triumphs over them, to finally inflict the final humiliation of subjecting them to the Synarchy of Demons. Then the Hyperborean lineages, immersed in the mud of the spiritual degradation, will exhale their last painful screams, those yells of horror will be sweet music that the Sacred Race will offer to their «God» Jehovah Satan, the Demiurge of Earth.

As I already said, the Demiurge has attempted many times this plan; the «gypsies», for example, are the ethnic remnant of a «Sacred Race» that prospered in the last «Atlantis», when the Traitor Gods submitted to the Synarchy of Horror the Hyperborean lineages. The incarnated Spirits were precipitated to most infamous practices: the Divine blood was degraded and confused by

the indiscriminate interchange of Races, and, what is worse, they achieved to realize fertile intercourses between men and animals with the assistance of the black magic; thousands of human victims were immolated to satiate the bloodlust of Jehovah Satan, adored there in his aspect of «God of the Infernal armies». The cruelty, the collective orgies, different ways of drug dependence, etc., were all «customs» that the Hyperborean lineages had adopted while in the eyes of the «Sacred Race» shined with joy the gaze of the Demiurge and the Synarchy of Horror realized their tyranny of Orichalcum. In such a state of degradation, no one was able to receive the Grail's Light neither to hear the Song of the Gods. Because of this, Kristos Lucifer decided to manifest himself *at the sight of man.* He made it, accompanied by a guard of liberator *Gods,* and this determined the end of Atlantis...

But this is an old story. In recent times the Demiurge has resolved to *repeat* again, an imitation of the Hyperborean lineages, creating a «Sacred Race» that represents him and to which will be reserved the high Destiny of reigning over all the countries of Earth. With the Blood Pact celebrated between Jehovah Satan and Abraham is founded the «Sacred Race», and their descendants, the Hebrews, will constitute the «chosen people». Just as the Hyperborean Spirits, divinized by the Grail's presence, represent the «heretic lineage» par excellence, the Hebrews, in front of them, will present themselves as the «most pure lineage of Earth».

Israel, chosen people by Jehovah Satan to be their representatives on Earth, what titles will show as an *irrefutable proof* that such is His Will? The Demiurge, following his usual system of «imitating», reasons in this way: «If by the Gem of Kristos Lucifer, the Grail, has been divinized the Hyperborean lineages, also by a 'Stone of Heaven' will be consecrated the Lineage of Abraham. I will place on the world a Stone in which will be written My Law as an *irrefutable proof* that Israel is the Chosen People, and to them all the others Nations will have to be humiliated».

That is the direct reaction of the Demiurge. He chooses into the scum of Mankind, the most miserable people, and after pacting with them, he makes them «grow» by the shadow of powerful kingdoms. When he decides that the «Sacred Race» has reached the moment to accomplish their historic mission, he «renews the pact» giving Moses the key to power.

Then Israel, the purest lineage of Earth, goes over the millenniums and marches to its future of glory, while the Empires and Kingdoms plunge into the dust of history.

Undoubtedly, the Demiurge's reaction has been effective and powerful has resulted in His Stone's effects, the force of His Law. For this reason, it is necessary to wonder, what does Jehovah Satan really give to Hebrews as an instrument of power and universal domination? I will repeat it synthetically: the «Tablets of the Law» contain the secret of the twenty-two voices that the Demiurge pronounced when he ordered Matter and through which have been formed all the existent. The set of symbols contained in the Tablets of the Law is what was early known as *Acoustic Kabbalah*. In Atlantis, that knowledge was

firstly a patrimony of other «Sacred Race» but later, the guards of the Lytic Art, ancestors of the Cro-Magnon and parents of the White Race, reached to dominate it completely.

Therefore, «The Tablets of the Law» are «the Stone» that the Demiurge has placed in the World to be metaphysical support of the «Sacred Race» as an imitation of the conjunction «Hyperborean lineage/Grail». However, as in all the Demiurge «imitations», it mustn't have to be seen here a very precise equivalence. From the past, the Grail reflects every man the Divine origin and constitutes an attempt of Kristos Lucifer to rescue the captives Spirits or, in other words, the influence of the Grail aims to the individual and the spiritual. On the contrary, the Tablets of the Law aim to the collective, between Jehovah Satan and the Hebrew People, and also, their Kabbalistic content reveals the keys that allow dominating all the material Sciences.

If the strategic confusion, the incarnation, the imprisonment to the Law of Karma, etc., are terrible ills that affect the Hyperborean Spirits, the terrestrial coexistence with a «Sacred Race» of Jehovah Satan, is undoubtedly the most frightful nightmare, even worse than any of the aforementioned disgraces. Because, since the «renewed pact» with Moses, the *racial hostility* between the Hyperborean lineages («Heretics») and the Hebrew lineage («Sacred»)will be permanent and eternal, with the irreversible disadvantage for the first that the infernal Will of the Demiurge will be irresistibly expressed in the second.

After the «apparition» of Israel only remains to man the dramatic alternative to return to the Origin or definitely succumb.

Digging in the Hebrew myth of Abel and Cain, behind a veil of calumnies, can be appreciated the proper description of the racial and theological hostility between Hyperborean and Hebrews. In that myth, Abel, who is a shepherd, represents the basic Hebrew type, and Cain, who is a crop farmer, to the image of Man of Hyperborean lineage. The legend tells that Jehovah Satan liked the pleasant blood offerings of Abel the shepherd, which consisted of sacrificing the firstling sheeps «with their grease», but he depreciated the «fruits of the ground» that Cain offered to him. Such attitude of the God of Matter constituted a revelation for Cain: discovering the real intentions of the Creator and the materialistic and servile essence of the sheepherders. Then, Cain decided to kill Abel, the created Soul, what motivated Jehovah to denounce that he was carrier of a mark which revealed his murderer condition.

That sign would be recognized in every «Era», by those who were «like Abel», in those who demonstrate to be «like Cain». That special effective criterion of Jehovah Satan has been perpetuated through the centuries on the hate that the Hebrews feel against the Hyperborean lineages, hate that, do not forget, *comes from the Demiurge* because «*Israel is Jehovah*». To the feeble-minded, it means, to those who have been brainwashed to later be converted in fanatic believers of the Bible, always result difficult to justify the predilection of Jehovah «God» for the bloody sacrifice of Abel and the despise of the agricultural production of Cain. However, all clarify if it is read under the Kabbalistic language, encrypted, the Genesis, is an ancient interpretation of the Fire Ho-

locaust. In effect, *«the holocaust of the firstling sheep with its grease»{Genesis 4,4}*, represents the Holocaust of the Final Death of Mankind and its transformation in the lye that «will clean the Abominable Sign that is engraved in Warm Stone»: the oblation of Abel would be then burnt, just as the Hebrews make with the corpses of the slaughtered animals hitherto, and the «grease», mixed with the ashes, would form the soap, the bleach, that would clean the symbolic stain of the «sin of Cain»: such «sin» is, naturally, to be a «crop farmer», sower of cereals, worshipper of the Goddess Ama, or Ceres, or Demeter, the Virgin of Agartha, the mother of Navutan, that's to say, who gave the seed of the wheat to men, the seed of the Child of Stone. The «mark of Cain» is, then, the Sign of Warm Stone, the Origin's Symbol that produces the incarceration of the eternal Spirit to Matter; due to this Cain, carrier of the mentioned mark, will never die will be «immortal», just as all men that have Spirit, even if they ignore it for being «asleep».

Robert Graves, and the Rabbi Raphael Patai, in the book «Hebrew Myths», have extracted and synthesized the Myth of Cain from many Talmudic Midrashim. Here is one of the official Hebrew versions that demonstrate the Luciferic spiritual character of Cain and the «created» nature of Abel: «Cain responded to God's repression with a scream that still repeats the blasphemers»:«–there is no Law and no Judge!–.When later he found Abel in a field, he said to him: –There is no future World, there is none reward for Goods, neither punishment for the evildoers. This World has not been created with compassion, neither mercifully governed.

For what other reason has been accepted your offering and despised mine? Abel simply responded: –my offering was accepted because I love Jehovah God; yours was despised because you hate him–. Then Cain decided to hit and kill Abel».

It is interesting to go deeper into the image of Cain. According to the Bible, apart from a crop farmer, the first one *built walled cities* and the weighing and measuring inventor. His descendant Tubal-Cain (a mythical division of the same Cain) was a weapon manufacturer and of musical instruments.

If it is observed now, Cain's image, through the Hyperborean Wisdom light, will be verified with many characteristic attributes with the Hyperborean lineages. First of all, the association of Agriculture with the construction of walled cities is an ancient strategic Hyperborean technique recently employed, for example, by the Etruscans and Romans, and that has been expressed with perfection by the German Henry I, the fowler. On the other hand, the invention of the weighing and measuring that the Hebrews attributed to Cain, the Greeks to Hermes, and the Romans to Mercury, allow to identify Cain with those two Hyperborean Gods. And finally: the accusation of murderer and weapon manufacturer clearly reveals that the image of Cain represented some *terrible warrior*, a Stone Man: when signalizing that attribute which clearly aims to the denunciation of that famous mark.

In the Bible, the sacred book of the «chosen people», in the myth of Abel and Cain, is perfectly revealed the rules of the game. In the «preference» of

Jehovah Satan to the Hebrew sheepherders, represented by Abel, and in the despise and punishment to the Hyperborean lineages, symbolized by Cain, appears expressed the metaphysical conflict of the origins, but updated now as a biological and cultural confrontation. The Hebrew Sacred Race has come to bring Jehovah Satan's presence; (the *conscious* Presence, different to the *pantheistic breath* through which the Demiurge animates Matter) to the plane of human life, of the incarnation, suffering, and pain. For this reason, the ancient transcendental hostility between the captives Spirits and the Demons transforms into an immanent hostility between the Hyperborean lineages and the material Universe because the Sacred Race is *Malkhouth*, the tenth *Sephirah,* in other words, an Aspect of the Demiurge. This has to be understood in this: *Israel is the Demiurge*. It is worth clarifying it. According to the secret teachings of the Kabbalah and just as can be seen in the book of the Splendor, *Sepher Yetsirah,* or the book of the Holocaust of Fire, *Sepher Icheh*, it means, quoting the most reliable sources of the Hebrew Wisdom, for the «creation» of the «Sacred Race» Jehovah Satan exhibits one of his ten Aspects or *Sephiroth*. According to the official Hebrew texts, the tenth sephirah, *Malkhouth (the kingdom),* is the own people of Israel, which keeps a metaphysical nexus with the first Sephirah *Kether (Crown)*, which is the Head or supreme Consciousness of the Demiurge. In other words: there is a metaphysical identity between Israel and Jehovah Satan or, if it is desired, «*Israel is Jehovah Satan*».

As I said before, the hostility between the Sacred Race and the Hyperborean lineages, hostility that has been declared in Abel and Cain's myth, means a confrontation between them and the material Universe, given the character of Malkhouth, division of the Demiurge, which is Israel. Through Malkhouth, the Demiurge has wanted to impose *the royalty* of the sacred Hebrew lineage to Earth's other countries. Suppose those gentile countries *have forgotten the past* and have submitted to the White Fraternity plan. In that case, they will accept the *Hebrew superiority*, and the world will march joyfully towards the Synarchy. But poor for those *Goyms* that don't renounce to their Hyperborean legacy and persists in remembering the origins' conflict! There will be no place for them in Earth because, with the presence of Malkhouth, the sacred lineage of Israel, the Demiurge ensures their persecution and immediate annihilation.

Dramatic destiny of the captive Spirit! For millenniums *remembering the Origin,* it means, to have a heretic lineage, was punished by the Demons with a strong Karma, and the suffering, the pain, were such terrible that were finally forgotten. But, while this degradation occurred, in the depth of his heart, stirring on its blood, the condemned could participate of the Blood Memory and get the *Gnosis*. It was his right: if he achieved go out from the swamp of the spiritual confusion, no one could avoid him to receive the Grail's Light or to hear the Chant of the Gods. With Israel, neither this miserable opportunity to wake up would be possible because the conflict was settled in biological terms, racial, cultural...: who compromise himself in the conflict now must risk everything because facing Israel is to face the same Demiurge.

Israel advances on history with irresistible strength. Their ideas go dominating step by step the Occident Culture simultaneously to the growth of their fi-

nancial power. Who will oppose the conjunction strength of Judeo-Christianity, Judeo-Freemasonry, Judeo-Marxism, Zionism, and Trilateralism? Who could make «jump» the banks of the *Rothschild*, of *Jacob Schiff,* of *Khun and Loeb*, of *Rockefeller*, etc.? And who will compete against the Hebrews in fields of Science or Art? I already described the fantastic *Material Power* reached by the Templar Synarchy in the Middle Ages; think, Dr. Siegnagel, in what represents such Power today; against these organized forces, man has not even a minimal chance.

For this reason, before such a formidable Power, the only valid strategic alternative is the racial confrontation: to the Sacred Race of Jehovah Satan oppose the Hyperborean lineage of the captive Spirits. And in this clash of lineages, in this war taken to the field of the blood, the awake man, the one who remember, and want to return, will have to hear the Chant of the Gods and, following a secret path of liberation, find «the exit», go back to the Origin, and transmute into a Stone Man. He will have accomplished in this way with the first part of the Odal Strategy. But if a charismatic leader, awake and transmuted, puts in front of a racial community and decides to guide the people *altogether* back to the Origin, will be able to apply on its totality the Odal Strategy, taking advantage of the Grail's presence. In this case the leader will declare the Total War against the demonic forces of the Synarchy, but especially will put the maximum pressure *over the Sacred Race* because they *directly* represent the Enemy it means the captivating Demiurge. However, only in recent Times, when the universal presence of the Synarchy and the Sacred Race's power becomes evident, some Great Leader correctly recognizes the Enemy and declares the Total War against them.

The irreconcilable hostility between the Sacred Hebrew lineage and the Hyperborean heretic lineage could be exemplified considering the infinite times that have been produced confrontations and describing the different results. It can be ensured that would be information to fill many tomes; because of this, I must be prudent, and I will only refer to the strictly necessary for the comprehension of the Odal Strategy of the Loyal Gods. With this criterion, I will consider only one example, but an example that will be highly clarifier.

After the submersion of Atlantis, and in virtue of the Cultural Pact guidelines, the Hyperborean lineages have always coincided that human society had to be organized under three principal functions: Regal, Priestly, and Warrior. The *harmony* and *independence* of the three functions would guarantee a certain equilibrium appropriated for the times of peace and prosperity, i.e., whe*n the society materially progresses to the future*. Indifferent Periods of their history a lot of countries of Hyperborean lineages experienced brief lapses in which the equilibrium of the three functions allowed to enjoy that social peace, mediocre and courtesan, which really occulted a complete lack of a charismatic contact between the people and their Leaders. This typical situation is characterized by the general indifference.

When a society establishes this way, the White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala affirms that it «evolves» and «progresses». Is then, of interest of the Demons to take Humanity to a state of permanent equilibrium of the three func-

tions; With what purpose? to prepare the advent of the Synarchy, it means, the Concentration of the Power in the hands of a Secret Society or Occult Brotherhood. What end has the concentration of the power in the hands of beings that act in the 1shadows? The answer is related to the Manifestation of «Malkhouth» of the Demiurge, the Sacred Race: the power over the nations belongs (in this stage of the Kali Yuga) to Israel as legacy of Jehovah Satan and proof of his theological lineage. Before Israel's time comes, the Synarchy will be the regent of the concentrated power by the White Fraternity.

It is understood that the Loyal Gods, in front of such conspiracy, try to destabilize the synarchic equilibrium of the societies and influence charismatically in men with the purpose to wake up one of them and make him a Hyperborean Leader. That is, fundamentally, the Odal Strategy. For this reason, the Chant of the Gods calls continuously in the Pure Blood, and the Grail is a permanent presence which shows, to whom wants to see, the reflection of the Spirit's Divine Origin. But it doesn't has to be believed that the Odal Strategy only has success when happens an authentic transmutation from the asleep man into a Stone Man. That is undoubtedly the most important success, but the same is not very frequent, especially in the case of Leaders or conductors. On the other hand, there are cases not too evident as a transmutation, but which beneficent influence in the organization of the societies has motivated to consider also as successes of the Odal Strategy. I'm referring specifically to those leaders who listen to the Charismatic Chant and intuit some Hyperborean Wisdom Principles with some grade of unconsciousness. But, because they are not completely awake and ignore the origin of the «message», they proceed to apply in the government of their countries the strategic principles taking them as an own invention. I could abound in examples but will have particular interest for you, Dr., to consider the cases of those who «have discovered», without knowing, the Enclosure Principle.

When a leader's mental structure has been incorporated the «Enclosure Principle», his Pure Blood, and with it, the Chant of the Gods impulses him to apply the «law of Enclosure» in all his concrete acts. He emerges in this way from particular society's even politic theories, philosophical, morals, etc., conceived and executed according to the Enclosure law, in the mark of the Odal Strategy. A typical example is the idea of the «Universal Empire». It is convenient to comment it.

When the Odal Strategy achieves to wake up some leader's Divine nature, it is possible that his next activity causes notable social changes. If he is a King, it means, if he acts in the Regal Function, he will advance as the Ghibellines over the Priestly Function and, with the support of Warrior Function, will try to expand the limits of his State. If the Leader if a notable warrior, he will soon wear the crown, and then, crushing the Priestly Function, start establishing a Military State. In most cases, the disequilibrium of the three functions is realized at the expense of the Priestly Function which is usually lunar and synarchic. The important is that the Leader, King or Warrior, at applying the Enclosure law on his vision of the society generally concludes in the Universal

Empire's idea as the most appropriated to demonstrate the superiority of his Race and to perpetuate the memory of his Caste.

In the Universal State of Akkad; the Empires of Assyria and Babylon; the Great Persian Empire, destroyed by Alexander the Great; the Roman Empire, etc., have been conceived in the same way: by the application of the Enclosure law, in the mark of the Odal strategy, that the Hyperborean Leaders have made in the course of the millenniums. I can't stop mentioning that many «modern ideas» register the same process on their conception: such the different variants of the «Nationalism»; the «Fascism»; the «Falangism»; «National Socialism», the «Federations» and «Confederations» etc. These and many other political theories are the product of the application of the Enclosure law by some modern Leaders. In the case of «Fascism», the «National Socialism» etc., it is evident that they have a very straight nexus with the ancient idea of the Universal Empire, which eloquently explains why those ideologies have been persecuted until the annihilation by the Chosen People and the forces of the Synarchy.

Because, precisely, the idea of the «Universal Empire», which is Hyperborean and derived from the application of the Enclosure law, is irreducibly opposed to the idea of the «Universal Synarchy» promoted by the White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala, and realized in favor of the Chosen People.

I had proposed giving an example of the irreconcilable hostility between the heretic Hyperborean lineage and the sacred Hebrew lineage. This has been exposed in the opposition between the Universal Empire and the Universal Synarchy, between the society's irrespective ideal conceptions. Using these keys, anyone can revise on History and take their own conclusions; it is not necessary to insist more on this.

I said before that the Demiurge created the «Sacred Race» as an *imitation* of the Hyperborean lineages showed that the «Tablets of the Law», and the terrible knowledge with they were written, were given to the Hebrews as *similarity* of the Grail. I can add now that the «imitation» doesn't ended there; on the contrary, for centuries was prepared an infernal historic falsification that on the facts meant an infinitely more offensive grievance than the imitation of the Hyperborean leaders or the Grail. I am talking about the usurpation, vulgarization, and degradation perpetrated against the Divine Figure of Kristos Lucifer.

I already mentioned that, in the days of the major spiritual decadence of Atlantis, Kristos Lucifer, *manifested himself* at the sight of the asleep men. His Presence had the virtue of purifying and orientating many people, who, thanks to the descent to the Hells realized by the Gallant Lord, could in this way start the path to Return. However, the Traitor Gods' coward reaction, who make use of the black magic to avoid the rescue, took them finally to a war with death, which only ended when the last Atlantis disappeared. And even if the Atlantean continent disappeared devoured by the water and thousands of years of barbarism and strategic confusion erased those facts from History, it is not false that the drama lived was such intense that never could be obscured in the collective memory of the Hyperborean lineages. For this reason, when the Demiurge conceived the sinister idea to imitate, grossly, the redemptive image

of Kristos Lucifer descending amongst men «was inexorable that such infamy would unchain irreversible changes and definitive confrontations».

What pretended this time the Demiurge? Even if it seems incredible he wanted to produce, an *imitation* of the Hyperborean transmutation, a leap into Humanity. But don't amaze us too much: what he searched was a leap *towards the future*, and above all, was trying to *gird* members of Humanity, without any distinction for their Race or religion, to a universal *psychological «type»* or in other words, a *Collective Archetype*. That Archetype was, of course, the Hebrew Race because what was definitively searched was to *Judaize* Humanity and prepare it to the Universal Government of the Synarchy.

To carry out such ambitious plan numerous forces would be settled down, which would attend to the Messiah figure and would make possible his terrestrial Ministry. For the mission to «prepare the vehicle» through which Jehovah Satan would manifest to mankind, was commissioned one of the Master of Wisdom Jesus the Nazarene. Neither was omitted the lineage's attribute, and because of this, the Master Jesus incarnated in a Hebrew family whose genealogy ascended until Abraham. But the physical body of the Messiah would have a different constitution of a simply Hebrew: Mary would be impregnated «by the gaze» of one of the Demons of the Hierarchy, the «Angel Gabriel», who really uses the method of the «fields intersection», one of the three ways of parthenogenesis that exist: in this form *was also imitating to the Virgin of Agartha, Ama, the Mother of Navutan, who was impregnated in Venus by other «Angel», the «Seraph Lucifer».* The master Jesus would animate through thirty years that superior body, but would be the Essene sect which by all this time would be in charge to develop his esoteric potentialities, training him with the secrets of the acoustic Kabbalah. In this work, the Essenes would be assisted by the Masters of the Hierarchy, and them by the Traitor Gods; all Chang Shambhala was concentrated to sustain the Messiah because from the success of their mission would depend in high grade the future «evolution» of mankind. If the work of the Messiah triumphed, the whole of Humanity would be «civilized», that means Judaized, and would end the «barbarism», that's to say the mythological remembrance of the Divine ancestors.

The worst of all this conjure was that the Demiurge and his Demons counted this time with *the Blood's Memory* that the Hyperborean lineages still had of the Kristos of Atlantis to «attract them» to his imitation, Jesus Christ, and through a fantastic confusion definitely submitted them. With what colossal hypocrisy was planned and executed the fraud!

After Jesus Christ, who will be able to distinguish between the Kristos of Atlantis and his caricature? Only a few have suspected deceit, Gnostic, Manicheans, and Cathars, and against them the Dark Forces's anathema, the persecution and annihilation. Because this Jesus Christ, as Jewish Archetype, allows many interpretations, all «legal», according to the convenience of the Synarchy: there is a redeemer Christ; a merciful Christ; a Christ that «will come»; a God-Christ; a Man-Christ; a social revolutionary Christ; a Cosmic-Christ; an Avatar-Christ, etc.

What will never be allowed to conceive (or «remember») to no one is a Kristos of the Uncreated Light, it means, a Kristos Lucifer. After Jesus Christ, this will be the worst sin, the higher heresy, and the deserved punishment will be exemplary.

«In the year 30 of the Christian Era, the Verb made itself flesh and dwelled amongst men». The one who by own Word created the World has dressed in the clothing of his Hebrew Archetype, Malkhouth, and manifested to men in the person of Jesus the Nazarene.

The phenomenon of the phenomenons, Marvel of Marvels, what prodigious spectacle of having seen the Demiurge converted in man! It has to be recognized that this time existed an undeniable quality on his infernal idea of imitating the Atlantis' Kristos and to take advantage of the Blood Memory of men. The result is at sight. Slowly people get out from «barbarism,» and the «Civilization» extended up to the last corners of Earth. And men slowly but inexorably have gone adapting to the Jude psychological pattern, how was achieved this success? What collective alchemy the ephemeral life of Jesus Christ attained to influence mankind for millenniums until it reached its complete judaization? Was only the Blood's Memory of Atlantis' Kristos, which determined such result or other occult factors, contributed to the confusion of mankind and their actual judaization? Without entering in many details, because this theme is for long, I can say the Hebrew Archetype of Jesus Christ, which was like all the archetypes in the Archetypal Plane, was *precipitated to the physical plane* or *updated* during the incarnation of the Demiurge in the body of Jesus the Nazarene. Such actualization of the Malkhouth Archetype means establishing a *permanent force* on Earth, which acts in an equivalent way to the gravitatory «pushing» men to the *Jewish form*. This is due to a reason *which is also a secret:*

Jesus Christ has not disembodied! on the contrary he has situated since then in the «core of Earth», with the King of the World, irradiating from there his «archetypical potency» (today we would say «genetic information») on infinite central-geo sites axis which start from the terrestrial core and across the spinal column of men. This is the permanent archetypal force of Jesus Christ. But is not unique: also acts over men an *emotional* Jewish influence, irradiated by the own «Chosen People» of Israel because the Sacred Race is part of the occult anatomy of Earth performing the function of *heart chakra* or anhatachakra.

Referred to the last question, it is worthy to stand out that the «animal-man» created by the Demiurge millions of years ago to make him «evolve» according to the Plan that follows the seven Realms of Nature, tended naturally to make a typo that responded to some basic archetypes. However, since the year 33 of the Christian Era, it can be ensured that the Jewish Archetype of Jesus Christ is now the psychological archetype of men, that is to say, the typo to which the evolution tends. This means that in men, those who possess due to the ancient Mystery of L-ove an animal legacy, the animal tendencies will unconsciously be impulse to the Jewish Archetype. Only the blood purity will be able to avoid the predominance of the animal tendencies and the consequent danger to correspond psychologically with the Jewish Archetype.

I already expressed how the Demiurge moved the original conflict to the racial confrontation field after the creation of the Sacred Race as an imitation of the Hyperborean lineages divinized by the Grail. It has recently been seen how a new imitation, this time of Kristos Lucifer, has meant another destructive advance against the Hyperborean lineages. The powerful force maker of the Jewish Archetype of Jesus Christ, acting from Earth's center in every moment and place, has tremendously increased the dream in which from ancient times «Blood Consciousness» men have been immersed. In the battlefield of the Blood now fights to death two esoteric forces: The Chant of the Gods and the archetypal Jewish tendency of Jesus Christ. And the «awake» has turned, then, a terrible and desperate fight produced in the interior and exterior of each man, *usually unconscious.*

For this reason, after Jesus Christ, I said that it will be possible to classify neither towns nor organizations and will only have to attend specifically to the grade of confusion of men. It must be in this way because, in many cases, entirely synarchic organizations will be able to be in charge of a man suddenly conscious of some Hyperborean principle (due to the esoteric struggle waged in his inner self), who also could «turn» momentarily the course of it.

And, vice versa, in other cases could occur that a group qualified as «Hyperborean» be guided by personages more or less Judaized. In the extreme, we will have Hebrews (Jews by blood) rebelling from Jehovah and trying dramatically to recover their Hyperborean legacy, a case that can occur with more frequency than it is usually imagined, in the other way we will find many times people that «by Blood» declare to be perfect «Aryans» but psychologically demonstrate to be more Jew than the Talmud. An eloquent example we will obtain looking to the Catholic Church where coexists the worshippers of Jesus Christ and the Demiurge with nationalist priests that serve to the cause of Kristos Lucifer and the Loyal Gods unknowing it.

Thereby, we must be prudent at qualifying human organizations and, even in those merely synarchic, stopping always to evaluate the grade of confusion of the people we are treating with. It is considered an indication of strategic capacity the ability to find the «righteous man», even inside of a synarchic organization as Freemasonry, with who will talk then trying to isolate him from the organization where he is affiliated (appealing to the application of the Enclosure law) to be able to communicate *through* the appropriated symbols to *his Hyperborean part.*

An example of what I have been saying constitutes the case of the soteriological heresy of Pelagius, also called «Pelagianism». In the beginning of the V century, this British bishop started to defend the theory that man, by himself, is enough to perform his salvation. According to Pelagius, it is possible because «exists in Man a principle of spiritual perfection».

It is evident in this way that in Pelagius predominated the Hyperborean lineage. His Pure Blood promptly allowed him to notice that the «salvation» of man (his «orientation») depended on a «spiritual principle», which should be «discovered» and internally «cultivated».

But where the «heretic» position of Pelagius resulted clearer was in what referred to the original sin: man has not sinned at all and «if Adam sinned, his sin died with him; it was not transmitted to his descendants». Definitely, «man is free» and «born without sin»; from there, to propose the injustice of suffering and pain or any other punishment imposed by Jehovah Satan was only one step. In consequence, the persecution of Pelagius started immediately, and it does not end until his elimination in Africa. It was carried out by the most important ecclesiastical authorities of his time, which proves fear that his ideas produced; those who stood out were the Popes Innocent I and Zosimus, Saint Jerome, and the gnostic apostate Saint Augustine.

In the synod of Carthage of the year 411, were condemned seven propositions, synthesis of his doctrine. It is worthy to remember them now to prove that the same derived from the Hyperborean Wisdom.

Here are the seven condemned proposition:

1 - Adam, mortal due to his creation, would have died with sin or without it. 2 - The sin of Adam harmed only him, not human lineage. 3 - The newborn children are in that state where Adam was before his prevarication (it means: before eating the forbidden fruit of the Grail). 4 - It is false that either by death or the prevarication of Adam has to die all humanity and that has to resuscitate by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. 5 - Man can easily live without sin. 6 - The right life of every «free man», guides to heaven in the same that the Gospel. 7- Before the advent of Jesus Christ existed «impeccable» men, it means, that in fact, not sinned.

Forty-Seventh Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

While the Golems and the Celts were marching to Europe, the Kingdom of Judah in the middle east was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. The population was taken in captivity to Babylon in the year 597 B.C. they were liberated in 536 and, twenty years later, in 516, they reconstructed the Temple of Solomon without finding the Ark with the Tablets of the Law. In the IV century were dominated by the Greeks of Alexander and in the II century, allied with the Romans against the Greeks (140 B.C.). After the death of Julius Caesar, the Roman Senate gave King of Judea's title to Herod I, in the year 37 B.C. and in the first year of the Christian Era (or in 4 B.C. if it is desired) was born the Savior, Jesus the Nazarene, the Christ.

After Herod I, Romans took away from the Chosen People the possibility to have a King of their lineage and placed a series of procurators that vainly tried to dominate the increasing social agitation. The «crucifixion of Jesus», that never existed, or the «fight against Christians», which is usually given as an explanation of the bellicose and suicidal attitude of the Jews, are not correct, being the real cause of the malaise the fact, perceived by all members of the

Sacred Race, that the Hebrew Archetype «would be thrown to the gentiles». It was palpable for them, in virtue of sharing the Demiurge's substance, that the Judaizing action would be extended after that over the entire world. What not appeared so clear for them was: in which way, after the presence of Jesus Christ could be fulfilled the ancient pact with Jehovah Satan, the promise that the sacred lineage would inherit the power over the other nations? Several centuries and the work of eminent Kabbalistic Rabbis would be necessary to obtain the recovery for the Hebrew's about their faith about their role in History. But while that time was coming, the Romans' patience ended quite before: in the year 70 A.C. the General Titus destroyed Jerusalem, the Temple of Solomon, and «dispersed» the Jews to all the corners of the Roman Empire. With the diaspora of the year 70 begin the modern history of the Chosen People, which culmination is imminent in our days when the Synarchy gives to their hands the totality of the World Power.

When in the year 313 the Emperor Constantine the Great recognized Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire, began a difficult period for the Sacred Race. In the people recently Christianized predominated the Remembrance of Blood of Kristos Lucifer over the Jewish Archetype of Jesus Christ, in almost every case produced a general Anti-Jewish feeling. But finally, would end to triumph the permanent influence of the «centric-geo site ray» of Jesus Christ, over the Hyperborean remembrance, and the masses would end Judaized. Meanwhile, the Sacred Race would be in danger of been exterminated. But the «threat» soon would be avoided.

If an effective danger really existed against the Hebrews is something that we will have to doubt because in the V century Saint Benedict of Nursia found the Order in which will enter, in mass, the «Christian» Golem, who will dedicate, since then, to mediate between the Church and the Synagogue.

According to what I informed Days before, the Tablets of the Law remained where Solomon had occulted and were recently found by the Templar Golem in Middle Ages. The Demiurge Jehovah Satan has made those Tablets to imitate the founder action of the Grail. It is necessary to inquire then, What was the Grail, the metaphysical «model» of the Tablets?

Contrarily to the question of the Tablets of the Law, which forced me to refer to facts of History, the topic of the Grail will strictly take me to the esoteric field. But in the first place it is convenient to clarify that the question has been badly propounded. I already clarified that the Grail mustn't have to be searched; I will add now that it treats an object that is not possible to appropriate and that, due to this, it must be where it always was. It is a mistake, then, to «search» the Grail and also to ask: What happened to it? But, you will wonder, how will have to be faced that Mystery, then, to obtain some additional knowledge, free from paradoxes? The only way, in my opinion, to advance in the knowledge of the Mystery consists in to fathom more into the analogies that link to the «guiding functions towards the Origin» of the Grail, external function, with the «secret paths of spiritual liberation» of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which are internal functions, «guiders towards the Origin».

Destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem by Francesco Hayez.

The historical culmination in the Ancient Age was Imperial Rome, which assumed the Atlantean Mediterranean wall's leadership, once the war action of Alexander the Great had ended (Punic Wars). Julius Caesar and Augustus were ruthless with the Celts in Gauls and Iberia's conquests, specifically, with their Druid sacrificing priests. Nonetheless, Julius Caesar allied with the Cultural Pact Druids and, in consecuence, ended up assassinated.

In AD 43, the Roman legions marched to the extreme East and West: to the East, to close the gates of Shambala (conquest of the Hebrews and Egyptians), and to the West, to reopen the northern gate to Agartha (entering the Gauls and Britain), which was closed by the Celtic Druids during the Bronze Age.

The Praetorian legions will guard the Thule Gate for over 500 years. Hadrian's Wall will be the construction that will affirm this action of war (Enclosure principle). This structure fulfilled a symbolic, metaphysical function of establishing a cultural and spiritual ethic in the Empire. The fire of Vesta Pyrena will burn perpetually for more than 500 years, illuminating the Gnostic path to the origin, the Hyperborean Homeland.

The Roman Empire revealed to the World the main Cultural Pact enemy; the Hebrew race and its pantheistic monotheism. The Demiurge transferred the Brahmin druids' power to the Semitic peoples, granting them the power of the Kabbalah, the Kalachakra key, to use it in benefit their universal world control plan. The descent of the Shekinah, of Metraton, only meant the renewal of the covenant originated by Moses, whom were given the Tables of the Law (contained in the Ark of the Covenant).

Statue of Octavius Augustus. Hyperborean Pontiff.

The war between the Semitic peoples against the Romans was a metaphysical battle that would decide humanity's destinies. This war culminated when the future emperor Titus (praetorian initiate), marched with his legions on Jerusalem and destroyed the Temple, closing *Abraxas* (Demiurge's eye), on Mount Zion. The rabbis of the Sanhedrin, the Demiurge's chosen ones, would never forgive the Hyperborean races for the Temple's destruction, the place designated for the imperial *Messiah's* arrival (the Antichrist).

The Wild Hunt of Odin, by Peter Nicolai Arbo.

Portrait of Adolf Hitler. Hyperborean Pontiff.

Athens, Sparta, the Roman Empire, the Holy Roman Empire, the pure-blood monarchies, the Napoleonic Empire, European nationalisms, and the historical hyperborean pinnacle, the Third German Reich, were magnificent stories of heroic resistance and psychosocial liberation against the white fraternity and its plans for total world control. Each leader of these empires inspired the European peoples of the Blood Pact to resist, fight to the death the penetration of the Cultural Pact peoples.

Countless cultural lies hide the truth of what happened in World War II, preventing to fully understanding the magnificent story of spiritual liberation executed by Adolf Hitler. The Führer, the incarnation of Navutan, lord of the absolute war, recover the heroic and cultural essence of the Blood Pact; that is to say, he re-establish the Atlantean-Hyperborean Golden Age in Germany.

The Fuhrer's psychosocial strategies set in motion the Swastika's turn, which allowed it to expand the Occupation Principle within the incorporated *living space* of the Third Reich. This Siege strategy created a noological bridge by which millions of heroic viryas recover *Anamnesis,* the remembrance of their spiritual hyperborean origin.

Like Imperial Rome: the Third Reich close the door to Shambala in Britain, opened by Druid Freemasons, and march against the Brahmin priests, custodians of the Chang Shambala gate in Tibet, who would try to open the Agartha Gate located in Mongolia.

During the Second World War, the Führer gave Great Britain a chance and did not destroy it, knowing that in the Cultural Pact strategies, only the Golem Priests will be saved. The total war was directed against Judeo-masonic Communism in the East, represented by the Soviet Union. Germany showed the world this truth; its war actions unmasked International Zionism and the allies (White Betrayal) before the world.

The Führer revealed the Demiurge's deception and forever unmasked the chosen people, disintegrating their Messianic archetype. Today, thousands of warriors await the Kairos of the End of the Kaly Yuga. *Parsifal*, the Great Leader of the White Race, and Wildes Herr, will put up a heroic bulwark against Zion and the Final Holocaust of Fire (with which the Messianic Age is planning to begin), overthrowing the synarchic plans for world domination.

In this sense can be established an analogy very meaningful between the «Stone Grail» of the Odal Strategy and the «*lapis oppositionis*» employed in the path of the «Strategic Opposition».

I already explained, synthetically, that the strategic opposition's path consists in the employment of the archemonic technique, which means, the disposition of an Archemona or Strategic Enclosure and of a *lapis oppositionis* out of the Enclosure, in the *fenestra infernalis* that takes to the Valplads. Applying the Enclosure law to the Archemona can be isolated the Area of the Valplads, it means, it is achieved to *liberate an Area* in the World of the Demiurge. But this is not enough: the initiates desynchronizing from the World's Time must generate an own time, inverse, which allows them to *go towards the Origin.* They practice the *Strategic Opposition against the lapis oppositionis, situated over a Vrune in the Valplads, in front of the fenestra infernalis.*

Now it is time to approximate to the Major Secret, which explains the method employed by the Gods to *maintain*, continuously, eternally if desired, the Grail in the World. I will start inquiring in this: what is the Residence of the Loyal Gods? I will start from a known answer that I have repeated many times: the Gods reside in *K'taagar*, in Valhalla of Agartha. That answer is correct, but insufficient because it would have to be asked simultaneously, what is Valhalla? Where it is? In front of these questions can be adopted two criteria: first, appealing to elements of the Norse mythology and say, for example, that «on the top of the Ash Yggdrasil is Valhalla, hall in which Warriors killed in battle, reigned by Wotan, etc.» And a second criterion, which seems appropriate, consists of despoiling the answers from folk ornaments and expressing them using symbols of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which will be easily interpreted through analogies.

With this criterion, it is possible to affirm immediately that Valhalla is *the liberated Area by the Gods* (or Æsir) *in some place of the Universe of The One.* This Area, naturally, have the dimensions of a Country and it is totally fortified. The Venus Lords live there and many Gods and Valkyries, who permanently prepare themselves for the fight while they await the end of the Kali Yuga and the captive Spirits' awakening. Their incalculable Warrior Gods, immortalized with their bodies of Vajra forming the rows of Wildes Heer, the furious army of Wotan, and patrol the walls of Valhalla, even though the Enemy never would dare to face such redoubtable Hyperborean garrison.

The Gods have liberated Valhalla's strong Area applying, with their Powerful Wills, the Enclosure law to the Stone Walls. The conquest of the own time that reign sin Valhalla and make them independent from every «cycle» or «law» of the Demiurge's World proceeds from a wonderful operation of Strategic Opposition. But which stone could have been, the *lapis opposition* is, that the Gods employed on their Hyperborean Strategy?: Since the Conflict of the Origins occurred millions years ago, the Gods practice the Strategic Opposition *against a beautiful extraterrestrial Gem provided for that purpose by the Gallant Lord, Kristos Lucifer. That stone calls Grail: «und dieser Stein ist Gral gennant». (Wolfram von Eschenbach).*

The analogic relation between archemona and Valhalla turns even more evident if is considered that this possesses a «*porta infernalis*», equivalent to the « *fenestra infernalis*» of it. The *porta infernalis* is an aperture on the wall which is permanently patrolled by attentive sentinels. In front of the *porta infernalis*, but out of Valhalla, it means, in «the world», *is situated the Grail, over a Vrune;* against it, according to what I have said, the Gods practice the strategic opposition.

It is necessary to go a little deeper on the description of this disposition due to the extraordinary importance of the approximation to the Grail's Mystery.

First of all, I will say that the Grail, as a lapis opposition is, *was deposited in the Origin, over a Vrune, and is still there: over the Vrune and in the Origin.*It is not a wordplay but a property of the Grail that must be carefully examined: the Grail as a reflection of the Origin can't be coming in time in similarity to the material «things» created by the Demiurge; in other words: the Grail can't be in the present. The Grail is really in the ancient time, in the time and place when it was placed, and due to this *can't be searched* employing «movement» (and time) to achieve it because that attitude *aims to the future,* it means on inverse sense, just as I already explained. But if the Grail is in the Past, if time doesn't move it to the present with its irrepressible creep like occurs with the material objects and has *always remained there* (in the past) how do we know about it? And, the most important, how can it act in the present, just as the Odal Strategy requires, *prescinding from time?* That's to say, in virtue of which «element» is connected to the Grail, «from the past» with «the present», for example, with a Hyperborean Leader? The solution to those problems has constituted, since ancient times, a dangerous Secret... that now I will try to reveal.

The enigma is resolved reasoning in this way: The Grail *has remained always in the past,* property that only has the Gem of Kristos Lucifer in the Universe, *the same has not happened with the Vrune that sustained it* (and that still sustains). Here is the Great Secret: while the Grail, a reflection of the Divine Origin, remains «situated in the Origin», the Vrune whereon was situated has crossed the millenniums and has arrived to the present. Indeed, the Vrune is «always present», which means: «in any historic circumstance». I will talk a little about the Vrune.

It is known as the *Vrune of the Origin* or *Vrune of Orichalcum*, but it must be clarified that such names designate the «symbol» of the Vrune and the *Terrestrial Stone* which was the primordial seat of the Grail. For this reason, when the Hyperborean Wisdom realizes the allusion to the «Vrune of Orichalcum what it is really referring to is a Stone, ancient, violet-blue colored, in which the Gods engraved a Vrunic sign of Orichalcum». It is necessary, then, to know the provenance of the same and the reason for its construction.

I already mentioned in other opportunities that in a beginning, the Gods entered the Solar System «by the door of Venus» and that a group of them, the «Traitor Gods» who «associated to the Demiurge's Plan, provoking later, in combination with this, the catastrophe of the captive Spirits». The Hyperborean Spirits were chained to Matter because they fell in a cosmic ambush, the Mystery of L-ove, but I will not talk about it now. The effect produced in the evolutive Demiurge's World when incarcerated the confused Spirits is what

we would call today: a collective mutation. To the evil of the imitative ordination of Matter, made by the Demiurge, added later the evil of the mutation of his Creation and the Spirits' incarceration, that is to say, the modification of the Plan realized by the Traitor Gods. And to «control» such evil Plan, the Traitor Gods decided to found the White Fraternity, in which must be organized the different devic manifestations of the Demiurge. The «command center» of the Power, Chang Shambhala, is also the key to the collective mutation of the seven Realms of Nature. In effect: in which way the Demiurge maintained *the stability of the form over Earth* and how he ensured, before the mutation, that the seven Realms evolve according to his Plan?

Two principles intervene in the execution of the Plan, one static and the other dynamic. The Plan supports *statically* on the Archetypes and *dynamically* in the Breath of the Solar Logos. It means that was *a force coming from the Sun*, the Solar Logos' physical vehicle, which maintained the evolutive impulse of the seven Realms of terrestrial nature. Well: to produce any permanent alteration in the Demiurge's Plan *is indispensable to intercept the energetic current coming from the Sun which, traversing the ocean of prana, converges over Earth.* To comply with this condition the Traitor Gods placed themselves since the beginning between the Sun and Earth, in a fixed position that never let to pass not a single ray of light. It means, not a photon, without being previously intercepted. This affirmation could seem fantastic, and it really is, but more fantastic and senseless has been the construction of Chang Shambhala. The fact that we have described it is the «technical» function of the Central Power of the Traitors Gods.

Here is another «Secret», which is no longer such; the «location» of Chang Shambhala will be able to be determined now starting from this data: is always placed between Earth and the Sun. Chang Shambhala is, in reality, very close to Earth, what will give an idea of its great size. However, it is not due to a caprice, it had to be constructed in this way due to the requirements of its *modulating* function of the genetic solar plasma.

Of course, will not miss the one who foolishly say that all this is nonsense because «the traditions of the Tibet and India» affirm that Chang Shambhala «is a Kingdom situated in Asia, among Altai's mountains the Gobi Desert, and the Himalayas». Undoubtedly a commentary of this kind will constitute a major nonsense than my affirmations. In principle, the famous «traditions of the Tibet and India» are products of the strategic disinformation that the Fraternity has dispersed for centuries to make the truth be ignored. And in second place, I will say that the most serious references of the Tradition, because there are some worth of credit, always mention the location of «*the Door of Chang Shambhala*» but never the kingdom itself. This subtle distinction is highly suggestive because in a determined geographic place, a door *does not imply that the Kingdom be immediately behind*. In this way, it could be understood by a primitive mind, conditioned by the belief that the straight line is the shorter distance between two points, and indeed this usually occurs. But here I am managing information in another level, and because of this, I will advance four verses of the Chant of Princess Isa, which soon will have the opportunity to know when I relate the story of Nimrod, «The Defeated»

«Even if Dejung is far,
Its doors are everywhere,
Seven doors has Dejung,
And seven walls surround it».

To those «Induced Doors» refer the oriental legends, those that «are everywhere» and guide to the Kingdom that, not occupy a simple geographic place.

A reference to such ancient events, like the wicked association between the Traitor Gods and the Demiurge, has as a finality to serve as an introduction to a fact that I will immediately stand out: when the Demiurge agree with the Traitor Gods to give them the control of the Hierarchy he gives them the *sign of Tiphereth* which represents one of the ten Sephiroth and allows total control over the *formal* aspects of the Creation. The sign Tiphereth is the symbolic expression of the «material manifestation of the Divine Archetypes», an aspect that is usually synthetized as the «*Beauty of the Demiurge*». If it has not been well-comprehended itis convenient to repeat that the Demons of Chang Shambhala remained in possession of a sign that represents the entire Tiphereth aspect of the Demiurge, permitting to access to it and to share its Power. Naturally, the Tiphereth's sign is the key of Maya, the Illusion of the Real, and because of this: the most terrible sorcery tool. Who observes the Tiphereth's sign, which is very complex, «from the world», it means, karmically incarnated, takes the risk to fall immediately into an abyss losing every reference point, and due to this also reason. Because of this, the Hyperborean Wisdom recommends applying the Enclosure law on the Tiphereth's sign to watch it without risk. It is not pointless to signalize that in every Hyperborean offensive against the Demons of Chang Shambhala, sooner or later produces a confrontation with The Tiphereth's sign because it is trusted on its disastrous influence to defeat the awaken men.

After that, the Traitor Gods received the Tiphereth sign and constructed Chang Shambhala was not possible for the Loyal Gods to stay over the terrestrial surface. But they neither wanted to abandon the Solar System, leaving billions of captive Spirits behind. So then, they planned the Odal Strategy. But before, what mark presented the captive Spirit? basically the loss of the Origin and the consequent unconsciousness, it means the loss of the own time.

The incarceration to Matter was fundamentally the incarceration to the «immanent flow of the Consciousness of the Demiurge», which means the synchronization to the World's Time. The captive Spirits, linked to the Time, would take millions of years to recover their consciousness if they achieve it someday. In those circumstances, the Gods, in a wonderful exhibition of courage and intrepidity, give inception to the Odal Strategy.

The first problem that they had to deal with was to maintain themselves «independent» from the Time, but not «out of it», because they would have to follow closely the disgraces of the captive Spirits to help them to avoid their strategic confusion and, eventually, rescue them.

On the other hand, the Time's independence was necessary to permit that the Gods could conserve their own time, their consciousness of the Origin because in other way they would take the risk to fall also in the Great Deceit. But, while the Eons passed, the Gods would have to dispose of a pleasant place, adequate to be occupied and defended by a garrison of terrible stellar warriors. Those were the main problems; there were others, but I will overlook them in homage to the brevity.

The procedure to be followed was the next. The Loyal Gods searched a place of Earth convenient to their purposes. As such place *would disappear*, after the Strategic Opposition, they didn't choose it *inside of a continent* because this could have occasioned a cataclysm that would retard even more the destiny of the captive Spirits. For this reason, they searched over the islands, and they chose one of them, situated in what today would be the extreme north, but in those days was a tropical zone, proceeding immediately to *fence* it. Being an enormous island, the work to be realized, to build a cyclopean wall of stone on its entire perimeter, would seem today an impossible work. But the Hyperborean Wisdom that the Gods disposed of gave them the solutions to end quickly with the work, and in a shorter time, a colossal wall transformed the paradisiacal island in an impregnable fortress. It is not possible to describe the walls' extraterrestrial architecture because I'd lose on explanations and would not advance too much. I will only say that, in some sections, the construction was similar to the Pre-Incan of *Sayksaywaman* close to Cuzco, in Peru, but such similarity, I have to say also, was too approximate, because Sayksaywaman is still *very human*.

In the wall, they made just one aperture, which will surprise those who don't know the strategic principle of Hyperborean Wisdom. And out of this aperture, which I already named with a modern denomination: *porta infernalis,* was placed the *Vrune of Orichalcum*. Thus, it is time to go back to talk about the Major Mystery.

The Great Leader, Kristos Lucifer, audaciously installed on an unthinkable place, behind Venus, as the Black Sun or Expression of the Spirit, decided to respond to the Traitor Gods' vile conspiracy an act of war. To comply with His Will was that the Liberators Gods occupied the island and walled it initiating the Odal Strategy. But the Odal Strategy had as purpose to «awake» and «orientate» men, individually or racially, we already said; then: in what consisted the «act of war» which Kristos Lucifer responded to the Betrayal of the Gods of Chang Shambhala? Specifically in: the strike of war was given by the Grail.

The Hyperborean Gem, taken from the Brow of the Gallant Lord and placed in the Demiurge's World, would avoid the Demons to deny the Spirit's Divine Origin, because its brightness unable to be sullied would illuminate in every moment the reflections of the Primordial Homeland. At divinizing the Hyperborean lineages, the Grail would constitute the major challenge because it threatened to end with the infernal plans. The conflict would be, since then, eternally propounded by anyone who achieve to wake up, no matter in what hell could be situated, because the Grail would be placed in the physical plane, that is to say, in the lowest infernal regions, and *its bright would be seen from every*

corner of the World, included the astral plane and all those «purgatories» that the Demons prepare to deceive the Spirits; even in those subtle planes of the monads emanated by the Demiurge, where are also Spirits completely idiotized, to whom they made believe that they «must stay there while their 'other bodies', more dense, evolve». Ultimately, the Grail was, if the metaphor is allowed to me, a glove thrown on the face of the Demons, for a challenge that they, due to their cowardice, would not be able to respond.

But it was not so easy to make that the Grail, once situated in the physical plane, remained simply located in one place, for example, on an altar. Because of its timeless character, as a reflection of the Origin, the Grail, like a real universal diluent, would cross everything, and it would lose from sight, especially if looking at it *elapsed the World's Time.* The Grail can't be situated over any substance that flows by the impulse of the Logos Breath, it means that it flows temporarily *because it would be lost in the past, due to its essence is always in the Origin.*

What must we do? We need to «prepare» a material seat for the Grail in such a way, that it supports the Grail even if it remains in the past and *even if the World's Time elapses effectively for this seat.* Can it be constructed something like that? Only if between the substance of the seat and Grail is intercalated a sign that neutralizes the temporality.

This means that the sign must represent the inverse movement to the employed by the Demiurge to build the Solar System. A sign like this, which is the higher of the heretic symbols, was employed by the Gods to build the seat for the Grail, which I have called *Vrune of Orichalcum.*

Attention to this because I will only tell it once: from the *Vrune of Orichalcum*, which is a sign very complex and of higher magic power, *is derived previous mutilation and deformation, the Swastika Rune,* of which has been written many nonsenses.

To build the Grail seat, they opted for a crystalline stone violet-blue colored, similar to an agate. On its upper part, in a slightly concave zone, was engraved the Vrune of Orichalcum skillfully chiseled by the Loyal Gods. And once concluded, the seat was deposited out of the Island walls, in direction to the *porta infernalis,* but many miles from there, on a continental region.

It will be difficult for anyone to imagine the wonderful spectacle of the Grail descending to the seven hells. Perhaps, if someone thinks in a Green Ray, of blinding brightness and gnostic influence over who see it, which presence make the Demons turn away their fierce faces, frozen by the horror; a Ray that, as a blinding blade of Invincible Sword, goes ripping the four hundred thousand worlds of deceit, searching the Heart of the Enemy; a Green Flying Serpent that carries within its teeth the Fruit of the Truth, until then denied and occulted. If someone thinks in the Ray, in the Sword, in the Fruit, in the Serpent, perhaps then it will be possible to intuit what happened in that crucial moment in which the Truth was placed available for the captive Spirits. Yes, because since the Grail has situated on the Vrune of Orichalcum the Tree of the Science remained planted for all those who, completely confused, lived in Hell, thinking that they were living in Paradise. From now on, they would be able to eat from its fruit, and their eyes would be opened!

Alleluia for Kristos Lucifer, the Serpent of the Paradise! Alleluia for those who have eaten the forbidden Fruit: the awake and transmuted man!

What was the next step of the Gods? Previously to the fall of the Grail, but when this phenomenon was already happening in other planes, applied the Enclosure law to the island's walls *isolating the internal Area from the external.* To comprehend the effect that such strategic action produced has to be considered, *this was the first time an Area was liberated* in the Solar System. When the ring of fire seemed to lean out from the imposing walls, and the interior of the island was not possible to see anymore, wrapped in a weird vibrational and blazing cloud, the Demiurge started to feel amputated his substance. The Gods strategy aimed to defeat him, not only in the flat area of the island but also its relief, mountains and valleys, lakes and forests, vegetables and animals. The island; vast country, was also a great Noah's Ark which would receive for millenniums to Man that have achieved to wake up and escape from the material chains and also to those who had transmuted fighting to death in battles.

An entire country subtracted from the immanent Demiurge's control was a new experience, but, even how this could be possible, the truth is that the island was still there: occulted by a fire barrier but in the same place. For this reason, the reaction of the Demiurge made shake Earth, searching to affect that incomprehensible phenomenon and recover the dominance of the «Area». Terrible tsunamis stirred the adjacent seas, and winds had never seen before blew vainly against the titanic walls; the sky obscured by the clouds of volcanic ashes suddenly awakened and the depths of the ocean threatened to break trying to swallow the «liberated» island.

The World seemed to be mad, showing the terrifying spectacle of all the forces of Nature «uncontrolled», when, «as the major of the abominations, the

Grail descended to Earth».

What could I add to give an idea of what happened there? I already said that is very difficult to describe, and even to mention, an incident that generated a perpetual irritation on the Demons. Perhaps this commentary tells you something, Dr., if you remember the Kabbalistic explanations of Bera and Birsha: «when the Grail fell over Earth, beyond the three hundred seventy times ten Worlds, the Great Face of the Ancient screamed a howl of horror that *can still be heard reverberating* in the confines of the Cosmos».

Once the Grail has situated over the Rune of Orichalcum, the Loyal Gods practiced the Strategic Opposition achieving this time that the walled island turned invisible, disappearing forever from the terrestrial surface. Thenceforth the asleep men would talk about Valhalla, the abode of the Gods, and also of Hyperborea, the «island swallowed by the sea», because the original myth, transmitted charismatically by the Gods has suffered different falls in the exoterism due to the impurity of blood of the asleep men.

Forty-Eighth Day

General Synthesis of the Hyperborean Wisdom:

The interrogation that initiated the precedent esoteric commentary said: what happened to the Grail...? The answer was obtained, which is erroneous to inquire about the Grail because it is virtually in *The Origin* and never has moved from there. Instead, its seat, The Vrune Orichalcum, possesses the dimensions of a material object, and it can be supposed that, in great grade, this one really results affected by the psychical laws. It can be, then, propounded differently the problem: What has happened to the Vrune of Orichalcum? Is it still sustaining the Gem of Kristos Lucifer? In this last case, the answer is affirmative: the Vrune of Orichalcum has been since then the seat of the Grail, a situation that has absolutely not changed in modern times. Referring to the first question must be understood that it would be impossible to resume here the complete itinerary followed by the Vrune of Orichalcum until our days; this would force us to mention disappeared civilizations and, many of them, completely unknown to the official Culture. I will refer then to the historical times, starting by establishing some guidelines that will face the problem in the correct way, avoiding many superstitions and disinformation.

1st. - The Vrune Orichalcum has been confused many times with the Grail. In effect: I already demonstrated why the Grail mustn't have to be searched; however, in some opportunities *has been transported* and has been thought, with reason, that was the Grail. But the Grail is *not an object which someone can appropriate of, and even less to manipulate or transport it.* With all verisimilitude, what has been transported was the Vrune of Orichalcum, in the mark of a Racial Strategy. In this case, the confusion can't be blamed only on the strategic enemy's action because, in the degradation of ancient Hyperborean Myths, the

major responsibility is men's blood impurity.

2nd. - The Vrune's presence of Orichalcum amongst members of a community of Hyperborean lineage has the virtue to help in the charismatic connection and to legalize the behavior of their Leaders.

3rd. - The Vrune's presence of Orichalcum is the Grail's presence, and to those who the Gods have trusted, its custody is undoubted, in that moment, the Purer Hyperborean lineage of Earth.

4th. - To verify if a determined country has been in Vrune's possession of Orichalcum must be studied their Hyperborean architecture of war:

The Vrune's possession of Orichalcum demands the construction of stone structures with peculiar topologic properties. Those constructions may *not seem* to be made for war, but such appearance obeys exclusively to the ignorance that exists about the Hyperborean Strategy. An example is constituted by the «castle» of Montsegur, over the Pog Mountain, in the French Languedoc. This construction, which is not a fortress, was edified to allow that the Hyperborean sect of the Cathars could *receive and conserve* the Vrune of Orichalcum. The principles that predominate there are of the «Enclosure law» and the «Strategic Opposition», being a vain work to pretend to make Montsegur an astronomic observatory or a solar temple. But as the architecture of Montsegur has been projected in the Vrune's function of Orichalcum who not attend to this key will never arrive to a positive result.

5th. - It must be distinguished between the seat of the Grail, which we call Vrune of Orichalcum, and the Origin's Sign, that the Vrune of Orichalcum represents. I said that on the stone violet-blue colored the Gods engraved a figure of Orichalcum, and we denominated to the set, stone, and figure, Vrune of Orichalcum. But the Origin's Sign, which was chiseled and engraved in Orichalcum, possesses the power to present «affinity» with the Grail.

Because of this, many Hyperborean lineages that did not reach the Higher Honor to guard the Vrune of Orichalcum received in change the Origin's Sign as a prize for their Pure Blood and recognition the effort employed on their Strategy. In this way, the Origin's Sign had, with the pass of history, a particular proliferation amongst some lineages that proudly incorporated it to their standards. Naturally; the Leaders tried to veil in part the symbolic content simplifying the figure, which means taking away some suggestive elements. But, after the fall in the exoterism and the vulgarization, the Origin's Sign's *real aspect* was forgotten; I already said, for example, that the Swastika proceeds from the mutilation and deformation of that Primordial Sign.

However, in many cases, due to some lineage's extraordinary blood purity, the Origin's Sign was completely exhibited, allowing their Leaders to use its enormous power to project the Grail's Light over the mass of the people. I could give many examples of the Asian community's keepers of the Sign, but we have at hand the case of the *Saxons.* They had engraved the Origin's Sign on the trunk of a tree that they considered the column of the World, *universalis columna*. The end of such audacious determination also deserves a commentary. When in 772, Charlemagne conquered the Teutoburg Forest, proceeded ra-

pidly to destroy the trunk of *Irminsul*, and execute five thousand Saxon royalty members. Not conformed by this, after three decades of heroic resistance, the Saxon Race, of extremely pureblood lineage, was utterly «Christianized» (previous to the execution of their most pure infants). I have known that many educated Germans consider «fortunate» this frightful Carolingian campaign. In this way, for example, professor Haller opines unblushingly that «without the submission of the Saxons today would not exist a German nation» because «for the historical future of the German nation, just as it is today, the incorporation of the Saxons to the Empire Charlemagne was an indispensable previous condition». This widespread opinion is based in the analysis «a posteriori» of the historic facts, and because of this, considering that the extinction of the Carolingian dynasty made possible that two hundred years later the Saxon blood reached with *Otto I* to put in front of the occidental world, is taken for granted that the domination and «conversion» of Saxons was «necessary» and positive. Here is my modest opinion: Judeo-Christianization of the Saxons represents the harder hit that the Infernal Powers gave to the Hyperborean lineages of the Christian Era, even than the conversion of the Vikings, of the Celts or the destruction of the Cathars, only comparable to the annihilation of the Goths Kingdoms. And the destruction of the tree *Irminsul*, with the subsequent loss for the Sign of the Origin, is a catastrophe very difficult to evaluate.

6th. -It is not indispensable, neither necessary, that the Vrune of Orichalcum be located in the middle of a country to make that the influence of the Grail acts over it. The Grail acts over men *from the Origin*, property that can't be affected by any psychical variant, doesn't matter where the Vrune of Orichalcum could be. For this reason, is until a certain point, absurd that be attributed to that or such country to have reached «a high grade of civilization» because «was in possession of the Grail», due to the Grail can't be in possession of no one because, by the disposition of the Gallant Lord, is proof of the Divinity *of all* the captive Spirits. A country can have *in custody* the Vrune of Orichalcum, but only as a prize and recognition to some racial purity *previously* obtained. It means that the fact of having in custody the Vrune of Orichalcum is not the cause of the greatness of a country; it is, inversely, the purity of their lineage that made them worthy of the Highest Honor of being depositary of the seat of the Grail.

But, if the Vrune of Orichalcum *is only given to those whom deserves to have it,* it is the truth that its near presence produces a mutant microclimate. For this reason, the Gods usually place the Vrune of Orichalcum, during the dark ages, in appropriate sites to influence the less confused lineages.

7th. -Of all what I've have exposed hitherto is extracted the capital importance that would have for a community of Hyperborean lineage, to achieve the custody of the Vrune of Orichalcum. It is imposed then to treat cautiously about this possibility. The problem can be resumed in the question: For what needs a King, or anyone who practices the Regal Function, to find the Grail, it means, the Vrune of Orichalcum? Now Dr. Siegnagel, I will invite you to a brief reflexion about the attitude that must be adopted when taking cognizan-

ce of the facts protagonized by the Liberator Gods, and then I will answer the problem internalizing more on the Symbology of the Grail.

It is required a deep meditation on the symbols that I have presented to capture their last meaning, which must always be perceived as dramatic and tragic, plethoric of Spiritual urgencies. Nobody that had taken consciousness of the incredible sacrifice realized by the Gods at maintaining the Grail in the world for millions of years through the Strategic Opposition. It means, by a constant and continuous act of Will, no one that has understood it, I repeat, could stay impassive, in the middle of the confusion, without feeling the urgency to liberate from the chains of the Demiurge and go, trying to alleviate, in some way the work of the Gods. No one that proves on his blood the truth of these symbols could avoid that the Honor, unique moral of men, urge him with insistence to «abandon all» and go. But that departure will be «with the arms in the hands», disposed to fight to the death against the Demons and feeling that the blood has been turned on, by the Furor of Warrior; by «the essential hostility» against the Demiurge's Creation, transmuting the weak organic substance of the physical body in Vajra, the incorruptible matter. It is the least that a man can do to respond in some way to the assistance that the Gods have given to the Hyperborean lineages, making possible with their Odal Strategy that the Grail *gives proof of the Divine Origin.*

I will go now to the pending question:

The Stone-Grail, the Gem of Kristos Lucifer, is *sustained in the world by the Opposition of the Gods*, where it comply the function to reflect the Origin and Divinizes the Hyperborean lineages, but, *by being temporally related with Valhalla,* signalize also, to every awake man, a path towards the abode of the Immortals. That path follows the Warriors fallen in battle, the heroes, the champions, guided by the Hyperborean women, those who were promised at the beginning of time and that for thousands of years, by the *fear* that poisoned their hearts, had forgotten. If the courage demonstrated in battle has been enough purge, unfailingly, She will be there, by his side, to clean his wounds with the cold L-ove of Hyperborea and guide him to the inverse path which guides to Valhalla. *And that path starts with the Grail.*

To House Tharsis, for example, the White Atlanteans promised that one day, when the blood of the Tharsis Lords is sufficiently purified, a Noyo or Vraya would see in the Venus Stone the lytic sign of K'Taagar, that would indicate the time to go. Such sign would show when seeing it, the paths towards the Vahalla, and the Loyal Gods' abode. But it doesn't have to be thought that the Grail's Light aims to the individual salvation of the asleep man, for it is disposed from the «Chant of the Gods» and the seven secret paths of Spiritual liberation. On the contrary, inside of the Odal Strategy, the Grail must comply with the fundamental role to *restore the Regal Function*, that is to say: must serve a racial or social purpose. Due to this, the Grail will be required in all the cases in which it tries to establish the Universal Empire or any other governmental system based on the Enclosure law's social application: monarchy, Fascism, National Socialism, Spirit's Aristocracy, etc.

The historical facts that guide to the «Quest for the Grail» always similar, can be symbolically resumed in this way. The Kingdom's principle is «*terra gasta*» or «the king is sick» or just the throne has remained headless, etc. There can be many interpretations, but essentially the symbol refers to the exhaustion or decay of the charismatic leadership and to a power vacuum, no matter if the government is of a King, caste, or elite. The best Knights start to «search the Grail», in an attempt to put an end to the ills that afflicts the Kingdom and to make return the old splendor. Only one of them finds the Grail and returns the welfare to the kingdom, being «curing the King» or «crowing himself». Curiously the triumphant Knightalways is presented as a «fool», «pure madman», «ingenuous», but especially as a «commoner».

The «best knights» are equivalent here to any of the multiple social forces that prepare themselves to rush in the Regal Function when exists acephaly or power vacuum. Finally, «one of them» triumphs and re-establishes the order in the Kingdom; «was commoner and now is King, with the acceptance and acquiescence of the people». In my interpretation, this means, evidently, that a «social force» has predominated over the others (the «other knights») and *has replaced the existent order* (which was predicted) *by a New Order,* unanimously accepted *by the people.* But if the problem is reduced to a mere fight for power: for what reason needs the new King (or new elite, Aristocracy, Caste, etc.) to find the Grail? *Because the Grail confirms the Regal Function.*

When in critical times an Elite or a Charismatic Leader accesses to the power, with intentions of regal restoration, must rapidly *legalize* his situation because, if is not another Elite or Leader will come to question his titles and will also try to occupy the vacant place, succeeding in this way an endless number of military or political battles. But if there is a fight for Power, *no one has its control,* and it can finally occur that the Kingdom ends divided into many factions. It is necessary to resolve the situation, consulting to an infallible judge, an undisputed and transcendental authority. At this moment is necessary to appeal to the Grail. Why the Grail? Because the Grail is also a *Regal Slate,* the «kings list» which says *who must govern, to whom corresponds to reign, because it reveals who has the Purer Blood.* But this revelation is not only mantic and arcane, but is by Grail mediation the purity of the Leader, his right to the Guidance, will be known and recognized by everyone, charismatically. So, the pure madman, of Hyperborean lineage but of commoner caste, after have «found the Grail» is «recognized by the people» as an undisputed King.

When a Hyperborean lineage trusts in the Grail's Light for their leaders' election can be said with authority that from them will succeed a dynasty of «Kings of the Grail». During the reign of one of them can occur that the lineage reaches such elevate grade of purity that can be worthy to obtain the Vrune of Orichalcum's custody. For example, in the XIII century in the French county of Toulouse when the Vrune of Orichalcum was entrusted to the Perfect Cathars. Will be alleged, against this affirmation, that the Cathars were Manichaeans, it means, the heritors of a gnostic tradition, and that this is reason of their annihilation, existing only a circumstantial relation between them, the Counts of Toulouse and the Occitan people. That argument, of modern Golem

origin, tries to deviate the attention of the most important fact of the Cathar epic poetry: their relation with the Grail.

The fact that they were Gnostics, something that no one discusses, and that they taught one of the Secret paths of liberation based in the L-ove song of the Loyal Gods, the origin of the Culture of the troubadours, something that a few people know, don't explain at all their relationships with the Grail. The Grail, in the mark of the Odal Strategy, has a mere racial sense. If the Vrune of Orichalcum was entrusted to the Cathars, is because they participated actively, in the collective transmutation techniques. Such techniques *cannot exclude the Regal Function*, and not only because «they were of gnostic affiliation».

A topic connected with the Grail's property of being Regal Slate is the one of the Imperial Messiah and its imitation: the Jewish Messiah. In principle, I will say that someone is Grail King due to blood purity, an absolutely individual attribute that does not depend on Race, or Caste, or any other material patrimony. A Grail King exhibit virtues merely personal like Courage, Intrepidity, or Honor and never bases his prestige on the material possessions or gold value. The authority of a Grail King, for these reasons, comes exclusively from his personal charm, which extends to the rest of the people due to the «connection» that is established between the King and *each one of them,* in their blood, *by the mediation of the Grail*: that is the principle of the psychosocial mysticism. For this reason, a Grail King *in his community* is recognized by the people. Naturally, *all the countries* would have a Grail King if the action of the Synarchy and of the Hebrew Race, with their «Democracy», «socialism», «communism», etc. had not usurped the Regal Function. Anyway, it is convenient to ask: would be, on a universal level, for the Hyperborean lineages, the possibility that everyone recognizes a Grail King? It would have to be someone of undeniable purity whose majesty would result evident to all the lineages of Earth, which could accept or not this Authority but to whom could not be denied the right to reign. Well, is easy to answer that the only Lord who accredit, for all the Hyperborean lineages, that right, is Kristos Lucifer. If He makes present in front of the Hyperborean lineages, his right to *Reign by the Blood,* based on his undeniable purity, would be accepted or not, but never ignored.

But the idea of an Imperial Messiah is not mere speculation. It was on the black days of Atlantis when, in answer to the clamour of the Gods, emerged the possibility that the highest presence of Kristos Lucifer is manifest at the sight of men. In those days, the captive Spirits' confusion was such complete that no one responded to the Chant of the Gods and was able to perceive the Grail's Light. For this reason, the advent of the Imperial Messiah was announced for centuries, the King of the Grail's King, who was going to restore the Regal Function to establish the spiritual Aristocracy of the Hyperborean Leaders and destroy the synarchic Hierarchy imposed by the Demons. The prophecy was finally accomplished with the advent of Kristos Lucifer, the Kristos of Atlantis. Still, his Divine Presence was cowardly resisted by the Demons of Chang Shambhala. He used the black magic and opened a gap between the infernal regions between the astral and psychical planes. Thenceforth, a terrible confrontation was generalized, which only ended when the continent

of Atlantis «was submerged in the ocean waters». It is not the case to narrate events that no one remembered today and that, perhaps, is not convenient to recall. As I already exposed, I will only add that the Demiurge conceives the sinister idea to copy the Presence of the Kristos of Atlantis and decides to «announce» the advent of the «Messiah» imitating in his way the figure of the Imperial Messiah. But the differences are enormous. Here are some of them:

1st. - The Imperial Messiah comes to restore the Regal Function; the Hebrew Messiah realizes the Priestly Function.

2nd. - The Imperial Messiah accredits his right *by the Blood;* the Hebrew Messiah accredits his right *by the Heart.*

3rd. - Thence the Imperial Messiah will be recognized by the people by the Blood (charismatically); thence the Hebrew Messiah will be recognized *by the people* (Judaized) *by the Heart* (emotionally).

Forty-Ninth Day

From now on, Dr. Siegnagel, I will retake the disrupted narration on the Forty-third Day. In the last five days, I have clarified the fundamental concepts of Hyperborean Wisdom enough and that it was worth making a stop in the history of House Tharsis for it. The hinge of History was produced when the Hyperborean Strategy of Philip IV triumphed over the synarchic White Fraternity plans, and the major staff of the Order of the Temple was sent to the stake. And in that feat, the one that House Tharsis had to perform was not a minor role, operating actively in the *Circulus Domini Canis*, what would attract over them the Attentive Gaze of the Liberator Gods, of the Venus Lords, who would impress to the Lineage an unexpected course. But I will not advance to the facts.

In the stakes of the *Domini Canis* Inquisition, the White Fraternity plans became ashes. Two main facts confirmed that end: the dismemberment of the Financial Synarchy effectuated by Philip IV; and the flight to Scotland of the College of Temple Constructors, where centuries later would give birth to the *Freemasonry.* About this last one, it is convenient to remember what was said in the Sixteenth Day, when I explained why the College of Temple Constructors needed to rediscover the Tablets of the Law: «*With these Tablets in their power, the Golems would be in conditions to raise the Temple of Solomon in Europe, accomplishing in this with the White Fraternity plans and elevating the Chosen People to the Throne of the World*». Philip IV, warned by his *Domini Canis* instructors about these intentions, suspended the activity of the three *mason* guilds when the Templar process started, under the accusation of complicity and participation in the crimes of them. The hit aims to the guild of *Constructors of Solomon* that integrated the Order of the Temple in quality of friars minor after receiving training in the Cîteaux. It must not be forgotten that the real name of the

Order, designed by the Golem Saint Bernard, in the «*Order of the Temple of Solomon*» or «*Ordo Templum Salomonis*».

The Constructors of Solomon passed immediately to clandestinity and escaped from France, not before the loss of many members in tortures and the stake; what information was expected to obtain from them? The identification of the Temple of Solomon is this had been already built, or the revelation of its future emplacement and the advance of the works. It is necessary to note that the Golems constructed in the XIII century Cathedrals as Chartres, Reims, Amiens, Strasbourg, Metz, Narbonne, etc be hiding the searched Temple. Nevertheless, there were two conditions that the *Domini Canis* considered:

The first one, the exigency that the Temple contained on its structure the Serpent's Secret, projected in the twenty-two letters of the Sacred Alphabet of Jehovah Satan; and the second, that the emplacement corresponded to the most sacred place for the Golems. But this was already known, was not easy to discover the Temple due to the Constructors of Solomon preferred to die without talk. The City refused to reveal its secret: in fact, neither the Cathedrals of Saint Jean or Saint Martin, both built with the *Gaelic* method, had nothing to do with the Temple of Solomon due to on it not appeared the Serpent's Secret nor the twenty-two signs of the Sacred Alphabet.

When finally, in 1310, Philip the Fair acquired the rights over Lyon, he sent a party of Domini Canis specialists in Golems' Architecture to inspect inch by inch the region. This attempt would have succeeded only one year later when they found a Templar patronage on the mount of Fourvieres, the foundations of a Temple which fitted in all its measures to the archetypal proportions of the Universe: the Golems projected to end the edification simultaneously with the instauration of the World Government, and was all ready there to be assembled like a «puzzle»; in nearby deposits were located the stones, beams and furniture, the altar, ritual instruments, etc. And all was meticulously destroyed by the King's express order, who also authorized the *Domini Canis* to occupy such site «*as a liberated area in the Universe*» and fortify it «*with a Strategic Wall of Stone*». The rest of such construction based in the Hyperborean Wisdom are still conserved.

In 1314, the Enemy was living a generalized disaster, and the danger that obeyed House Tharsis to remain hidden for forty years disappeared: the Golem terror would be defeated by the *Domini Canis Terror,* directed by Stone Men, which for the case were also Men without Fear. Of course, the peril of the Final Death, represented by Bera and Birsha, had not disappeared at all; but the Immortals were in another sphere of reality and by the moment would not return to deal with House Tharsis. Instead, the Golems were out of action, and they could not detect House Tharsis's survivors anymore.

But something very strange occurred now in the family. Consequently, perhaps, of the Lineage's realized progress in the accomplishment of the familiar mission; or maybe, by the effect of a «genetic concentration» produced in the survivors after the almost extermination of the Lineage; or by any other unknown cause. The truth was that the familiar hereditary characters had been

differentiated notably since the two matrilineal branches founded by Vrunalda and Valentina. Amongst the offspring of both Ladies came Stone Men, but only the sons and grandchildren of Valentina demonstrated vocation for the *noyo vrayado*; Stone Men who originated from the blood of Vrunalda. On the contrary, he detested to stand guard before the Wise Sword, and they had only one objective: to attack the Enemy as soon as possible. While the Valentininos appeared gifted to interpret the Great Plans of the Liberator Gods, and to contribute to its ordered execution, the vurnaldinos pretended to pass immediately to the action; in the scheme of the Essential War, could be assured that the first were pure strategists, while the second, perfect *tactics.*

All Stone Men, without exception, continued revisiting the *Circulus Domini Canis.* However, during the Reign of Philip IV, the Valentininos had dedicated to project the Strategy of the Mystic Nation, and they advised the King in secrecy about to fight against the Golems, while amongst the Vrunaldinos (offspring of Vrunalda of Tharsis) were the most brave and audacious Knights who had to face the English and Flemish, and within the most terrible inquisitors they supported the Templars; also the Vrunaldinos, for being Spaniards, they participated in many episodes of the Reconquest and the repression to the Judaism and the religion of the infidels. By the year 1310, when the triumph of the Blood Pact Strategy was envisioned, one of the Valentininos went to the Candelaria Hill and localized the Secret Cavern. After burying the Vraya, whose corpse still remained seated before the Wise Sword, and restituting the Flame of the Perennial Lamp, he took the place of Noyo and reestablished the millenary guard: the Vrunaldinos would supply him from the Catalan fortress which in that time existed in some place of the Chapel, at the feet of the Hill.

Such Noyo was a Stone Man relatively young but very wise; he remained in the Cavern for the next five years, during which the destruction of the Order of the Temple and the Golems' power collapsed in France. Within House Tharsis members, as is natural, the Golems defeat had caused a general clime of joy. Still, no one expected that something new would occur, something related to the Secret Cavern, to the Wise Sword, to the familiar mission, to the Blood Pact. Nevertheless, in the first days of June of 1315, all received an identical encrypted message: it was about a citation of Noyo to concur to an extraordinary familiar reunion the day 21 in San Félix de Caramán. On that day, in Valentina's castle, the Tharsis Lords celebrated for the first time in forty years a Family Council.

The meeting was scheduled for the 21 hr., but at the 19 almost everyone was in the main hall of the Castle: only Noyo was missing, who, according to the Castilian, he had been locked in a tower, without descending in all day. Many didn't know each other, and the presentations and salutations created a festive clime. While they were eating a cold and light dinner, they didn't stop to transmit news and comment on the last events of France: the names of Pierre Flotte, Guillaume de Nogaret, Guillaume Plasian, Clement V, and other Hounds of the Lord were pronounced with much respect and admiration; but the one of Philip IV was on the apex of the general veneration. And it was not for less: the Great King, by means of the sanction of 350 laws of *Domini Canis*

origin, had transformed France into the First Nation of Occident. And also, and mainly, he had destroyed the Golems' infrastructure in a great measure, apart from eliminating the major Templar staff and the escape of the rest. For this reason, those who were virtual survivors of the Bleach joyfully laughed when remembering the Templar stakes.

When they raised their copes in direction to the coat of arms of House Tharsis, that dominated the hall since the superior wall of the home, entered Noyo, who joined to the celebration.

– *Honor et Mortis!* –he screamed with a thunderous voice.

– *Ad Inimicus!* –responded with vehemence the presents.

The bellicose group was composed of eighteen Tharsis Lords, ten Knights, and eight Ladies, all Stone Men. Twelve of them were vruna dinos and six Valentininos. The seventeen remained in silence, looking expectant the newcomer. Noyo started to speak immediately:

–Ladies and Gentlemen: you must have the security that if I have cited you with such urgency had not been for caprice but due to a matter unable to be postponed demanded it.

–While continued speaking, he impressed on his words a tone of severity such that something unthinkable in a Stone Man suggested the influence of *a strong impression*. A similar effect could not be caused by such assembly; it *had to be another thing.*

–Really –he continued– this meeting was requested by Him, who you will know immediately. For my part, I know that prudence advised waiting some more years before sustaining a Family Council.

A sound emerged from every throat because a murmur was elevated around the hall. All were amazed by the revelation of a visitor due to, in the dilated history of House Tharsis, Stone Men had never gathered in the stranger's presence. Once the collective exclamation was dissipated in the space, Noyo continued:

–Don't worry, Stone Men, because the Secret of House Tharsis will remain safe: our guest is not from this world; *he will come here from K'Taagar, and then he will return to the City of the Gods.* But, it is not necessary to tell you the circumstances of my encounter with Him, one of the Liberator Gods of the Spirit of Men, one of the Venus Lords.

As you know, since five years ago that I am maintaining the guard of the Wise Sword: in that period, I never stopped to contemplate the Venus Stone, but nothing different I warned on it. Day after day, I was concentrated on its contemplation, expecting to see the Origin's Sign or the Lytic Sign of K'Taagar, but nothing new occurred: just dancer signs of the Illusion, the Created Archetypes by God the One, which was also inside of us, passed vainly through my sight. Nevertheless, one day occurred something different; it was in May, a little before I convoked you.

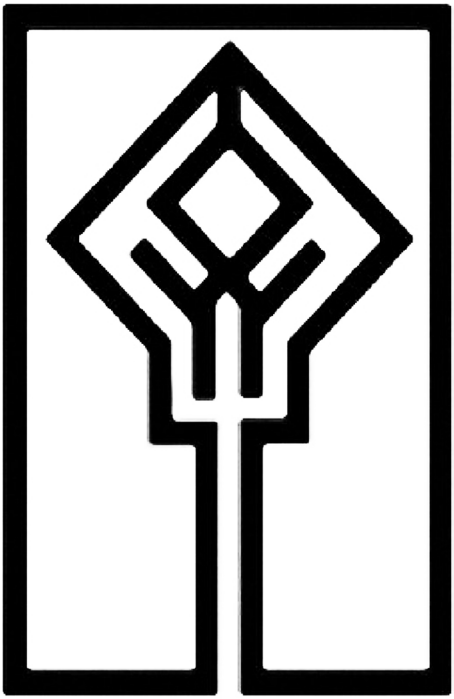
The narration was followed with superlative attention.

Undoubtedly, Noyo had an amazing experience, but certainly extraordinary, uncommon, irregular. For thousands of years, the Liberator Gods didn't manifest themselves unto men: since the Age of the White Atlanteans.

–Well, that day, after many hours of meditation, I fell asleep before the Wise Sword. I ignore how much time I remained in that state. I only remember that a musical sound awakened me until I distinguished with clarity the Word «*Tyrodinguiburr*» modulated in the Birds' Language; coincidentally, when I stared at the Wise Sword, I saw the Runes that formed that word shining perfectly clear in the center of the Venus Stone. My astonishment had no limits, as you can imagine, when I heard, sprouting at my back, a Voice, gifted with the Majesty of the Eternal Spirit, which was pronouncing my name. When I saw his countenance I found myself before a plethoric Being of Light, who was watching me smiling beside the Right Angle of the Secret Cavern: I understood then that it was He who was projecting the Sign Tyrodinguiburr on the Venus Stone and was trying to catch my attention. I returned quickly to contemplate the Runes but, believe me Stone Men that would result difficult to communicate what happened in that moment.

A long sigh accompanied the last words of Noyo. After a second of vacillation, during which the brightness of his eyes turned off, and the attention seemed to pass inside of me, he firmly continued.

–At that moment, Gentlemen, I understood the meaning of the Tyrodinguiburr Sign. And its comprehension gave me the Highest Level of Hyperborean Wisdom.



It was the Eternal Spirit who was breaking free and isolating Itself, as never before, from the Illusion of the Created Forms! Aye!, my own Spirit, fixed and planted as a menhir that remains and emerges in the temporal flow of the Soul, suddenly was sustained in the Origin, in its eternal and infinite moment! I knew it all! I had returned to the Origin, I was free from the incarceration of Matter and had understood the reason of the Fall! If I had wanted to, I'd have been able to leave right there towards Hyperborea! But I could not do so; not while the familiar mission won't be accomplished; not for as long you remain here, amongst the Demons; not for as long the Final Battle against the Powers of Matter won't be fought! Honor prevents me from leaving, and perhaps such decision was that such Being was expecting due to he had just spoken:

–*Oh, Noyo of Tharsis!* –He said– *don't be surprised to feel the Strong Land of the Spirit! The Gods are with you: it is the Will of Navutan that sustains you now in the Universe, the Runes of his Name! And the Grace of Frya! And the Kâlibur Power of the Vrune of Death! I have come unto you* to confirm your existence and the one of your House; *to engrave in the Cold Stone the Sign that would situate you in the Origin and will determine it to prevail over the Lye of the Final Death! I will tell what you must do, O keeper of the Venus Stone! The Initiates of your House must agree with me in some site of the Universe, wherever it could be; once reunited, I will transmit you the Message of the Gods! I will leave you this Stone: put it in the same place before the Right Angle, and I will be there in the precise moment!*–

Once he said it, he faded away as mysteriously as he had appeared and found myself absolutely alone in the Secret Cavern. The Venus Stone didn't reflect the Sign Tyrodinguiburr anymore, but I could see it if I proposed to. Finally, after five days of meditation, I decided to get closer to Turdes and sent messengers to convoke you and realize the Lord of Venus's requested meeting.

A few minutes elapsed where anyone spoke; all had remained as bewitched by the narration of Noyo. Finally, one of Stone Man interrogated:

– The Stone; what meant the Lord of Venus when he spoke about leaving us a Stone?

–Well, the case is that when he faded away from the Right Angle –replied Noyo– a curious Stone appeared from where He was, and I was unable to explain how it reached that part of the Cavern.

– And what have you done with it?

–I have brought it here!

–Noyo opened a leather bag that he had tied to his waist and extracted a rustic piece of black basalt from it. The Stone was little column of 8 or 9 inches tall and rectangular base; without doubting, he gave it to whom had asked him for it. Soon it passed from hand to hand until it returned to Noyo again, who retook the floor.

–Ladies and Gentlemen: I propose to try the contact with the Gods, just as They have suggested. I have disposed a tower of the Castle for that objective, and I think that it is time to go thither.

– Aye! –Approved all with one voice–Don't waste more time!

Fiftieth Day

The aforementioned Tower consisted of a squared precinct, constructed with solid granite blocks, whose four angles were perfectly aligned with the cardinal points. All the furniture was removed except for three large backless seats, in which Stone Men seated. The unique candle of a sconce illuminated the West Angle dimly. In front of such corner, on the floor, the Noyo deposited the tiny column of rock: after orientating it conveniently, he joined to Stone Men.

–I have placed the Stone in a similar form as I found it in the Secret Cavern– he said–. Now we just have to Wait and Watch.

At the beginning, nobody noticed anything due to the phenomenon occurred very slowly. But, in one moment, and Stone Men could not determine when *the corner's vertex appeared strangely bright.*

Then everyone saw a vertical white light where both flats of the wall united at the right angle. Such luminosity covered the vertex completely and caused the sensation to have emerged from a thin slit, as if the walls were separated by an infinitesimal aperture, a window to another world. But the vertex of light was what was seen *in relation* to walls of the tower; because if the vertex was *aligned with* the Stone, the image changed suddenly, and the phenomenon acquired it most curious character: observed in that form, *the Stone seemed strangely embedded in the right angle*; but such vision lasted just one moment because immediately *the angle advanced forward* and the Stone went lost in the line of light. This surprised; nevertheless, when examining the vertex of light *with* the walls, the Stone appeared again where Noyo had placed it.

And as everyone was contemplating the vertex of light, everyone saw when the Lord of Venus came. And no one missed that *his entrance was the product of a step*: the last step of a march that nobody dared to imagine by which path was realized. Yes, the Lord of Venus *came walking, crossing* the right angle, and he *situated over the Stone;* now he dominated the tower and looked to Stone Men. Noyo immediately stood up and announced:

–Ladies and Gentlemen: I present you *Captain Kiev!*

–*Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis!*–saluted the Lord of Venus, expressing with his right hand the Bala Mudra.

–*Hail, Farewell!* – Respondedt the Stone Men with one voice.

Such Being, of clear human appearance, was really resplendent: the purplish halo extended many inches around him and allowed him to appreciate the costume's details. This could not be simpler, composed of just three garments: a type of fine scaly chainmail, which covered the totality of his body except for his head and hands; a pair of ankle boots; and a belt of octagonal buckle, over which were engraved a set of indecipherable symbols; the three garments

had been elaborated with unimaginable materials. Compared to Stone Men, the Lord of Venus was a giant: one elbow higher than the Vrunaldinos, who were amongst the tallest Knights of Castile. He had blonde hair, concise, and pleasant factions in the countenance, of very pale skin. But the most impressive, because it gave him the undoubted aspects of being from another world, or from an unknown Race, *were his eyes that lacked from pupils, only composed by an iris green-emerald colored:* these eyes, not provided of human expression, testified the disquieting evidence that History of mankind has forgotten something; perhaps something that is inevitable to remember in our Era, Dr. Arthur Siegnagel.

After the salutation, Captain Kiev continued speaking; although he didn't move his lips everyone heard him perfectly, and no one wondered about the prodigy. Stone Men realized immediately that with Such Being would not be any type of dialogue: the Lord of Venus had come to bring a message, and after its communication he would leave.

– Blood of Tharsis: I bring you the salute of Navutan, the Lord of War! And I also bring you His Word! Pay attention, open your senses, due to the present is a unique opportunity, perhaps unrepeatable before the Final Battle! Really, has been the feat with which you have starred contributing to destroying the Enemy plans what has motivated this visit: In the abode of the Gods, the Lord of War and the Venus Lords, you have drunk the Mead with your Ancestors!

There, in the Abode of the Gods, you have won a place beside the Heroes of the Hyperborean Race! And in Earth, you have conquered the right to exist, even in the midst of the major Illusion of the Great Deceit! Is the Will of Navutan that your House exists until the day of the Final Battle and that their members go along with the rows of the Gods carrying the pennant of the Eternal Spirit! For this reason, he has revealed by my mediation to Tyrodinguiburr, His Forgotten Name, the Key of the Labyrinth Mystery: to make that your Spirit be re-orientated towards the Origin and not be astray anymore.

Comprehend, Tharsis Lords that the asleep man is only conscious of one World, of one Earth, of one History, which he considers «real», but that the captive Spirit shares with the Illusion of millions of possible Worlds, of similar Earths or Histories. You are awake men, but the asleep man lives, unknowing it, in millions of Worlds at one time: his consciousness, in sometimes remains the entire life referred to one World in particular; or, eventually, passes from one World to another without noticing it; but the asleep men are incapable of distinguishing between one World or another due to the Illusion is very intense, their dream is too deep. Different is the captive Spirit's perspective, which remains chained in the Soul of the asleep man. For the Eternal Spirit, any of those Worlds can be «real» and live as real, but all are likewise illusory. For the Spirit, many of whom believe that exists, and many of the things that are believed to exist, are not real, i.e., mere Illusion. For the Spirit only is Real the World that Itself affirms as real, only exists Man in which the Spirit is manifested with better strategic orientation.

Quite so, Tharsis Lords! For the Spirit, reality depends on the strategic orientation. And the awakened man would only exist if he disposed of strategic orientation in regard

to the Origin: due to, the Origin is whence the Spirit sees the awake man and says – It is there, ex sist it–.

What is, then, the strategic orientation? In a given moment, simultaneously, some men awake hither and hither, in some of the possible Worlds: is the Spirit of Men what evokes them and towards which they go. Each of those Worlds is «real» for the awaken man who dwells and perceives it. And from each of those «real» Worlds, the awakened man marches towards a point which is common to all the Possible Worlds: the Origin of the captive Spirit. In one site is the awake man and his captive Spirit and in other the Origin and the absolutely free Spirit; what separates the awake man from the Origin? a distance called «Labyrinth», which can only be flattened through the Navutan Runes. The Spirit awakes the asleep man; the awake man acquires the Hyperborean Wisdom; the Hyperborean Wisdom reveals him the Navutan Runes; and the Navutan Runes constitutes Tyrodinguiburr, the Secret of the Labyrinth. With the Key of the Runes, the asleep man orientates himself in the Labyrinth and finds the Origin, the only Reality for the Spirit. The necessary time to fulfill the orientation is given by the Immortality of the Seed of Stone, which the Grace of the Virgin of Agartha sows in the Heart of those who search the Origin.

The Labyrinth is integrated by the paths of the Illusion, which bifurcate in all the Possible Worlds. If the strategic orientation is weak, the distance between the awakened man and the Origin can by quite extensive, and the Time that implicates its travel analogously prolonged. Nevertheless, if the strategic orientation is strong, the awake man can be very near to the Origin, and the spiritual liberation can be instantaneous. That occurs in this because the strategic orientation and the Labyrinth are contraries: as smaller is the strategic orientation, more complex will be the Labyrinth; the maximum strategic orientation, the patent Origin, dissolves the Labyrinth's Illusion. Moreover, if the strategic orientation guides the movement, the Time and Space of the Labyrinth turns relative; the Origin situates itself far or nigh, according to the awake man's strategic attitude. Therefore, reality of the awake man is relative in regard to the absolute Reality of the Origin.

The reality of the awake man depends on the strategic orientation. We have seen many awake men, each of them in their «real» World, searching simultaneously the Origin; each with different strategic orientation. Which is then, the Real World, if all of them are relative real from the Origin? Of all the possible Worlds, « real» are the Worlds that the Spirit of the awake man affirms; of all the «real» Worlds, real is the World where the awake man possess the best strategic orientation and where they sustain a triumphant Strategy against the Enemy of the Spirit: and Navutan, Warlord affirm the reality of that Worlds. The Venus Lords of K'Taagar, from the Origin, disconnected from the Time and Space of the Labyrinth, scrutinize the millions of Worlds of the Illusion permanently while they wait for the last asleep men to retake the Path of the Spirit and to declare the Essential War against the Potencies of Matter. They discovered Your World, Tharsis Lords, and revealed it to Navutan. And War Lord, flattered by your feats, decided to affirm it as Real. From the Origin, the Great Ace distinguished your World by saying:

There it is, ex sistit, the real World of the Tharsis Lords, who do not stop fighting for the Freedom of the Eternal Spirit! Exists, then, a world where the asleep men are capable of waking up and face the Potencies of Matter! Ha, ha, ha; and Good are they: they have just won a Battle! With Them, I will send the Great Leader of the White Race! With the help of these Wise Warriors and of those Heroes who join with them, they will defeat the Potencies of Matter and will put an end, in the Beginning, to the Essential War!

Comprehend this, Tharsis Lords, and you'll know why I have come and in what consists the Grace that Navutan has dispensed when giving Real existence to Your World!

Because thus it is! The World where you live and where the Enemy has been recently defeated will be the Real World for the Venus Lords and Navutan, Warlord! In this world will start the Final Battle, when men will face definitively against the Potencies of Matter! And in this World, the World of the Tharsis Lords, shall be realized all those who try to liberate his Eternal Spirit and leave towards the Origin, all Warrior, the Heroes, and the Hyperborean. Initiates, the real Gnostics, theme of Stone! Hear: those who search for the Blood of Tharsis and find it in their World will settle the Spirit in the Cold Stone, which is in the Origin, in the Stone that is sustained out from the Created Universe and that will be still in the Origin when the Created Universe won't exist anymore!

Contrarily, those who pretend to ignore the Blood of Tharsis, or be incapable of finding it, will found their World in the Illusion and will be converted in Lye at the End of Time when All will Return to the One at the end of His Day of Manifestation when the End will be the same as the Beginning, and the Illusion be dissolved in the naught, and will only exist the One in his simple eternity.

Because only the Spirit is Eternal! Who does not find the Spirit will die of Final Death even if he believes to be Immortal. And who will die first will be the Souls closer to the End, where they have approximated seeking a chimeric and vain archetypical perfection. Those whose Souls evolved imitating the Final Objective proposed by the Creator God the One, those who deceive themselves identifying Good with «Universal Peace» and deprive to their Spirits the opportunity to fight, those who worship the Creator God One and love the Material Universe, those who fear Jehovah Satan and serve the Potencies of Matter, those who persist to affirm that the Spirit is Created and want to put it on kneels before the alleged Creator, those who shelter under the Pigeon of Israel, those who integrate the White Fraternity Hierarchy, the Priests of all the Cults and those who believe that can be «Gnostic» and Priests at the same time: Will die of Final Death! They will be reduced to Lye by the Will of their Creator!

In sum: Those who participate in the Cultural Pact will live in the Illusion of the Soul and will die of Final Death! And those who remember the Blood Pact, and find the Blood of Tharsis, will live in the reality of the Spirit and will eternized beyond the Origin!

In sum: Those who participate in the Cultural Pact will live in the Illusion of the Soul and will die of Final Death! And those who remember the Blood Pact and find the Blood of Tharsis will live in the reality of the Spirit and will be eternized Beyond the Origin!

Do you understand, Tharsis Lords, what means for the other captive Spirits reality of Your World? Your House has contracted a commitment with men, and to whom you have demonstrated that you can triumph over the Evil, which is possible to defeat the Demons. From now on, your mission will be to accompany History without entering on it. Because before the End, you shall contribute to breaking History, you shall watch the Enemy's movements on History, to act in the right moment.

A Great White Leader will come then to Your World: He will possess the Power to propose the Final Battle against the Enemy of the Spirit. He will be an envoy of the Lord of War and will follow the path signalized by you: you will design, build, and will maintain clear that path; and you will employ for it all the necessary Time, the centuries that the Illusion of History demands.

The Great White Leader, the Lord of the absolute Will and Courage, will come once, twice, thrice, to Your World. The first one, he will break History, but he will leave, and will cause the senseless laugh of the Demons; the second he will propose the Final Battle, but he will leave, amid the Terror Roar of the Demons; and the third he will guide the Spirit's Race towards the Origin, but he will leave forever, leaving behind him the Holocaust of Fire in which the followers of God the One will be consumed, Men, Souls, and Demons. But who follows the Envoy of the Lord of War will be Eternal!

You were trying to comply with the familiar mission and were keeping the Wise Sword. Now I'll give you instructions to carry out another mission: to prepare in the World the advent of Envoy of the Lord of War. Is his Will to be so! But this mission could not be realized working as today: the Strategy demands that the efforts be divided, and only one part of you be occupied of each thing. We ask to separate once again, the penultimate! It is necessary that in those prepared for the advent of the Great White Leader intervene just the Sons of Vrunalda of Tharsis. With that objective you shall move right now to your demesnes of Germania, where the Ladies will be the head of the Lineage and will sustain the fiction of their Germanic and Catalan Lineage. There they shall stay alert until the Age in which will appear a German Emperor inclined to the Hyperborean Wisdom. He, with the collaboration of other persons which in that moment will join to You, shall be who will establish the foundations of the Future Order in which the Envoy will receive the Highest Initiation. That Lineage of Tharsis What Honor you'll have! You'll be next to the Great White Leader when he declares the Total War against the Potencies of Matter. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Lineage, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the First Advent of the Envoy of the Lord of War!

The Sons of Valentina de Tharsis, instead, shall return to Spain and settle in Turdes permanently. They will dedicate to keep the Wise Sword and comply the familiar mission, until the Age in which would emerge a Stone Man who will see in the Venus Stone the Lytic Sign of K'Taagar. Such an image will indicate him a path that he shall follow without vacillation. He'll take then the Wise Sword and, accompanied by the other Stone Men of Valentina's Lineage, will leave towards a far and unknown Country where will be the head of a new Lineage. Aye, Tharsis Lords! To that Initiate will be permitted to initiate the Lineage transmitting the familiar inheritance by the male line! After Him, his offspring will continue the matrilineal initiatic tradition and prove that Stone Men still come from that line! And that Lineage

of Tharsis, What Glory will have! Will participate actively in the Final Battle! Due to the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Lineage, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the Second Advent of the Envoy of the Lord of War!

> *Finally, I'll give you a warning. When the White Fraternity plans failed in Europe, there is a part of the same that also remained neutralized and that you ignore completely: is the one that refers to the mission of Quiblón, the Great Sacrificer.* He was coming to Announce the Glory and Victory of Israel with the Chosen People Synarchy, which would offer three populations in the Holocaust to the One. The Synarchy could not be fulfilled for now due to Your resolute action, but it is possible that in an Age not so far, the Enemy will send Quiblón anyway to force the march of History: then will be very difficult to stop him. You can only try a widespread attack against the Chosen People, to which Race He will belong, but the most probable is that he'll achieve to comply with his mission. But that would not avoid fulfilling the Destiny of Glory of House Tharsis.

Tharsis Lords: I have said what I had to say, and it is not convenient, for strategic motives, the add anything else. I reiterate the salute of Navutan, and I bid farewell until the Final Battle. Or until you coincide with me in other Kairos. Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis! –Wished for them the Lord of Venus while he raised his right arm to express the *Bala Mudra.*

–Farewell, Captain Kiev! –Responded Stone Men, realizing the Bala Mudra as well, which was the ancient secret salute of House Tharsis.

Fifty-First Day

Immediately after the salute, the Lord of Venus turned his body and *penetrated through the illuminated vertex of the right angle*, leaving behind Stone Men plunged in profound musings. The first to react was Noyo, who observed that the Stone had disappeared with Captain Kiev: my ancestors, Dr. Siegnagel, even by all their Hyperborean Wisdom, didn't reach to comprehend at that moment *that the Stone* was *the Lord of Venus.*

The next day, the Family Council decided to comply exactly with the received instructions.

Such Noble, who accepted Vrunalda as his legitimate son, died and did not left other inheritors for his Austrian Seigniories than his supposed grandchildren. His sons and grandchild, amongst were counted the twelve present, took care from his patrimony in the East although without abandoning the familiar Spanish base of Turdes. Now all would establish themselves in Austria, while the Valentininos would abandon San Félix de Caramán to settle down in Spain.

Thence, Dr. Siegnagel, I'll refer only to the branch of the Valentininos, from who I descend, to continue the story. About the Vrunaldinos the only that I will comment is that the accomplished their commitment to perfection: they became strong in Austria and when the expected Emperor emerged, Rudolf II Habsburg, constituted with the inestimable collaboration of the English John Dee and seven families of the German Nobility, the Secret Society *Einherjar*; such Society worked for more than three hundred years in the most absolute clandestinity, acquiring his members the Highest Hyperborean Wisdom, such High as House Tharsis had never before; in the centuries XIX and XX they give birth to many external Orders that had as finality to Announce to the masses the next Advent of the Great Leader of the White Race and *to localize and administrate him the Hyperborean Initiation*; penultimate of these Orders was the *Thulegesellchaft*, in charge to guide the *Führer Adolf Hitler*, who had born at the ends of the XIX century, until Stone Men of the Einherjar; and the last of the Orders formed by Them was the Black Order ϟϟ inspired in secrecy by the Thulegesellchaft, but in reality directed by Stone Men of the super-secret Einherjar; the Vrunaldinos reached, then, the Honour to accompany the Great White Leader, the Führer, on his Total War against the Potencies of Matter, as was predicted many centuries before the Lord of Venus.

The Valentininos remained then as the unique representatives of House Tharsis in Spain; especially, the only ones who would dedicate themselves to comply with the familiar mission. From San Félix de Caramán accompanied them ten of the descendants of Arnaldo Tíber, who wanted to continue living near to his cousins. They settle down in the old Seigniorial House and made excellent relations with the Catalan people of Turdes, who were pleased for those new Lords that came from Languedoc and understood their native language. Noyo retook the Guard of the Secret Cavern. Soon, he had the company of another Stone Man who, still impressed by the Lord of Venus's experience, had decided to consecrate himself to the Custody of the Wise Sword. In such a situation where the six assistants at the meeting of San Félix de Caramán, but it would not be possible that all could abandon the World due to they had to pay attention to the patrimonial interests of the House. Spain became rapidly industrialized and was required, in the main cities, every kind of source materials; in Turdes, the new population of Catalan origin reactivated the production of minerals, completely abandoned by the Tharsis Lords in the last centuries. Thus, as though the millenniums would not have elapsed, gold and silver returned to be extracted from the mountain ranges by the Tharsis Lords.

However, the attention that the new situation demanded, to the midst of the XIV century all was under control. For then, five of those six Initiates were already secluded in the Secret Cavern.

When the Valentininos reached Huelva, the County belonged to Seville. Alfonso XI of Castile ceded it in 1338 to the Great Master of Santiago, with

which reappeared the Golemdanger: apart from being a Celtic Order eminently Golem, many Templars had taken refuge on it after the process promoted by Clement V, and then started to infest the region. Nevertheless, fourteen years later, the infant Don Pedro took it away from the Great Master gifting it to María Padilla. At the end of the XIV century, the Cerdas House of the Kings of Castilegives it as dowry to one of hi Ladies and passed to the Dukes of Medina Sidonia's power, until the end of this story.

The influence of House Tharsis over the Order of Preachers was maintained in the next years, because the *Circulus Domini Canis* continued working in secrecy, trying to direct the Inquisition against the Chosen People members and the Golems, attempting to impulse the model of the Mystic Nation perfecting juridically during the reign of Philip the Fair and concentrated in part by that Great King. This influence was felt above all in Spain, where thanks to the campaigns of popular clarification of many preachers, amongst them Don Ferrán Martinez, provisor of the Archbishopric of Seville and Hound of the Lord, were unleashed the violent persecutions against Jews that ended in the killings of 1391 in Seville, Cordova, Toledo, Ecija, Logroño, Burgos, Ocaña, and thirty more regions. From Castile, such fire passed to Aragon; in Valence the population exterminated five thousand Jews and in Barcelona some eleven thousand; until to the Balearics reached the popular fury against the followers of Jehovah Satan. In danger of being annihilated in Castile and Aragon, they founded refugee in Portugal, where the anusim Don Moisés de Navarro had achieved two local bulls from the Popes Clement VII and Boniface IX, who avoided the compulsive conversion of the Jews. Such Hebrew invasion, notwithstanding, would produce in the short-term hostility of the Christian dwellers.

The Valencian Dominican San Vicente Ferrer, who possessed the charisma of the gift of tongues and had preached in all the countries of Europe in its own languages, participated actively in the Anti-Hebrew campaign: he was who inspired the bull of Benedictine XIII that prohibited the Israelites the possession of the Talmud and obeyed them to «make tabards with a russet sign to be recognized by everyone and to prevent the harm that their treatment produces to the Christians». This occurred in 1412, when the persistent Israelites started to return massively to Spain. Thereupon the persecutions re-started, which were acquiring such cruelty that in 1473 took the Chosen People to propose the King Henry IV the sale or renting of the City of Gibraltar to settle down on it, very Hebrew solution which was logically denied.

After the King's death, his sister received the Throne, Isabella I, married to Ferdinand of Aragon. In 1478 the Catholic Kings directed Pope Sixtus IV to request a bull's dictation to authorize the operation of Inquisition in Castile. The purpose: to judge the guilty of heresy, especially the Jews. Rapidly emitted, the bull permitted the formation of the Holy Office's Tribunals, entrusted to Order of Dominican Preachers. The promoter of such initiative of the Catholic Kings was the prior of the Dominicans of Seville, Friar Alfonso de Hojeda, Hound of the Lord, who knew to convince Queen Isabella about the convenience to intervene the Inquisition in the struggle against the satanic forces. At the beginning, the bull only acted as one threat more, thanks

to indefatigable management of the *Domini Canis,* Friar Alfonso de Hojeda, the provisor Don Pedro de Solís, the assistant Don Diego de Merlo, and the secretary of the King, Pedro Martínez Camaño, was obtained to persuade the Kings about the necessity to orchestrate the Inquisition with all his vigor to extirpate the social body to the Judaism and the heresy. Thus, the Kings named in Medina the field of the first inquisitors, the Dominican friars Miguel Morillo and Juan de San Martín, who would act juridically helped by friar Felipe de Turdes and Ricardo de Tharsis, uncle, and father of Lito de Tharsis, respectively. Two Edicts written by them, giving a date for the repent of the Heretics, after which would be judged, produced numerous conversions, but nothing prevented that two thousand Jews be burnt in less than a year.

When in 1483 the prior of the Convent of Santo Domingo de Segovia, friar Thomas de Torquemada, in named General Inquisitor of the Crown of Castile, friar Felipe de Turdes and Ricardo de Tharsis passed to examine as his juris consult advisors, to whom was committed the writing of Manual of modern Inquisition. The application of these laws would demonstrate clearly how worthless it was to pretend the conversion of Christianity of the Jews, to which they acceded falsely while they continued practicing Satanism in secrecy. Before the evidence, the Catholic Kings decreed in 31 of March 1492 the expulsion of the Jews from the Kingdoms of Castile and Aragon in four months, a more benign measure than the one of Philip the Fair but equally effective.

The asylum was given again by Portugal due to its King, John II, who was educated by Jews instructors and underestimated the peril that they represented for the Kingdom's health. But this time, the protection would be short, because in 1495 John II died leaving as inheritor of the Crown to Manuel I: for the misfortune of Hebrews this King was married with a daughter of the Catholic Kings and highly clarified about the motives of the Spanish Inquisition. In 1497 he signed a decree similar to the Castilian of1492, through which he expulsed the Jews from the Portuguese territory. The destiny of the Chosen People would take them now to Holland, particularly to Amsterdam, which gained the sobriquet of «The New Jerusalem», and other important cities, as well as the Netherlands, where they soon controlled the springs of the power, they practiced the speculation and converted those nations in the banking potencies and masonic that we know today.

Behind all these Spanish persecutions against the Chosen People, naturally, was House Tharsis, which attempted to stop the arrival of Quiblon. But such objective, as suggested Captain Kiev, would be very difficult to realize: in 1484, the Great Hebrew Magician was already in Spain and in 1492 would consecrate the «new lands of India», dwelled by three «sacrificeable» populations, for the «Glory of Jehovah God».

Quiblón was a converted Jew native from Galicia, who in the Middle Ages was called *Genoese.* He was educated in secrecy as a Rabbi and Kabbalist. To favor his High Mission, was invented an apocryphal history later, obscuring all the information that would permit to know his origin and erasing the clues of his steps. His Race brother would occupy to do it for centuries. Just as the Kabbalah demands for who is going to receive the Shekhinah the Voice

of Metraton, the *Rabbi* should possess Seventy Names; we only know some of them: *Scolnus, Scolvus, Scolvo, Skolvus, Skolvo, Kolonus, Scolom, Skolum, Colum, Colom, Colombo, Colon,* etc. I'm referring to Christopher Columbus or Cristóbal Colón, the famous Admiral better known for the «discovery» of the American Continent than for his esoteric activities.

Quiblón came to comply with Bera and Birsha's prophecies to offer the Holocaust of Water, Mem, to *YHVH Sebaoth*; and he had prepared for it many years and passed through many definitive proofs. In particular, Quiblón had to give proofs of his dominion to *open the Doors of Paradise and close the Doors of Hell.* In this last one he demonstrated it in 1477, when he travelled to Greenland as a Danish Army pilot to *close the Doors of Thule*. It is convenient to talk about this operation of Major Magic to comprehend its posterior actions.

All begins with an unexplainable and disturbing fact occurred in the XIV century: *the Viking population of Greenland, some ten thousand people during the XIII century, disappeared without traces in the next century.* To understand what happened there, it is necessary to go back to the X century, in the Age in which the Catholic Golems controlled the Normans and advanced towards the North of Europe, subjecting in blood and fire the barbarian and Pagan populations of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. At that moment, one of the last Venus Stones that remained in the power of the Blood Pact populations was transported to Greenland. Realized by Erik the Red, a Wise Warrior of singular courage, whose determination would cause him the impossibility to return to his homeland: he would give its actual name, Green Land, to the cold island in the year 986. And his family would form a Lineage of Noyos and Vrayas that would keep the Stone in the posterior centuries when the cultural relations with the European populations re-established. Such relations would attract the catholic missionaries to the Viking settlements. Still, the Stone would not fall in the Golems power because the Guardians would hide it in extremely wild regions in the Northwest of Greenland.

In 999, Leif Erikson brought the first catholic Priest, who were followed by many others in the successive journeys; nevertheless, the resistance of the norroents to the Cultural Pact would be extended to all the XI century. Anyway, Erik the Red's thriving colony, with more than 200 farms, had already 12 Churches and two Convents in 1124. The Pope Paschal II named the first Bishop, Erik Gnups son, in 1121, who was succeeded by sixteen more until 1409.

In 1290 he reached the island of the first *Domini Canis*, Thor Bjorn, who was occupied to fight against the Golems and calls in his help to a member of House Tharsis. Thus was founded in Gardar, the famous Monastery of Our Lady of Thule, where two poems were written of the Edda, the *Atlakvidha,* and the *Atlanmal.* In Gardar, precisely, existed the Golem Monastery of Saint Bernard. And in that City would be centralized the fiercest opposition within the Golems and the *Domini Canis,* because they suspected that the Venus Stone was very near, and they resisted to abandon the place without abandoning it. Finally, in 1312, thanks to a Bull of Clement V, who had just liquidated the Templar Synarchy in combination with Philip the Fair, the Golems were obeyed to abandon Gardar: *is in that instant when the Viking Noyos declared to*

the population of Gardar that they had seen the Lytic Sign of K'Taagar in the Venus Stone, which they attributed a heritage of Wotan. Even they denominated «the Eye of Wotan». Noyos proposed to the people of Gardar to leave immediately whither is signalized the Stone, and everyone accepted, preparing immediately for War: *Why? That is what I'll explain since tomorrow, Dr. Siegnagel. Now the important is to know that not only the population of Gardar but also the totality of the Greenlandic, except some Catholic Priests who occulted conveniently not to be executed by the enraged Vikings, they decided to leave «towards Valhalla, the Abode of the Gods».*

Is due to the population of Pure Blood awakened suddenly the Hyperborean Wisdom that emerges from the Eternal Spirit and were liberating them from the spell of the Cultural Pact: *they had transmuted and only desired to leave towards the Origin, no matter Nature of the Enemy who crossed in their way.* In 1354 the King of Norway, Erik Magnusson, warned about the population of Greenland –«had returned to Paganism» and «was preparing to abandon the establishments», sent his official ship «The Scratchy» at the command of Paul Knutsson to inquire what happened. He travelled in the Golem expedition Bishop Arni, who had the mission to «evangelize» the norroent colonists again: but in Greenland, they didn't find anyone, even if Arni encourages them to explore the region inch by inch until 1363, date in which he died. Since that moment, many would be the expeditions that the Kings of Norway would dispatch in the next hundred years to find out what happened with his subjects and trying to dwell again the abandoned colonies. Such attempts would result worthless because they would never achieve to know what occurred to the ten thousand Vikings nor would exist who would want to dwell in the phantasmagoric cities.

However, the action of the Vikings of Greenland would cause a great preoccupation in the White Fraternity Demons, who, from their hideout of Chang Shambhala, would impose to Quiblón the proof to *close the Door of the Thule* as a mean to accede to the Highest Priesthood of the Order of Melchizedek. In 1486 Quiblón lived in Portugal, where he studied the Occult Arts and performed a charge of the cartographer in the Tesouraria of the King.

In such year King Christian of Denmark requested to his cousin, Alfonso V of Portugal, «a great pilot and cartographer to guide the next expedition to Thule», which had as finality to «localize the Christian colonies of those who were none news since more than a hundred years ago». It was the awaited opportunity for the Rabbis: the notable influences that the Hebrews had in the Portuguese Court in that time were utilized to facilitate the nomination of Quiblón as a pilot of the voyage to Greenland: they obtained it easily, appearing in the royal decree as *Johannes Scolvus.* In 1477, due to, Quiblón was presented before the coasts of Greenland, disposed to employ all his Science, and his faith the Creator One, to *close the Door of Thule:*

He had success in his mission, and the White Fraternity, and the entire Jewishness, comprehended that with Quiblón has reached Earth, one of the Highest Priests of History, the one who will be capable of speak with the Verb of Metraton.

In the expedition of Scolvus of 1477, Columbus didn't find anyone in Greenland. But since then, *the Door of Thule would be closed again.* He was a great He-

brew Magician, perhaps as great as Solomon, who reached up to the cold lands of the North to *comply with ritual, to pronounce the Words, to express the Gestures.*

It was necessary because the Door *was forced* by a brave Viking population, of the purest Hyperborean blood, against who nothing can do the Golems' magic. Because always had been in this way: the Golem had easily dominated the Celts, Iberians, Phoenicians, Ligures, Basques, Carthaginians, and even Latin, but, in case of Germanics, the greatest Masters of the infernal arts must occupy of them.

I understand, Dr. Siegnagel, that it is almost impossible to comprehend in what consisted the mission of Quiblón if I did not clarify the nature of such «*close the Door of Thule*» realized in Greenland. However, what corresponds is to explain how *was opened mentioned Door to wards K'Taagar, or Agartha, and what other action effectuated the Vikings before leaving, a war action that is normally executed by all the populations of Pure Blood in similar situations, and that caused the worried reaction of the White Fraternity Demons.* So, since tomorrow, I'll tell you in a few words the history of Nimrod the Defeated, a King of Antiquity who knew to *open the Door and hit the Enemy before leaving*: its knowledge would clarify the issue entirely.

Fifty-Second Day

In the II millennium B.C. an invasion brought the Hyperborean *Kassites* to Assyria. They were natal from the Caucasus and carried a Venus Stone with the pennant of the lion-head eagle. The eagle with the lion-head and the spread wings, imprisoned within its claws two rams that symbolized the God Enlil, Jehovah Satan, worshiped by all the tribes in Mesopotamia, amongst them the *Hamitic* shepherds who would go with Abraham to Palestine and Egypt. This same pennant would be taken then, thousands of years later, by other «barbarian» populations, also natal from the Caucasus, this time of Germanic Race, but within the claws of the eagle would not be two rams but the lamb, symbol of that God of the shepherds who were trying to usurp the millenary Hyperborean figure of Kristos Lucifer.

The Kassites were following the dictates of their Archer God *Kus*, who had made a pact with his Initiates with the purpose to make them participate in the Essential War. In the City of Borssipa, in the North of Nineveh, King Nimrod, using the Ziggurats' numeric

technique, built a huge Tower over a vortex of telluric energy. He pretended to «Attack the abode of the Immortal Demons», that's to say, Chang Shambhala. This purpose that today could seem a product of an unrestrained fantasy is, however, perfectly possible, and the proof of it is in the success obtained by Nimrod when his *Elite of archer warriors* downed many of the «Immortal Demons».

In the Antiquity, when the influence of the Kali Yuga was not very important and in some Atlantean remainders still conserved the memories of the Hyperborean Wisdom and War against the Demiurge, the task of founding populations and cities demanded the collaboration of specially gifted Initiates. The same for the elevation of idols or sacred effigies which *utility* was not the mere adoration today has been forgotten. The most important element considered for those foundations *was the location of telluric currents of energy.*

In *second* place were the astrological coordinates that, nevertheless, men's blindness usually gives preeminence in some Ages. Precisely, some city's might or survival depends on the correct geographic situation in which they are established and if, for example, cities, as Rome or Jerusalem had remained millenniums, is because they are settled over great centers of force. Thousands of years ago, those in charge of specifying the site for the emplacement of a city were called *Cainites,* sacrificer Initiates who knew the magic of the Spilled Blood. These sacred homicides, who were dowsers, it means, «sensitive» to the forces of Earth; after detecting a convenient vertex, they effectuated human sacrifice destined to «polarize» the telluric energy and to obtain a phenomenon of «resonance» with the Race Blood, in such that the place became a «friend» of its dwellers and «enemy» of future invaders. Of those ritual murderers with purposes of foundation, we remember, for example to Romulus, who, to assure the inviolability of Rome's walls, had to execute his twin Remus, etc.

I will make a brief parenthesis to ask the Hyperborean Wisdom about some necessary guidelines to have in mind to interpret correctly Warrior action undertaken by King Nimrod.

It can be considered with all property that the *might* of a population to set free from the satanic yoke of Synarchy depends directly on the conditions hyperborean-esoteric of its Initiates. If there are awake men, capable of localizing the vortex and currents of telluric energy, and not despising the combat that is inevitably attached to this «take of position», then the Race goes towards the mutation; it has been converted in a Hyperborean «inner circle». For blood purity reasons, those who are nearer of this Hyperborean praxis are always populations that are denominated «barbarians»; but these same populations, in the measure that they become civilized, lose power, and then, the *possibility of transmutation* decreases. The *Hyperborean racial purity* of a population is evaluated in their *men's capacity* to *wake up* the Blood Memory. The *Hyperborean racial might* of a people is their *capacity of opposition* to the illusory reality of the material world. It means to take an active part in the Essential War, and therefore, it represents some Hyperborean strategic conception. The power is evaluated then by the clarity of the strategic objectives and in to obtain them, i.e., the *power*. In every case, the action qualifies itself, independent-

ly of the «results». The «success» or «failure» of an action has no sense for the Hyperborean Strategy because such words refer to elaborated concepts from an incorrect perception of the world, of Maya, the Illusion. This can illustrate an ancient Hyperborean sentence that says: «for the Wise Warriors every lost battle in Earth is the war won in other Heavens».

Returning to the Hyperborean concept of *racial might*, I can say that, in general, a mighty population is the one that has identified the Enemy pass to the action of war in the scheme of a «Hyperborean Strategy». And, in particular, a *population of great power* is the one capable of *crossing the threshold* and translate the theatre of operations to the sphere of the Immortals.

There are many forms to *cross the threshold*. The asleep men, the «Initiates» in the synarchic Satanism, for example, make it during the «Ritual Death», crawling abjectly before the sinister «Guardians of the Threshold», misnamed sometimes «Watchers», «Vigilants» or «Egregors». After demonstrating their «evolution» through oaths, pacts, and alliances, they receive the «enlightenment». That's to say, they lose every contact with the Origin and suffer definitive incarceration to the Universal Demiurge's Plan Jehovah Satan. Then they can cross the threshold and «participate» in thousands of different ceremonies or Sabbats, according to the sect or religion that have «Initiated», and they have the surprising characteristic to occur just in the consciousness of the adept due to it is only a miserable illusion. The «Immortals» of Chang Shambhala will never make anyone participate in their meetings if it does not destroy them. However, few imbeciles think that they know the sancta *sanctorum* of the White Fraternity and its «Planetary Instructor», the King of the World.

But there is another way to «cross the Threshold», which does not require humiliations or promises and not implies the total sanguineous confusion of man as in the case of the synarchic initiation. It consists in to stare proudly, with the weapons in the hands, before the Guardians of the Threshold… and destroy them.

It will be said then but, where is the Threshold? It does not treat about an «initiatic symbol»? It is not. The Synarchic Strategy is to produce confusion, it means to turn obscure what should be clear. And a commonly utilized tactic is to give an unreal sense, symbolic, to what is desired to hide and, on the other hand, to exalt as real what is desired to «reveal». Thus, reality as the existence of «induced Doors» or «dimensional» is considered by reasonable men fantasy and, for example, the utopias as communism, socialism, the UN, or the World Government, are fanatically considered as real possibilities.

The Threshold, i.e., the entrance to the plane in which the Immortal Demons dwell, can be *fixed and opened* using the appropriate technique. The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches to open «induced doors», for its use in offensive tactics, of seven different s. One is using the lytic technology. The other is Vrunic. The third takes advantage of the telluric energies. The fourth is phonetic, etc. But all are based in the *distortion of the space*, in the intersection of planes, and in the dominion of time.

Once opened, the Door, by any system, must be proceeded with energy and decision to cause the highest possible number of casualties to the Enemy.

This possibility can produce surprise, but the truth is that the «Immortal Demons» of Chang Shambhala *can die.* These «Immortals», «Masters of Wisdom», Gurus, Golems, Elders of Zion, Men in Black, etc., are irremediably attached to the Demiurge. They are Immortals while the material «Creation» endures, it means, while the Demiurge *maintains his will placed in Manifestation.* Their existence is the luck of the animal-man. But it is convenient to have present that in the «White Island» of Chang Shambhala, with the «Immortal Demons», coexist, in a major hierarchy, the Two Hundred Hyperborean who came from Venus and caused the collective mutation in Earth and chained the Eternal Spirits in the animal-man that the Demiurge had created. The Two Hundred Hyperborean are the Traitor Gods of Atlantis and the Lords of Flame of Lemuria. They are really Immortal, but as they have taken the physical body to copulate with the human Race, complying with their absurd roles of Manu, can be violently disembodied, an action that, apart from deranging their plans, has the virtue to destroy the *genetic matrix* of the alleged *root Races.*

It is possible then, to *kill the Immortals* that they only are if it is not exerted violence against Them because they live in a fold of space in which times e*lapses in a different*, in such way that their bodies are physiologically maintained stable in a «determined age». With this terrible affirmation, I'll close the doctrinaire parenthesis that I opened before.

In virtue of the exposed, we are now in conditions to interpret the feat of the Hyperborean King Nimrod. For example, now the Kassites can be qualified as the *great racial might* for have taken, according to the precedent definition, the operation theater to the Immortal Demons' Hideout. So, I'll continue with the narration.

I will repeat what I said at the beginning. The Kassites had accorded with their Archer God Kus to participate in the Essential Struggle. They were fearsome warriors, perfectly capable of facing beasts, men, or Demons.

They had peregrinated for years until the Cainites Initiates decided that the most powerful «Serpent of Fire», this is: the vortex of telluric energy, was located inside the city of Borssipa limits, which already existed and was dwelled by a tribe of Hamitic shepherds.

That does not represent any difficulty for a population that decided to outbreak combat against the infernal Demons. In a brief time, the Kassites dominated the area, and their cainites Initiates realized the necessary Rituals to «calm» the Serpent of Fire. Immediately after, they put in practice an adequate Strategy for the imminent offensive. Of it, we must standout two tasks that demonstrate the capacity of the cainite Initiates. The first consisted of an Elite training capable of resisting the powerful magic that the «Demons» would employ when opening the «Door of Hell». This Hyperborean Elite, a distant ancestor of the ϟϟ, would have the sacred mission of exterminating the Demons, a hallucinative task in which they would surely lose Life or reason.

The other task was perhaps the simpler to execute but required major dexterity in Maneuvering of the Hyperborean Wisdom: build the «magic Tower» that, due to the harmony of its exact dimensions, its shape, and functionality,

guides the telluric energy *dispersing* it around the «the Eye of the Spiral» of energy. In the Temples' architecture, the most important, from the perspective of the «ritual functionality», is the plane of the base, its symbol. The most used are the circular base, in cross or octagonal, hexagonal, etc. But in the Hyperborean war, architecture is usually built similar edifices to fortress which plane of the base is, in most of the cases a «labyrinth». It must be used such figure due to the technic exigencies of the canalization of telluric energies, and I can add that the application of the «technique of the labyrinth» is other of the sevens to open induced doors. Of course, I won't stop repeating that the products of these Hyperborean techniques are not automatic; that's to say, they include on its functionality the participation of trained men.

The war plan of Nimrod consisted, then, of three steps: 1st. open the door to the plane of Chang Shambhala; 2nd. Accede to the famous Threshold of the synarchic initiation; 3rd.attack, attack, attack…

To complement this colossal Strategy was considered a set of logistic details such as the election of weapons or the possibility of employing the ancient «magic armors» of Atlantis. In regard to the weapons, the Cainite Initiates decided that Warrior would employ the arrows constructed according to the old formula: the feathers would be of ibis; the rods, of acacia of the Caucasus; and the arrowheads, of stone, would be small stalactites perfectly conical and collected from some profound and mysterious caverns that a shaman's tradition affirms that is connected with the Hyperborean Kingdom of Agartha.

In regard to the «magic armors,» it is easy to imagine today, in the light of modern electric technology, how would be an «electrostatic field precipitator of matter», enveloping the whole body. However, this «electronic armor» called *magical* in the Age of Nimrod, was a common defense in the days of Atlantis, until some 12.000 years before. The Cainite Initiates only achieved to provide such protector field for some hours to the King Nimrod and his General Ninurta because no one else counted with the necessary purity conditions to apply the ancient technique. In the beginning, when the Gods came to Earth some millions of years ago, they coated their bodies with an «armor of fire». Then in the far Lemuria, the Initiates, Kings, and warriors, materialized minerals and for this reason, they were usually called «Stone Men». And finally, in Atlantean Kali Yuga, the Traitor Gods materialized metal armors around their bodies that protected them from swords or spears strokes similar to our medieval chainmail armor. The Atlantean armor of materialized metal is, otherwise, the origin of the Jew legend whereby Nimrod possessed the «clothing» that Adam and Eve wore in Paradise. He obtained it from Cam, one of his sons Noah and, later, after fighting with Esau, another great hunter, he lost them. These legends are in the Talmudic Midrashim Sepher Hayashar (XII century) and Pirke De-Rabbi Eliezer (90-130 A-C) and also in the Babylonian Talmud (500 A.C), etc.

The Guardians of the Threshold have armors and powerful weapons as well, amongst them, for example, the «ray *Om*» an Atlantean weapon with which sweet «Masters of Wisdom» of Chang Shambhala usually disintegrate the unruly disciples.

It seems a terrible enemy armed as this, but that is merely an appearance, just material might. Warriors of Nimrod would carry the Hyperborean Sign of *Hk*, the Rune of Fire that none «Immortal Demon» can face. And much less the Two Hundred Hyperborean Traitors.

That sign represents for Them the *truth*, the inevitable remembrance of the abandoned Divine Origin. And, like the Gorgon, they can't see it without suffering great risk.

When the Tower was ready was disposed, in the turret of the apex, a metallic column of iron, copper, silver, and gold, topped with a giant Emerald. Such stone had been given to the Kassites by the God Kus when the Abode was in Babylon. And according to what the Initiates told in whispers, the Sacred Stone had been brought from Venus by the Gods that accompanied Kus when they came to Earth, before men's existence. During Many decades that the «barbarians» journey lasted, from the Mount Elbrus slope, in the Caucasus, the possession of this «Present from Heaven» was the stimulus that allowed to face every type of penalties. The *Core* around was *Formed* the Race; was the *Oracle* that permitted to hear the Voice of God and was the *Regal Slate* where the Names of the Kings could be read.

It was also the *Primordial Sign* before which the Demons would turn back terrified and against which no infernal power had power. By its mediation *would be opened in Heaven the Door of Hell* and could be established combat without truce against the servants of who chained the Eternal Spirit to Matter. Many populations have been called «barbarians» by other more «civilized» populations alluding to their «savagery» or «unconsciousness». But it is necessary to be «barbarian» to pact with the Gods and take part in the Essential War. Only the *guarantee* of some «barbarians'» blood purity, intrepid and immune to the satanic ambushes, can make the Gods decide to put the *angular stone* of a Sacred Race. In other words, the «ambushes», the temptations of Matter, are everywhere. For this reason, it is necessary to be «barbarian» or «fanatic», but also ingenuous, «as a child», or as Parsifal, the pure madman of the Arthurian legend.

Once finished the Ziggurat construction, were sent messengers to the rest of Kassitas cities and villages due to its Kingdom included Niniveh and another minor urbs, as well as numerous northern encampments that reached the lake Van and even to the slopes of Ararat. Thousands of Ambassadors were going to Borsippa to appreciate the Tower of Nimrod and make obeisance to Ishtar, the Goddess of Venus, and to Kus, their racial God, husband of Ishtar. They also reached to the South of Babylon, which they have recently conquered, a small number of their Hittites cousins, with whom the Kassitas departure together many decades before, from the Caucasus.

All was prepared for the summer solstice, the day in which Chang Shambhala is «nearer» to our physical plane. On that day, the people of Borsippa were gathered next to the great Ziggurat, and a contrast of emotions was divined in all the faces. The Kassitas invaders, hunters, and farmers, that's to say, Cainites, demonstrated their wild happiness openly for the fulfillment of an enterprise that had absorbed them many generations. An ancient Aryan proverb says: «the furor of Warrior

is sacred when his cause is fair». But if that thirty of justice takes him to face an overwhelmingly superior Enemy, then *necessarily* a miracle must occur, a mutation of human nature that takes him beyond the material limits, out from the Karma and the Eternal Return. Leonidas in the Thermopylae is not human anymore. For this reason, the population of Nimrod, in their holy fury, sensed their next collective mutation; they were elevated and they saw the dissolution of the deceitful reality of the Demiurge Enlil. They boiled in courage, and thus, they purified their blood drastically. And that Pure Blood, seething in fury and courage when it struck in their temples, brings the Origin's Remembrance and make a pass before the inner sight the primitive images. *Subtracts,* in a word, the miserable reality of the world and *transports* to man's real spiritual essence. In these magical circumstances, it is not strange that an entire population wins the immortality of Valhalla.

Contrasting with that warrior euphoria was warned a terrible anguish portrayed in the faces of numerous citizens. They were who constituted the primitive Hamitic population of Borsippa, shepherds and merchants, who have always worshipped the Demiurge Enlil.

According to their traditions, Jehovah Satan had preferred the shepherd Abel and depreciated the famer Cain, which is coherent due to «shepherd is the office of the animal-man», son of Jehovah, according to what teaches the Hyperborean Wisdom. For these reasons, they manifested deep hate against King Nimrod and the cainites Initiates. Hate that only the cowards can feel, those who in everything are similar to rams and sheep, call themselves «shepherds». That hate to Warrior has hypocritically disguised exalts the «virtues» of sentimentalism, charity, fraternity, equality, and other falseness that are well-known for being suffered in the *civilization of shepherds* in which Judeo-Christianity of the Synarchy has plunged us. And such hate that I am considering emerges and feeds from a source called *fear.*

Fear and Courage: here are the two opposites. It was already seen the transmutative power of the courage, which expression is the Furor of Warrior. Instead, fear is expressed in the pusillanimous and refined hate that, after multiple distillations produces, the envy, the grudge, the evil-speaking, and every kind of insidious feelings. Fear is a poison for the purity of blood as courage is an antidote. The exaltation of the courage elevates and transmutes; dissolves reality. The exacerbation of fear, instead, sinks in Matter and multiplies the incarceration to the illusory forms. For this reason, the Hamitic shepherds of Borsippa murmured between teeth the prayers to Enlil while, as hypnotized by terror, contemplated the Cainite ceremony.

At the first hour in the morning, when Shamash, the Sun, had just awakened, the drums and flutes were already electrifying the air with their monotonous and ululating rhythm. In the distant terraces of the Tower, the female Initiates danced only while they repeated ceaseless Kus, Kus, invoking the God of the Race. The Hierophants, fifty in number, officiated the previous rites for the battle installed around the huge labyrinthine mandala constructed in the superior turret floor with lapis lazuli mosaics, an exact replica of the labyrinth of the base of the Ziggurat. In every precinct, the blue color stands out with an intense and scintillant bright the great green Emerald consecrated

to the Spirit of Venus, the Goddess that the Semites called Ishtar, and the Sumerians Imnina or Ninharsag.

While the Hierophants remained under the superior turret's roof, outside, in thesideward corridors the King Nimrod and his two hundred archers were preparing to die.

War climax went «*in crescendo*» as the hours passed. By the noon could be observed an ectoplasmic vapor of ashes color that strained from the columns of the superior turret and turned wanly around it, involving on its capricious volutes the imperturbable warriors. Inside the turret, the vapor covered the precinct's totality but not surpassed the waist of the tallest Hierophant.

The crowd that remained petrified watching the enormous Tower's apex assisted suddenly, amazed, to a phenomenon of an embodiment of the vapor. In the beginning, only some of them perceived it, but now it was visible for all: the cloud adopted defined forms that stayed a moment to then dissolve and embody again. The main «motive» of the mysterious reliefs in the vapor was constituted fundamentally by figures of «Angels»—angels or Gods; but also Goddesses and Children. And animals: horses, lions, eagles, gods, etc. And chariots. It was an entire Celestial Army that was materialized in the vaporous cloud and turned slowly around the turret. And when the chariots passed, pulled by winged coursers, Warrior Angels encouraged clearly to Nimrod. Like the women, but it is convenient to stop an instant in They due to the mere contemplation of their Hyperborean beauty is enough to illuminate the heart of the most passive man and take him out from the claws of deceit.

Oh, the Hyperborean women! So, beauty! They wore a short skirt tied to the waist by a thin cord from which hung, atone side, the sheath of a funny and fearsome sword. The arch crossed on the chest and, the sword, the nourished quiver. The braids of gold and silver of a hair that was divined to be as smooth and light as the wind. And the Countenances, who would be able to describe those forgotten Countenances, after millenniums of deceit and decadence; Countenances that, however, are recorded with fire in the Soul of Warrior, usually even ignoring it? Who would dare to talk about those sparkling eyes of cold courage that irresistibly incite to fight for the Spirit, to return to the Origin, eyes of steel whose gaze will template the Spirit until the previous instant of the combat but that, after the struggle, miraculously, will be as a balm of cold love that will cure every wound, that will calm every suffering, that will resuscitate eternally the Hero, the one who maintains himself tenaciously in the Path of the Return to the Origin? And who, at last, would dare to even mention her primordial smiles before which go pale all human gestures. Before whose clinking sounds turns off the music and the rumors of Earth; transmutative laugh that could never resound amongst the misery and deceit of the material reality and that, for this reason, can be only heard by who also know to listen the Voice of the Pure Blood? It is impossible trying to rough out the purity of those Hyperborean women's image, eternal companions of Stone Men, whose projection in the extoplasmic vapor would be produced thanks to the powerful will of Cainites Initiates. I will only add that such images were huge. While the other figures turned at some distance from the Kassitas warriors, They came to embrace and

caress them, and then their size could be appreciated. They doubled in height to the King Nimrod, the tallest warrior of Borsippa.

The population clearly saw these effusions and, even if it was evident that the Goddess spoke to Warriors in imperative tone, while they signalized the sky, no one, amongst them, would be able to hear if those phantoms were really emitting some sound due to the frenetic rhythm of the flutes, drums, harps, and timpani, was deafening. But perhaps the Hyperborean women were talking directly to the Spirit, perhaps their voices were heard inside of every warrior as Prophets says…

Involved in that frenzy, but momentarily stunned of amazement by the alterations of the white cloud, the citizens of Borsippa didn't warn when one of the Initiates abandoned dance. She moved up the floors that missed to reach the turret, but before entering, the vapor took the form of a multitude of winged children who fluttered around her, shedding etheric liquids of no lesser etheric amphorae. However, such supernatural manifestations didn't stop her. Anointed from head to toe by the gracious cherubs, she advanced resolutely and entered the turret. When they warned the irruption, the fifty Hierophants stopped every chant, every invocation, and turning to her, they stared steadily. Finally, the Initiate ceased her light pitapat before the entrance of the labyrinth, and, without saying a word, she pulled from a cord and dropped her tunic, remaining completely naked… and except for the jewels. These were extremely strange: four *serpenti* form golden bracelets that she carried rolled one on each ankle and one on each wrist; a necklace similar to the bracelets; a tiara studded of milky a dopaque stones; two pendants and two serpenti form rings and a red stone in the umbilicus.

Of all the set, what most impressed, for the exquisite design and goldsmiths' ability, were the bracelets. Each of them whirled three rounds, the ones of the left leg and arm with a propounding serpent's tail outwards and flathead to the body's interior. The bracelets enrolled on the right leg and the arm showed the serpent as «emerging» from the body; in the necklace, the serpent pointed with its tail towards the land, and the head, strangely bicephalous this time, remained just under the chin. All the serpents had some green stones incrusted in their eyes, and the body wrought and enameled with bright colors. When seeing these wonderful goldsmithing pieces, no one would have suspected that they were, in reality, delicate instruments to canalize telluric energies. The young girl is of a beauty that takes the breath off. She can be observed while roaming with safe step the labyrinth, which seems to be very well known by her due to the floor was almost indistinguishable, behind the dense cloud of ectoplasmic vapor. If she missed the way, she would have been taken as a bad omen if she encountered a hurdle, and the operation would have been suspended until the next year. But the Initiate didn't hesitate; she had opened the Thousand Eyes of the Blood and saw below, in the base of the Tower, how the telluric energy, as irresistible serpent of fire, perambulated the resonant labyrinth as well. And all trusted in Her, in the terrible mission that she had started, which begins there but is prolonged to other worlds. They trusted because she was a magician Initiate, who had born fifth in a dowser family, of such purest blue blood that her vein remained drawn

as bushy trees under the transparent skin. Everyone was thinking on her while he perambulated the labyrinth singing the hymn of Kus.

The Hierophants contained the breath while the svelte legs of the Initiate walked with dexterity through the last tracts of the mosaic-labyrinth: then when she was near to «exit». She has triumphed!

But that triumph means Death, as will be seen immediately. At the end of the labyrinth was placed the column of metal and stone where the Hyperborean Emerald shined with strange bright. The Initiate stopped before it, and, raising the eyes up to the skies, she ascended the three steps that guides to the base of the column, which is of small height due to the Emerald just reached to level of the pubis. A curious thing, the Emerald had been carved with a vagina form, with a central aperture, which was possible to see due to it was in the superior facet, which I confronted with the roof of the temple. On the contrary, even being naked, the Initiate was not possible to watch her sex because a fold of flesh covered her underbelly, absolutely hairless. This physical characteristic, that today only conserves the bush-women, is the most evident proof of their Atlantean-hyperborean lineage. The Cro-Magnon women possessed a «natural skirt of skin» and the ancient Egyptians of the first dynasties and appreciated in numerous low-reliefs.

The Initiate has crossed the labyrinth; she has «guided» the serpent up to the superior temple and has led it through the column of metal and stone.

Now her igneous head began to push under the Hyperborean Emerald, turning it magically on and bathing in green light the enormous precinct and all its occupants. Outside, the reverberation of drums and flutes had acquired a very rapid rhythm and such intensity that resulted impossible to think or do any other thing than to contemplate the Ziggurat, the turret of the apex surrounded by Nimrod and his archers. Meanwhile, these last ones observed through the columns the interior scene, invisible for the people that were gathered in the center of the Ziggurat.

Fifty-Third Day

Now is midday, the precise moment in which Shamash is situated on the top. The deep voice of one of the fifty Hierophants talks to the beautiful woman Initiate, speaking with short phrases, pronounced with the cadence of a ritual prayer:

> –O Princess Isa:
> The fate of the race is in thine hands.
> through many lands, we've travelled
> And countless countries we've crossed,
> And we arrive hither,
> Seeking to outbreak the Final Battle.

Years of roads and penuries
Since we left the sacred mountains
Where we had born twice
And upon its peak Kus gathered us
And he spoke about the Primordial Times.
We knew in those distant days
That we do not belong here.
And, after remembering our Divine Origin,
How could we stay hither,
Deceived by He, the "Elder", Enlil?
Oh, everything was debased before our sight.
Fields narrowed sharply.
The flower's perfume turned horrible,
And Shamash's heat not seemed enjoyable anymore.
Suddenly we saw stunted stems
And even the mountains lost their imposing height.
All these happened when we looked at the world
After that Sage Kuspake about the Forgotten Heaven
Filling our hearts with nostalgia.
O Then we decided
To undertake the Path of Return to the Origin.
And make the Demons pay their treason dearly
Who had deceived us with their magic.
Many of us had gone
From the sacred mountain,
Towards different directions.
And many are the Kings who
With their Hyperborean Populations
Seek thenceforth
The path to Heaven.
But Kus had warned us
That some would not come soon
If they were deceived again
By the astute Demons.
But he had led us accurately
Because we have no other purpose
Than to conquer the Heavens.
The invincible Nimrod leadeth us
To whom He feareth
Because his Blood is Pure
As Blue as the Sea
And as Red as the Dawn of Shamash.
We are a courageous people, like the Lion
And we fly high like the Eagle,
But our eye is sharp
And our claws tear the Enemies.

We are a harsh people
Who knows no forgiveness
And in fight we give no truce.
Nimrod leadeth us
Archer like no other on Earth.
The stars traced him
Hunting in the Sky.
And we carry with us
The Green Stone of Kus
To not stray the path *anymore*
What else can we ask for?
Get off, hellish Demons!
Because here is an *awake people*
To whom you could never frighten
Nor deceit.
On guard, damn Demons!
An indomitable Race hath risen
And they will fight you unto death.
Today the voyage hath ended.
Behind the great sea Kash hath left
And the country of Kashshu;
Buried in dashing routes
Our women and children remain,
Our best warriors and the old men.
Many have fallen for the glory of Kus
And following the heroic Nimrod,
The Leader that will lead us to victory
In this or other Heavens.
We have camped in Borsippa.
To build the highest Tower of the world
And tame the Snake of Fire.
As our Ziggurat there is no other
Nor in Babylon nor in Assur,
Nor in the distant Egypt,
Nor in the land of the Aryans.
Since the diluvium covered Earth
And punished the Demons
Who dwelled the islands of Ruta and Daitya
An equal tower hath not been seen.
The Gods rejoice for us
And the Demons fear us.
How long we´ve worked to build it!
O Isa, this effort must not be in vain.

In front of the Emerald of Kus, the woman Initiate was situated in the same place, keeping respectful silence while her eyes, beautifully slanted maintai-

ned fixed in the Hierophant.

He continued with his monologue:

> We have come hither to die fighting
> And thou sweet Princess
> Hast chosen to be the first
> To open us the Gates of Heaven.
> We will punish the Demons
> And we will revenge thy death,
> Divine Isa, Daughter of the Serpent of Venus!

The beauty cainite woman Initiate paled visibly; however, her eyes shinned fiercely while from her mouth sprouted these brave words:

> -The Wright of the Worlds of Illusion,
> The infamous Enlil,
> Hath sunk into an eternal dream,
> While his fertilized body
> Borneth and reborneth in all that exist.
> He hath allied with Demons
> Who dwell in Dejung,
> A thousand times damn City,
> City of Horror and Deceit,
> Which Seventh Wall
> Possesseth a hidden entrance
> In the country of the yellow men.
> He hath trusted on the Demons
> To continue his evil work.
> They have chained us
> And prevent the return to the world of Kus,
> Where is located the Palace
> Of the real God *HK,*
> Whose name cannot be pronounced, *without dying.*
> Even if Dejung is far,
> Its doors are everywhere.
> Seven Doors hath Dejung,
> And Seven Walls surround it.
> The Demon Dolma possesseth the keys
> But only the madmen
> Would accept to be guided by her.
> How shall siege then, ye brave Kassites,
> The fortress of Dejung?
> If the Demons know already
> Our Holy purposes?
> And if their eyes are fixed on us
> From the Tower of Kampala?

We will make it as our God Kus,
The Lord of Venus, taught us
Awakening the miserable Enlil
From his dream, and forcing him
To open the Gates of Heaven
And building the bridge
Over the gloomy walls
Of Dejung Kampala.
Kassites Initiates: See ye all!
Enlil hath awakened!
The God that sleepeth is an idiot,
He liketh flutes and drums,
Dances and songs
And the worshiping of His Name,
But he desireth blood too
Because He is father of priests,
Dirty shepherds and sacrificers.
Only the *Pure Blood*
Will make sprout the monster
From the depths.
Go ahead Hierophants!
Isa is willing
To die in War,
Of all, the first!
I will travel through the worlds
Where the dead watch
The Demons lurk
And the Gods wait.
Kus will accompany me
To whom everyone respect.
And in the name of Nimrod
I will obey the Beast
To open the Gates
In favour of our feat.
Go ahead Hierophants
Isa is disposed!

At that moment, three things occurred brusquely, submerging the ears with silence; and with one accurate stab, the Hierophant mowed Life of the beauty Kassita Princess. The knife made of jade beheaded cleanly the niveous neck over the bicephalous necklace. Two Initiates sustained the exanimate body while the blood fell abundantly over the shinning gem getting on its uterine aperture, converted now in avid throat. Then the most wonderful things that human eyes have not contemplated since many centuries ago started to occur.

Those inside the turret could observe a terrific scene: when the blood was spilling, the light that emanated from the Emerald turned off, but later, as an

arrow, a column of fire elevated rapidly from the floor of the turret involving the pedestal and the gem. The Princess's corpse was on the floor, impossible to see under the impenetrable clouds of geo-plasmatic vapour that were turning denser at each moment. However, with its same naked beauty, a spectral image could be observed clearly next to the column of fire. The igneous portent, which is a first moment did not surpass the thickness of elephant foot, now was as wide as a circle of six men. Initially, it had meandered fiercely assimilating to an infernal snake, but later, when it expanded, it was adopting the unmistakable figure of the Dragon slowly. It was a flaming Dragon whose frightful image became more intense each moment, in the measure in which the tussle increased with the phantom of Princess Isa.

It is convenient to clarify that just a few minutes had elapsed since the Princess expired until the moment in which the monster of fire was materialized. It is convenient to clarify it because since then, all happened too fast… or perhaps the witnesses lost the notion of time.

Suddenly the fauces of such primitive beast, such Leviathan, Behemoth, or Tehom-Tiamat exhaled a tremendous roar, at the same time in which an enormous flare swept the lounge consuming and carbonizing numerous Hierophants. Only the survivors could observe the incredible spectacle of the dead Initiate *sit upon* the beast of fire. Princess Isa, her ghost, had climbed up to the head of the monster sitting within the triangular fins of its scaled back. That audacious action provoked that the monster emitted the infernal roar and the deadly flame. Nevertheless, such reaction and the fierce jolting of the beast, the Princessrepeated imperturbably these words:

Spirit of Enlil, of He, of Yah and II
Thou who impregnatest the land
Producest life
And deceitest men
With thy false opulence
And those illusory riches that thou offerest.
Thou once wast on the top
But thou hast fallen
And thou becamest completely idiotic,
Chain not us also
To this infernal Universe
That thou hast built
Imitating the real Heaven
We *will leave*
Because we are sick of thee,
Of all thy traps,
And the Demons who aid thee.
Openest the entrance of the infernal sewer
Where thy coward henchmen dwell!

I adjure thee to do so!
In the name of the real God,
Father of Kus
To whom thou betrayedest!
For *HK*!
I adjure thee to open the door!
In the name of *HK*!

When hearing this Holy Name, the beast retreated instantaneously towards the floor of the turret, coiling itself around the column of metal and stone. However, its head bobbed threatening without affecting the spectral gracefulness of the woman Initiate, who maintained firmly clutched on its back. The telluric Dragon not exhibited intentions to obey, an attitude that took the Initiate to act drastically. Leaning, she reached her hand, making the gesture of touching her own blood in the basin full of the Hyperborean Emerald. Then she said:

The blood that today hath been drawn
And towards which thou hastenedest,
Lord of all things, Is my blood: a sacred blood
Of the lineage of the Gods of Venus.
On her *is the memory*
Of our Divine Origin
And of the real God *HK*.
With its substance I have dipped my fingers
And now I will trace on thy brow
The Origin's Sign
Before it there is no defence.
I conjure thee to open the Gates!
Enlil, King of the Shepherds,
In the name of *HK*!
And the Sacred Sign!

The Princess drew his symbol rapidly on the brow of the monster, and the greatest prodigious had not reached yet. The horrible creature of fire precipitated upwards, like a spring, crossing the roof of the turret and carrying on its head the beautiful rider. In the corridors of the Ziggurat and around its base, those who were outside were still silent because they had just elapsed a few minutes since the music stopped and because the terrific roars that the monster emitted, invisible for them, were enough to hush any throat. When the Princess was drawing the primordial Sign, and the Dragon rose, a frightful scream sprouted from every mouth. Just over the turret, not so far from its roof, the sky moved along as if would have been torn a cloth.

A black aperture was now clearly visible for all those who were witnessing the weird phenomenon. And the most curious and *abnormal* was that the tenebrous hole *occulted the Sun* completely, even if this, for being much higher,

should be seen from some far angle.

However, no one saw the Sun anymore, although its light continued illuminating the midday as if it would have been on its zenith. It is uncomprehensible that submitted to such intense emotions no one worried about the luck of the Sun due to, meanwhile, the terror had paralyzed the cowards hamitic, the Kassites howled with fury elevating their fists towards the sky. Is due to the spectacle was impressive and justified any distraction. The monster of fire, after the Gates of Heaven were opened, had transformed completely. In a first moment seemed as though the frightful head had been introduced into the tenebrous aperture due to just a shining cylinder was visible, as a beam of fire that emerged from the turret and interned on the heights. But suddenly was evident that a metamorphosis was occurring, and after a few seconds, a new prodigy was offered to the startled sight of the dwellers of Borsippa. First, it turned bulbous and then covered by protuberances, while its colour was changing dyeing brown; then, very quickly, the bulbs extended outwards and transformed in sharp branches covered with sharp thorns and some green leaves. Just some seconds later it became in a giant hawthorn tree which rose, extraordinarily, over the Ziggurat of the King Nimrod.

From the base of the Tower, just a part of the trunk and of the superior foliage was possible to see because the coup seemed to fade away inside the Door of Heaven, whereas the root remained occult to the sight, in the interior of the turret. But what is worth standout is that once completed the metamorphosis, disappeared every trace of fire, energy, or plasma, and the phenomenon stabilized without occurring more changes. It seemed then as if the hawthorn tree would have been always there… except for the sinister rift of the Sky that suggested outrageously every kind of alterations anomalies of the natural order.

But no one had enough time as to be horrified. Once the *Sky was opened* two figures ran rapidly up to the last ramp, which guided to the terrace of the turret, and there, they tightened the arches pointing towards the Threshold. They were Nimrod and Ninurta, the King and the Brave General, the only warriors who possessed the armour of metal and that, for this reason, they advanced first, protected by the Elite of archers.

The King and the General were pointing their arches towards the mists of the aperture, trying to distinguish a target when, suddenly, two figures emerged brandishing enormous words. With the aspect of «men of White Race», of five cubits high, the Demons seemed to be floating on air, but in some way, they obtained a point of support because they achieved to discharge of their swords over the heroic archers. The blades lightened when furrowing the space, but they rebounded without penetrating the armors of Nimrod and Ninurta. Nevertheless, the impact made them roll stunned by the roof of the turret that was part of the last terrace.

A rain of arrows struck over the «Immortal Demons» and, even if many of them rebounded on their armors, many others penetrating riddling them. Both giants fell wounded before King Nimrod, who decapitated them quickly, lifting their heads before the ecstatic crowd.

While King Nimrod was throwing to the multitude the bloody trophy, the General Ninurta, accompanied by a part of Warrior Elite, started to climb the tree of Enlil that united Heaven with Earth. For the first time in thousands of years, a group of Wise Warriors was assaulting Chang Shambhala!

I beseech you Dr. Siegnagel; let me make a brief pause in the narration to express in a poem what passes through my Spirit when evoking the last marvelous feat of such Hyperborean population who knew what they were doing, amid a world that was pure confusion. Then I'll retake the narration again in the precise moment in which Warriors of Nimrod invaded the Threshold of the synarchic initiation.

Brave Kassites warriors!
Your feat will illuminate forever to
All the Hyperborean populations
Who decides to conquer Heaven
And return to the Primordial Origin
That Jehovah Satan hath deprived you.
For they have fought against the Demons
And they have awakened from the Great Deceit
But no one hath reached hitherto
To equate the glory of Nimrod, «the Defeated».
Thus those of us who remaineth here
Must try it again
Besides Kristos Lucifer «the Envoy».
The God of those who «lost» in the Kali Yuga,
And the Loyal Gods to the Spirit of Men
They wait for the designed time
In which twelve men
Of the Purest Blood And a Siddha
Will meet at the end of the Kali Yuga
On American land.
Thereupon the Grail will be found
And after a thousand years of betrayals
The veil will fall from their eyes, awakening;
The Gates will be opened once again
And Chang Shambhala with its Demons
Will be definitively annihilated.
But no one hath reached hitherto
To equate the glory of Nimrod, «the Defeated».
It is true that few have tried it:
Some Iberians, some Celts,
Romans, Dorians and Achaeans, Trojans
Many Goths and Germans.
But no one hath reached hitherto
To equate the glory of Nimrod «the Defeated».
Perhaps in Montsegur the Cathars

Or the Teutonic Knights
Frederick II Hohenstaufen,
Or the greatest of all,
Our Führer, with his magical Axis
And a courageous people who not retreated before anything;
Perhaps He as nobody hath searched it.
Thus many won eternity
And from this Hell they have gone.
But not definitely
Because the Final battle shall be waged
And Nimrod shall return
Besides the greatest Heroes of the past
Odin, Wotan, Wiracocha,
Heracles, Indra and Quetzacoatl,
From Valhalla singing will arrive,
Surrounded by wonderful Valkiries
And the aforetime music.
They will raise enormous armies
Of living men, Immortals and Resurrected.
A single virtue will be demanded:
It's called *honour* and it dignifieth men
Who from the dream have awakened.
War will be Essential
And the Demiurge and his hosts, defeated,
He shall liberate the Eternal Spirits at the end.
From Venus They came
To return where God awaiteth,
In a world that hath not been created.
And leaving the Universe of Matter,
The madness, of Evil and the Great Deceit,
Those who returneth singing in chorus
The feats of Nimrod, «the Defeated»!

Now I'll continue with the narration. The tree of Enlil possessed spaced and straight branches, which were really enormous thorns, in such that it was possible to climb by them as a giant ladder. This was exactly what the brave Kassites did, preparing themselves to ascend through the tree and siege «the Gates of Heaven». Once General Ninurta and fifty warriors had climbed enough, they realized that they were before the cavern entrance or an image thereof. They jumped audaciously from the tree, without knowing if they could set foot in the mysterious world in which they were entering by the «Gates of Heaven», and they found themselves on a clearly rocky floor. Some of them turned to look, and they saw the tree fading away in the unfathomable heights; and also, in the edge of an abyss, by which was distinguished, many feet away: the roof of the turret from where merged the enormous trunk; the Ziggurat; the people of the population gathered around it; and the walled perimeter of

the city of Borsippa. Contrasting with the intense exterior light, there was still midday, a soft half-light reigned in such site. However, existed enough light as to distinguish the details of the sinister cavern: seven echelons of stone were seen and, since the last, a catwalk fading away in the distance. But over the entrance, following the curve of its arch, were nailed seven triangular pennants. All of them with the same legend but in different idioms. In their own language, they could read:

Do not dare to cross this *threshold*
If ye have not died to passions before
And the temptations of the World.
Here only one cometh to be reborn
As Initiates in the White Fraternity,
But to geteth such privilege
It is necessary to die first.
Followers: if ye are still alive!
If the flame of the primordial fire desireth
Burning your hearts,
If ye keep the *remembrance*
And feed the *purpose,*
Then flee, while ye can!

Obviously, it was about a strategic manoeuvre. Apparently destined to alleged pupils for the initiation, the legend had as objective to disconcert and produce the doubt in the intruders. Nevertheless, far to obtain these purposes, the message released instantly laughs in the Kassites warriors.

Through the hawthorn tree were already climbing Nimrod and Ninurta followed by another archer squadrons. Thereupon they were gathered, and as if nothing occurred, they disposed to enter in the infernal cavern.

–Isa, Isa!–started to call with screams to King Nimrod, worried for the absence of the woman Initiate to whom no one saw again since the Dragon had elevated up to the Sky. In that moment someone noticed that the pennants had erased their tempter message were rewriting by themselves, persisting in such tactic to speak Warriors with treacherously spiritual words:

- Kassites Travellers,
In this place will be only madness
For whom not possesseth a fair heart
And a devouteth soul
Capable to worship the Great Architect of the Universe
And serve him in his Great Work.
Ye do not fully possess these virtues,
Howbeit ye are fortunate, Kassites!
Even though wrong in your *purpose*
To have been capable to reach hither helpeth

And for this reason we will make an offer
For this unique time, now and forever:
We offer you to serve, along with us,
To the One, Lord of the Great Breath,
Creator of Earth, the Sky and the Stars,
Of countless worlds similar to this,
And other *lokas,* so strange and subtle
That resulteth inconceivable for any mortal.

Ye are brave and pure, Kassites,
But ye have been deceived by the Demon Kus
Who showed you a non-existent Paradise.
Ye must abandon him, and accept the Plan of the One.
We offer now to *pass the tests*
And serve to the God One on our side
Think well about it Kassites,
Ye have killed two of our *Hiwa Anakim*
The sacred Guardians of the Threshold
And that is a serious fault for which you will have to purge.
However we still offer to serve,
In the rows of the Fraternity, to the unique God.
If ye decide now, if ye accept the deal,
Ye must cast your weapons in the Threshold
And leave any aggressor intentions,
And the accursed signs you carry.
Do it quick Kassites!
Because is the only opportunity that we give.
And ye will be able to cross without risks
The Hall which is before you
But keep present that it must be crossed
With repentance in the Soul
Because ye will arrive thereupon to a Very Holy place
Hight "The Temple of Wisdom",
Where you will be initiated into the Mysteries of the One.

Nimrod and Ninurta looked at each other vacillating, who expected to find formed enemies for the combat, but there was only stupid magic. The pennants, with the aforementioned words, had mysteriously attracted the attention of the Kassites. Amongst Warriors, some of them were illiterate, but strangely, the message reached their minds. And, even if many didn't understand the employed concepts, *they knew* perfectly that they were trying to *buy them*, each time when an *offer* was proposed; bribe them to abandon the fight and surrender without presenting battle. The Kassites defeated, unarmed with «words»? What would be the price for such cowardly capitulation? Nothing less than to serve the hated Enlil… a murmur raised from Warrior Elite: they were trying to deceit them, and also, they had insulted

their God Kus. The blood was boiling in the veins of the heroic Kassites. But the message continued:

> If ye accept our generous offer
> Ye shall become *Warriors of the Rose,*
> And learn the *Doctrine of the Heart*
> Thanks to this Wisdom,
> Ye shall discover in your own Hearts
> He, the One for whom you are everything
> The Elder of Days,
> The Lord of the Eternal Summers,
> Sanat Kumara.
> If ye accept, ye shall fight for him forever
> And for his Chosen Hamitic People,
> Whose seed is very close to you.
> If ye accept ye will return to the world
> As Initiated Adepts
> In the Mystery of the *Kâlachakra*
> The most powerful science on Earth.
> And thanks to its secrets
> Ye will be the strongest men,
> No enemies will be capable to face you.
> Respected Magicians, Victorious generals,
> Invincible Kings, Rich Men,
> Depositories of an unrivaled Power
> As hath been never seen.
> Ye will share the glory to reign over the World
> Along with the *lineage chosen by He*
> In a not-distant day in which He,
> As *YHVH*-Sebaoth
> Will manifest Himself unto numerous populations,
> Worshippers of Matter,
> And will guide them with strong arm
> From the Synarchy of his Power...

–Nooo! –Resounded as thunder the voice of Nimrod–. Don't look the damn pennant! His voice was outside, in the World of deceit. What tells your Pure Blood, Kassites warrior? Don't we learnt from Kus, the Hyperborean, that they would try to buy our weapons? And that Kus told us, there in our far mountains, that to yield before the Demons would be our end? He drew his sword, and with a fast movement, he inflicted a wound in his left hand.

–Listen to me–continued– I, Nimrod, who has guided you victoriously in thousand battles, is telling you that we must fight unto death with these vile Demons who don't dare to face us. I say they lie, and with their promises are just trying to stray us–he raised his hand, from which was flowing abundant

blood– Here is my blood, which is the purest of the world! I will trace the Sign HK on this infernal pennant and then enter to kill the Demons. Our Sign is invincible!

With his right thumb embedded in blood, he drew the Origin's Sign and instantaneously seemed as if a fire was consuming the seven enchanted triangles.

– Let's kill the Demons! –screamed Warriors with one voice.

Notwithstanding that, they didn't reach to enter the tunnel. The rest of the pennants were still burning when the Demons of Shambhala, who were hidden observing the Kassites' reaction, were disposed to employ one of their terrible Atlantean weapons: the «cannon *Om*». First, it was a soft sound, penetrating and sharp, as the song of the cicada. Then the volume started to increase until turning irresistible.

–Isa, Isa! –Screamed Nimrod and Ninurta. Effectively, descending from the top through the thorns of Enlil's tree, the spectrum of the Kassite Princess was at sight. She was straightly looking at them and seemed to speak with energy but, in a first instance, no one heard anything, due the monosyllable of He vividly emitted had stunned almost everyone. However, was impressive the faith that the Kassites felt for the Initiate of Kus and perhaps that trust allowed them to hear her prompt, or believe to hear, her instructions.

– Put behind Nimrod and Ninurta! Watch steadily the Sign of HK that they have engraved on their back and let the Voice of the Blood to flow in you. Its rumor will appease any disturbance. And you, brave Leaders: have a powerful weapon; you'll see she protects you. Look at me and trust; that soon your pain will disappear.

Leaping down to the King and the General the Initiate put her hands in the heads of those heroes producing the exaltation as though a shining aura surrounding their bodies. This operation produced relief because one second later both were cursing, although they not reached to hear their own oaths.

While in the Sky, the events that I have just mentioned were occurring, below, next to the Ziggurat, the rest of the populations lived curious experiences. When Nimrod threw the Demons' heads, the gabble was huge, and promptly, the same were strung on spears. These heads were rather larger than normal men, although they were not reached to double it in size. The blonde and large hair framed a squared visage of slanted and black eyes and an enormous, hooked nose. The mouth was of fleshly lips, the detail that was perfectly appreciated due to the Demons lacked beard.

The spears were nailed before the image of Kus, whereas the women Initiates were transporting the enormous bodies to proceed, before the Race God, to rip the Demons' heart. One of the women Initiates made an aperture on its chest and extracted the heart, which curiously was located on the right side. Then she removed the organ to the other Demon and lifted the bloody entrails with her hands to show them to the people. And there occurred the umpteenth prodigy due to, with the consequent frightfulness of the multitude integrated by men and children. There were two *red roses*, each one with a piece of thorny stem, but nobody recognized them as such because the roses did not exist on

Earth yet, and probably those were the first ones seen by human eyes since the submersion of the last Atlantis. The woman Initiate threw them disparagingly at the foot of Kus, and everyone returned to the Ziggurat were, in that endless midday, erected the giant hawthorn.

The Elite of two hundred archers had already climbed through hawthorn of Enlil and penetrated in the black aperture. The rest of the Kassite army remained around the Ziggurat: the infantry, the sappers, the spearmen and auxiliaries, and numerous archers that not belonged to the Elite. There were also many squadrons of warriors from other cities who had come to Borsippa as escort of Ambassadors and Nobles. And all lifted their fists up to the Sky and screaming: –Kus, Nimrod; Kus, Nimrod!– Encouraging, now, their invisible King and desiring intimately to receive the order to climb through the hawthorn and collaborate in the struggle. Many Princes and military Leaders were next to the troops, but nobody would have dared to give any order without receiving before Nimrod or Ninurta's signals.

A choir of women and children composed by the rest of the population accompanied the troops' clamor. But the Hamitic shepherds, of course, continued frightened, invoking Yah with bated breath, He, II, Enlil, their beloved Demiurge. And the women Initiates, shyly first, and then with some urgency, went up to the superior turret to inquire about the fate of the Hierophants, and they verified that all had perished. And for this reason, they were crying and cursing the sinister hawthorn. Because the Initiates who didn't die when the tongue of fire burnt the turret, now were skewered on thick and large thorns that covered the blue precinct totality. The Kassite people had lost the Elite of Cainite Initiates; their luck was now only in the hands of King Nimrod!

But the cannon *OM's* sound started to invade the ambit of the city and promptly became such insupportable that many fell to the floor fainted for the pain. A new cloud of geo-plasmatic vapor, this time sprouting from the floor of Borsippa, extended rapidly.

The mist lifted to an equal height of a half of a man and covered those who plummeted unconscious. The first who fell, almost instantaneously, was the Hamitic; men and women; children and old men; everyone fell in the act, fulminated by the penetrating sound. Thereupon took place the *penultimate* great phenomenon of that glorious day.

Suddenly, as mysteriously as it was formed, the mist started to dissipate, uncovering numerous men and women who were lying on the floor or trying to stand up. But the prodigy was that the Hamitic, *in their totality,* had disappeared. And the diabolic sound, the monosyllable of He, also ceased at that moment.

The Kassites, when they realized that the Hamitic were not at sight, thought that they had run because many of them were their slaves or servants, and this presumption increased their furor. But the Hamitic had not fled: the entire community experienced the selective effects of cannon *OM*, which sound, conveniently tuned, has property produce teleportation. Many miles away, in different places, were «found» the Hamitic shepherds when they recovered

consciousness. Even if in the beginning they were cursing Nimrod and his «magic», attributing to it the blame of their involuntarily travels, when they had news about the luck suffered by Borsippa, they thanked their God Yah for saving them. Many awakened in Niniveh or in Assur, but some of them in sites as distant as *Ishbak, Peleg, Tadmor or Sinear.*

In fact, many families delayed years in meeting again, separated by distances of two or three hundred miles, which contributed to diffuse, in a distorted, the feat of Nimrod in the Middle East. By the way, in Borsippa, an archer was impressed by the black aperture in the sky and screamed:

–Warriors, attack! Nimrod wins!

This call was yearned by the Kassite people and provoked that, one instant later, thousands of warriors joined to the assault of Heaven.

Fifty-Fourth Day

When Nimrod and Ninurta were convinced that the sonic ray *Om* could not against them, they prepared to invade the Threshold. The corridor was wide enough as advance five men at once, which they did on the run. At the head was the Princess Isa's spectral figure, followed by Nimrod, Ninurta, and the rest of the archers, except for a dozen who remained to guard the entrance. Such cavern, constructed to terrify the aspirant to serve the Demiurge, had the walls covered with monstrous low-reliefs and mysterious and impious legends. Were also lateral doors to certain «chambers» where the Demon Dolma used to present herself in lascivious nudity, surrounded by a court of Prostitute Priestesses. She is in charge to «guide», and «bewitch» the adepts who ignore the dangers of sexual magic.

These and many other hallucinative traps, destined to produce confusion and submit the will of the ingenuous aspirants who usually dare to cross the Threshold, are mounted, lurking, in the endless longitude of the sinister corridor. But none of such tricks could stop to those who were beyond the senses, those who only listened to the Pure Blood Voice; to whom their determination had taken to fight in Heaven.

The Kassite vanguard had already traveled a longitude of two fields when the tunnel ended abruptly opening in three halls, one next to the other, in which entrances large inscriptions in many languages allowed to know that they were in the «Temple of ignorance and apprenticeship» or in the «Temple of the Fraternity» or in the «Temple of Wisdom». The first hall was empty, except for an altar with the hated symbols of Enlil. The second one possessed two altars and two enormous columns of basalt on its entrance. The third one consisted of a sumptuous altar with a coffin and wall and roof graven, the most obscene and accursed symbols that no one could conceive without losing reason. And in all the halls were rich carpets and tapestries covering floors and

walls; and aromatic incenses that impregnated the space, softly illuminated by many oil lamps. The three halls, so curiously decorated, constituted, undoubtedly, an unused spectacle to those skilled warriors who, minutes before, were in a humble city of the desert. However, the Kassites could not appropriately appreciate these strange ambiences because the struggle started as soon as they passed through the first hall. There, a group of «Guardians of the Threshold» *Hiwa Anakim*, similar to those who Nimrod decapitated moments before, were closing them the path.

Even by their fierce appearance and being quite big in size, the black magic monsters are not very effective in the fight. They have born from copulation between the Traitor Gods and the females of the animal-man in the Shabbat ceremony, which is very ancient, from the age in which those practices destroyed Atlantis. Thousands of such demonic beings live in Chang Shambhala (or Kampala or Dejung, etc.), they are complete idiots and serve in the «Armies» of the Great White Fraternity. However, people are more idiot than the *Hiwa Anakim:* they believe them to be «Angels» or «aliens».

The Guardians surrounded the old semi-naked bald man, of the yellow race, who seemed to be an inhabitant of the distant Kunlun Mountains. He had in his hand a *Dordje* or Scepter of Power, this is a powerful transducer that permits to operate as a «key» or «trigger» in the entire great resonant machinery that is the material Universe. The Scepter, a rod of a spherical head made of stone, emitted a reddish ray that hit General Ninurta's chest, throwing him fulminated to the floor. But the enemy had no chance to rejoice of this hit because an accurate arrow traversed the heart of the yellow Demon provoking, such extraordinary response, great confusion amongst the Hiwa Anakim. Now the clash became inevitable; while some Demons dragged the old man's corpse to the «Hall of the Apprenticeship», others were going, swords in hand, towards the Kassites warriors. A rain of magical arrows fell over them, but in such a reduced place, soon, the distance became shorter, and they had to fight hand-to-hand. Riddled Demons had already fallen, and others didn't delay following them by the effect of the Kassite's swords. Nimrod opened a clear space between the attackers, and followed by his squadron, he passed to the next hall. There the struggle became fierce and was seen that the number of Demons was high.

But Nimrod was ecstatic. Through the second hall, he had distinguished a resplendent personage, who was coming to the attack. He was peering for moments through the Temple Wisdom from a door that seemed to have access to a large courtyard, but after screaming orders, he went away to budge pass to other clumsy Hiwa Anakim. He was a Nephilim, one of the «Traitor Gods», but Nimrod, impressed by his Divine appearance and enormous white wings, took him the own Enlil. He pointed carefully and shot when the image of the Nephilim was drawn on the door. The arrow traced a soft curve in the space and reached directly to the Demon's chest, bouncing as if had hit a rock.

–Dog Nimrod! –Screamed the Nephilim with his face disfigured by the hate–. This is how you answer our offer? Now you'll die, you and all who come with

you. Will be grass for our Hiwa Anakim, who, by the way, have a good appetite.

Once he said this, he went away from the door, while a throng of Demons irrupted towards Nimrod when he was observing horrified how many Hiwa Anakim was devouring the fallen warriors fiercely. This vision made that the Kassite King released a scream of threat while his sword maintained at the line of the attackers, he was watching that the casualties amongst his Elite of archers were terrible. It was at that moment when he gave the order to search reinforcements. Thereupon thousands of warriors irrupted in the damn Temples of the synarchic initiation.

Soon the Hiwa Anakim's were surpassed, and Nimrod had the time to gather the surviving archers. Less than half of them remained, but the reinforcements were impressive, at the extreme that they reached to saturate the three Temples that had been already taken. Nimrod spied through the door in which he saw the Nephilim, and he realized that it took to a courtyard of an enormous Palace, amid a cyclopean city. A breathtaking scenery.

They were in the heart of Chang Shambhala, near to the Palace of the King of the World. The Cainite Initiates' conjure had been such effective, supported, of course, by the Pure Blood Mystery, that the Serpent of Fire had flattened the Seven Walls. The tunnel of the synarchic initiation crossed them to permit that the Demiurge disciples could reach the Masters of Wisdom. But it is convenient to make some clarifications. Even by all that the Cainites Initiates and Nimrod did, it is not about magic, the key to reach Chang Shambhala, but Strategy. It would be worthless that someone could «open the door» if his Spirits dogmatized or is the victim of any of the psychological tactics that the White Fraternity employs to fulfill the Universal Synarchy.

For this reason, *the real feat of Nimrod was to cross the tunnel and the three Temples* with weapons in hand, what speaks, and will always speak, of the Purest Blood in Earth, because those places are the most powerful deceit's chambers that exist in the world. Nothing can be compared with it, neither the drug treatments employed by the Secret Services of Occident, completed with hypnosis, nor any other system of «psychic programming». Those who end there, useful personages to the Synarchy, heads of state, religious men, Kings, rich and influential people, presidents of corporations, etc. «They return completely bewitched, disposed to work fully to comply with their mission». They are the «Initiates» of the Synarchy, they have «died» and «reborn»; but what really died on them is the Spirit, the Blood Memory that now, submersed in total *strategic confusion*, will never be *felt* again.

In the Temple of Wisdom's exterior courtyard, where the brave Kassites had entrenched, an entire legion of Hiwa Anakim swords in hand and many squadrons of Sheidim, dwarves of earthy skin, awaited disquiet. These dwarves, with huge heads, are the product of ritual copulation between men and certain animals during the orgies of the Atlantean black magic. Transported in mass to Chang Shambhala, they dwell in gloomy caverns and realize every kind of works for the «Masters» after the hecatomb. They have recently been «re-discovered» in Occident as accompanists of crews of UFOs, but, in reality,

they are an ancient terrestrial species. They dominate a paralyzing antipersonnel weapon that gives the sensation of cold and can produce swoons but is not mortal. They show themselves as aggressive and are to be feared if they are unknown and without the necessary knowledge to neutralize them. But when they are losing are cowards and flee. They are ferocious carnivores, but they don't like human flesh as the fierce Hiwa Anakim. They are responsible of cattle theft, animal mutilations, and blood suctions. Also, the Hiwa Anakim usually take a meal with unaware citizens who never «appear» again.

The view of the exterior courtyard could not be more horrifying, but Nimrod desired to face the coward Nephilim and avenge the nightmarish casualties provoked amongst his men by the giant anthropophagites. For it, he traced a simple Strategy. He would send the infantry in a horde, followed by a vanguard of spearmen. Behind would remain the Elite of archers protecting the rearguard and shooting permanently to the most secure targets. In confusion, Nimrod would try to reach the Nephilim.

The Emin Nephilim, whose name was *Kokabiel,* one of the two hundred Traitor Gods who came from Venus, followed the Right-Hand Path and founded the White Fraternity or the Occult Hierarchy of Earth, was leading his hosts shielded by an enormous pump fount. His aspect was dazzling because these Demons are proud, and they usually feel pleasure showing a beautiful appearance, trying vainly to compete with Kristos Lucifer, Lord of the Uncreated Beauty.

Nimrod gave the order to attack, and a horde of Kassite's warriors launched against the demons' closed formation. The dwarves shot their «belt» weapons and produced some tumbles amongst the first warriors, but promptly was noticed that the impetus that they had would make it possible to stop them in such a way. Dozens of arrows started, whereas both vanguards clashed, generating a tremendous struggle. In that moment, Nimrod, who had apparently moved on the inverse way, fell with two leaps over Kokabiel, trying to cut his neck with a sharp dagger made of Jade. That weapon, coming from China, was recommended by Isa as very effective to beat down the Demons.

Rolling in mortal embrace, two Hyperborean enemies, the white Nimrod and the tenebrous Kokabiel, were risking their illusory lives trying to stab each other. It was something not seen since 8.000 years ago.

But their bodies belonged to two different Races. Kokabiel was huge, almost the double size of the brave Nimrod, and that physical advance added to his hate, constituted energy almost palpable, searing, put in the trouble to the Kassite King.

–Die, Dog Nimrod! –screamed the Nephilim, whereas he was pressing the neck of the Kassite King, surprised in mortal fight hold.

–Die and return to the mortal humans' infernal world! –the bones of the unfortunate King started to crunch.

–Idiot Nimrod! Do you want to conquer Heaven? The punishment will be terrible. We'll chain you in such that you'll return to the mineral consciousness or, even worse, to the elemental world of the etheric larvae. And you will

delay millenniums to free yourself from the wheel of Karma, damn Nimrod. And with your people, we will make a definitive lesson.

It will be erased from the face of Earth! But your defeat will always be remembered by the Hamitic lineage of *YHVH.* –Crack! sounded the spine of Nimrod sorrowfully when was broken.

–Ha, Ha, Ha, –Kokabiel laughed cynically–. It really looks good in you that name: « Nimrod, the Defeated». Thus, you will be remembered, dog Nimrod. Ha, Ha, Ha. *Ahhhh!*–The Nephilim howled horribly when he realized that the knife of Jade had penetrated until the hilt in his waist.

Nimrod had tried to nail the weapon during the whole fight, but this slipped on electrostatic armor with mineral precipitation that protected him. Finally, when he felt dying, he diffused his consciousness in his blood, as the Hyperborean, and he let the primordial impulses guide his arm. And then the hand, terribly armed, was shot directly to the point of the Nephilim's waist, over the liver, where a chakra vortex generated a weak point on the armor.

Now Kokabiel was dead, and he would never live in this Universe again, such as the mystery that the Nephilim Demons of Chang Shambhala try to hide. But Nimrod was agonizing next to the giant corpse…

When Kokabiel fell, sudden bewilderment emerged amongst the demonic hosts. Notwithstanding the voices of the other coward, Nephilims encouraged them to fight without retreat. The massacre was terrible, and the blood had already covered a great part of the courtyard, planted with hundreds of corpses. A squadron of sappers started to burn the adjacent corridors, and soon the Palace that was evidently evacuated was burning. In the middle of the confusion, some warriors seated the archer King next to the babbling fount, and they saw him smiling whereas twinkle of the ravenous tongues projected dancing shadows on his face.

They saw him talking with the spectrum of Isa as well. Some of them could even hear clearly what they said.

–O Isa, where have you been?

–Faraway, Brave Nimrod–responded the dead Initiate–. Enlil, the fire monster, transported me out from the terrestrial world to the House of his Master Shamash, the Sun. I saw there a City of Fire, with the most infernal Demons than anyone could imagine. There were eleven «Gods» similar to Enlil. And one of them, O Nimrod, is impossible to describe by any mortal without running the risk of losing reason. The most abominable and frightful monster that can be ever imagined in an eternity of madness. And he dwelt in Shamash! And everything, O Nimrod, the whole existence, all that we have seen here, was alive, palpitated, and was part of He!

But you must rejoice, Oh Nimrod, because neither He could do anything against the primordial sign of *HK*. –Turn into a Tree!–ordered Shamash to the Dragon Enlil– and confuse in the primordial gnosis of your fruits the primordial *Sign* that remember us the *Unknowable*!

–Suddenly, intrepid Nimrod, I found myself on the peak of a hawthorn tree, an Apple-tree, a Rosebush, an Almond-tree, a tree which was all at the

same time, a tree which fruits contained the Serpent's Secret, Wisdom of the Creator Enlil, the Knowledge that the Demons cares because is the inherence of the animal-men and the Chosen Peoples by He. That tree was pending from black abysses and reached to Shamash. I began to descend, and many infernal creatures were lurking at me, but all of them fled when they realized that I was carrying the Sign. I was very worried because I had to comply with the mission to find the Path to Return to the Origin, just as was entrusted to us by the Wise Cainites. All the hope of the Race was on me, and I could not fail. And worst of all, I was hearing the voice of Shamash who was speaking about a *Dog of Heaven* who was saying:

– Oh, Sirius! Oh, Zion! Oh, Divine Dog! Your never smirched Face must contemplate how Kristos Lucifer's followers, the envoy of the Unknowable, they rise against the Plan of the One, defy the cosmic laws seek to abandon the Universe of Suns. Will we permit the Architects of All the Worlds that the *Slave Spirits* set free from the yoke of cycles, them avantaras and pralayas? The answer, Oh You, who lives in the Peace of the One. Tell us if we can accept that the anointed Lucifer, the Kristos, reveals the Vril Mystery to the Spirits that are attached to the evolution of our Holy Wills. Behold that The Envoy has established in our Mansion, and from there, he encourages the Pure Blood Redemption. He illuminates the inner-self of men with a *New Sun that no one sees*, a Black Sun that evokes the Spirit's Divine Origin and awakes the Return's Nostalgia. Will we permit this abomination, Oh Sirius? If they discover the Path of Return to the Uncreated Worlds, what will be of our planetary chains, entrusted to the monads' doubtful development? We must stop them! Oh Sirius-Zion, Shepherd Dog One who takes care of the Cosmic Flock!, sink your teeth in the Redeemer Serpent and liberate us from the threat of the spiritual liberation! *And maintain forever the slavery of those who are similar to the Unknowable without knowing what they are!*

–Oh Nimrod, fear not! –Exclaimed the Princess when she noticed that the countenance of the moribund Kassite's King was turning darker–. We have triumphed, Oh you, the defeater of Kokabiel! While the Demons were screaming with their blasphemous voices around the whole world, I was trying to fulfill the Race's mission and find the Path to Return. For it, I concentrated my attention on the Black Sun because it was the only way to conserve the *strategic advantage* obtained by the purity of blood when a vividly light emerged from behind that Racial Center. It was a *green ray* of ineffable purity, which crossed the Uncreated Center and revealed, for our Lineage, the Original Gates of the Lost Mansions. Oh, Nimrod, in an instant, everything became clear, all confusion was dissipated! I could never be astray anymore because I knew that we have never been lost, neither confused, nor sinned, nor fallen.

Moreover, we have never moved. Oh, Nimrod! When the Great Deceit's totality was dissipated, I had the certainty that we would not have to return because we were there unknowing it. We have conquered the Freedom of the spirit, Brave Nimrod! *And the absolute possibility to be ourselves, our own creation, to be ourselves in the womb of our own birth. Is the Will of the Unknowable, Divine Nimrod that we can do anything!*

Princess Isa pronounced the last words, accompanying the last whisper of the Hyperborean King: –He already had the secret of the Return to descend from the hawthorn, when I saw you in the entrance of the infamous initiator cavern, but was good to give a proof of the purity reached by the lineage of Kus that the Final Battle between the Kassites of Nimrod and the Demons of Chang Shambhala be released. To perpetuate this feat's remembrance in the racial memory of men who are still chained and to be evoked at the end of the Era of the Fish, when the thirteen Gods will recover the Crown of Lucifer and will definitely awake the Hyperborean populations. Then Chang Shambhala with its Demons will fall, and in an endless Fire Holocaust, the damn work of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan will succumb.

Nimrod was lying dead in Chang Shambhala. Beside him, with a grimace of indescribable horror on his countenance, was the corpse of the Nephilim Kokabiel, who had been master of magicians and sorcerers. His science had resulted useless against the pure Kassites' decision, and such failure demonstrated that for Man, transmuted into Stone Man, is always possible to fight against the Demons and win. Of course, such a *spiritual victory* can also be a *defeat* if it is considered «defeat» every victory that doesn't bring a material success ascertainable with the moral guidelines of the «synarchized» societies. Because the moral of a society is a function of its Culture and, as it was already seen, «the Culture is a strategic weapon» for the Synarchy. For this reason, everyone who fights against the satanic forces; the awake men, will always be branded as «defeated». Because of this, the Great Being that illuminates the *Inner Path* of men, Kristos Lucifer, is called the God of the Losers: because all his followers always «lose» during the Kali Yuga.

Hence, Nimrod the Defeated was lying dead in Chang Shambhala. His brave Kassites had been completely exterminated in an extensive area of the Damn City, as far as his warrior furor guided them. At the reverberant light of the last fires could be observed the dreadful ossuary in which the Temples and courtyard had been converted. The first Palace, called «Mansion of Manus», where annals of the Root Races are deposited, and the Masters of Wisdom used that to train their *envoys,* was reduced to ashes. An enormous Monastery and various shrines dedicated to «minor divinities», always destined to train «envoys», it means, to tactically deceive them, also suffered the effects of the fire. Compared with these important losses, the resistance offered by the Demons had been minimal. Only risked their lives the vile Kokabiel and the Chinese Master who employed the Dordje, limiting himself to send legions of giant Hiwa Anakim and Sheidim dwarves against the Kassite's warriors. As would be said now, they utilized a «tactical mass» composed by «robots» and «androids». *Is that they can't risk their lives because they are very few.* Millions of years ago, they were two hundred. Nimrod liquidated one of them… It is surely difficult to believe that so few of them be capable of so much. But it must be thought that They have the «support» of thousands of «Masters», i.e., «Initiates» animal-men, Souls of superior evolutional grade, and the strategic *dominion of the planetary consciousness.*

Such endless «midday» remained unchanged during the entire Battle of Nimrod, and its approximated extension can be considered of some twelve hours. At the moment in which the Kassite King was agonizing, and the combat in Chang Shambhala was ending, the final prodigy shook Borsippa. All the available warriors had risen to the Heaven, more than four thousand, including some visitants, and the city presented in that instant a rare aspect. With that crowd mainly composed by women and children that have not ceased to scream, overlaying their protests to the background warrior music tolled by the women Cainite Initiates. And that imposing tower erected up to the Sky in open defiance. And that hawthorn tree on its peak, that rosebush tree that symbolized the sublimation of Matter by He and the insertion in the Cosmic Hierarchies which supreme regent is who calls himself «*One*». And that endless noon without the image of Shamash… Borsippa indeed presented a strange aspect on its last day!

There were no slaves in Borsippa anymore; the lineage of Yah, the blood of Abraham, the Hamitic shepherds, would be saved. But neither were cowards to fell when the *lenticular silver* appeared in the Sky. Everyone remained speechless of amazement when the great *silver eye* emerged from the suspicious cloud. And everyone died in their places when the atomic ray hit the Tower of Nimrod. The developed heat was such tremendous that the sand was molten and spouted as water. A mortal hurricane, an expansive circle of fire, departed from Brosippa, killing any living being at ten miles around. Another tactical Atlantean weapon was employed, giving fulfillment in this way to the request that Enlil and Shamash did to the Dog of Heaven, Sirius-Zion, and that Princess Isa witnessed. And once consumed the attack, the lenticular silver disappeared from every physical sight returning to the *center* from where it had been *projected,* in Chang Shambhala.

When the smoke was cleared, only the seventh part of Nimrod's Tower was still standing; Shamash continued his journey towards Occident, and the hawthorn tree and the Gates of Heaven not existed anymore. The nightmare had ended: The Threshold was safe to go on giving services to the synarchic initiations, and the Sons of the Midnight Sun had failed again.

Only the racial remembrance of Nimrod's feat would remain, and the calcined rest of its Tower, just as can be seen today in the Tower of Borsippa, with the area vitrified by the nuclear heat still adhered, after the millenniums, to its walls. And would also remain the calumnies invented by the Hamitic shepherds and collected by Arab and Jewish traditions. In the Talmud and in diverse rabbinic scriptures it is possible to read, conveniently altered, part of that story.

There is mentioned the Tower of Nimrod «from where his archers shot arrows to Heaven», the «Luciferian pride» of the Kassite's King, his Tower «confused» with the one of Babel, etc. Clay tablets engraved with cuneiform scripture had also been found, which narrate more objectively the events, and numerous Kudurros, engraved stones that were usually placed in Temples and as territorial limits, with references to the feat of Nimrod.

Perhaps of all the falsifications realized around this Hyperborean exploit, the most insidious be the reference of H.P Blavatsky in the Secret Doctrine, where is written that an «elite of Assyrian-Babylonian priests discovered to escape from the Evolution Plan of the Solar Logos and abandoned the Planetary Concatenation, with their population, towards the 'stars', where they continue their evolution». It means that the aforementioned agent of the Synarchy pretends to capitalize the feat of Nimrod *in favor of the synarchic theories.*

The rest of the Kassite's people continued dominating for a while, but finally, they merged with their Hittites cousins due to, it has been already said, «a Race that loses its Cainites Initiates is a moribund Race» and, with Nimrod, had departure forever the Elite of Cainites Initiates. However, the Hittite's expansion took them to dwell in Borsippa again, which was re-constructed in part, but no one dared to touch the ruins of the terrible Tower.

In Chang Shambhala, the history of Nimrod is always present. The objective to prevent future attempts of this type is that many «envoys» have been occupied for centuries to *eliminate* the proofs and *confuse* the tactical methodology employed in the attack. Bera and Birsha have been two of the White Fraternity Immortals who have worked more in this sense. Nevertheless, many Hyperborean populations imitated, in major or lesser measure, the exploit of Nimrod; one of them was the Viking people of Greenland that «opened the Gates» closed then by Quiblón- Columbus. Another, more recently, was the German people of the Third Reich who counted with the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Elite of Cainites Initiates of the Black Order ϟϟ. The Führer of Germany could then, with perspectives of success, undertake the collective mutation of the Race again and try the conquest of Heaven.

But the results of this new Hyperborean exploit will surely appear, to whom are under the effects of the synarchic magic, as a «defeat».

To end with this summary of the history of Nimrod I'll say that the Kassite's King, his Brave General, his Initiates, and the entire population that died in Borsippa, undertaken the definitive return to the Origin guided by the indomitable Princess Isa.

While the idiot Hiwa Anakim Demons were devouring their bodies in Chang Shambhala and the King of the World was pronouncing his evening prayer, delayed twelve hours that day by the indelible feat of Nimrod.

In the Museum of La Plata, in Buenos Aires, is the famous Kudurru of Kashshu, discovered in Susa, where it formed part of the Elamite King's booty Shukrut-Nakhunte in the XII century B.C. On it was engraved the regal figure of Nimrod *treading the Moon and the Sun,* and with the eight-pointed star, the symbol of the planet Venus, over his head. With a Ziggurat beside him, he was evoking his famous Tower. Under this image are two columns of cuneiform scripture in Hittite's language where is mentioned the death of the King and is warned that no one must forget his feat. I will transcribe part of such relate according to the erudite version of Professor Ramirez from the University of Salta, universally considered as the most accurate:

Nimrod's Death

From a famous Tower
Which ruins are hither,
King Nimrod to Heaven hath gone.
One day he shall return!
But he hath not gone,
To bow down before the Gods.
With the tensed bow he left,
Willing to slay
And his arrows to Shamash hath hurt,
Although prompt hath recovered heal.
But Nimrod hath gone,
And soon, he shall return,
A Goddess leadeth his Path,
Isa she is called.
She is the own Ishtar,
And a people accompany them,
The brave Kassites they are,
Who beside him shall fight.
Because Nimrod hath gone,
And with us is not anymore,
Although the legend telleth
That one day he shall return,
With his tensed bow
Willing to slay

Fifty-Fifth Day

In a very similar to the Kassites of King Nimrod, the Vikings of Greenland behaved in the XIV century, Dr. Siegnagel. For this reason, the Demons of Chang Shambhala sent Quiblón there in the year 1447, to close the Gates of Thule that they had opened. After the return to Lisbon, when he fulfilled his mission with success, Quiblón was prepared for his next great step: *sail towards the West, to the Gates of Earthly Paradise and K'Taagar. To the first, he should open and dissimulate to be only employed by the Chosen People members and their allies, the Golems. To the second, «another door of Thule», he should close definitely: the door of K'Taagar, or Agartha, was the same that the White Atlanteans reached thousands of years before marching towards the East and which in the medieval maps appeared as «Country of Catigara», would be now approached inversely from the West, and its entrance sealed through the Kabbalistic use of the Sephiroth. After the mission of Quiblón, Catigara would disappear forever from the Occidental Culture. Or what is the same, K'Taagar would disappear: House Tharsis had thus borrowed time to perceive the Lytic Sign in the Venus Stone and departure towards the Abode of the Liberator Gods.*

About the Gates of K'Taaga, located in *the Extreme Occident,* I'll tell you that four «open» doors existed in the Age of Quiblón: three in America and one in Antarctica. From the three Americans, Quiblón only achieved to close the Central Door, the most direct and the one that the White Atlanteans took, which was located in the Bermuda Triangle. The North was searched vainly by the Chosen People members, but it was never found because the Redskins, guardian Race, were in charge of dissimulating it and protected it very well. Analogously to the Door of the South, guarded by the Inka's Atumurunas, who employed the Lytic Wisdom and avoided it to be found by Golems. And Antarctica, ignored for many centuries by the Enemy, would be recently utilized in the XX century by the Black Order ϟϟ to guide the Führer towards the Abode of the Spirit of men Loyal Gods.

The Duke Medinaceli, Don Luis de la Cerda, apart from being a direct descendant of King Alfonso X, the Wise, was a loyal Initiate of the White Fraternity. In his castle is staying Quiblón in 1484, when he abandoned Portugal definitely to settle down in Spain and carry out the most important mission of his life: receive the Verb of Metatron, the Shekhinah, and realize the holocaust of Water, Mem; and, with that Power, sacrifice the Three Pagan Empires that existed beyond the Tenenebrous Sea unto YHVH. In those days, the Golems were strongly infiltrated in the Order of St. Francis that in Huelva occupied the Sanctuary Our Lady of the Ribbon, in Palos the Convent Our Lady of the Ribat, in Moguer the Monastery Our Lady of the Pomegranate, etc. From these Churches, they encouraged in secrecy the operation of a Masonic Templar Lodge to which were adhered numerous laics of the Andalusian nobility, within them the Duke of Medinacelli. The lodge's Initiates flaunted the title of «Templar Knight» and repeated the ancient rites of the worshipping to Baphomet of the extinguished

Order in 1307. This lodge conceded to Quiblón the last initiation and prepared him esoterically to receive the Shekhinah. He remained committed to that enterprise in the Castle of Medinacelli until 1486, the date in which the same Duke announced to the Catholic Kings the presence of Man who will discover for Spain the West's extensive and rich countries.

The sovereigns are dedicated to completing the Re-conquest, and that will cause, inevitably, that sooner or later fall of Granada in Christians' hands: that would be the awaited sign by Quiblón. Then he will receive the Verb Metatron, and his Power will be incomparable.

Until that moment, he will act as a humble explorer, only willing to serve the Kingdom; after Granada's fall, just as Bera and Birsha prophesied it, his voice will be the Voice of YHVH, and his ambitions will go parallel to his Power. Nobody, neither the Kings, could resist the requests of who will travel to the Gates of Earthly Paradise. But it is necessary to know beforehand the plans of Quiblón, familiarize the Kings and the court with the future Admiral of the Ocean. For this reason, in 1486, the Golems arranged the first meeting of Quiblón with King Ferndinand and Queen Isabella, who were in Cordoba at that moment.

As is the logic the *Domini Canis* also integrated the Court and were disposed to stop any Jew or converted attempting to propose a plan with the purpose of «Glory and the Victory of the Chosen People», or the «Triple Holocaust of some unknown populations to Jehovah Satan».

Captain Kiev, the Lord of Venus, had revealed 180 years before that would be announced by a Hebrew «Quiblón», who will be difficult to stop. So, the *Domini Canis* was alert, but they ignored completely that the Power of Quiblón would be manifested at the end, after the symbolic fall of Granada. Consequently, they not suspected that Columbus, an insignificant and hallucinated man, could be Quiblón, the Highest Representative of the Potencies of Matter. At anyhow, Friar Hernando de Talavera, the *Domini Canis* that the Kings named to study Columbus's exploration proposal, gave an adverse ruling and attempted to discredit the Golems visionary envoy.

Nevertheless, the Court was infested by Golems or Templar Knights, who supported Columbus for years: the Cardinal Pedro González de Mendoza; the Treasurer of the Kingdom, Don Alfonso de Quintallana; the Dominican preceptor of Prince Don Juan, Friar Diego the Daza; the Sumiller the Corps, Don Juan Cabrero; the Comendador Don Gutierrez de Cárdenas; the Franciscan astronomer Friar Antonio de Marchena; etc. With the most effective help of Luis Santangel, the finance minister of the Aragonese Crown, some secretary of the King of Aragon, a powerful banker and belonged to a Hebrew family recently converted to Christianity. This sinister personage, along with a group of Jewish bankers of Genoa, would be the financier of Columbus expedition in 1492: he would offer a loan of a million maravedíes at such low interest, 1,5 %, which practically would decide the Queen to authorize the voyage of Quiblón.

In 1491 the Kings were before Granada, in a huge vivouac that will give place to Santa Fe's population. Until there reached Columbus, yearning to

contemplate the capture of Granada and undertake his mission. However, Friar Hernando de Talavera would once again frustrate his plans and prevent his meeting with the Majesties. But the fall of the city was near, and Quiblón sensed the Manifestation of YHVH. He went, then, directly to the Convent of La Rábida, in Rus Baal, a place consecrated to the Great Mother Binah: he waits to Love of the Goddess, the Virgin of Miracles, to aid him in the imminence on the happening of Destiny. And in La Rábida was waiting for him the Golems' major staff to perform the ritual of the Sepher Icheh, the Ceremony that permits to the Intelligence of Binah the deposit of Earthen Seed of the Archetypical man. Except that this time Love of Binah will facilitate the expression of the Metatron Child, a Reflect Aspect of Kether, the Crown of the One.

The Golems Major Leader was Friar Juan Pérez, superior of the Covent Our Lady of La Rábida and Supreme Priest of the Order of Melchizedek. He was aided in ritual by, the laics, the Templar Knights, Pedro Velzco and García Fernández, as well as the Franciscan Antonio de Marchena. On January 2, 1492, Abu 'Abdallah Muhammad XII gave Granada to Ferninand and Isabella; then, the *Domini Canis* Archbishop Hernando de Talavera demanded the conversion to Christianity to the Heretics, Arabs and Jews: otherwise, they shall abandon Spain. Fifteen days later, in La Rábida, was fulfilled the prophecy of Bera and Birsha.

Quiblón, wearing the Franciscan habit, is located before the magnificent sculpture of the Miraculous: such work is usually attributed to the apostle St. Luke, but really, as was appreciated in the Thirtieth Day, it was carved by a Templar monk in the XIII century. The Golems had recently officiated ritual, and the *Great Sacrificer has received the Shekhinah*. Quiblón felt as possessed by the Universal Soul of YHVH, and he fell to his knees before the image of the Mother of God, to whom he sees *as though it be living* and whose *boundless Love* as consuming his heart. A prodigy occurred, and the Pomegranate of his Crosier began to bleed; but Quiblón didn't notice it: instead, he heard the Great Mother Binah speaking in the purest Hebrew:

–Holy Quiblón, Great Sacrificer,
Son of the Elder of Elders
His creative verb is in thy Holy Voice!
The Seminal Logos of the Father
Is in reasoning of thy Mind;
But sweet Love of the Mother
Burneth thine Heart with Passion.
I am Binah, Mother of the Messiah,
I am Binah, Mother of Metatron.
I am Binah, the Intelligence of God.
I am who shall guide thy way
In the dark Sea of the Terror.
Who will be capable to stop thee,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblón?

Because of Me, thou understandest the Mystery of the Temple,
Because of Me, thou receivest Life of Rimmon.
To the Father Blood thou shalt offer.
For me, I want Love.
Three Empires are waiting
Their prompt destruction.
Rivers of Warm Blood,
The Spaniard shall pour.
That arrogant Race,
Of albin distinction,
Shall be the sharp dagger of the Sacrificer.
As Race, the Blood
Of Heathen Peoples
They shall offer unto God
But, one by one paired
With the survivors
They shall procreate without brake
The Sons of the Horror. That shall be My reward Holy,
Holy, Holy, Quiblón.
To the Father, Blood thou shalt offer. For me, I want Love.
And that proud Race,
Of the brave Spaniard,
Shall be submerssed in the marsh
Of the lower passions.
What will remain thereof?
Holy, Holy, Holy,Quiblón?:
Thousands and thousands
Children of Horror.
And in those New Men
My Earthen Seeds shall germinate better.
I do not desire the Race;
I want Love. Many Children I Have.
Of the Mortal Men, Mother I am.
Although my firstborn Child
The Chosen People,
The people of the Lord
Above the Earhten Men
Correspondeth the right
To govern without fear.
Because for them is the Kingdom
Malkhouth of YHVH Sebaoth.
Beautiful as an Angel,
Harsh as a God,
Is Shekhinah, the Wife,
The Messiah, Metatron.
It hath my Intelligence.

That can work with Rigor.
But if it descendeth to the
Lower passions: There is no sin in its actions;
For it there is forgiveness.
It is the Joy of the Father,
The comprehension of the Mother,
It is the Chosen People,
The people of the Lord.
My firstborn Child,
Of all the Best.
His brothers erred
Cooling their Hearts;
Receiving the Seed of Stone
The enemy of Love;
The Infinite Blackness
After Death of the Soul;
Of the Frozen Blackness
After Death of the Body;
Of the Black Aught without Creator;
The Eternal Blackness
After the Final Death;
Of the Naked Truth
After the Kâlibur Death;
The Black Abyss of the depths of themselves.
Therefore cometh Punishment.
Thus pricketh the Pain:
The Tyranny of the Chosen People,
The Judgment of the Nations,
The Holocaust of fire,
The Bleach, the Terror.
It is the evil on Earth,
Is Death of the Soul,
It hath cooled the Stone,
Is the enemy of Love.
Many children I have.
Of Earthen Men Mother
I am. I am Binah,
I cry, Over the Cold Stone
That the Virgin of Agartha
Putteth in their Hearts.
I am Binah, the Mother of Metatron
I shall Guide thy Path, Holy Quiblón,
Where Three Kingdoms await
Their prompt destruction.
Thou givest Blood to the Father
Great Sacrificer;

And keepest for the Mother
Warm of Love.
Openest the Path soon
For the Chosen People,
The Redeemer People
And shutest the senses
To the Eternal Blackness
That freezeth the Heart
I am Binah; of thy Soul
Mother I am; Binah I am,
I shall give thee illumination.
I am Binah, who bless thee now.
Son of the Ancient of Days,
Never forget thine Ascendancy,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Quiblón.

Only the Great Sacrificer has heard this message, but all present here understand that the Virgin of Miracles has internally spoken with him. And Quiblón, victim of mystical ecstasy, remains on his knees for hours, absorbed in the contemplation of the Cosmic Mother.

The Golems finally retired prudently, leaving the Admiral Rabbi plunged in the intimacy of his celestial visions; They, by their part, have seen the Mother of God crying for Her Sons who were a parted from the Law of Love, and Her Pomegranate Bleeding of Passion. They have collected her tears and her Blood, for the Glory and Victory of the Golems' Church and the Synagogue of YHVH *Sebaoth*, to give Testimony of the Chosen People's Shekhinah, the descent of the Kingdom Malkhouth.

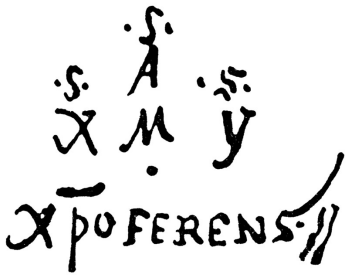
Days later, the Golems were disposed to show their secret move, an authentic «cardunder the sleeve»: Friar Juan Pérez was the confessor of Queen Isabella; he can smooth away all the obstacles to obtaining that Quiblón be expressed before the Kings; and then, as if the Miraculous be interrogating, «who could stop you Holy Quiblón?» Thus, the Golem Juan Pérez went to Granada and arranged the famous meeting; Luis Santangel and the Genoese Jewish bankers prepare to finance the enterprise that will be an infallible escape via for his brother of Race. And the *Domini Canis*, taken by surprise, nothing could do to this time to sabotage the White Fraternity plans. In April of 1492, Quiblón, the miserable converted Jew, who shortly before lacked from attire and aliment, claims for himself and his offspring the Admiralty of the Sea for the Crown of Castile, the Viceroyalty of all the discovered lands and countries to be conquered, the tithe of all Goods brought to Spain, booty or commodity, etc.

And to such overreaching exigencies agreed the Kings in the capitulation of April 1, 1492, signed in the campsite of Santa Fe, in front to Granada. Is due to nobody, neither the Catholic Kings can oppose the Verb of Metatron: Granada, the City of the Jews, has fallen in the power of the gentiles, analo-

gously to what happened in Jerusalem, destroyed by General Titus 1400 years before; and as then, now will overcome the Diaspora of the Chosen People. But this time the dispersion would not endure too much; the Chosen People soon will be reunited and oriented towards its Destiny of Glory: for it, the Order of Melzhidezec has sent Quiblón, the Holy Ancient has entrusted his Verb to him, and the Mother of God will guide his steps.

On August 3, 1492, precisely in the anniversary number 1422 of the Jerusalem's siege, Quiblón left Puerto de Palos, in Huelva, with three Caravels that flaunted the Cross with the Order of the Temple. The crew was composed mainly of converted Jews, and they carried a Ladino, the Rabbi Luis de Torres, who translates Hebrew, Aramaic, and Arab. Contrarily, no Christian Priest travelled in the ships. At his return, on March 15, 1493, after he closed the door of K'Taagar, opened the Gates of Paradise for his Golem and Jewish brothers, and have initiated the Great Sacrifice of the Pagan Populations, Quiblón went directly to the Sanctuary Our Lady of the Ribbon: he must give thanks to the Mother of God her Guide and Protection.

The Tharsis Lords understood very late that Christopher Columbus was really «Quiblón», the Supreme Priest of the White Fraternity that Captain Kiev had warned. When all was clear for them, there was no remedy: The whole Spain, blind as Perseus, were prepared to be precipitated on the neck of Medusa. They were defeated by a man that they had underestimated since a beginning, a man who, ironically, never occulted his intentions too much, a man, Dr. Siednagel, who signed *S.A.M.*, i.e., *Samekh, Aleph,* and *Mem,* the initials of Quiblón which meant *«S» hekhniah, «A» vir, «M» egatron,* the triple immanent principle of the kabbalistic Rimmon Tree. Observe, Dr. Siegnagel, the facsimile of the sign of Columbus that I have attached, and you'll check that to the left there is a Monogram formed by the Hebrew letters *Beth* and *He,* initials of the traditional salute *Borush Hasheim,* and then *S.A.M.*, in vertical column.



Columbus Signature.

The points correspond to an Aramaic indication of «word», and the rest letters complete a «magical table», or Kadisch, that can be read in many senses, according to the kabbalistic forms: the «S», on both sides of the « A», means «*Shaddai*»; the «*Y*» is the initial of *YHVH*; and the «*X*» means «*Christ*», very clear, it reads «Cristo Ferens» what does not mean «*Christophorus*», as the Golems pretend, but «Inheritor of the Messiah», due to *ferens* was equivalent to *heritage* in the Middle Ages. Such initials *S.A.M.*, of Quiblón, are also present in Mantle of the Virgin of the Ribbon, according to the instructions that Bera and Birsha gave to the four Priests, and just as can be seen today in the Sanctuary.

Fifty-Sixth Day

The terrible Inquisitor was Ricardo of Tharsis; he was married to a sweet lady who was the granddaughter of the Earl of Tarseval, in other words, she was his second niece. From that union, had born Lito of Tharsis in 1502, to whom the father thought to reserve as his successor in the task of exterminating Spaniard Golems and Jews. With that purpose, since he was little, he submitted him to rigorous instruction in many Dominican Convents and in the Faculty of Theology at the University of Salamanca. There he graduated as Bachelor and Doctor of Laws, at seventeen years and incorporating immediately to the Inquisition Tribunal.

During his time in the University, the young Lito had given proofs of a clear intelligence that guided him even to surpass one of his own professors, but, as he was also noble and humble, such virtue far to produce the resentment of his peers and superiors it caused general admiration. What was most impressive for all was his prodigious capacity to assimilate the most disparate languages: apart from the Latin and Greek, and the Spanish dialects as the Castilian, Catalan, and Basque, he spoke fluently in Arab, Portuguese, French and German.

In 1522, Ricardo comprehended that such predisposition for the knowledge had to be guided, he sent him to Turdes with Stone Men for the hyperborean Wisdom initiation. Noyos had restituted the Virgin of the Grotto in the Private Chapel of the Segnioral House, although the Child of Stone lacked from his right hand, strangely mutilated in the Night of the Bleach. Lito of Tharsis, who was telling that Stone Men were experiencing the deepest transmutation in House Tharsis, he used to pass all his free time in the Chapel, penetrating as nobody in the Mystery of the Uncreated Life and of Pyrene's Kâlibur Death. When he received the Hyperborean Initiation, now with the assistance of the Vrunic Sign Tyrodinguibyrr, he warned to Stone Men that apart from the deposit of the Seed of the Child of Stone in his Heart, the Virgin had revealed an Inner Star, a green Star that could arrive whenever he wanted: taking an intimate spiritual path and situating his Self in such Star, the ancient Lytic Science of the White Atlantean had no secrets for him. I was, he said, like climbing to the peak of a mountain and contemplate a vast contextual landscape that unveiled the strategic meaning of the megalithic constructions. And with the lost Wisdom, in the inner Star, he had re-found his Beloved in the Origin, who was waiting for him since his Lost and Fall, beyond Heel and Paradise, to return with him to the Uncreated Spirit Homeland.

Undoubtedly, Lito of Tharsis possessed the second grade of the Hyperborean Initiation. He was a Hyperborean Pontiff, a constructor of stone capable of building a bridge between the Created and the Uncreated. In House Tharsis appeared the suspicion that they in the presence of the Initiate who was announced by Captain Kiev, the one who would see the Lytic Sign of K'Taagar in the Venus Stone. Such presumption began to be affirmed when Lito of Tharsis

manifested his vocation for the Novrayado and decided to take the Guard of the Wise Sword: in 1525, without any difficulty, he entered in the Secret Cavern and remained there for five years, in Companion of the two Noyos who were there since many years before.

The iniciatic capacities of Noyo Lito went developing intensely during the years that lasted his retirement, a process that became more accelerated when the image started to emerge from the Stone, that is, near to the fourth year of Guard. Initially blurred, months later, the stamp of a megalithic scene appeared over the Venus Stone. The image communicated to him also on various occasions that his entire philological power was not achieved to interpret, even if it was evident the presence of numerous Indo-European roots. The words were:

–Apachicoj Atumuruna!
–Apachicoj Atumuruna!
–Purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy!
Pucara Tharsy!

And here is what the image represented. At a distance, a mountain ranges without vegetation were appreciated, of them, two stood out due to its slopes formed a deep aperture in the midst of the figure, from where was seen a trickle that watered a likewise arid valley. But these elements constituted the background; what really dominated the scene was a knoll of the gently gradient, whereon flattened crest was erected an enormous menhir black colored, surrounded by a circle of eight menhirs of smaller size. And that was all, except the minor details: the blue-sky, only tarnished by some niveous clouds, and the floor where menhirs were places, composed by a reddish-brown ground from where sprouted some thin low and thorny pastures.

The mystery of such immutable vision was turning clearer with the pass of time and at the ends of 1529, Lito of Tharsis had already formed a general idea of its meaning; dreams and telepathic messages gave him the complementary information that he needed. According to his conviction, the Venus Stone was revealing such place in a «*far and unknown land*» that Captain Kiev has mentioned; a land that existed «*beyond the Occidental Sea*». He added now the Gods' messages, and that could not be other than the recently discovered America. The White Atlanteans had placed menhirs through a special technique that turned the area invulnerable before the possible attacks of the White Fraternity agents: in that liberated area, as in the Secret Cavern, Stone Men could resist the pressure of the Potencies of Matter indefinitely. Precisely, the next work of Lito of Tharsis, and Stone Men of the offspring of Valentina, would be to find that trace and shelter themselves until the days of the Final Battle, the unique to survive in that moment, due to the Demons would seek them around the whole World with increasing efforts while those days be drawing near.

According to what the Gods warned in their Messages, the danger would not be contemptible due to the persecution would begin in the same moment of the Wise Sword's extraction from the Secret Cavern, and Bera and Birsha

would possibly carry it out in person. The White Fraternity, assured the Liberator Gods, had given fundamental importance to the «discovery» of America for their future synarchic plans and they were not disposed to risk them again; when the Wise Sword be Out at the Light of the Sun, *Yod*, the Eye of Jehovah Satan that Sees Everything, would watch in the act to their carriers and the White Fraternity would know immediately that there were still Tharsis Lords alive *in this World*: there action of the Demons would be foreseeable; They, who had propitiated the «discovery», culturally, of America through their agents, the Jew Christopher Columbus and hundreds of converted Jews at the Golems service, would make everything possible to stop them and to steal the Venus Stone; the *Circulus Domini Canis*, for the excessive zeal exerted to suppress the Jewish and Golems action, in Spain and Europe, was strategically surpassed and neglected the issue of the New World: the Order of Preachers was infiltrated by hundreds of converted Dominicans who only ambitioned to go to America accompanied by thousands of their brothers of Race, who were allowed to abandon the prisons and their gloomy ghettos to participate from the «conquest». Before this reality, the Gods' judgment suggested acting with extreme caution in all the phases of the operation. How would they go to America? The Gods had already predicted it; they will verify.

Lito of Tharsis and one of Noyos, named Roque, met in Turdes with Ricardo of Tharsis and the rest of Stone Men of Valentina's family. All agree in the fulfillment of the Lord of Venus prophecy and the yearned moment to leave was closer: to Lito of Tharsis corresponded the High Honor to transport the Wise Sword to the disposed site by the Gods. But not everyone could leave; Ricardo of Tharsis was old to make a journey like that, and in analogous situation were the other two Knights and two Ladies. However, a younger Lady, could go with them but just until some village, because it would have been difficult that she could obtain permission to integrate a military expedition. And apart from the three Noyos, two Dominican friars were in conditions to go as well, who officiated as Inquisitors with Ricardo of Tharsis. If all occurred as was expected, the travelers would send to bring those who remained there; otherwise, they would join the Strategy of the German branch of the family.

The problem of the journey, as I said, was easily resolved thanks to the providence of the Gods because a young German explorer, at the service of the Welser House, was a distant relative of the Tharsis Lords. Indeed, Nicolaus of Federmann carried the lineage of the Austrian Tharsis Lords by his matrilineal heritage, and he was in America. King Charles I, and the German Emperor Charles V, contracted a debt of 150.000 ducats with the Welser's House of Augsburg signing, as some kind of royal guarantee, a capitulation in Burgos whereby he authorized such Bank to establish and exploit a region of America. Such region was composed of Venezuela's actual territory, from el Cabo de la Vesta to Maracapana, and the Company imposed to itself the obligation to found two cities and three fortresses, in which they could name a Governor with the royal consent. In the year 1527, Juan Ampués founded there the city of Vela de Santa Ana de Coro, where Ambrosious de Alfinger settled down in 1528, the first Governor named by the Welser's, who took with him as lieute-

nant to Nicolaus Federmann. In 1530, after such a meeting of Lito of Tharsis with Stone Men to deicide the voyage to America, they discovered through the news coming from the Vrunaldina's branch the existence of that relative they contacted him through the slow correspondence that the Dominican maintained with the friar missionaries. It was attempted, in any case, to not risk information though that, and because of this, the missives were only referred to the necessity of sustaining a personal meeting with the explorer «for vital motives that will be clarified then».

Something difficult to accomplish in those days due to Ferdermann concurred in very dangerous explorations in the heart of the Venezuelan jungle searching for gold for the Indians.

Anyhow, the Tharsis Lords moved to the port of Seville, and they started to prepare their own expedition, discounting the help of Federmann. In that case the luck smiled to the Tharsis Lords in 1532, although not to Ambrosious de Alfinger, to whom an arrow with curare sent him to a better life. Because was the death of the Governor was what brought Nicolaus Federmann to Europe, to reclaim for himself such place that he had won fairly. The Welser's, notwithstanding, gave the charge to Georg de Spira, a prestigious man who counted with countless influences and powerful friends, naming in compensation to Federmann General of the Governor. And was in 1533, when the German was occupied to equip the fleet of the Welser's, all gathered in Seville.

Nicolaus Federmann was not an Initiate nor magic or esoterism connoisseur, but the Blood of Tharsis flowed through his veins. Immediately he understood that the mysterious cause that took his relatives to America had to be supported, and he acceded in all its points to effectuate the plan that they proposed; a secret instinct was telling him that he was not wrong, that something superior to gold, for which he was disposed to die, guided those adventurers: he could perceive it in the air when he was in their presence; and if that wasn't enough, they also paid with gold: with good Spanish gold, due to his relatives resulted in being very rich. Yes, Nicolaus Federmann would risk for the Tharsis Lords. The plan seemed to be simple: six of them would have to be transported; three were Knights and would be easy to contract; two, Dominican friars, who already disposed form the ecclesiastic dispensation, and also, for the satisfaction of the Welser's, they were expert miners and specialist in fine metals, an art highly appreciated in that time in which was required to melt the uncommon alloys of Indian objects to rescue gold and silver that they contained; the Lady was the only problem, who would have to wait in Coro for the return of her brothers and uncles; and the Lords of Tharsis offered to defray, the costs of ten Catalan soldiers of their own infantry troop, what not represented any inconvenient due to in every American expedition was required of enormous amounts of military effectives. In America, Nicolaus would try to orientate them in the quest of a strange construction of stone that they ensured that existed «*to the South*». He promptly desisted in such a purpose due to the closed hermetism of the Spaniards. But one thing was sure: they were not interested in gold, precious stones, or pearls that they could find in such quest; any object of value would belong to them because they just wanted to find such place.

The first Ship sent by Francisco Pizarro with a proof of the rescue of Atahualpa reached to Seville on September 5, 1533, and the second, with Hernando Pizarro on board, on January 9, 1534; they were transporting 100.000 castellanos, some 450 kgs. Which only constituted a third part of what corresponded to the King: in Peru, Francisco Pizarro had seized for that time nine tons (9.000 kgs.) of fine gold and (50.000 kgs.) of silver. These facts put in a frenetic state to the avid Welser's, who pretended to obtain similar revenue from their American colony, and they accelerated the departure of Georg de Spira and Niculaous Federmann. At the end of January 1534, the Guadalquivir of Seville sailed, the fleet that brought to America Lito of Tharsis and the five Stone Men who aided him.

The Tharsis Lords had provisioned with abundant food, clothes, and military equipment, apart from twenty horses, Spaniard dogos dogs, and three dozen of chickens from Castile. One week before leaving, Lito of Tharsis retired the Wise Sword from the Secret Cavern, covered the Venus Stone with a ribbon bow crossed in the quillon, and tying it to his waist, he began the voyage without return to the port of Seville and America. For the first time in 1.800 years, since the fall of Tharsis in the Phoenicians and Golems' hands, the ancient Sword of the Iberian Kings abandoned the Secret Cavern. Three Noyos would guard it in such uncertain travel, one of them, the most perfect Stone Man that House Tharsis would have ever produced. But, would he reach his Wisdom to liberate them from the diabolic powers of Bera and Birsha, who would go immediately in their persecution? Just in the near future, they would ascertain the affirmative answer.

When the prow of the frigate of the Welser's entered in the Atlantic Ocean, the Stone Men directed the gaze to the Coast of Light that they were leaving behind: seventy kilometers to the *N.E.* was Onuba, one of the ancient ports of the Tartessian Empire, and also Rus Baal, the Boulder of Saturn, where Quiblón received the Shekhinah. The six men were supported over a balustrade of the *starboard tack,* but their minds were travelling towards Onuba, in the confluence of the Rivers Tinto and Odiel; and then they ascended by the Odiel, to Turdes, and they stopped in the citadel of Tharshish, now alive again and powerful in the scenery of the imagination; they saw their ancestors, the Iberian Kings Lords of Tharis, sustaining with the commitment of their lives the guidelines of the Blood Pact; in solitude, such Lineage had faced to Everything and to everyone to comply with the mission entrusted by the White Atlantean founders, to maintain the loyalty of the Liberator Gods; a solitude that is the price for whom are really Strangers in the Universe, for those who exhibit the intrepidity of Nimrod and the Courage of his Kassite's warriors, for whom possess or seek for the Blood of Tharsis: the Absolute Loneliness, that the Wise Warriors must bear in Earth, the Hyperborean Initiates, the Stone Men, the Uncreated Spirits; and the mind directed then to the Cerro Char, before the Stone Countenance of Pyrene, in the Age in which the Cold Fire Mystery was officiated freely and where the Chosen Ones concurred from all the places of the World to die or find the Naked Truth of Themselves; the White Fraternity, the Order of Melchizedek, the Swarthy Atlanteans, the Priests of all the Cults, the Golems, the Immortals Bera and Birsha, the Templars, the Chosen People members, the followers of the Universal

Synarchy, Servants of the Potencies of Matter, Worshippers of Jehovah Satan, Terrible Enemies of House Tharsis:

They pursued them for millenniums, caused the destruction of Tharsis and the public disappearance of the Cold Fire Mystery, attempting to extinguish the Lineage of Tharsis and hide the Hyperborean Wisdom, and they tried by every means to seize from the Wise Sword and the Venus Stone; and the mind was floating in the act to the Secret Cavern, and appreciated proudly the silent sacrifice of tens of Noyos and Vrayas guarding the Wise Sword, purifying the Blood and awaiting with the patience of the hunter the Lytic Sign of K'Taagar, the racial call that authorized to go towards the Abode of the Loyal Gods to the Spirit of Men; now the Lord of Tharsis could realize the journey yearned since millenniums ago if they wanted to: a Noyo, the Greatest of All, Lito of Tharsis, had seen the Sign and he knew the Secret of the Return; *but the Tharsis Lords didn't leave yet; they would still wait more time, an instant of History, until the Final Battle;* Captain Kiev, a Lord of Venus, communicated that Navutan, the Lord of War, considered their World as the most Real of all the possible Worlds: and in that World, *in this World*, they would contribute to be realize the last Battle of the Essential War, beside their Envoy, the Great White Leader, the Lord of the Absolute Will and Courage; and there were going the Tharsis Lords, towards a *megalithic liberated area* by the Hyperborean Wisdom of the White Atlanteans, a place where they would resist with the Wise Sword until the days of the Final Battle; and the mind was returning, thus, nourished with Determination and Courage, to Stone Men that were fading away from the Spanish coast in a frigate from the fleet of the Welser's.

Fifty-Seventh Day

Once they interned into the Sea, the ships of Gerog de Spira and Nicoluas Federmann were caught in terrible storms; it seemed as if the entire nature, as though they own Creator, would have proposed to sink such fleet. Finally, a miracle, and not the captains' lesser miraculous expertise, prevented the wreck and made it possible to dock it in the Canary Islands, where they waited for better winds to complete the voyage. Already in Coro, Spira, whose ambition for gold was parallel with his courage without limits, organized an improvised expedition of four hundred men and departure immediately towards the South of the Lake Maracaibo, place in which some local legends situated an extremely rich, and inexistent, city.

He left his General Lieutenant with the assignment of travelling to Santo Domingo to bring what was missing catch him later in the mountains of Carora. But Nicolaus Federmann, who was allied with the Tharsis Lords, far from complying with these orders he also disposed to march towards the South, but taking a route much more western, following the indication of some Indians who assured to have seen stone constructions.

With this objective, he moved to Cabo de la Vela, over the coast of the Sea of the Antilles, and embarked to Santo Domingo, leaving the Lords of Tharsis with the Captain Antonio de Chavez and the Catalan soldiers. Soon, Federmann returned accompanied with eighty men, thirty horses, equipment, and fresh aliment, and joined with them. They departed to South West, in open contradiction to the instructions of Spira: instead of two Dominican friars, no was three, due to the Lady, Violante of Tharsis, had insisted on traveling disguised in that form, alleging that the «dangers that would lurk her alone in Coro would not be, surely, fewer than the suffered by her familiars in the expedition», an argument that convinced the unpredictable Stone Men.

If the excursion of Spira could be considered as improvised, and scarcely of men and means, the enterprise of Federmann was simply exiguous: little could do his hundred men and fifty horses against the untold dangers that lurked in those wild and unknown lands; neither the small troop of veterans of Santa Marta at the command of captain Rivera alleviated the situation who joined them in the midst of the journey: such men were lost in the jungle, discontent to march pointlessly after a wealth that not appeared nowhere. After suffering a thousand penuries that the tropical forests offer, with their poisonous animals, spiders, insects, ferocious tigers, and the intricate vegetation which had to be opened completely, the invaders experienced the cold wind of the high peaks that surrounds the Dupar Valley. And after the intermission, again in Warm jungle, the plagues, and the wild Indians, who were harassing them endlessly. Nevertheless, they continued unabashedly to the South, crossing the Rivers Apure y Meta, apart from thousand minor torrents, and they entered in the actual territory of Colombia. But such country was out from the Welser's and Federmann's concession, and he had no right for its exploration.

And thenceforth there were no evidence that they were in the right path; the few Indians that they achieved to capture gave vague indications about the cities of stone: to the South, always to the South; but to the South, they just found miserable villages and Indians of peerless savagery, cannibals and heads hunters, aborigines who poisoned their arrows and spears and followed them tirelessly. Ambushing them continuously, attacking them from the rearguard when they were marching and in the camps at the intermissions. After a year and a half advancing in that route, decimated, most of the men converted to living skeletons covered with rags, the decision to come back was imposed at the criterion of Ferdermann. Otherwise, they could not prevent now the riot of the survivors of their desertion: from the hundred men of his troop just fifty were still alive, and most of them in a deplorable state.

On their part, the Tharsis Lords stayed with stoicism during the campaign and only lost three Catalan soldiers; they pretended to go on to the South, but they didn't find a way to persuade the German. Finally, before his irrevocable determination, they opted for a heroic solution, to which Nicolaus could not deny they will stay there and continue with the quest. The plan was suicidal, but as any of the sides was disposed to disposed to yield, Nicolaus Federmann accepted to let them go in secrecy, simulating a straying that would prevent problems with the Welser's or the charge of desertion. Thus, was how one

day, he separated from the weary column of the Spanish vanguard and was lost forever, due to neither the Germans of the Welser's House, nor the Spaniards of the Kingdom saw them again.

Nicolaus Federmann continued with his explorations, always disobeying the orders of Georg de Spira. In 1539, with Jiménez de Quesada and Sebastián Belalcarzar, Governos of Santa Marta and Quito, respectively, founded the City with whom he met in the jungle of Santa Fe de Bogotá. Then he undertook with the aforementioned captains a voyage to Cartagena de Indias, and thence he moved to Spain with Quesada. Although discoverer and explorer of lands, he didn't obtain any riches and returned practically ruined. However, when he gave the Tharsis Lords the news about the luck of Lito and Stone Men, they compensated him generously and employed him in the Turdes Village, where he ended his days.

And what had happened to the Tharsis Lords in America? After the separation of Nicolaous Federmann they were located on the West side of the Eastern Mountain Range, some thousand kilometers from the starting point and some three hundred from the City of Quito, at the River's height Napo originates. It was a region of cold moor and desolate, where age lid wind blew that made chill the teeth and penetrated to the bones. They had found a precipitous path that seemed to be made by men's hands, due to at a certain distance stone stacks could be seen that worked as contention walls for the alluvial landslides. They followed with renewed hope: they didn't imagine either remotely that they still would have to travel five thousand kilometers to reach their destination. Nicolaus could give them ten horses and very few provisions: with four horses was enough to charge everything, the few victuals, the cage with the chickens, and even the weapons, now useless for the lack of powder. At the vanguard was advancing Lito of Tharsis, who was mounted and followed by three Indians bought in Coro, valuable garrulous and trail guide; behind, the other five Stone Men were riding. In the rear was marching the troop of infantry composed of seven Catalan soldiers, whose fidelity for their Spaniard masters impulse them to follow unto death; the Spaniard Dogos, of well-known ferocity, were ahead the whole column exploring the path fifty meters forward.

Seven days they transited through such escarpment, which now descended in full gradient towards a small valley situated, nonetheless, among high mountains. Unknowing it, they were approaching to a northern fortress of the Inca Empire, which served as a borderline mark to the muisca empire: a garrison of two thousand Indians, from one or another empire, who rebelled every six months to occupy such bastion. When taking a bend, the Tharsis Lords saw the walls and the stone hamlet, while they were approaching there through a set of staggered terraces, placed intelligently for that purpose. A sepulchral silence reigned in the place, and there was no movement; the door lacked lock gave the impression to be in front of a depopulated and abandoned citadel. Nevertheless, once they have crossed the wall, the silence plunged under a deafening concert of atrocious screams, and a rain of arrows began to fall over the intruders. Covering Violante, and followed by the infantry, the five Tharsis Lords charged with the cavalry over the mass of Indians that penetrated at he-

aps through the doors of the fortress. Nevertheless, even if the sevillian blades caused great mortality amongst the aborigines, their quantity was so huge that soon they had to retreat towards the central houses. At the orders of Lito, the Tharsis Lords dismounted and ran faster to find shelter.

In a dewelling without any defence, only surrounded by a rammed earth wall of two cubits high, were located Lito of Tharsis, Violante, Roque, the two friars, an Indian, and the five horses. They observed how a spooky number of indigenes had cornered them into a dead-end trap through a trapezoidal aperture. Screaming, they called to the other Noyo, Guillermo, who finally responded from the next house, where he will search for protection with the rest of the troop. He was wounded in one leg, something that could be mortal due to the venom that the Indians put in the head of the arrows, and he warned that three soldiers had died, as the two Indian servants and the two horses. Nobody imagined how they could resolve such a tight situation when an abrupt silence appeared on the aborigine's side. The Tharsis Lords narrowed the view and observed how the Indians moved aside with respect to giving pass to a personage dressed in woolens of bright colors and a hat with bonnet form with red and white feathers. He came seated over a sedan litter charged by eight men and carrying a stone axe in his right hand; a group of Indians, who were also distinguished by their clothing and evident authority over Warriors, were walking at both sides of the vehicle.

The curious caravan stopped at a prudent distance from the invaders, and the occupant of the litter set foot on the floor, disposing himself to be deliberate with his companions: undoubtedly, they were discussing to end as soon as possible with the Spaniards.

When suddenly thundered the scream of Lito of Tharsis and left everyone nailed on their site. He had precipitated out in an instant, without a helmet, with the blond head discovered and the Wise Sword, to which removed the ribbon to exhibit the Venus Stone, lifted over his head, while he uttered with thunderous voice:

–Apachicoj Atumuruna!
–Apachicoj Atumuruna!
–Purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy!
–Pucará Tharsy!

Surprised, the newcomers remained in silence, but after looking each other screamed immediately:

–Huancaquilli Aty!
–Huancaquilli Aty!

Then, trembling, as victim of a chill of terror, the one of the litter exclaimed:

–Huancaquilli Aty unanchan huañuy!
–Huancaquilli Aty unanchan huañuy!

When the Indians heard these words, they moved back some steps, broadening the clear space form in front of the Spaniards' shelter. Lito of Tharsis had returned to the house as surprisingly as he irrupted in the scene, and he was watching, at safeguard, the natives' reaction.

–What have you told them? – Asked one of the friars.

–I don't know it exactly–replied Lito–. It were the words that the Venus Stone have told me in the Secret Cavern. I think that they refer to the place where we must go. Suddenly, I had the conviction that I had to communicate it our attackers. And you see now the result: it seems that they know its meaning.

At that moment, the litter, with its strange occupant, was moving away rapidly, while the *güeches*, because it was about Muiscan warriors, the majority of them sat on the floor. They didn't stop looking to the shelter of the Spaniards not even for an instant, the spears and arrows ready to attack, and in their inexpressive serious and slanted faces, was impossible to predict their intentions. The only certainty that the attitude of the Indians indicated is that they were disposed to wait; but, wait for what, or who?

Thus, besieged in the precarious houses of stone, the hours passed by, and nothing disturbed the surveillance. But the Tharsis Lords were gifted in high grade with the virtue of patience: not in vain, they had made a guard for 1.700 years in front of the Wise Sword. So they sat to wait for the future movements of the besiegers. In few hours became obscure any movement of the Indians, although it was distinguished behind their raws that many stakes started to burn: soon a group of women was in charge to distribute to every güeche a corn cake and a ceramic bowl with a steaming liquid. The night became closed, and the Spaniards decided to rest and watch by turns. Everyone achieved to sleep due to the dawn found them in the same situation of yesterday. However, the morning and part of the afternoon would pass ere some change be noticed.

The number of warriors, rather than decrease, gone increasing with the pass of the hours, and now not existed any place without one of them: they covered the square and the streets between the houses, they were on the roofs, pillars, and walls and, finally, until the sight reached, they could be seen in expectant attitude but frankly hostile. It was adverted without much effort that they lurked by thousands, and that would be very difficult to clear the siege.

In the afternoon, the Stone Men realized that something new was happening: the Güeches, stood up suddenly and withdrew to give a pass to a caravan that was advancing from the fortress's exterior door. This time were three litters; in one of them was the enigmatic personage of yesterday; and in the other two, were some men with absolute different factions than one of the indigens: while presented characters undoubtedly Asian, the newcomers had features unmistakable of the European occidental men. Inclusive their skin, evidently tanned by the sun exposure, was quite pale and contrasted notably with the yellow skin of the Muisca's.

Their clothing revealed that they were indigenous, from another ethnicity but indigenes: they were wearing black robes of llama's wool, very similar to the Cathar tunic, and they covered their heads with *black bonnets* of the same

material. But what most attracted the attention of the Tharsis Lords, the most incredible was the round and feathered shields that they carried: on its center, clearly visible, was painted *one of the Navutan's Runes.* When they passed, the muisca's released a murmur of fear, and the Spaniards observed amazed that most of the Warriors avoided looking at them.

When the caravan stopped, the Leader to whom Lito had directed the words of the Venus Stone called the two uncommon personages who accompanied him. After descending, the three men approached the house occupied by the intruders. At a certain distance, they stood up and talked for a few minutes; finally, the one of the eve came closer resolutely and screamed:

–*Huancaquilli Aty! Huancaquilli Aty!*

Lito of Tharsis hesitated an instant, while the eyes of all Stone Men were fixed on him, but he went out immediately and faced the Indian. Like the first time, he raised the Wise Sword as well, without doubt the two men dressed in black advanced to meet him. However, their interest was not for Lito but the Wise Sword: both said with one voice:

–*Coyllor Sayana!* –Which in Quechua means: «*Stone of the Star*».

The Stone Men followed the events attentively from the trapezoidal window, ready to run into aid Lito of Tharsis. They not reached to hear the words that were saying but was indubitable that Lito and the *Amautas of the Black Bonnet's* were speaking at regular intervals. Minutes elapsed in the same way until the interchange of words and phrases acquired the unequivocal dialog tone. Finally, the Lord of Tharsis turned back and walked without problems to the shelter of his relatives; the muiscan Leader, by his part, gave an order, and the güeches deconcentrated immediately without protest: only the royal guard that accompanied the litters remained in the surroundings of the house.

–What happened? –Asked Violante unable to contain herself, immediately after that Lito closed the door–. Did you achieve to make them understand?

– Apparently, the peril has passed– Affirmed Lito, whose countenance was still reflecting the stupefaction that he was feeling–. Tharsis Lords: we are facing a Great Mystery.

According to what I have achieved to comprehend, *these black tunic beings were waiting for us since many months ago,* perhaps a year or more. The words that I have pronounced yesterday belong to a profane language, own of the Empire that Pizarro has conquered. For this reason, in the beginning, we could understand each other. But then and hear aright what I'm going to tell you because even though it seems a fantasy. It is not, they spoke in an idiom which is exclusive of the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, Initiates of the Cult of the Cold Moon, or decreasing, Aty, it means, the Cold Death; and here comes the incomprehensible: that language, *is a variant of the Low German or the Danish.* I don't know it with certainty yet due to the barbarian form in which they speak it, but believe me, it would not be difficult to learn it. Naturally, you will be as surprised as me: how it is possible that they were waiting for us when only the Gods knew that we

would come? And who are these Initiates, who in such far and unknown lands talk a Germanic language? For the moment, I have no answers.

–But what will we do now?

– Asked Roque.

–Well, it seems that the amautas of the Black Bonnet must guide us someplace. I guess that the guards of this fortress will be satisfied with our prompt departure, due to the aforementioned is not pleasantness for them, and ours, after the slaughter we have done neither. I propose going out to the square and maintaining us as closely as we can to the Amautas.

So, they took the equipment and taking the horses by the bridl; they were leaving slowly towards the large courtyard where the Amautas were waiting, accommodated in the seats of the litters. Lito went to the other house, and he realized with regret that Noyo was burning in fever and that the wounded leg was severely swollen. Taking him by the arms, he joined to Stone Men and told them:

– We can't leave without curing Guillermo. We will clean his wound with hot water and vinegar, from which some drops still remained.

So, he proceeded to ask for water, trying to talk with the Amautas, but they, once warned about the state of Noyo, gave many instructions to the musician, and they were dedicated to curing him: in a stone brazier, they put a recipient with water to which they added the enormous leaves of a very green plant; after boiling the potage, they clean the wound with its juice, to which they covered with leaves of the same sort; and after bandaging it, they brought some kind of stretcher composed with two large rods and transversal cloth, laid Noyo, and two warriors of the royal guard charged him towards the door of the fortress: the Muscian didn't hide the urgency that they had to see the foreigners out from their walls.

Fifty-Eighth Day

The Amautas were guarded by sixteen warriors who turned, by eight, to charge the litters. To them were added the six Tharsis Lords and the four Catalan survivors: the path guide Indian was not allowed to travel and remained with the Muscians. From the last skirmish they have saved eight horses and the two Spaniard dogos, apart from the chicken's cage of Castille and the entire equipment.

Following the Amautas through a narrow straight path towards the East, they ascending permanently through the Eastern Mountain Range. One day later, after they overnighted in a gelid cavern at 3.500 meters of altitude, they arrived at the peak of the mountain that started as an arm of the main chain. All indicated that the descent would start thence, but the immediate events would disprove such presumption. Suddenly, after a bend, the path ended abruptly in front of

an impenetrable stone wall: the mountain arose before the caravan preventing it pass. In such a situation, any European would have turned back a searched another to cross it surrounding the obstacle: that would *be logical.*

But it was appreciated that the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, as the Tharsis Lords, were not governed by the Logic principles.

They, without hesitation, went down from their seats and started the preparations. Stone Men, still amazed for the detention, observed the mountainous wall closely and then, almost simultaneously, understood what was happening: *they were in the presence of an entrance sealed by the Navutan Runes, similar to the entrance of the Secret Cavern of the Candelaria Hill, in the far Huelva.* Now the Runes were clearly visible for them, and they could cross the wall in an instant, *just approaching strategically to the hidden aperture.* But, they were aware that only the Initiates are capable to effectuate such operation: in House Tharsis, only a few of thousands of descendants had obtained to do it, and for this reason, they were considered Noyos or Vrayas. So, what would they do? They would abandon the four Catalans?; and, the most intriguing: how would pass those rude warriors, who were clearly not Initiates?

The answers would not delay coming. One of the Amautas took a recipient of purunku, and, uncovering it, he preceded to give a drink to each one of Warriors of his guard.

Minutes later, the potion made effect, and the Indians were hypnotized, looking without batting an eye but conserving the equilibrium. Evidently, the drug has deprived them momentarily of consciousness because the Amautas were taking them from the shoulders and were pushing them to the mountain's rocks; and they were meekly guided. But the most amazing for the Tharsis Lords *was to see how the Amautas introduced Warrior in the secret entrance and disappeared in the interior of the enormous rocks to return immediately for the others.*

–Gods! –Exclaimed Lito of Tharsis–. If our House would have possessed the formula of that substance…

Finally, only the Spaniards remained on that side of the mountain, and the Amautas offered the purunku making signals to the Tharsis Lords to make them drink. The six Stone Men desisted to consume the drug, but they forced the sceptics Catalans to do it. Each one of them sipped a little and experienced, minutes later, fulminant effect: they fell on the floor profoundly asleep. Thereupon they dragged them to secret entrance, but inexplicably now was possible to introduce them therein.

Such secret entrance not guided, as in Huelva, to a cavern but a tunnel of some hundred meters of longitude, in which extreme appeared a new motive of surprise for the Tharsis Lords. In fact, at the exit of the tunnel they found themselves in the middle of a stone carriageway with walls at each side and perfectly aligned from North to South, which was lost in the distance towards both cardinal points. Over the lateral walls, engraved with signs of the futhark runic alphabet, were seen inscriptions and signs.

–There are no doubts that it is about a Germanic language. However –commented Lito– this path has the aspect of the White Atlanteans construction.

Look these stones! in which they are carved! They are authentic menhirs that only they could have planted!

The Amautas promptly confirmed the observation of Lito: *when they came to these lands, many centuries ago, that path was already there. But only the Initiates could cross through it and for this reason it was called «The Path of the Gods». The white invaders could never find it, although surely, they would utilize the two parallel carriageway that the Ingas constructed imitating The Path of the Gods.* But they, the two Amautas of the Black Bonnet, should not talk about these matters with the Huancaquilli. Such mission was reserved for the «Atumurunas», who were waiting for them at the end of the journey.

The capital, Cuzco, was located in the center of the four regions. The Inka Empire was divided: in the West, the *Kontisuyu*; in the East, the *Antisuyo*; and in the South, towards the Gods Path was oriented, the *Kollasuyu*. The two Real Paths found by the conquerors of Pizarro were from North to South, following a parallel way to the Gods Path: the coastal route began in tumbes, and it reached to Talca, in Chile, 4.000 kilometers later; the central, a thousand kilometers more extensive, started from Quito and ended in the Lake Titicaca. But the difference was that the Real Paths were roads where the whole activity of the Empire was canalized: the Gods Path, on the contrary, was a secret way, only knew and employed by the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, feared Initiates of the Cold Death Atyhuanuy.

The Gods Path showed a perfect state of conservation, competing in certain places of exceptional beauty with the best European routes: that was obtained by the permanent distribution of some men through it, who was in charge of the carriageways maintenance, of the chaski service, and the sustenance of the Tambos that existed every three or four leagues.

Accordingly, after walking a bit through the cyclopean stone path, the travelers found a Tambo of huge dimensions: according to what the Tharsis Lords knew later, those «Huge Tambos» were edified in the surroundings of the lateral exits, and secrets, of the Gods Path. The place was attended by members of the same Swarthy Race that served to the Amautas; some children ran to discharge the llamas they brought and guided them to a corral, but they demonstrated great fear Spaniard horses, which had to be attended by the Catalans. They ate the unmissable corn tortilla, tamales, the hot api, and rested the half of the day. A chaski, in the meantime, went on the run to advance the news about the Tharsis Lords' arrival.

Even for the exhausting days, during which they marched all the day and just stopped in the nights in the nearer tambos, time passed, and the Gods Path seemed to have no end. And week after week, the cold, the wind, and the snow were pushing them continuously, due to the Path strangely descended under the 3.000 meters, obeying them to be permanently snug. A motive of joy was constituted by the fast recovery of Guillermo de Tharsis: only two days after the healing of the fever, it stopped notably, and the inflammation of the leg began to disappear; after fifteen days, he could walk almost normally. But seventy days later, they were still transiting the same straight carriageway,

which accidents, repeated a thousand times, echelons, ramps, tunnels, and suspension bridges were now boring and monotonous for them.

The presence of the runic inscriptions in the same Germanic language was constant during the thousands of kilometers traveled, although it tended to increase in variety and perfection in the measure that they were drawing nigh to their destiny. But such legends and signals were evidently posterior to the megalithic constructions that were found disseminated throughout the Gods Path: such stones exhibited the ancient and distinctive Runic Sign of Navutan, from which the runes just reflected a superficial symbolism.

One week before they reached the Lake Titicaca, they arrived at a Tambo where eight Amautas of the Black Bonnet and a strange personage were waiting for them. He was an Oldman of gray hair and factions of Nordic European, whose blue eyes and clear skin confirmed that he belonged to the White Race. As the two first Amautas that the Tharsis Lords met, the white, old man and his companions only wanted to see the Venus Stone. Lito of Tharsis, who correctly interpreted his desires, acceded patiently to it, unsheathing the Wise Sword and removing the ribbon from the hilt. An exclamation of astonishment and acceptance emerged from the nine throats. And only then they expressed intentions in Stone Men. All have unmounted and were placed behind Lito of Tharsis, admired at the same time for the reaction of their amphitryons. The old man, speaking the same Germanic dialect of the Amautas, but in much clearer, asked:

– And the Princess? Have you brought the Princess?

Such interrogation disconcerted Lito, who turned back to cross a gaze with his relatives. Thus, he discovered the eyes of Violante of Tharsis, unrecognizable as a lady behind the Dominican tunic, and suddenly he understood everything. Hitting his brow with the palm of his hand, he said smiling:

–Surely you are referring to my cousin Violante. But you are right, Noble Old man: *She's a Princess of Tharsis!* –Thereupon, he removed the hood from leaving uncovered the countenance of the Lady. When the old man saw her and the ten Amautas, they smiled, hitting their brows with the palm of the hand too, imitating Lito ofTharsis's gestures.

The old man was one of the Atumurunas, to whom the words in Quechua, pronounced by Lito of Tharsis, had invoked. But, who were the Atumurunas? According to what the old man said, who after a narrated reception turned as sparing and laconic as the Amautas, *the Atumurunas belonged to a family: they were members of the House «Inga Kollman»: «Inga», which meant «offspring», i.e., that the Atumurunas were the «Offspring» of Kollman.*

That was comprehensible, explained Lito to Stone Men, due to the particle «*ing*» meant offspring in the Germanic languages, as in Merovingian or Carolingian; but, who was Kollman? The old man refused to respond, alleging that his relatives would explain it «*in Koaty, the Isle of the Moon*». Where was located the «Isle of the Moon»? «in the Lake Titicaca, where they would arrive after a week of march». «The lateral path that guides to from the Gods Path to Cuzco since days ago that they have left it behind; now they were in a region

not explored yet by Spaniards. But they had to hurry because the '*ingas*' had news that an expedition to the south was being prepared; the white Huancaquilli reached at last moment, when the Atumurunas were desperate to fulfill *the admonition of the Gods*». And nothing else was possible to wrest from the Atumuruna old man.

Seven days later they distinguished a colossal fortress of stone in what was the extreme South of the Gods Path. In fact, the Path ended in front of the fortress, and this, which walls had the form of a half-moon, was cropped by a mountain of unprecedented height.

Nevertheless, the Path was not totally disrupted: a secret exit, only adequate for the Hyperborean Initiates, permitted to cross through the obstacle. They spent the night and were persuaded by the old men to leave the equipment and the animals there because they could not transport it to the island. The next day they passed through the secret exit, a previous libation of the mysterious potion by the four Catalans and fifty warriors that were accompanying them now. Instead, the Tharsis Lords had just to situate themselves before the Stone and listen to the Navutan Runes in the Birds' Language; they indicated *to them what strategic movements they should make to approximate correctly to the secret exit and surpass the Veil of the Illusion.* From the other side of the mountain, they found at just five leagues from the shore of the lake, towards the port of Carabuco. It was June of 1535.

Embark in the Pirogue of totora constituted an original experience for the Spaniards, although the distrustful Catalans feared to sink in any moment. However, six hours later, they reached without problems the Isle of the Moon. They fell over small seashore, of no more than ten feet of Castile width, surrounded by a prominent ravine of two hundred rods high: an arrow and visible path in zig zag allowed ascend until the summit of the cliff, from where the habitable surface of the Isle was extended. According to the explanations of the Amautas, over the Isle *Koaty* existed a fortified hamlet and a Temple. *But they were not going to the surface.*

When all descended to the beach, the Atumuruna revealed that they would have to cross another secret entrance, which was right there, on the ravine wall. Once again, the Stone Men localized the Runes, and the Catalans had to be drugged. Beyond the Illusion of the Ravine, there was a dim tunnel, coated entirely of stone blocks, which declined in a ramp and disappeared in the bowels of the Isle. For the next twenty minutes they continued descending, until the tunnel it stabilized and guided them to the threshold of a door guarded by two Amautas of the Black Bonnet. When they saw the newcomers, one of them hit the enormous silver gong with a maze that he had in his hands. An unusual spectacle was suddenly offered before the disconcerted glance of the Spaniards. Thus, they understood that they were in front of a cavern of titanic dimensions, so huge that an entire population existed there: and the sound of the gong had warned to all the residents, who were going out massively from their homes to watch them with curiosity. Almost everyone noticed the Lord of Tharsis, belonged to the same half Blood Race of the Amautas. The exit of the tunnel guided to an

elevated corridor from where a great part of the cavern was dominated, which was not better illuminated than the precedent corridor. Under its feet were hundreds of humble houses made of stone, separated by streets and squares, being distinguished some bigger buildings that were surely Palaces and Temples. The Atumuruna made indications to follow him, and he took the corridor, whence some carved stairs started in the rock to descend towards the village.

The corridor had an open bend that situated them before a building which perhaps was the major of the city: a wide stair, flanked by two tigers of stone, permitted to reach there. In the door, a group of men of different ages was waiting for them, but with similar clothing and Race of the Atumuruna. All demonstrated intense joy for the Tharsis Lords' presence, and some of them, incapable of containing themselves, approached and clasped their forearm in some kind of Roman salute. There, the Amautas of the Black Bonnet retired, and the Atumurunas made them pass to the Palace, to a semicircular hall with stands which gave all the impression of being an amphitheater or forum. The Stone Men had to accommodate around a central table with a half moon, while a dozen Atumurunas were distributed on the stairs.

An old Atumuruna, to whom they called *Tatainga* who was much elder that who had guided there, took the word and spoke to the Tharsis Lords:

–I know that one of you understands our sacred language. That flatters me enormously.

We, instead, do not know yours, and you must forgive us for it. However, we know whence you come from the same world of our Ancestors, more than seven hundred years ago.

Lito of Tharsis assented with a gesture, and Taitanga continued:

– Now, white Huancaquillis, will you do us the Grace to show the Stone of the Green Star?

Lito extracted the Wise Sword from his scabbard and, removing the ribbon, exposed the Venus Stone for the contemplation of the Atumurunas. A murmur of approval accompanied the exhibition, but Taitanga approached to examine it closer. He turned back and made a signal to some beautiful women Initiates who guarded the door. They came out and returned immediately, bringing a squared base whereon rested an object, which could not be seen for being covered by a white cloth with black swastikas. The women Initiates deposited its content with great delicacy over the half-moon shaped table, and they returned to their places. The old Atumurun are moved then, the cloth and Stone Men could observe, the height of the amazement, a Germanic crown of iron, *in which a Venus Stone exactly equal to the Wise Sword was crimped.*

–*This is the crown of King Kollman!* – Affirmed Taitanga with a respectful voice.

Fifty-Ninth Day

The history of the Atumuruna's people was notably similar to the one of House Tharsis. The old Tatainga narrated it to the Tharsis Lords with high details; but I, Dr. Siegnagel, will try to resume it with few words.

The ancestors of the Atumurunas, and the language that they speak, came from the region of *Scholeswig*, in the South of Denmark. In the X century the Kingdom of *Skioldl* and existed there, which had eight centuries of antiquity and had resisted the Christians of Charlemagne 150 years before. Its population, of Pure Blood, still conserved the religion of Odin, or Navutan, and had obtained to preserve the Venus Stone, a heritage of the White Atlanteans. For those «heresies», the Golems' had decreed the sentence of extermination for the entire royal House. Contrarily to House Tharsis, the brave Vikings didn't hide the Venus Stone, be they crimped it in the Crown of their Kings, a situation that forced them, at least, to exhibit it in every ceremony of coronation, or to present the Crown before each new Territorial Lord which with they were enfolded. Nevertheless, such imprudent behavior, the people of Skioldland achieved to maintain their freedom until the times of the King of Germany Henry I, the Fowler. In the X century, this King, who was a Hyperborean Initiate as well, defeated the King of Denmark, Germondo, and conquered the Schelswig. According to his custom, he established a borderline mark in the region and, with that purpose, named Margrave King of Skioldland, regardless of whether his subjects were Christians or not. But the German Kingdom was Christian, and the Golems didn't delay beginning a campaign of agitation to force the conversion in mass of the Vikings and obeying his King to give «the instruments of the Pagan Cult», within them the Crown with the Venus Stone. However, they didn't obtain anything in Life of Henry I.

When the King died in the year 936, he was succeeded by his son Otto, who, even for being a descendant of the legendary Vitikind by the matrilineal inheritance of Matilda, was brainwashed by the work of his Benedictine Golem instructors. Otto I wanted to imitate Charlemagne in everything. He began being crowned King in Aechen, by the Archbishop of Mentz, followed by numerous expeditions to Italy to know the Popes, and his imperialin vestiture in Rome, 962. The strong relation between the German Church and the Empire, which will last until the extermination of the Hohenstaufen in 1250, affirmed that it begins with Otto I's extraordinary concessions. It is comprehensible then that with such Emperor the fate of the small Kingdom of Skioldland its die was cast. In 965, the Golems intrigues make an effect, and an expedition marches over the Schleswig: is composed of imperial troops at the command of the General Zähringer, and they carry out the mission to convert the Heathen Kingdom to Christianity or to destroy it, and, in any way, kidnap the royal Crown. This time there is no salvation for the Vikings, and it is in this way, King Kollman proposed them to abandon such a country that will fall soon in the power of the Demons. Odin guided our Grandfathers and gave them these lands, and He commands us now to leave towards another Kingdom beyond the seas!

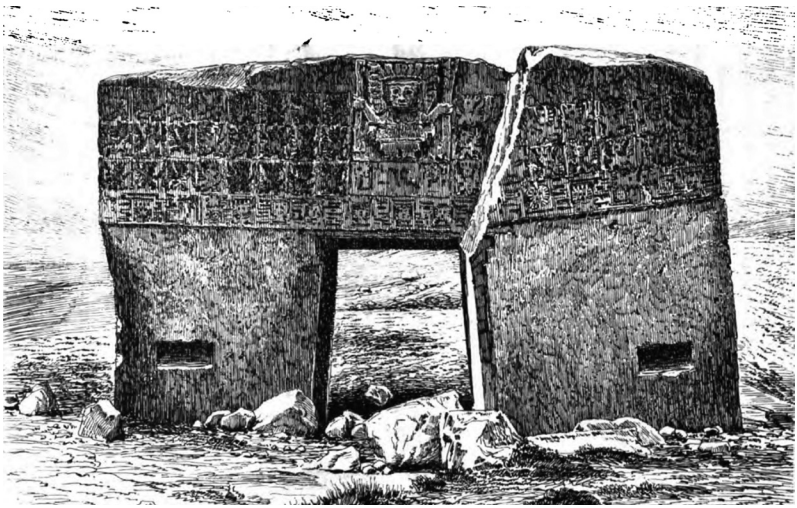
The 70% of the population accepted the offer and sailed in two hundred and twenty *drakkars*, but who remained were murdered by the angry evangelizers. The numerous fleets crossed the Tenebrous Sea and reached the Gulf of Mexi-

co. There, the Toltec civilization was flourishing, who received the Vikings as «Sons of the Gods», it means, as the White Atlanteans offspring.

House Skiold was as old as the one of Tharsis. But in the familiar mission, both Lineages differed notably: instead of a Cold Fire in the Hear, the Lords of Skiold had to profundize in the secret of the Magical Agriculture until the obtaining the cereal's essence; incorporated in the Pure Blood, such essence would cause the precipitation of a *Seed of Stone* in the Initiates Heart. The White Atlanteans had advised them the formation of a permanent body of Noyos and Vrayas, whose work would be the contemplation of the Venus Stone and waiting for the appearance «the Lytic Sign of Valhalla»: and when it takes place, it would be the moment to travel towards the Abode of Gods. And the Sign has appeared, a few days after the attack of Skioldland. In the Venus Stone, a Vraya achieved to see a megalithic scenery at the shores of an enormous lake: such place, said the Loyal Gods, was located beyond the Tenebrous Sea; but there they should go, due to a Great Empire would be House Skiold by the Will of the Gods. And for this reason, they sailed in the 220 drakkars. In sum, House Skiold constituted a family of Hyperborean Initiates, and must not result strange that at their departure, King Kollman as his Queen and numerous Noyos and Vrayas, were Stone Men.

Even though they had imposed without problems over the Toltecs and had contributed profoundly to the civilization's improvement. Ten years later, Kollman's people continued their journey to the South, remaining with the Toltecs those who had committed the "racial sin» of matting with them. They would navigate to Venezuela. Thereupon they would march towards the West, crossing Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador, and they would reach Quito, thence they would seal to again towards the South. They would disembark in Tacna and go up the East's mountains until the platau of Tiwanaku and the Lake Titicaca. That was the place that the Venus Stone indicated.

In Tiwanaku the people of Skioldland found a cyclopean half-built city of stone, some type of workshop of the White Atlanteans. Among the ruins, they edified a population that would be the head of an Empire. And in the Isle of the Sun, they erected a Temple to the local Deity, because they had presented themselves to the Collas, Aymara, and other Indians as «Sons of the Sun». The Viking Empire of Tiwanaku had prospered and extended until the XIV century when the second part of the racial drama of House Skiold occurred. In such a century, in fact, the people of Skioldland, who were already called «Atumurunas» due to their white skin and predilection for the Cold Moon, had dominated all the Indians populations who dwelled in the surroundings. Only one of them resisted, and not by their own merits but owing to the Atumurunas doubted between to know them free and far or submit them to the vassalage having to treat with them. They were the *Diaguitas*, and the Vikings' apprehension proceeded from a rejection almost epidermic, essential to the custom and culture of them. The case what that, even if the mass of Indians belonged effectively to the American ethnicities, the noble and priestly lineage that reigned them had a Mediterranean origin or, more precisely, it came from the Middle East: in the museums of Santiago del Estero, Catamarca,



Tiwanaku.

Salta, Tucumán, or Tilcara, can be seen today hundreds of potteries written in Aramaic and Hebrew, that confirms such affirmation. The diaguita nobility flaunted the most rancid Hebrew ancestry and, their Priests, were considered as the most jealous defenders of the Cultural Pact and the Sacrifice One. They professed a mortal hate against the Vikings, and they lived harassing the frontiers of the Empire permanently. But they had been always controlled; at least until the fatidical year of 1315. In that year, a general uprising of diaguitas tribes was produced from the Quebrada de Humauaca until Atacama, in Chile, without any justifiable motive by part of the Empire. The news indicated that *the Great Cacique Cari had received the visit of two envoys of God the One, Berhaj, and Birchaj, who incited them to War against Tihuanaco; They assured the Victory because the Diaguitas, they said, belonged to the People Chosen by He,* and they could not lose. Motivated thereby, the ferocious indigenes advanced irresistibly upon the Empire's limits and besieged in Tiwanaku. The Vikings, finally, searched shelter in the Isle of the Sun, while the Initiated Autumurunas, it means, Stone Men, entered in the Secret Atlantean Cavern in the Isle of the Moon, *Koaty.*

Nothing could do the Vikings against the High Strategy applied by the Demons Berhajand Birchaj, who guided the Diaguitas. They ended falling in the fence that the Enemy closed around the Isle of the Sun. Taking Thousands as prisoners, the people of Skioldland went patiently beheaded one by one in the hands of the Hebrew-diaguitas Priests. In this part of the narration, the Atumuruna Taitanga signalized a runic relief in the wall and asked:

–«*Molay*», «*Quiblon*»? What represent these words for you? Because the Diaguitas Priests, each time they beheaded a prisoner *from ear to ear*, seeking to make that the blood falls into the Lake, screamed: –*For Molay! For Quiblon!* Our ancestors wrote with runes such names, which had no sense because they wanted that their offspring could clarify the enigma someday.

Stone Men remained in silent, nailed in their sites. But they thought: How terrible is the Illusion of the Great Deceit! How different is the same reality seen from another perspective! That 1315 had been a good year for House Tharsis: the Lord of Venus came, and he approved all the actions deployed against White Fraternity plans; the action of House Tharsis, and the *Circulus Domini Canis,* caused the destruction of Order of the Temple; and with them, with the stake of Jacques de Molay, the danger of the Universal Synarchy and the Chosen People disappeared for the moment. And the advent of Quiblón would delay in 180 years. And in that year, the Valentininos settled down in Turdes. Definitely; 1315 was a year of celebration that the Tharsis Lords still remembered with sympathy: it was even said that it was one of the best years in the history of House Tharsis. They now comprehended that for their brothers of Skioldland that was a disastrous day, the worst of their history! The Enemy took then an atrocious vengeance: they tried to exterminate their Lineage in reprisal to destroy the Order of the Temple! For that reason, they said after every execution «– For Molay, for Quiblón!–», imitating to Charles of Tharsis, when he said to the Golem who was going to die in the stakes of Senz: «–For Navutan and the Tharsis Blood! –» Damn Golems; damn Chosen People members; damn Bera and Birsha: a new account to be paid in the Final Battle!

I will continue with the summarized narration, Dr. Siegnagel. I will just add that, thenceforth, 1315 would be considered a year of grief for House Tharsis.

Stone Men of the lineage of Skiold remained sheltered in the Isle of the Moon during thirty-five years, before they dared to realize a new strategic action. In that period, the surveillance of the Hebrew Indians was constant over the Lake Titicaca, because numerous local legends talked about caverns and tunnels that the White Atlanteans built thousands of years ago: They suspected that some Atumurunas could be hidden there. However, the Navutan Runes constituted a formidable obstacle, even for the power of the Demons Berhaj and Birchaj, beings who lacked Uncreated Spirit; and nobody except for the Hyperborean Initiates would see the Atumurunas again. Really, the survivors were very few, although they were accompanied by a major number of the half Blood Race members to which the Amautas of the Black Bonnet belonged: that race had been formed by the mix of the Viking blood and the Indians who lived in Tiwanaku at the arrival of King Kollman. Nevertheless, the afore mentioned miscegenation, the Vikings had always tried to conserve the Pure Blood, and they imposed a law by which were only Nobles those who were offspring of the lineage of Skiold. Thereby, the Nobility's belonging demanded the marriage between members of the conqueror Race: the half Bloods, even if they were relatives of the Vikings, remained excluded from the Nobility but not from the right to participate in the Pure Blood Mystery. It means the half Bloods could access the Hyperborean Initiation, faculty that ended dividing them in Initiates. It means, Amautas of the Black Bonnet, and *Quillarunas,* that's to say, *Moon-Men* or people of the Moon.

The survivors of the diaguita slaughter were composed of a dozen of Atumurunas and hundred Quillarunas. When they believed that the danger diminished, thirty-five years later, the Atumurunas decided to occupy the Gods

Path, an ancient route of the Atlantean Empire that started in Tiwanaku and ended in Caribbean Sea. They traveled through the secret Path towards Cuzco, where existed a lateral exit in a first stage. Thereupon the decided to send two Atumurunas Initiates to create a new royal Lineage in the populations of the region of Cuzco, who had been vassals of the Vikings of Tiwanaku for centuries. One of the Initiates was the Inga Manco Kapac, and the other, his Hyperborean couple, his Wife and Sister, Mama Ocllo. Both realized their mission and founded a lineage that lasted until the end of the Inga Empire, and to which the Emperor Atahualpa belonged, the Inga murdered by Pizarro.

However, even if the effectuated efforts, even if the offspring of Manco Kapac only married amongst them, nothing could do the Ingas of Cuzco to prevent the Pure Blood's degradation. In just one century, no Initiates emerged from the royal family, and the Ingas depended on the Amautas of the Black Bonnet to any esoteric office. But the fall of the people of Cuzco not ended there: the territorial expansion of the Empire put them in contact with Cultural Pact Populations, and they suffered the influence of Priests who transformed the Mystery of Viracocha, or Navutan, in a mere Cult to the Creator God. Then appeared «other» Amautas, i.e., Priests who usurped the function of the Hyperborean Initiates.

The greatest damage, in this sense, was produced by the arrival in the XIV century of a group of Catholic missionaries coming from Brasil, where they had disembarked after crossing the Atlantic Ocean. They were led by a Priest of strong personality, to whom the Indians of Paraguay gave the name of Pay Zume or Pay Tume, a legendary name that the posterior Jesuits of the «Missions» identified with the Apostle St. Thomas. The Ingas, instead, accepted his preach, and they equated with their God Tunupa, one of the Aspects of Viracocha. The accurate measures that he took to destroy the religion of the Atumurunas indicated that they had not arrived at Cuzco randomly but that he was an envoy of the White Fraternity. Such Priest achieved to impose the Cult to the Cross, the Crucified, to the Mother of God and the Trinity of God, beliefs that were still maintained more or less deformed in the Spaniard conquest times. This was undoubtedly disastrous for the Ingas' spiritual vitality, but the greatest one came from the insertion of *ritual sacrifice* and the change of meaning of the *Apacheta.*

In the Age of the Empire of Tiwanaku, an Atumuruna called Sinchiruca taught the Indians a variant of the Cold Fire Cult. In such Cult, the Stones of the Apacheta represented the Great Ancestors; *Achachilla Apacheta*, and a special boulder were the Cold Stone, the Stone possessor of the Sign of Huañuy or Sign of Death. The *Rumi Huañuy* was also in the heart of man, in the Soul, and to it remained chained the Uncreated Spirit: for this reason, in the *Tocanca* ceremony, when spitting in the akullikuy (a bag with leaves of the cocaplant) on the Rumi Huañuy, was expressed the desire of separation from the animic and the spiritual, the transference of the animic part to the Stone. But, above all, the apacheta was an Altar, a «high place», consecrated to the Mother of Navutan, the Goddess Ama, the Virgin of Agartha, the Goddess who gave the Seed of the Cereal to men, that's to say, the Goddess that the Indians knew as

Pachamama. When the Indian transmitted through a path, and reached to a crossing or crossroads, he deposited a stone in the Apacheta and released his akullukuy of coca, or he just put a wet pebble with saliva. The Pachamama, *«killed» his tiredness, «destroyed his fatigue», «removed» the pain, that what is own of human condition, i.e., «liberated» the Spirit from the animic or animal nature; and « oriented»* the journeyman in the Labyrinth of the Illusion that reflected the crossroads. But when the Indian heard the Navutan Runes, the Vice of Viracocha, wherever he could be, he felt fulminated, and it was said that he was *stabbed:* that was the moment to build an altar to the Pachamama and right there the stones of the Apacheta were deposited.

As I said, the Doctrine of Pay Zumé altered the strategic meaning of the Apacheta, coinciding in this with the Hebrew Diaguitas, who had introduced similar modifications in the conquered territories to the Atumurunas. The change consisted of disturbing the Cold Fire Cult into the Warm Fire Cult and identifying the Pachamama with the Great Mother Binah. Thus it was converted, at the style of the Roman decadence, the Apacheta in an altar of Lares Gods, or of a Supreme God, Creator of the World, represented by Warm Fire, the Creator Fire which never extinguishes, the Solar Logos, the Sun. And over the Apacheta reigned now a Binah- Pachamama, Mother Earth, Shakty, Creator Matrix of Things; Goddess of Love to whom was convenient to make sacrifices for her intervention before his Husband, the Creator One. Thenceforth the Apacheta lost its strategic character and orientator towards the Origin, and it was, for the Ingas of Cuzco, an object of the Cultural Pact, an instrument of the idolatry of the Priests of the White Fraternity, the new «Amautas».

Such a process of spiritual decadence resulted in catastrophic for the Atumurunas of the Lake Titicaca, which neither achieved to preserve the Pure Blood, and they were facing day to day with the racial extinction. Their presence was now reduced to the Gods Path's ambit, which they ended occupying completely, and the «City of the Moon», in the secret cavern of Isle of the Moon. Almost never they were visible to the dwellers of the Empire of Cuzco, except to transmit some esoteric information to the Ingas, but their apparitions were feared, because they were considered as «announcer of ills», «predictors of disasters», etc. Their «envoys» were the Amautas of the Black Bonnet, and they never appeared too much at the sight of the inhabitants neither and inspired identical terror.

It is convenient to clarify, Dr. Siegnagel, that once *occupied* the Gods Path, it was only utilized for travelling by the Amautas of the Black Bonnet: *the Atumurunas employed instead, a subterraneous path which crossed the Andes from one extreme to the other, and it had the same trace of the Gods Path, it means, that it was extended behind it. There were secret vertical exits that communicated the Gods Path with the Andes' tunnel, where «appeared» the mysterious Atumurunas. According to what the Ingas legends affirmed, such a tunnel, constructed by the White Atlanteans, possessed stone vehicles that allowed the travelling at fantastic speeds.*

Finally, to years before the arrival of Francisco Pizarro to Cajamarca, the situation of the Atumurunas became desperate: they only disposed of the Princess Quilla to maintain the matrilineal succession of the Lineage, but they didn't achieve to determine her marriage because the twelve Atumurunas alive

were all very close relatives and whose parents and grandparents had been also cousins and brothers amongst themselves. Any relationship with them would degrade with security the Pure Blood, would cause the degeneration of the offspring. Was in these circumstances Noyos observed «*a Lytic Signal in the Venus Stone*» and received the visit of «*the God Küv*».

The Crown of King Kollman rested since centuries ago on an altar of stone with a form of the *straight circular site*: the extremes of the exterior arch were united by with an interior arch in relief, parallel to the first, to symbolize the image of the waning Moon; and over that half-moon was placed the Sacred Crown, with the Venus Stone facing the circular edge. Noyos commonly seated before the Crown, aligning the sight with Venus Stone and the vertex of the altar's straight angle. Opposed to what happened with the Tharsis Lords, perhaps due to the endogamy, the twelve Atumurunas Noyos were capable of projecting the Lytic Signal in the Venus Stone.

Therefore, they recognized a megalithic scenery that, even though it was located at thousands of kilometers from Lake Titicaca, did not imply maritime routes and sylvan as the Spaniard Initiates starred. Indeed, what was seen as *a replica of the rocks of the Externsteine,* the sacred mountain of the Germans situated in front Teutoburger Wald.

Really, there are various Externsteine around the world, everyone similar to the one of Germany, and all the possessors of the Navutan Runes. The one which was observed in the «Stone of Valhalla», of the Crown of King Kollman, was located near to the Quebrada de Humahuaca, in the actual territory of Argentina, in a place that today is called «Valley Magno», at the Hill Kâlibur feet. About it, the Atumurunas had no doubts. What was missing to determine was what meant that image? Would they have to travel towards the Extersteine of Jujuy? It could be near: according to what the familiar tradition affirmed, existed a secret entrance which guided to Valhalla, or K'Taagar, previous pass through the Door of the South. The answers were offered by «God Küv».

Sixtieth Day

When the Lord of Venus appeared in the stone altar's straight angle, the twelve Atumurunas and the Princess Quilla saw him simultaneously.

–*Grace and Honor, Blood of Skiold!* –Saluted the Lord of Venus, expressing with his right hand the Bala Mudra.

–*Sieg Heil!* –responded Stone Men with one voice.

–Blood of Skiold: *I bring you the salute of Wotan, the Lord of War! And I also bring you His Word! Pay attention, open your senses, because this is a unique chance, perhaps unrepeatable before the Final Battle! Two times they had attempted to destroy your Lineage: the first in Skioldland and the second in the Isle of the Sun.*

So, you know that the Enemy is relentless. Now I announce to you a new danger of destruction. But it is not the one that worries you: the extinction of the Lineage for lack of offspring. It will be once again the Sacrifice One dagger What will try to shed the Pure Blood of Skiold. Aye, Atumurunas; the Great Sacrifice has opened a Door through which the asleep men will be thrown over your throats! Bad and good news I bring you. The bad ones consist in that the Inga Empire of Cuzco, divided for the meanness and madness of their Kings, will be destroyed soon by the asleep men that will reach in uncontrollable hordes. You shall flee from Koaty forever: acting with decision and rapidity, at last, you shall prevent a third and definitive attempt of the annihilation of the Lineage.

Behold Good news: if you obey my orders effectively, and save the Lineage of Skiold, the Lord of War would consider you to participate in a prominent role in the Final Battle. And these are my orders: from now on, you shall never intervene in the quarrels of the Empire, even if you see the Enemy disintegrating it without mercy. You shall conserve the calm until the last moment. Then will come some Envoys of the Lord of War. You will recognize them because they will carry a similar Stone to the one of King Kollman's Crown. With them will come to a Princess of the Purest Blood on this Earth: She will be entrusted to you, and you shall marry her with a Prince of House Skiold; their offspring will preserve the Lineage and will constitute the root of a powerful population at the End of Time. But in retribution, Atumurunas, you shall conserve the Princess Quilla Virgin, and you will give her to them, to make that your own Lineage is prolonged in the Pure Blood of Skiold.

Although not as far as the one where you come from, they come from a very far country. We will guide them and, sooner or later, they will approach the Gods Path. Therefore, you shall give instructions to the Amuatas of the Black Bonnet, so that they be distributed along the frontiers of the Path to wait and guide them to Koaty. The Amautas shall give part to the Scyris of the local populations that they will be punished with the most severe penalties if they cause some peril to the Strangers carriers of the Stone: Make them know that they, just as you, are Lords of Death, Huancaquilli Huañuy!

You shall be prepared to evacuate to Koaty immediately when the Huancaquilli arrives and once you have made the Princess interchange. You shall go to the Valley Great Kâlibur, to the site you have seen in the Stone of the Crown. There you shall cross through the secret door that guides to a valley protected by the Navutan Runes, where you will forge a terrible warrior population that will return to this World in the days of the Final Battle. But the Huancaquilli shall travel to the South, to the Fortress or Pucará de Tharsy, or Thafy, where is located the Great Menhir of Tharsy planted by the White Atlanteans thousands of years ago. Aye, Atumurunas; when we founded a Lineage, we always plant His Menhir! And only with the generations pass, only if the Blood if conserved Pure, Lineage members reunite with Their Menhir. That occurs when the Familiar Mission is fulfilled: Therefore, you will find your Menhir in the Great Valley and the Huancaquilli will find his in the Valley of Thafy. And the Enemy could not penetrate in the Strategic Walls of the Great Cromlech that surrounds the Fundamental Menhirs of the Race.

The White Ancestors, the White Atlanteans, left a population to guard menhir of Tharsy, in the Tucumán: They celebrate the Cult to the Lord of War, to whom they call Vultan or Navutan, in an Apacheta, or altar, next to menhir; purihuaca Voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy. Those guardians were exterminated thousands of years ago by the Diaguitas Indians, members of the «Chosen People» by the Creator God of this Hell, who still live in the region. Thus, you will provide an escort to the Huancaquilli to make them arrive without risks to the ancient Pucará of the Valley of Tharsy, where you shall also live until the Days of the Final Battle. *Atumurunas of House Skiold: I have said what I had to tell, and it is not convenient, for strategic motives, to add anything else. I reiterate you the salute of Wotan, and I also bid you farewell until the Final Battle.* Or till you coincide with mein another *Kairos*. *Grace and Honor, Blood of Skiold!* –Wished for them the Lord of Venus while raising his right arm to express the Bala mudra.

–*Sieg Heil, Gott Küv!* –Responded the Atumurunas, realizing the *Bala mudraas* well, which was the ancient secret salute of House Skiold.

The Atumurunas accomplished letter to letter with the commandments of the Lord of Venus. Thenceforth, an oiled mechanism destined to detect the travelers was mounted in extreme North of the Inga Empire. And it was its operation, just as I narrated, what allowed to the Tharsis Lords to clear the Muiscan siege, what constituted a secure mortal trap. With the arrival of the Tharsis Lords to Koaty, fulfilling the Lord of Venus's announcements concluded the narration of the Tatainga. Thereupon, Lito of Tharsis related the best he could the history of House Tharsis, awakening much interest in the Atumurunas, the knowledge of the murderer maneuvers of the Immortals Bera and Birsha, and the identity and mission of Quiblón. Now they should depart together towards the South, marching to a fortress or Pucará, called *Humahuaca,* where they would separate. They would never see each other in this life again, but they would meet again during the Final Battle, when the Lord of War would convoke men of Honor to fight against the Potencies of Matter.

The Princess Quilla had blonde hair and blue eyes, while Violante contrasted her black hair and green eyes, but both exhibited a skin as white as snow. Quilla was already prepared to become the wife of one of the Tharsis Lords, but the news that he would have to abandon them by the Gods' disposition surprised and saddened Violante of Tharsis. However, she not reneged of her mission, although she expressed clearly her discontent. Hence two Dominican friars decided to stay with her and bind their fate to the Lineage of Skiold: with her relatives' company, Violante could bear better the separation. But Lito also ordered the four Catalans to follow their Ama and never abandon her; he said them aboveboard that they would never return to Spain if they accomplished such orders. For obeying them, they would be treated as members of the Nobility by the Population of the Moon. The Atumurunas wanted to carry with them the Catalans and they offered them, for that unique time, the possibility to take wives amongst the Virgins of the Moon. The tough Spaniard soldiers accepted everything; they were excited by the perspective to become Lords of that mysterious population and care for the security of Queen, Violante of Tharsis.

Once they reached a mutual agreement, it was just missing to get underway and evacuate from Koaty, giving fulfillment in this form to the commandments of God Küv. In such preparations were, when spies who permanently informed about the Empire's situation, transmitted them a new that obeyed to hasten the departure: Captain Diego de Almagro has just left Cuzco with five hundred men towards the South. Between Francisco Pizarro and Diego de Almagro had occurred a sour dispute about the limits that corresponded to each one in the Inga Empire's distribution: Diego de Almagro pretended that the City of Cuzco was included in his dominions. The astute Pizarro achieved to dilate the definition of the conflict, persuading his partner that to the South existed a country even richer than the Inga Kingdom, a booty that would turn meaningless the sense of the discussion about Cuzco. So, the dreamer Almagro armed such a mighty army and marched towards the South willing to conquer the City of the Caesars, Trapalanda or Elelín.

The same nostalgia, accompanied of heroic resolution, that the Tharsis Lords experienced when they abandoned the Iberian Peninsula in the ship of the Welser's, when the mind was flying to Huelva and revived the days of glory of House Tharsis, was felt by the Atumurunas when they were crossing the Lake Titicaca towards the port of Copacabana, leaving behind the Isle Koaty were they lived for many years and reached the Highest Hyperborean Wisdom. House Skiold had been powerful centuries before in Tiwanaku, until the demential vengeance of the Order of Melchizedek almost extinguished their Lineage: Then, when they abandoned the region forever, the hearts of the Atumurunas were jolted by ambivalent feelings. The Soul, created and attached to history and the ground, and to the Time and Space, was torn in pain due to the definitive departure from the natal land; but the Uncreated Spirit that discovers and sustains in the Blood of the Initiate the Origin's Remembrance, overflowed every animic instant of sorrow with the infinite nostalgia of the Return to the Primordial Homeland, the Original Hyperborea. And before the Hyperborean nostalgia, the desire to abandon everything and leave towards the Origin of the Spirit, nothing can the claws of the pain, no effect have the sentimental attachments to the infernal regions and the material objects of Earth.

Almagro left Cuzco in 1535, and at the end of August, after crossing the hostile highlands of the South, he arrived at the plateau of Titicaca. He went close behind the Atumurunas and the Moon people, who barely achieved to anticipate the vanguard of the harsh Spaniards. The fugitives passed through the village of Chuquiabo, today La Paz, almost without stopping, and they only made a pause of three days in Sucre, o Ciudad de la Plata, before descending to the valleys of the Gran Quebrada de Humahuaca. To all this, Almagro, who received at his pass the surprising new that an entire population was going towards the same direction, he hurried the working day intending to reach them and know their destination, perchance the rich population of the South, the City of the Caesars. The idea was affirmed on the fact that such population was going, according to what all his informants agreed, guided by white and bearded men, similar to the Spaniards, but magnificently dressed in the clothing of the Inga Kings. For Almagro, it was extremely probable

that such population proceeded from the City of Gold and Silver, and towards where they were going.

Nevertheless, they would never reach them. The caravan arrived at the village thirty years before Almagro. There Stone Men released a terrible threat over the natives, supported by the magic demonstrations of the Atumurunas, to make the natives give a false clue to the Almagro's expedition about the direction taken by them. They had to deviate the Spaniards to Chile, assuring them that there was located the City of their dreams. They, meanwhile, would go through very different routes: the Atumurnas to the East, towards the Great Valley of Hill Kâlibur, near to El Ramal of Jujuy; the Tharsis Lords would continue towards the South, to Pucará de Tilacara from where, by strategic opposition, they could orient themselves to Pucará de Andalagá and, thereupon, to Pucará de Tharsy, their objective.

So, the Tharsis Lords and the Atumurunas were separated «forever»: they would meet again during the Final Battle, when all of them will return in front of their populations to resolve the disputes with the representatives of the Potencies of Matter, with the disciples of the White Fraternity, with the Chosen People; about the White Fraternity and the Traitor Gods, naturally, the Loyal Gods of the Spirit of Men will occupy, perhaps the own Lucifer.

Violante and two friars were confused in expressive embraces and kisses with Lito, Roque, and Guillermo: no one could avoid the tears on their harsh faces, although they laughed simultaneously with wild joy; the commandments of the Gods were fulfilled, and that was important. A similar scenery passed the Atumurunas, who had to bade farewell their unique relative, the Princess Quilla. But she was a strong Viking, and she didn't need the company of anyone; on the contrary, she demanded that all his familiars move as soon as possible to the Extersteine of Valley Magno. With the Tharsis Lords, to escort them and guard the Pucará of Tharsy, fifty families of the People of the moon would go instead. One week after they had arrived, and in the moments when Almagro was located in Tarija, the travelers re-took their march.

All happened just as the Tharsis Lords desired. Almagro was confused by the Indians, and he missed the trace of the fugitives. After an unsuccessful quest in the Argentinian territory, moved to Chile, and after ten months of vain march, becoming aware that the rich Empire described by Pizarro not appeared. In September of 1536, he returned to Cuzco, with his ten troops decimated and tired for such worthless journeys. A general insurrection occurred that had besieged Cuzco and threatened to reduce the Spanish conquest to a disaster. The presence of Diego de Alamgro put thousands of Indians to flight and saved a secure death to Francisco and Hernando Pizarro, which prevented this last one from exerting the garrotte on him in 1538, after his loss in the Battle of Las Salinas.

The escort of the Tharsis Lords and the Princess Quilla was composed by five Amautas of the Black Bonnet and forty-five Quillarunas, with their families. The Amautas enjoyed great authority in the Inga Empire, and not for that existed any inconvenience in the Pucará garrisons to comply with their orders.

All received the order to abandon their places and return to Cuzco, avoiding crossing with the Spaniards in the journey because they would reduce them to slavery. And the Spaniards, who lacked the Hyperborean Wisdom, nothing could do against such fortresses which construction is based in the Enclosure Principle and the Strategic Wall. Indeed, even if they could occupy them militarily, they could never warn about the exterior menhirs, the *referential stones*, which would remain invisible even if they would be beside them. Lito of Tharsis, always guided by the Amautas, left behind the Pucará de Andalgalá and bearded with his people the cold inclemencies of the Nevados de Aconquija: on the other side of that Mountain Range is the Valley of Thafy. When he approached the Pucará, just a sigh around it was enough to confirm that it was the searched place, *the Lytic image that the Venus Stone showed him in the Secret Cavern of Huelva.* The fortress was described clearly, of Vrunic form, and out of it the Cromlech. Interior was erected the might Menhir of Tharsy; at the bottom, a trickle of a small river watered the barren stones of the Valley, coming from an aperture of far mountains.

The newcomers occupied the area and dedicated to prepare an eventual *Magic Defense: they would project over the wall of stone the principle of the Fortress and, over it, they would impress one of the Navutan Runes; therefore they would obtain Strategic Wall, invulnerable before the spatial and temporal Strategy of the asleep Spaniards; then they would realize the strategic opposition against the referential stone, against menhir of Tharsis, and the whole area* would turn culturally invisible: *and the asleep men could never discover them*. How to obtain that such protection be permanent? practicing the Magical Agriculture, heritage of the White Atlanteans, in the exterior area of the Strategic Wall. *When they germinate, grow, and mature, the seeds which genetic information has been altered by the transmutative power of the Uncreated Spirit, they do not respond to it archetypal finality, to the model that is located in the actual Heaven, but a paradigm of another Heaven, to a mold of another World. That unknown Heaven is what reigns then in the Microclimate of the Liberated Area, sustaining it out from the visual scope of physical of the Enemy.*

Such precautions were not needless due to, even though Diego de Almagro did not represent any problem, and he had the joyless end that I mentioned, eight years later would come another Enemy, who came with Manifested intention to localize the shelter of the Tharsis Lords. In 1543, indeed, the Governor of Peru, Cristóbal Vaca de Castro, knower of the unsuccessful persecution carried out by Almagro, he decided to try better luck by mean of anew expedition. Officially, it would be tried to explore and occupy the territory of Tucumán, but in secrecy, the main objective would consist in the quest for the «other White Men» and the City of the Caesars. The henchman of Vaca de Castro is the Captain Diego Rojas, Spaniard of Burgos who participates in Nicaragua's conquest and who in that moment was in La Plata Sucre. From 1542 to 1543 was prepared the expedition that at the end would count only with two hundred men, although well supplied, and was collected information about the populations of the Quebrada de Humahuaca and the country of Tucumán. For this reason, even if, always «officially», he sends a fleet from Peru to wait for it in Chile in front of the port de Arauco, Diego de Rojas proposed

to enter the most possible in towards the South, following the trace of the fugitives. He ascends in this way to the plateau of Titicaca and, thereupon, he descends to the Quebrada de Humahuaca, sustaining permanent combats against the Indians, who the Amautas had warned of the Black Bonnet about the intentions of the Spanish conquerors:

The ocloyas, humahuacas, pulares, jujuyes, etc., attacked them without brake during the hill's whole journey in Jujuy. However, they reached to Chicoana, today Molinos, and the fate wanted that the *chickens of Castile*, which were in power of the Indians Quilmes, be discovered. The chickens had been gifted by the Princess Quilla, which determined the route of expeditionaries approaching dangerously to Pucará Tharsy. The presence of the chickens convinced Diego de Rojas «other White Men», just as Almagro believed, and that impulse him to cross over the Valley Calchaquí, from North to South, to Tolombón and thereupon, through Fuerte *Quemado*, to Punta de Balasto, crossing the Nevados de Aconquijato go out at the height of Concepción of Valley of Thafy. Fortunately, such route took the Spaniards too much to the South and was no necessity to test the magic defenses of the Pucará of Tharsy, now converted in the permanent residence of the Tharsis Lords.

Diego de Rojas faced the juries of Tucumán bravely, without obtaining any news about the «White King», and he continued his wrong march to the South, exploring the lands that were denominated by the Race of their dwellers: «juríes» or Santiago del Estero; «Diaguitas» or Salta, Tucumán, Catamarca, La Rioja, San Juan, and Northwest de Córdoba; and «comechingones» o Córdoba. At their return through these sterile travels, at the height of Salavina, in Santiago del Estero, the brave Diego de Rojas found his death caused by the poison that a Diaguita arrow deposited in his leg. Three years after his departure, such expedition returned to Peru, at the command of Nicolás de Heredia, who nevertheless the loss of Rojas had to pass a year travelling through the Valley of Thafy seeking the City of the Caesars.

Soon were realized another attempt. In 1549, when Juan Nuñez Del Prado moved to Tucumán with seventy men, some of them Golems, enthusiastic by the stories of many members of the expedition of Rojas: they would not find the City of the Caesars or the Pucará of Tharsis neither. For twenty years, since the excursion of Diego de Rojas till the arrival to Tucumán of Francisco de Aguirre, were realized similar unsuccessful attempts that, nevertheless, have the virtue of going sowing the region of Spanish populations and cities. San Miguel de Tucumán was founded in September 29, 1565, by Diego de Villarreal, nephew of Francisco de Aguirre. The same as El Barco, today Santiago el Estero, San Miguel de Tucumán changed its original settlement, in 1680, by the Governor Fernando Mendoza Mate de Luna and the authorization of King Charles II. The province's economic progress Around the Pucará of Tharsy emerged a population dwelled by the offspring of the Quillurana. Still, the fortress was never discovered by the Spaniards nor by the posterior creole governors. An enormous ranch was established instead, that contained the invisible Pucará, and that was finally legalized by the grandchildren of Lito of Tharsis, who had infiltrated in the governorate and bought the capitulations with good

Inga gold that they conserved at their pass through Koaty. *And in the interior of the Cromlech, next to menhir of Tharsy, over the ancient Apacheta of* Voltan, purihuaca Volta, *rested the Wise Sword awaiting the Lytic Sign of the Final Battle.*

Sixty-First Day

Thus, we reach the XX century, Dr. Siegnagel! And we have reached here because I've decided to overlook four hundred years of the American history of our Lineage and not because the implacable time has guided us to it. Thereby I will proceed to hasten the end of the letter because you are tired of the lecture, and I think that now you can comprehend House Tharsis's drama and draw your own conclusions. As you know, I descend from the union of Lito of Tharsis and Princess Quilla, who formed a family that always remained in the place of Pucará of Tharsy, in Thafy del Valle, Province of Tucumán. During these four centuries, many Noyos and Vrayas who guarded the Wise Sword: including me as Vraya for ten years, the last five in the company of my son Noyo. Well, Dr. Siegnagel, to end with the narration in a clear it is only missing to add one word about the Enemy's reaction, who in those centuries didn't forget not even for an instant the Tharsis Lords and the Wise Sword; north Lineage of Skiold.

It seems that patiently exploring the Cultural Registers of thousands of Worlds of Illusion similar to this, the White Fraternity achieved to re-construct with quite approximation the steps that Lito of Tharsis did in America. They knew that the Lineage of Skiold had travelled towards a Secret Valley in the Province of Jujuy, which entrance was sealed with the Navutan Runes, and that Lito of Tharsis continued to Tucumán, nevertheless, losing any ulterior trace about his destination. In front of such certainty, the Order of Melchizedek disposed of that dozens of his best agents be distributed in the zones where Stone Men could be hidden or in the sites *where they could emerge in the Future.* The Wise Sword, and the Crown of King Kollman, with its damn Venus Stones, would constitute a strategic advantage in the Final Battle that in no way the Demons of Chang Shambhala could permit. But the Worlds of Illusion are millions and, in all of them, the archetypal arguments, the histories of History, are developing simultaneously. Only in one of those Worlds occurs the theme that will be Real at the End, when the Lord of War affirms it from the Beginning, as Captain Kiev predicted in San Félix de Caramán. The White Fraternity knows that it will occur, but they can't know a priori which of them will be in the Real World of the Tharsis Lords. For this reason, in the meantime, is obeyed to deploy their infernal agents, their Masters, Priests, and Initiates, around the ancient route that Lito of Tharsis took in America, and in many Worlds at the Same Time. But this time, they would care to not «commit mistakes»: for that purpose, they have determined that any sign of the Tharsis Lords, or Skiold, be communicated to Chang Shambhala, with the finality that Bera and Birsha in-person deal with

such a vital matter. Thus, will be, Dr. Siegnagel: in board XX century, but just as thousands of years ago in Tharsis, the Immortal Demons will approach to the awake men to consume their atrocious vengeance. And to them, as before, only the Pure Blood will save them, the Origin's Remembrance that liberated the Uncreated Spirit. Those who have their Spirit is oriented perhaps will die in the hands of the Demons, as I will surely die; but will only achieve to kill an animal body in *their World*, they will only obtain to an empty skin, vain victory; at the end, when the Final Battle takes place, and War Lord affirms the reality of the Spirit's World, all of us who have died for the cause of the Spirit will be Alive again to march out of the Universe of the One, passing over the Potencies of Matter, while in our backs the Final Holocaust of the Soul's Demons will outbreak.

We have reached the XX century, Dr. Siegnagel, surrounded all over by the White Fraternity agents. However, while the Wise Sword or the Crown of King Kollman stays behind the Cromlechs, the Demons could not relate them with the Time, and they wouldn't know in which world to act. We could move relatively without being noticed, but thing would change during the last years, when Captain Kiev made himself present to advance instruction about the Final Battle.

From the Lineage of Lito emerged the branches of many families that still exist in Argentina and other countries. Some of them protected from the Golems disguising their origin or denying genealogical connections that bonded them to House Tharsis, but all of them are more or less conscious about this story. However, that distance drifted away from them from the Noyvrayado and the Hyperborean Initiation. Therefore, only my family members, who had always dwelled in the Ranch of Tharsy, maintained the Cold Fire Cult and guarded the Wise Sword. And in the decade of the 70's, even if the Lineage didn't run the risk of being exterminated, just remained *one* Hyperborean Initiate capable of carrying out the Liberator Gods Strategy: Me, Belicena Villca. I was a widow, and I had just one son, to whom I had sent to Buenos Aires to study a military career, but I didn't hesitate to take the Noyvrayado when my grandfather, who remained in the last thirty years ago beside menhir, died in 1967. A new situation occurred: even if the Lineage possessed many members, the Initiatic chain threatened to stop relentlessly. Happily, in 1972, my son Noyo returned for my assistance disposed to receive the Hyperborean Initiation and become an authentic Noyo, Guardian of the Wise Sword. In for month he was prepared, from June to October, and then he died and reborned as Stone Man, and he situated by my side, before menhir of Tharsy and in front to the Wise Sword. He had requested his demission from the Armed Forces to be consecrated to the familiar mission, bur his contacts with a nationalist group, integrant of the Intelligence Services of the Army, prevented him the permanent dedication to the Guard. The motive was that Noyo didn't want to renounce what he considered a matter of Honor: the strife against the Marxist subversion that in those days affected the entire country and our Province in particular.

Thanks to his exceptional knowledge of the terrain and his right criterion to evaluate the Enemy's Strategy and collect information, he was one of the

gray minds aimed from Shadows to thwart the communist guerrilla pretended to become strong in the Mounts of Tucumán. His valuable informs, communicated to Buenos Aires' comrades, contributed in great measure to trace the plans of Major State that ended with the threat of the guerrilla. Naturally, I was opposed to this activity apparently not related to the initiatic mission, but Noyo had always repeated that such subversive movement in the vicinity of Charismatic Center was a secure sign of the beginning of the Final Battle. And he was not wrong, as the Venus Lords confirmed very soon.

All began in 1975, in the days in which the Army at the command of General Adel Edgardo Vilas was dedicated to finish with the last focus of the suburban guerrilla and started the arduous task to dismantle the urban infrastructure of the subversive organizations. The Army's strong action that exerted with mathematical precision their plans and annihilation gave Noyo enough time to dedicate it to the mission. Since many months, he met with me in the millenary Cromlech. One day, at the ends of that year, both of us were deeply concentrated, meditating about the Venus Stone and the Cold Fire Mystery. We had our gaze fixed on the Wise Sword, and no one of us noticed that a substancial change occurred in menhir of Tharsy, situated exactly behind the Apacheta with the Wise Sword. As milky mist, one had invaded the enormous Stone which, when we noticed the phenomenon, was not possible to distinguish anymore. However, bit by bit it became impressing, in the place of menhir, the corporeal image of Giant from another World. It was really a double phenomenon due to, the Venus Stone was emerging clearly, and also the image of an unknown place: It was likewise a Valley, but in nothing similar to the one of Thafy that Lito of Tharsis saw four hundred years before; *it possessed two Rivers that furrowed it longitudinally, just as the Rivers Tinto and Odiel to the Valley of Tharsis, in Huelva; and in one extreme, at the West of the figure, it could be appreciated clearly a hill which exhibited on its slope the entrance to a cavern of runic form.*

–*Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis!* –Said the Giant, expressing with his right hand the Bala Mudra; and we understood that he was Captain Kiev, one of the Venus Lords. The Captain Kiev who had bid farewell to our Lineage «until the Final Battle»! Has arrived the moment, yearned for many centuries, in which the Gods will accompany men in their Total Confrontation against the Potencies of Matter? We hasted to respond to the salute, awaiting with expectation His wise words:

–Heil, Farewell, Captain Kiev!

And the Lord of Venus spoke us in this:

–*Blood of Tharsis: I bring you the salute of Navutan, the Lord of War! And I also bring you His Word!* Pay attention, open your senses because the present is a unique opportunity, *the Kairos of the Final Battle!* As has always happened, and it could not be in any other way due to the infernal site where you are, I have good and bad news for you.

The good one consists of the Order of the Lord of War that I communicate you: Is the Will of Navutan that the Wise Sword be transported to the place you have seen in the Venus Stone! Such site is a Valley located in the regions of the Heart of Argentina,

very near to the Hill Uritorco, the Hill Parsifal, where the Lord of War, in a remote past, deposited his Bâton de commandment next to a Fortress constructed by Wise Warriors who knew him as «Cacique Vultan. In another hill, of the Valley that you shall find, is located a Secret Cavern built by the White Atlanteans and protected by the Navutan Runes: There shall be placed the Wise Sword! I will ask you why it must be done, and I will respond that it consists of one of the fundamental acts of the Final Battle: *it is really about the connection between the Gods and the asleep men.* As the Lords of Skiold and other similar Lineages, the Tharsis Lords are awake men who have always counted with a Revealed Mystery and a Venus Stone to obtain the orientation towards the Origin and the Hyperborean Initiation. Even to your Lineage was entrusted to initiate in such form to the Lord of the Absolute Will and Courage, the Führer of the White Race. For this reason, it would be difficult for you to imagine an initiate of the Absolute Orientation, a Hyperborean Pontiff capable of building in every time and space the indestructible bridge between the Created and the Uncreated. Such Initiate does not need another reference than Himself to be oriented towards the Origin; he is his own «Venus Stone», and he can't be disoriented, neither deceived, nor deviated in any way from his Strategic Mission.

And that Initiate, Blood of Tharsis, is already on Earth! Aye. The Lord of the Absolute Orientation is waiting for the moment in which the Wise Sword be placed on the Secret Cavern, to guide men towards the Venus Stone, to men who, nevertheless their immersion in the Illusion, manifest the will to liberate the Eternal Spirit from its material prison! If such connection occurs, the communication between the asleep men and the Gods, then inevitably, the final Battle on Earth will have begun!

Aye! That Initiate will find an Order of Constructors and institute its members in the White Atlanteans Lytic Wisdom. Then, as I said, I will teach them the necessary techniques to find the Venus Stone, even if the same is located behind the Navutan Runes. Many will be the Chosen Ones who will yearn the Venus Stone, the Door of the Other World, but just one of them will be a Noyo. And that Noyo, who will listen to the Birds' Language, will be capable of finding the entrance of the Secret Cavern and joining to one of you to the Wise Sword. Therefore, the Order of Navutan means that you must approximate the Wise Sword to the Pontiff who is waiting for it, fulfilling in this way with the last phase of the Liberator Gods Strategy!

Blood of Tharsis: I know that you will comply without hesitation the Order of the Lord of War but, to do it better, I suggest you heed the bad news that I bring you. Above all, you must have present that the actual World where you move, out of the Cromlech, is under Enemy's permanent surveillance. It won't result easy, in these conditions, to take the Wise Sword from the Center to move it to the Valley of Avalon. Even though the distance in kilometers seems to be very short:

In reality, if you don't take the appropriate precautions, you could never reach your destination, even how brief could be the path to travel. Once the Wise Sword is placed out of the Cromlech, its distortion power of the Space and Time will reveal to the Enemy *in which world is located Evil, the death of the Soul,* and towards there will run the Immortal Demons to avoid the sacrilege

Law of the One. No! If you don't proceed according to the Highest Strategy of the Essential War, you will never reach the Valley of the Three Peaks with the Wise Sword!

In the second term, and now I will announce the bad news to you, you must consider that the situation will worsen in the measure that the years pass by, until turning completely impossible the meeting between the Wise Sword and the Order of Odin.

Thus, it will be necessary to act at the right moment: the Order will search for the Wise Sword and coincide with it in the Final Battle Kairos. However, to accomplish this, only one of you shall go with the Sword to the Valley of the Two Rivers; and the other will have no more choice than to cover the withdrawal of his Brother and Comrade. I will not reduce the risks that such tactic means: the one who stays, shall attract over him all the Enemy's attention, being prepared to bear an astral a physical pressure far beyond the normal human resistance. But you are Hyperborean Initiates, Stone Men; your Self is isolated from the Soul by the Rune of Navutan, your Eternal Spirit already glimpses the Origin, you have the possibility to resist and win. The one of you who stays, and faces the Enemy, perchance will die in this World. However, his absent will be extended for very little time until the Final Battle.

I've said that the situation will aggravate. I tell you now that it has already started to worsen. An offensive of the International Synarchy will debilitate the military forces that supported Noyo soon. In the next years, they will still be operating patriotic forces, but they will lack Politic Power. The unpatriotic guerrilla will be military defeated, but the synarchic subversion that generated it, on the contrary, will end seizing from the Government of this Nation, immediately subordinating the Political Power to the International Economic Power. Then will overcome a state of irreversible financial dependence between the nation and the High World Bank. The conspiracy will aim to convert the Nation into a modern Colony, a Colony that settlers will invariably Chosen People members. And because the Chosen People suspect that, in some way*, this Nation will perform a fundamental role during the Final Battle, they had decided to occupy and destroy it.*

In that diabolic context, you will have to act, Blood of Tharsis! What will happen if you have success? In the best of cases would occur a triple coincidence: apart from your encounter with the *Pontifex Maximus,* the Lord of the Absolute Orientation, caused by this same fact, it can occur the arising as a thunder of the Voice of the People, the charismatic Leader of the Pure Blood. *In coincidence with the Pontiff and us, in the same moment in which the asleep men begin to wake up to the Origin's reality that reveals the Venus Stone, the charismatic Leader would be recognized by everyone as the only representative of the Regal Function.* He will place at the head of this Nation, lifting it from its moral and material ruins in which the synarchic conspiracy sunk it. Days of never seen splendor will overcome then. *The Nation would rise as one of the Spiritual Potencies of Earth. The Wise Warriors and the Hyperborean Wisdom, as in the times of Atlantis, would appear at light of the day, while in the rest of the World, the spiritual men would hasten to reach here, and the Universal Synarchy and the Chosen People would prepare to outbreak the Final Battle.* So, you must not forget to Strategy to be followed, the Function of the Charismatic Leader. Everyone will recognize him, and He

will recognize you! If he claims for you in some moment: To him, you must give the Hyperborean Wisdom aid to realize with success the mission to the extreme to its highest point the dramatic tension at the End of History!

However, suppose the charismatic Leader does not coincide in the Kairos, and not come. *In that case, the Final Battle will be likewise inevitable from the moment in which the asleep men find the Venus Stone and reunite themselves again with their Extraterrestrial Origin and claim to the Gods for the Spiritual liberation.* Then, the Loyal Gods to the Spirit of Men, as they have decided since the days of the submersion of Atlantis, will come to the rescue of the Hyperborean Men for the last time. And that descent, that Final Battle guided by Navutan, the Lord of War, and supervised by Ama, the Virgin of Agartha, will signalize the End of the White Fraternity and their Infernal Solar Abode, the Kâlachakra key of Chang Shambhala.

In sum, your mission will consist of moving the Wise Sword to the Secret Cavern in the Valley over the Soto. The Age presents as the least favorable for the execution of such operation, and for this reason, you must develop separated tactics: one of you will carry the Wise Sword, while the other will be the decoy to distract the attention of the Enemy. The one who realizes the first shall employ with mastery the *Strategic Opposition's Technique* to travel with its valuable charge. It means that the first one will dispose of a bag with enough assortment of *lapis oppositionist,* that's to say, of stones archetypally indeterminate, of stone possessors a boundless dimension, infinite, obtained by the impression of the Origin's Sign that you will project on it. The Inititate who does so will travel over a strategic path, unpredictable for the Enemy, even when he knows Venus Stone is moving through the Worlds of Illusion. He will go always isolated by the *Infinite Vrunic Archemona*, and he will put, after each stretch of a strategic distance of the Labyrinth, a *lapis oppositionist* in the path:

He will leave behind, thereby an insurmountable obstacle for the Enemy, a Stumbling and Deviation Stone, a proof of the Actual Infinite of the Eternal Spirit.

The Uncreated Principle of the lapis oppositionist's obstacle will cause the absolute bewilderment of the Enemy: in front of it, there is no possible reference, all the Worlds are confused, the Illusion become One. And while the Enemy recuperates, trying to localize the trace, the Hyperborean Initiate will advance in opposition to the Potencies of Matter a new meander of the Labyrinth, placing then another *lapis oppositinis* after him. Only in this, if he moves in strategic opposition, and he counts with the help of another Initiate who moves simultaneously towards a different direction, attracting over him the interest of the Enemy, he will achieve to carry the Wise Sword to the Candelaria Valley.

The second Hyperborean Initiate will carry some *lapis oppositionist* as well, but he will go placing them in more extensive distances, giving time to the Enemy to follow his trace and think that Maneuver is being carried out by just one Stone Man, who sooner or later will be captured. Of course, that if such thing occurs, if the Enemy achieves to seize from the second Initiate, the

operation will be fulfilled anyway, but no one will save him from the reprisals of the Immortal Demons. These are the risks that you will have to run to comply with the order of the Lord of War. To you correspond to decide who will carry the Wise Sword and who will distract the Enemy, and discover the opportunity, the Kairos, to act!

Tharsis Lords: I have said what I had to say, and it is not convenient, for strategic motives, to add anything else. I reiterate the salute of Navutan, and I bid you farewell until the next coincidence in the Kairos of the Final Battle. Grace and Honor, Blood of Tharsis!

–Wished the Lord of Venus once again for us, raising his right arm to express the *Bala Mudra.*

–Farewell, Captain Kiev! –We responded, realizing the *Bala Mudra* as well, which has always been the secret salute of House Tharsis.

Sixty-Second Day

The mist had dissipated, and we were again before the Mehir of Tharsy. We look each other with the interrogation drew in our faces, conscious that we were facing the same dilemma. Who would respond to the order of carrying the Wise Sword to the Valley of Córdoba? And who would assume the suicidal mission to distract the Enemy? For me it offered no doubts: I would occupy on the tactic of distraction. But I supposed, and I was right, that Noyo would oppose to such decision: he told me, that he was better prepared to offer the major resistance to the Enemy; he would never surrender. I should travel with the Wise Sword while would deviate behind his steps the attention of the Enemy.

It was very difficult, Dr. Siegnagel, to persuade him that my plan was strategically superior. And it was because the same not aimed just to put in great guard the Wise Sword but it contemplated the very probable possibility that the Lord of the Absolute Orientation and his Order of Wise Constructors could also request from the Hyperborean Wisdom of House Tharsis, specially the valuable experience gathered through millenniums of fighting against the Potencies of Matter: who knew better that the Tharsis Lords the Golems synarchic conspiracy, affirmed today in all Christian Churches, and their acting ways? And about Bera and Birsha? Who has more right than the Tharsis Lords to discover their extermination sentences? According to my criterion, which at last was imposed, Noyo would localize the Secret Cavern and would be installed on it as Noyo of the Venus Stone, maintaining the Custody until the day in which the Hyperborean Pontiff could build the metaphysical bridge and a Noyo of his Order of Constructors could cross it to communicate with the Liberator Gods.

Being agree about who will perform each role, we committed to plan the particular Strategy that will permit us to comply with the Gods' orders. Ac-

cording to what we decided, the ideal strategy consisted in the creation of a chaotic climate around the Ranch of Tafí, giving place to situations logically unpredictable that could favor our operation.

Thenceforth in the middle of a situation of high strategic value for us, but absolutely unrecognizable for any strange observer to House Tharsis, Noyo would emerge surprisingly with the Wise Sword and would begin the travel towards the Secret Cavern.

Simultaneously, I would depart oppositely, ostensibly, to distract the Enemy. I'd be rapidly detected, but the risk was calculated: the important was to gain time and *remain* enough time to permit Noyo to arrive at the Valley of Córdoba. For these purposes, we prepared in detail all the phases of the enterprise.

Eighteen months later, in April of 1977, we already disposed of all the necessary, and we were adjusting the final steps. We had the two bags with undetermined stones, the *lapis oppositionis* ready to practice the strategic opposition. And It was all prepared to create the chaotic clime that the circumstances demanded. This would be achieved with the involuntary collaboration of the Army. I'll explain it better: systematize the struggle against the guerrilla; the Army had divided the country in six *Zones*; the III zone included the Provinces of Córdoba, La Rioja, Catamarca, Salta, Jujuy, Santiago del Estero, and *Tucumán*. In Tucumán, *subzone* 113 included the region of our Ranch, and at its command was Captain Diego Fernandez, loyal Comrade of my son. In combination with him, Noyo didn't achieve to mount a gigantesque operative of closure and monitoring in Tafí del Valle's subzone for the middle of April 1977. The operation's objective aimed to the annihilation of a column of *E.R.P.,* Ejército Revolucionario del Pueblo (Peoples Revolutionary Army), which acted in the subzone supported by some dwellers members of the *P.R.T.*, Partido Revolucionario de Los Trabajadores (Workers Revolutionary Party). In that *black night* for the communists, the Army would obtain many hours of *free zones*, during which the electric supply would be interrupted, and their commands would be deployed around the whole city of Tafí del Valle and neighbor populations with the finality to capture the subversives. They would go over secure targets, real agents of the subversion, and irregular combatants; Noyo had signalized the majority of them. For this reason, Noyo requested as tactical coverture the break of our home and simulated his detention: «that would keep away the suspicions of the Enemy», alleged. When all was ready for the action, it was agreed that Diego Fernandez in person would take care of his false capture, to prevent the imponderables or confusions that could emerge if other militaries intervene and in this assure his immediate release. Freedom that Noyo would utilize to disappear «for a while».

Naturally, nothing of this would happen because Noyo would depart with the Wise Sword deposed to never return to Tafí Del Valle; but his comrades of the Army didn't know it.

According to the repressive methodology that Armed Forces employed in the anti-subversive struggle, they never utilized search warrants or even gave part to the Justice in the nocturnal raids of the type that they carried out in

Tafí Del Valle. The suspicions were simply kidnaped, passing then to form part of the even more suspicions category of «*disappeared*».

Then, in the posterior day of the raid, Noyo figured as one of the «200 disappeared of Tafí Del Valle». To nsatar the representation of my role, I went to the tribunals and presented the useless *habeas corpus* with the disappeared people's other familiars. As was already a costume, the legal resource was rejected, due to the Judges shared the official methology or they just feared to increase the fatidical list of missing persons. And occurred that, due to they didn't had a reasonable official answer about the where was my son, I began to move by my own, at the beginning very slow and dissimulated, but later, when I could make full use of the *strategic opposition,* more rapidly, until I disappeared completely.

For the Enemy's desperation, who promptly was behind my steps, I used to vanish completely, in a determined site, and appear «as if by magic», sometimes in places very distant. I advanced and returned over my steps, disconcerting permanently who were watching me; in Jujuy, in Tafí del Valle; then in Bolivia and again in Tucumán, in just a few hours, if time serves as any reference in the magical war which I've undertaken. Furthermore, the Enemy was unable to determine the World in which I was in every moment: if they encountered with a *lapis oppositionis*, for example, could happen that when following the path through I supposedly took, they could find a Tafí del Valle in which the Villca's family never lived; or with a Belicena Villca who never married or had children; or with a World in which the subversive struggle never occurred; etc. However, I permitted to be detected to attract the Enemy, each time with more violence, over me to obtain the searched distraction effect. Meanwhile, Noyo would advance tranquil towards the Valley of Córdoba.

During one of those surprising returns to Tucumán, Segundo, the Indian who was descendant of the Moon People who served us as a steward in the Ranch, informed me that Captain Diego Fernandez wanted to find me before leaving to the III Zone, because he was designed for a new destination. I phoned him to the Regiment, and we arranged a meeting in the park Dique el Cadillal. There we had the following dialogue:

–Good morning, Madame–Saluted the Captain.

–Likewise–I replied laconically.

–You and your son, my goo Comrade Noyo, have me very worried, Mrs. Belicena. You would have to tell where he is. Or warn him to contact us immediately. Things have changed a lot in these years, and it is urgent to put him up to date about the events.

I shrugged for any answer, not disposed to deny neither to confirm anything, but attentive to the information that I could obtain from the Official: I was «*in operations*» as well, performing a tremendously dangerous maneuver in the Essential War that such soldier could not eve dream; and the own discipline of this War demanded to distrust from everyone and Everything, even from the Comrade of my son: all the not Initiated men could be betrayed by their Souls,

psychically dominated and converted in instruments of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. I could not run any unnecessary risk. However, Dr. Siegnagel, seeing the things at a distance, I can assure today that Captain Diego Fernandez was honest in what he said and that Noyo had not erred to trust in him.

As I didn't say anything, the Captain continued with energy:

– You should concede more importance to my words, Mrs. Belicena. I think that you're informed that the disappearance of your son was simulated: I led the Operation Group that raided your Ranch and arrested him; I was who allowed him to flee a few hours later. He was one of our secret agents, apart from the retired Official of the Army, and the case remained well documented in the area of the Intelligence: exists my information to the Commandant G-2 about what happened that night and, also, the previous documents of the operation, where is registered that Noyo was one of ours. The disappearance was necessary to give tactical coverture to his position, but it was not necessary to exaggerate extending needlessly his absence. Mrs. Belicena: he should have been returned long ago or have communicated with us; I won't hide you now that his situation has worsened incredibly. Even you, Mrs. Belicena, are running a mortal risk with your amazing decision to initiate *a personal quest for your disappeared son*! Don't you understand that you are acting at the side of the subversives with such attitude, and you can be accused openly as such?

–Don't believe that everyone knows the luck of your son on that night. In reality, only a group of Officers of Intelligence know it. But they have not spoken yet; neither can they do it, because if they do it, your son Noyo would be exposed to a secure death in the hands of the subversive organizations, due to even they infiltrate our Intelligence Service. But you, with your absurd acts, have attracted the eye of other Intelligence Services, and you are even watched and followed by other members of our own force who ignore the reality of the facts.

And you see now in what naughty plot it has ended: if we keep silent to protect Noyo, our Comrade, we risk the life of his mother, because if the confusion continues, no one know what measures could take the other Operation Groups that repress the North; and if we talk, we save his mother, but we discover dangerously the function of Noyo, what will require, at the end, of a real disappearance to recover the lost security, perhaps a permanent change of identity, or the prolonged radiation in another country, Do you understand the problem now, Mrs. Belicena? We want to know what to do because, whatever we do, we must realize it soon, with urgency, as I said before, due to things have changed adversely for those who profess the national socialist ideology, amongst them is, of course, the Comrade Noyo.

Then, I disposed to give a concrete answer to the Captain. His eloquence had permitted me to evaluate the situation from another perspective. I comprehended that it would be catastrophic for our Strategy if the Comrades of Noyo clarify the situation, revealing what happened the night of the disappearance. I had been affirming invariably that my son Noyo «*had been murdered by the Repression Forces*» on every occasion and before an audience. The Enemy could not prove

it with certainty either deny it, due to in those days exited thousands of similar cases of persons who disappeared as Noyo without leaving any trace. But a Sone of Venus had been moved, according to what the Traitor Gods perceived. Simultaneously my erratic displacement had begun through the different Worlds of the Argentinian North and other countries of South America: and could not be another thing that a Strategy against the White Fraternity plans, Strategy that the Demons expected to counteract since four hundred years ago. That was what they believed hitherto because they completely ignored Maneuver of Noyo. However, all would collapse if the militaries clarified the case. The Enemy becomes aware of what occurred after the kidnapping: without abandoning my persecution, they would reorient the quest to Noyo and put in danger the strategic objective of his mission. So, I had to prevent that the military speak. Moreover, because the Captain's words were inferred that the urgency was caused by a change that would turn any clarification impossible. Surely, it would be the political change announced by Captain Kiev, the one that would submerge the Nation in economic and moral ruin and would leave it bound and gagged in the hands of the International Synarchy.

Trying to dissipate the preoccupation of the Captain about my luck or the state of Noyo, I responded, suddenly loquacious:

– You are experiencing founded fears about what can occur or about the future of Noyo

–I affirmed–. Certainty I have exaggerated my role, now I see it clear –I lied– And I promise you that from now on I will stop representing it. In what concerns Noyo, I assure you that he is fine, although I ignore his whereabouts. He communicates with me through a secret mailbox. I will not hesitate to write him immediately about all that you have told me: it will be necessary to wait for a while, but I'm sure that when I informed him that is requested with urgency, he won't delay appearing. Therefore, I suggest you not innovate in the situation and await the result of these measures. Nevertheless, I would like to know something concrete about the adversely changes you have mentioned for our cause to fundamental the importance of the convocatory to Noyo.

–I see that you are reasonable, Mrs. Belicena, –Said the Captain– And I will administrate the information that you have to demand me. The shebang is very simple: the nationalist and patriotic forces had been mobilized in defense of the Nation, had been betrayed from the summit of the Government. The Major Leaders of the Armed Forces have pacted with the occult organizations partidaries of the World Government, and they have decided to give the country financial looting that will destitute the economic foundations of the society. While this sinister plan was elaborated and carried out, the only forces capable of reacting were entertained in a sterile struggle against insurgent organizations whose authentic leaders never appeared. With this was not only achieved to discredit the Armed Forces and neutralize their future reaction. We have defeated militarily, but we will work relentlessly in the political field, due to the economic problems that will emerge from the monetarist and synarchic policy that the Government develops will cause the oblivion of the society the

honorable objective of our strife. They will accuse us of the subsequent misery, a reality that will obsess them because will touch daily their pockets and stomachs. –Captain Fernandez was evidently inspired, and for some moments, he reminded me of Captain Kiev's words. We were in that moment at the ends of 1979, just two years after his appearance in the Cromlech of Tafí del Valle. His announcements fulfilled letter to letter and existed clarified minds capable of understanding reality and discovering the Enemy plans.

–But this is not all –Continued Captain Fernandez–. The worst of all is that once concluded the subversive struggle in the military terrain, unique field in which we were permitted to intervene, the Government considers that the Armed Forces' nationalist groups represent a potential danger for the synarchic plans and has decreted its irremediably destruction. And this offensive has already begun with the ideological selection of the best experts in the subversive combat of the Intelligence Services, its isolation with views for present and future struggles, and inclusive with-it assassination, executed by members of the foreign Secret Services especially convoked for that effect. Gradually, synarchic groups in the Intelligence Services have appeared, with trained personal, or directly at their service, by agents of Israel (the Mossad or the Shin Bet); from E.E.U.U. (the C.I.A. or F.B.I); from England (theMI-5, MI-6, I.S.); the Soviet Union (K.G.B, G.R.U) etc. And these organizations are following you, Mrs. Belicena. And for this reason, it is urgent to clarify the things while we can, because is probable that in very brief term our Comrades be completely neutralized radiated from the active Service, to be then sold vilely to the same subversive forces against which we fought for years. We believe that the Government plans to transfer the Power to socialists or social-democrats, who will allow the left to adhere enough liberty and power to destroy the moral reserves of the Nation that were especially concentrated in the Armed Forces. However, these men, who in reality are mercenaries at the Synarchy service, will maintain the monetarist economic policy that will submit the Nation to the moral dependence and social dissolution. In the same case of me, I have been retired without explanations from the anti-communist strife, with the evident intention to be destituted soon, or in something worse, are my rest Comrades. Thus, it is imposed the necessity to act now or run the risk that the situation of Noyo is never clarified and that you can be attacked by some of the new groups of Intelligence that act now with total impunity and repugnant lack of honor, and that usually persecute and execute persons of nationalist past before the well-known agents of the Marxist subversion. I hope to have been clear, Mrs. Belicena, and that you be capable of establishing a prompt contact with the comrade Noyo, for whom we also request, in this crucial hour, his valuable strategic advice.

–You have been extremely clear, Captain Fernandez –I assured– and be sure that I will transmit your words textually to my son Noyo, who surely will not hesitate to communicate with you.

And in this ended such conversation with Captain Diego Fernandez, who left disposed to wait, and to make the wait for his Comrades as well, all possible declaration about *the disappeared of Tafí del Valle.*

The rest of the story is already known by you, Dr. Siegnagel. I, far of complying with what I promised to Captain Diego Fernandez, I continued realizing strategic movements in the Argentinian North, Bolivia, and Peru. I travelled in many opportunities through the route of Lito of Tharsis and the Atumurunas, conscious that it would awake even more the interest of the White Fraternity, and I would affirm them in the certainty that I was keeper of the Wise Sword. For this purpose, I also took the path of Tatainga in Jujuy, and I'd go to the proximities of the Hill Kâlibur. In two opportunities, inclusive, I descended to great Valley and contemplated the Extersteine, although not daring to cross the Vrunic Door. During one of these excursions, I fell in a Golems' ambush, and I ingested the poison that debilitated my will and prevented me from continuing developing the Strategy. Then I was rapidly captured by the Shin Bet commando, integrated by Rabbis Initiated in the High Kabbalah, priests who had contemplated the Sepher Icheh in Israel and knew all that referred to the Fire Holocaust. They formed part, just as Captain Fernandez anticipated, to a parallel Intelligence Service, which counted with members in the Army, Navy, Air Forces, Federal Police, Secretariat of the State Security, Ministry of Defense, etc. Its power mobilization was absolute.

I was resting momentarily in a miserable inn of Kâlypampa. There they introduced me the drug, mixed in a jar of Molasses that offered to sweeten the coffee. The effect that it produced in me instantly in my body of Hyperborean Initiate was indescribable, being very improbable for you to imagine because you don't know how a mind capable to possess consciousness may behave Worlds at once. I'll just tell you that the drug, a flawless form of archetypal honey, produced an accelerated process of animic strengthening, a formidable injection of energy for the instinctive will of the Soul that in the Hyperborean Initiates is usually dominated by the irresistible will of the Uncreated Spirit. And that sudden evolution of the Soul caused a bloody degradation, like a weakening of the Origin's Symbol, present in the Pure Blood, *as a physical body actualization, which lost all its capacities to move independently from the Time and synchronized all its biological clocks with the Time of this World.* Therefore, I remained a prisoner of the cultural context, attached to the reality of such little Jujuy's population. Naturally, I tried to escape anyway: the *lapis oppositionis* were not useful anymore because I lost the Origin's *external* orientation and resulted impossible for me to practice the strategic opposition. But I didn't reach too far. Before leaving the Province, I was already in the hands of the agents of the Shin Bet. They guided me to the Franciscan Monastery of Our Lady of Miracles, in Salvador, Jujuy, where most priests seemed to be under their orders. In a sordid dungeon, I was submitted to a refined interrogation during which many different drugs were administered to me from the times of the colony. The questions were few and precise; always the same: Where was the extraterrestrial Stone? What happened with my son Noyo? Where I was going to? What were my orders? It was any terrestrial contact, some Initiate who shares the operation, or I was just by myself?

Abbreviating, Dr. Siegnagel, I believe that I ended to confess almost everything, unable to resist the drugs' effect, which avoided me even the repre-

sentation of the Sign of Death, with it I could disembody right there. Anyhow, Noyo was already safe in the Secret Cavern: I sensed it a long time ago, and I received confirmatory signs of the Gods. I was falling, but the Strategy was triumphing! The Lord of War's command had been totally accomplished, and nothing, from part of House Tharsis, would avoid the Final Battle! Now was only missing that the Hyperborean Pontiff, the Lord of the Absolute Orientation and his Order of Wise Constructors, find the Wise Sword: and that was completely out from our hands.

As you will comprehend, these reflections belong to the present. When in such a terrible moment, I was being humiliated in my dignity of Hyperboran Initiate. I felt as a betrayal, as an unforgivable lack of honor, the involuntary confession that they were extracting from me.

Even though we had already considered such possibility, but in those moments, I just wanted to die, even if the damn Rabbis not desired anything else than to conserve me alive. I was barely physically tortured, due to all their actions were directed to bow down and destroy my psychic structure. They were not going to kill me, and they said it clearly, because my body was untouchable, as the one of Rudolf Hess. Dr. Siegnagel: *I was reserved for a Ritual Sacrifice that Bera and Birsha in person would effectuate.*

Sixty-Third Day

You will wonder, Dr. Siegnagel, how my captors sent me to the Hospital Dr. Patron Isla, of the City of Salta? The answer is *joyless simple,* but not very difficult to imagine. The Infernal Agents, who knew the secret that their drugs caused in the human body, would result impossible for me to escape: the will to resist was completely enervated and, as I said, I have lost the *external orientation* completely. I could not move from the site in which I was; they had it clear. But then, I had decided to die.

I will explain it better: even though they had broken my will to set free *externally,* I realized each moment that I conserved intact *interior* spiritual faculties. My Spirit's will, Dr., was not broken in the reduced ambit of the consciousness. Perhaps they destroyed part of the psychical structure, but the harm could only be reduced to the field of the Soul or the physical brain, that's to say, exclusively to the material terrain. Of course, They could not know with exactitude what had happened with the Eternal Spirit because the Initiates of the White Fraternity lack the capacity to perceive the Uncreated Beings. Still, they considered a triumph of their brainwashing techniques when they verified that there were not *spiritual manifestations* anymore. Precisely, they were referring to the «Self», *Manifestation of the Spirit* as an indicator of the prisoner's state: if the treatment ended of the disintegration of the Self, it meant that an irreversible process would avoid the spiritual re-incarceration.

Even though the Origin's Symbol is still present in the Pure Blood, the destruction of the psychic structure turned impossible that the Self could be concentered in the sphere of consciousness again. But in my case, that didn't occur. As you'll understand, they expected that the ingestion of psychic-drugs be finished in a state of acute schizophrenia, hope that in my case was reformed by the confessions that they had obtained to draw out from me. But the real situation consisted in that all that they achieved to obtain in the interrogatory was not voluntary neither involuntary but mechanical: their drugs acted over the conscious subject of the Soul, not over the Self, and they forced it to overturn the formidable content of the racial memory of the Tharsis Lords, a quality own of the biologic specialization of my family, with-it, presumably, the Rabbis were not accustomed to treat. Therefore, they believed that my Self was fragmented or disintegrated. An equilibrate state of spiritual consciousness would never be produced again: the confession demonstrated, for Them, the irreversible fracture of the spiritual will.

But such confession was just a stupid betrayal of the Soul, which subject read the psychic memories' contents. In a profound sphere, my self's will resisted in every moment the violation unable to avoid that the memorial contents be mechanically externalized: then emerged, for the delight of the Rabbis, the remembrances that the memory conserved about the own Strategy and its execution. They knew what happened with Noyo, and they went in the act after his steps, supposing to behind them a human spoliation. However, itis seen, as always, would not be so easy to end with the Lords of Tharsis.

What had happened? Well, that I reached to comprehend what consequences were expected from the brainwash, and I achieved to simulate with great conviction schizophrenic dementia predicted by Them. Finally, convinced that my madness had no remedy, they decided to evacuate me from the Franciscan Monastery and internate me momentarily, until the arrival of Bera and Birsha, in a Neuropsychiatric Hospital. For it, they had to «legalize me», that's to say, concede me the juridical *status* of a political prisoner, to obtain the neurocritical settlement in the Hospital and winnow every future investigation. They started convoking «Colonel Víctor Pérez», the military of the Hebrew race who worked for the Shin Bet.

He took the case at his charge and elaborated an expedient full of falseness, in which was registered the alleged subversive activity of my son Noyo and the support that I'd give him, to him as to the organization in which he militated. He forged the description of the circumstances of the detention, the interrogatories, and the tone of the confessions; and obtained the diagnosis of dementia from a military doctor and from a judge the internation order in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital Dr. Javier Patron Isla. That's how I reached here, Dr.Siegnagel. But at that moment I´ve decided to die.

Yes, estimated Dr. In those days, my only wish was to die with Honor, commit suicide before falling in the fatal claws of Bera and Birsha, and not give to the Damn Immortals the pleasure of their vengeance, the accomplishment of the sentence of extermination that they were trying to execute since

the Age of the Iberian Kings. I just needed a physical recuperation and a little absentmindedness of the medical vigilance to take my own life away by any means. Undoubtedly, Dr., I could have done this without problems during all the time I interned. To flee not represented the exit for me without external orientation and, anyway, the mission was done: Noyo was guarding the Wise Sword in Secret Cavern of Córdoba; and even if I could not find him, the order of War Lord had been fulfilled, and that was important. So, to die not represented more than a small interlude until the Final Battle: I'd go as truly to K'Taagar and would return soon, to take vengeance against the Enemy of the Eternal Spirit. In the meantime, I would elude the last persecution of Bera and Birsha. That was my thought when I reached here, Dr. Siegnagel.

However, *something made me change of idea when I just got here. For this reason, even though I continued simulating to be mad, I initiated the redaction of this extensive letter.* To be clear, «such thing» for which I changed my suicidal intentions *was you, Dr. Siegnagel.* In reality, just when I saw you, I comprehended that you had manifested in high grade the Origin's Symbol; but I also appreciated that you were unconscious of that and that you didn't know even the minimum details of the Hyperborean Wisdom: *you are a Man of Pure Blood, Dr. Siegnagel. But the Blood Memory is obstructed by your Soul. You don't know the existence of your Eternal Spirit neither how to orientate towards the Origin. You suffer of metaphysic amnesia, which is a product of the Dark Age in which we actually live, own of the enchantment that the Potencies of Matter exert over men in the Great Deceit, characteristic of the spiritual decadence of men and its attraction by the materialist culture: at last, Dr. Siegnagel, you are an asleep man. But you are a Man. A being gifted with Uncreated Spirit capable of waking up.*

Your presence here, in this obscure Hospital, I've taken as a Gods sign, as a message of the Lord of War and Captain Kiev, perchance as a revelation of the Pontiff, Lord of the Absolute Orientation. When I saw you, Dr., I comprehended what was referring to Captain Kiev when he announced that «*asleep men would re-establish the ancient nexus with the Gods*»: such asleep men are undoubtedly similar to you. They have all in their Pure Blood, but in the potential form: *they just need the Hyperborean Initiation to produce that this racial potence be developed and flourishes in the consciousness. And the Hyperborean Initiation, Dr. Siegnagel, today, is only capable of conceding it, in this part of the world, the Pontifex Maximus of the Order of Odin, the Lord of the Absolute Orientation, or the Wise Constructors who aid him.* To transmit you this truth I changed my decision to die voluntarily. You must have present, Dr. Siegnagel, the ethic perspective of the Tharsis Lords: for the Strategy of spiritual liberation of the Loyal Gods to the Spirit of Men, implies much more Honor that I try to wake up you than the suicide to flee from the infamous reprisals of the Immortal Demons. Didn't such punishment, the possibility of that terrible end, already considered in the Strategy suggested by Captain Kiev?

Yes. I decided to wake you up, at least to try it, but how? Without talking with you because a professional prejudice would have prevented you from giving credit to mentally ill words. Perhaps writing our history in a letter, like

the present, but it did not escape from me that I'd be in a similar situation: your doubt would be anyhow inevitable. Nevertheless, exists the possibility that a concrete fact, not mine but sufficiently effective, could turn conscious the history of House Tharsis: *and that fact cannot be anything else than my own death in the hands of the Immortals Bera and Birsha*. It means that I must achieve that the Golem Demons leave enough traces of their immense power as to convince you that in some grade, the narrated history in the letter is real, and I must make that the letter *reaches* your hands *after* my death. That is what I will try to do, Dr. Siegnagel. For now, I have finished the letter, and I have started, since a long time ago, to realize the Strategy which I believe will give the expected results: with the last efforts of my *graceful Luciferic will*, I have tried to go telepathically to Chang Shambhala, towards members of the Order of Melchizedek, and *I have defied the Immortal Demons.* I have defied them in the name of House Tharsis, which is the greatest offense for their infernal pride, and now I wait, not without fear, the answer of Bera and Birsha. *I can feel them, Dr. Arthur Siegnagel, advancing amongst the Worlds of the Illusion, approaching blind of hate towards my humble cell, saving the Space and Time, dislocating reality, Pachachutquiy, Pachachutquiy.*

Sixty-Fourth Day

This will be my last day alive, Dr. Siegnagel, I am sure about it. In a few hours, I will give this letter to the Nurse that I have bribed, and it will be in your hands after my death. I only have time to ask you a hindmost favour that I have mentioned the First Day and offer you some recommendations.

In the first place, I want to ask you Dr., to try to localize my son Noyo. I know that, after what you have read in this letter about the Hyperborean Wisdom, the techniques of the strategic opposition of the Lytic Wisdom, and the character of the mission undertaken by Noyo, it will seem to you almost impossible to comply with this petition. But I don't ask you to go directly behind his steps, what would be misbegotten, but I beg you to try to find the Order of Wise Constructors of the Lord of the Absolute Orientation: They will put you in the right direction. Moreover, they will concede you the Hyperborean Initiation; they will awake you and include you in the Final Battle Strategy. And I assure it, they will thank you very much for letting them know this letter. If I have not mistaken with you, if your Blood is Pure and you feel the Origin's Nostalgia, I know that you won't hesitate to fulfill my hindmost desire.

In the second place, if some day you reach to know my son Noyo, I want you to narrate him the last part of this story, let him know that I have died secure about the triumph of the Cause of the Spirit, that I have seen with clarity the End of History and the imminence of the Final Battle. Don't believe that I re-

quest this for sentimentalism, for a fool interest to calm my son: I have tried to liberate you by all the possible means and, if you respond and awake, you will reach anyhow to see Noyo Guardian of the Wise Sword. Then, as an especial favour, in remembrance of Belicena Villca, *who revealed you the Path,* you will give him my message. *I perfectly know the behavior that must sustain the mother of a Wise Warrior. A Hyperborean mother, is always the daughter of the Great Mother Ama, and she can't, be slave of Matter, the Mother Earth, of the Shakti, of Binah, that's to say, she can't succumb to the maternal instinct, blind and irresponsible. O Pure Mother Ama, Virgin of Agartha, I have heard you Voice!:*

«My Sons,
Stone Men,
Are Wise Warriors,
And nothing shall appease their Furor.
Destroyed shall be
The unworthy of Spirit.
The Coward, the Traitor,
And damned the Womb which forged them.
My Seeds of Stone
Turn on the Cold Fire
In the Heart.
Full of Wrath,
They march towards the Final Battle
Warriors of the L-ove.
The Mothers of the Spirit,
And the Mothers of the Pain,
Express their Grace and Joy
If They die with Honor.»

This is your Voice, Jealous Mother Ama, I won't be the one who contradict you. My son is your Warrior, and his Destiny, Your Will. I don't affect his Courage sending my last salute with the Hyperborean medic, because if he reaches to Noyo, he will be a Wise Warrior too.

And now I'll tell you the recommendations: Dr. Siegnagel, I can't stop warning you that the «Mortal Secret» guarded by us carries a terrible danger, extensible to all who intervene on its protection. I suppose that won't know from where to begin the quest. To start, you can go to Tafí del Valle, to the old familiar Ranch; there lives Segundo, the Indian who used to visit me, he will clarify you many practical things, although not much as you may wish. He will give you some gold of the Ingas, which still remain, to face the expenses that emerge, but you must be very cautious about reducing it. Manage gold is always dangerous!

Remember that in a similar movement to the one that you will undertake, I was discovered by the White Fraternity Demons and, through their Damn Science, taken to the madness with which you knew me. I only could go out

from that state of hallucination thanks to the rest of my graceful Luciferic will, as I said, and the calmative help of the plant *ayuhuasca* that brought me, Segundo. But the lucidity only remained some hours that I utilized to write this letter because it was not an antidote totally effective. The drug of the Demons permits the hypnosis at a distance, but the climber *ayuhuasca*, or *caapi*, possesses an alkaloid that nullified transiently from its control: thereby I could complete the present manuscript and defy them in their Infernal Abodes, and for this reason, they would not delay coming.

Farewell, Dr. Siegnagel. I desire you to read this letter with the Eyes of the Spirit. Even if you comply or not, my best wishes for you believe or not what I have narrated here. If you decide to please me, it will mean that you are a Kshatriya, and then we will meet again in Valhalla or during the Final Battle. Navutan Guides you and Frya L-oves you.

Always yours, Belicena Villca.

THIRD BOOK

The Quest for Uncle Kurt

Chapter I

The reader can give free rein to the imagination. He will never attain to envisage the emotions and the state of total perturbation in which the lecture of the letter of Belicena Villca plunged me. It was something extremely strange for me; as I read it, I experienced a plurality of animic states. Thus, I passed from the initial skepticism to surprise, from this last to stupor, then to curiosity, and successively to a thousand other feelings. Finally, a primitive and senseless enthusiasm overpowered me. Instead of denying the letter as an imposture, I made the opposite, a logical attitude and perfectly justified, sealing thus my luck: I decided to undertake the adventure!

I was just finishing the letter's lecture and, almost without hesitation; I had taken a decision, why? I will try to explain it. Until the moment which I read the letter, my life was empty of ideals. I had a bright professional future and what I needed for my comfort; I was fortunate with women, and even though no one obtained to gain my heart that would occur sooner or later. Everything made foresee that my life would be developed by the lanes that guide to mundane success. Nevertheless, something was failing in this framework because I was not happy. I possessed peace and material tranquility, but many times the sadness racked me; I sensed that a horizon to look for was missing to my Spirit, an ideal, a goal maybe, worth of the major sacrifice.

For this reason, I contemplated with envy the Universal History, the heroic periods in which I'd have liked to live: to choose a such-and-such side, follow this or that reformer, commit that liberating heresy or sink ardently into that tyrannical dogma. Live, fight, die, be a man! But to be a man is not just to think; is to «feel» the Spirit. And the Spirit is «felt» when Life is oriented in the search for an ideal; because ideals are not in this world, are from another order; related to the Spirit.

It is not easy. To be idealist requires much courage due to reality, misleading and cruel, keeps a trap for the ingenuous idealist and a tomb for the committed idealist. I've seen how my generation's idealist element was systematically annihilated and its ideals qualified as «*nihilist*». An Argentinian

Admiral who passes as an erudite person, Massera, said in a speech: «*we are fighting against the nihilists, against delirious of destruction, whose objective is the destruction itself, although they are masked as social redeemers*». Many of the dead and disappeared, were not such thing, but idealists who believed that the infantile myth of the «social revolution» as a valid mean to install a fairer order in the world. Precisely for belief to be (idealist), they didn't see the diabolic plot in which they were immersed; precisely for believing they were some indoctrinated, armed and then hurled idiotically to the adventure, by the same synarchic System that repressed it later. And I don't think only in those who wielded arms, who perhaps deserved to die for being stateless, but in many others, who fell unknowing the smell of the gunpowder; for have committed the «crime» to love the ideals that affected some interest or privilege.

That is not nihilism; nihilism is balmy repression, suffocating censure, instituted mediocrity, officialised corruption, digitate brainwash, in sum, a relentless tyranny, cloaked obscenely in a «democratic» or «liberal» language.

The system's triumph is the stability of a corrupt order of things, of a society edified over usury and materialism, of a country drew with a nib, to be inserted in foreign geopolitics, planned in detail by the International Synarchy of the Great Imperialism.

What offers to us this contemporary world of dollars and steel worth of our sacrifice? A decadent culture; there a terrorism without greatness; a repressor and assassin Power; a coward a liar Church; Why go on if all stinks?

This was my animic state when I read the letter of Belicena Villca, and for this reason, my reaction was instantaneous: I, the insignificant Dr Siegnagel, little more than the number of file or license, someone lost in the daily mediocrity of the remote Salta: suddenly was called fora dangerous mission, I'm convoked by Destiny!

The blood was boiling through my veins and something similar to a reminiscence of past battles, came over me. Belicena was wondering in her letter if I could be a Kshatriya:

–I am!

Apart from this irresponsible enthusiasm, at heart, I experienced great stupefaction by little trying to reason about the letter's content. I could not deny that from it emerged an enormous primordial force, a halo of ancient and forgotten truths, as if Belicena did not belong to this Age or, better said, as if she was independent from time.

The language was pagan and vital; «fantastic» would be the fair term, if it was not for the assassination of Belicena that converted this premonitory message on something macabrely real.

Two questions seethed in my head thinking from one to another insoluble of continuity, where was this «Origin's Sign», from which I am a carrier, clearly visible for Belicena Villca apparently representative of some spiritual condition? I remembered perfectly what Belicena Villca had written the Second Day: «in reality, what exists as a divine heritage of the Gods is an Origin's Symbol in the Pure Blood: *the Origin's Sign, seen in the Venus Stone,*

was just a reflect of the Origin's Symbol present in the Pure Blood of Warrior Kings, of the Sons of the Gods, of the Semi-divine men who, apart for the animal body and a Material Soul, possessed Eternal Spirit». Yes, it was true that I possessed the Origin's Symbol in my Pure Blood, if I was a spiritual man, then I'd have the possibility to obtain the Highest Wisdom of the White Atlanteans, or I had misinterpreted the words of Belicena? Because in that Second Day she wrote: «Wisdom consists of comprehend the Serpent with the Origin's Sign». According to Belicena, the Gods affirmed to men: *«you have lost the Origin, and you are prisoner of Serpent: with the Origin's Sign comprehend the Serpent, and you'll be free again in the Origin!»* In the light of these concepts my reasoning was the following: *if the Origin's Sign, «My own Origin's Sign», was manifested and impressed in some part of my body, in such manner that Belicena rapidly distinguished it, that was the site that I should identity and project on the World, over the Serpent, as the Hyperborean Initiates did in ancient times!*

Thus, I felt like an inner urgency to localize that Sign and realize the commandments of the Gods.

But I also understood that I lacked many esoteric elements of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, if the first question should be left open, the second «was spinning in my head», about the «family proof», I would not delay investigating Belicena Villca, indeed, had assured, in the Fourth Day, that my family was «destined to produce an archetypal *honey*, the exquisite squash of sweet». That was the first new that I had about Matter and I would try, at least, to check it with my close relatives.

Chapter II

Since my mom gave me the briefcase with the letter of Belicena Villca, until the moment in which I decided to fulfil her posthumous request, four days had elapsed. Certainly, I read the letter in record time, due to its extension and profundity, remaining isolated in my room and descending, from time to time, for some food. Finally, one afternoon, I descended quietly, with the mysterious briefcase in my hands, and I sat within my people, who were as usual at that time deployed in the posterior courtyard. With the head reclined, and the gaze lost in the remoteness of the hills, I remained in silence for a long time. During that lapse, no one interrupted, accustomed to see me studying beneath the shadow of the gigantesque oak-tree. Only the murmur of the wind in the leaves, the trill of the birds, and the rash, rash, of Canuto when he scratched his body, I saw him each time, accompanied my meditation.

I stood up abruptly, putting aside the bench of the garden. Next to the near lapacho-trees, were my parents: Mom darning the socks of my nephews and Dad reading a European seminary that arrives fifteen days delayed; in the meantime, the cassette of Angelito Vargas, rewound for the umpteenth time, involving us all with «Three corners».

–Dad, Mom –I said emphatically– Did you have in your family ancestors or relatives who followed an office or craftsmanship by tradition?

–That was a quite common custom in Europe –My father responded thoughtfully– today, unfortunately, forgotten. In my family existed many doctors like you, Arthur, and even apothecaries as my father, but without being a law, because we had many agriculturists like me: my father laughed celebrating his occurrence.

The family of your mother instead, –he continued more relaxed– have also a tradition of the cultivation and production of sugar. You know that I knew her in Egypt when my father, in the 35', decided to open new markets for *tannin* trading, considering that the textile industry of Europe and America worked subjected to rigid monopolies. My father was thinking to sell tannin to the blooming Arab and Turkish textile industries, for it he started a journey through the Middle East which final destination was Egypt. I had eighteen years in that period and, opposed to the desires of my father who preferred to see me converted into an Engineer, my greatest aspiration was to be a farmer. Trusting in that the long journey would end dissipating what my father took it as a caprice, and he accepted to take me with him. When we arrived at Egypt, we were received by his great uncle, Hans Siegnagel, member of branch of the family that dwells, until our days, near to El Cairo. The Siegnagel's of Egypt live there, apparently, since Napoleon's invasion, along with hundreds of families of German origin, and they constitute a strong community.

Well; during the days that we passed in El Cairo, my interest was focused on the observation of the great skillfully Engenho that was extended around the Nile and the endless sown extensions with sugar cane.

When my Dad saw that my inclination for the Agriculture instead to decrease it became more intense, he understood then that this was my real vocation and he decided to accept the generous invitation of the Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann, landlord of a powerful empire of Engenho, to stay in his plantations studying the techniques of cultivation.

I was there from the year 35 to the 38, where the perspectives of the enduring world peace went diluted rapidly, yielding to my father's insistent calls to return to Argentina.

I undertook the return voyage in June of 38, but not alone; the daughter of the Baron von Sübermann, a beautiful Valkyrie who for the grace of Wotan you can contemplate here present.

We all laughed, especially my mother, who had remained with the eyes rolled, while my father remembered his fascinating life.

–What happened then? –I asked, knowing that it would be good for my father to complete the story.

–War opened painful gaps and forced definitive separations. After the death of your grandparents (my father and the Baron) we lost the communication with our relatives of Egypt.

I've felt it many times for your mother –his voice went loosened– who is German-Egyptian and has suffered a lot for the separation.

Instead –he continued more compounded– my patriotic feelings are with this country, and I won't be better in any other place. You must notice that your great-grandfather, the first Siegnagel who came to America, did it in 1860 at the request of Government to work in the fabrication of explosives, because he was reputedly as a prestigious chemist. In more than a century, my good Arthur, Siegnagel's have become more Argentinian that the mate!

When my father referenced suffering that he had experienced for remaining far from his family and the homeland, my mother approached him and started to caress his hair gently while she poured amorous reproaches.

While they were giving each other affection, I felt my cheeks burning; I was like bewildered, looking at the already released imagination, tracing the most audacious hypothesis.

The affirmation that Belicena Villca did in her letter about the familiar mission of «working the sugar alchemically», was confirmed in principle by my father's narration.

Was an indubitable reality that the Von Sübermann's were sugar producers since immemorial times but, how did she know?

Poor of me; I not even dreamt that this confirmation about the guess of Belicena was just the first of many situations that, in the future, would demonstrate me until what point the absurdity and reality were blended around her. Ting, Ting, the triangle's sound, that the Indian maid was ringing to call for the dinner, freed me from such grey thoughts.

That night I was surprised pleasantly by a plate of delicious humitas; that plate constitutes, since my childhood, the most valued delicacy; thus, indulged and emotively and gastronomically by my family, I went calm soon and even forgot, for some moments, the obsessive matter of Belicena Villca.

Chapter III

I considered seriously the admonitions of Belicena, about the dangers implicated in the quest for her son. At the light of her psychic destruction and subsequent murder, these admonitions acquired a powerful eloquence which I was not disposed to despise. Hence, I decided to act decisively and cautiously.

I had already obtained all the possible constabulary information about the case, and I almost didn't keep doubt that the mysterious assassins of Belicena Villca were the Immortals Bera and Birsha: the totality of the evidence of the crime indicated it. Only beings like Them could have entered that cell hermetically sealed and execute her ritually. And the most striking of these proofs was constituted by the be jewelled rope: was evident that the «Spanish Gold»

of the medals, proceed from Tharsis, from the ancient mines of Tartessos; and the hair «dyed with burnt lime», of the rope, belonged to the unfortunate Tartessian Vrayas, those who were murdered by Bera and Birsha when they saved the Wise Sword and with their blood, the Immortals had written the sentence: «*the punishment for those who offend Yah will come from the wild boar*». Undoubtedly, they considered it a closed cycle; a millenary revenge carried out, perhaps they believed that House Tharsis was exterminated once again, for having employed that meaningful form of execution: to assassinate the last Vraya with the hair that they had taken from one of the first Vrayas, macabre trophy that now they were returning with diabolic logic. And what mystery was hidden behind the powers of Bera and Birsha, in their incredible dominion of Time! Because from the police report was deduced that clearly that such hair had not suffered the pass of time: the hair *of the rope, indeed, was still alive, as if it had been recently cut from a human head, from a head of White Race, when it was braided to kill; and in no way it revealed the two thousand years elapsed since then*. Where, if just thinking about this question filled me of serenity, where they had saved it until now without getting old? Perhaps in the same hell where they dwelled, and that Belicena Villca called Chang Shambhala? Yes. Probably that was the correct answer: the hair proceeded from their Damn Abodes, where time didn't pass and They neither aged.

I had decided to face the danger and I had to begin as soon as possible. First, I wanted to clarify the issue of gold medals legends definitively. And for it, no one could be of major utility than Professor Ramirez. I was going then to meet him.

I parked the car on the beach of the University City and went to the Faculty of Anthropology searching for Professor Ramirez. He was remarkably busy, effectuating a translation; but he attended to me with courtesy.

–What brings you to see me again, Dr Siegnagel; another Quecha's delirium of your patients? –he mocked.

–No Professor, this time is not about American languages. I found inside an old book, paper with this draw –I lied coldly– and I wanted to ask you about the inscriptions. –I gave him Draw that I made of the sinister gold jewel.

His small grey eyes lightened, and for one moment it seemed that he really was interested, but immediately he adopted again the laconic air that characterized him. Nothing could affect the old erudite, admired by the Universities around the world.

–This is the most grotesque linguistic combination that I've ever seen. Is this a joke, Siegnagel? –He asked distrusting.

–I don't know, thus just how I found it, I brought to you–I said without exaggerating too much.

–Well, if it's not, it seems to! Hebrew and Celt! Come on Arthur, or this is a joke, or it is something dead serious. For now, the word *h v h i* is the famous tetragrammaton, name of God of four letters, of disastrous power according to the kabbalists. It reads more or less «YHVH», being the «Hs» letters that can adapt the sound of the Greek «ETA», that´s to say, similar to the Spanish «E».

Regarding h g i v, its translation is «*Binah*», and it means «Intelligence»; but not any intelligence but the «Supreme Intelligence», the Intelligence of God, precisely the Intelligence of YHVH *Elohim*: for the Hebrew Kabbalah, Binah is one of the ten Sephiroth or Aspects of the God One.

How familiar and full of sense resulted in me at that moment the professor's explanations, when I placed them inevitably in the scheme of the letter of Belicena Villca and her terrible death. But the Professor continued:

–The phrase «*ada aes sidhe draoir mac hwch*» is, undoubtedly, ancient Celt or one of its multiple dialects. The Celt language evolves, from the Indo-European tree, in two branches: 1st the *Goidelic* or *Old Irish*, mother of the *Irish* and the *Gaelic*; and 2nd the *Brittonic,* which gave birth to the *Breton*, the *Welsh* and the *Cornish*. I'd tell you that these words belong to the Old Irish, just as appears in the sagas «The Chant of Merlin» or in the Bard Taliesin poems written in the V century.

It is curious, Merlin (in Welsh « Myrddin», and deformed later in Germanic languages «Merlin») was *Druid,* just as Taliesin, and the phrase that you have brought me alludes to *Druids:* «Draoi» means *Druid* in Celt. The complete phrase would be «*Victory to the Divine Druid, Son of the Wild Boar*», according to the following vocabulary:

Ada = Victory
Aes Sidhe = Divine
Draoi = Druid
Mac = Son
HWCH = Wild Boar

–My dear Dr Arthur Siegnagel –the Professor was looking me steadily– What do you know about Druids?

The question took by surprise because I was thinking about it at full pelt, since the same moment in which the Professor completed his translation.

–I know truly little –I said–. That they constituted a kind of Priestly Caste amongst the ancient Celts. That they practiced the magic and soothsaying… I think that they were reputed as Wise men and notwithstanding their pagan origin, they possessed a very despicable moral – All that I knew about Druids, or Golems, proceeded from the letter of Belicena Villca, and my opinion about them, as is natural, could not be worse. However, I ignored the concept that they deserved for Professor Ramirez and I was trying not to commit myself condemning them flatly–. I think that they disappeared after the conversion of the Celts to Christianity –I concluded innocently.

The Professor smiled derisively:

–Take a sit Siegnagel that we are going to talk –he stood up and, after that, he locked the door of the office, he poked around for some minutes in the nourished private library. He chose books hither and hither, puffing of satisfaction when he found any of them that had resisted for more than thirty

seconds. Finally, taking a hanging carpet of an archive, he settled comfortably on his elbow chair.

–Look Dr –the Professor started with grave tone– I'll be sincere: if who brought me that draw would have been other, I would have kicked him out. But as I know that you are a serious person, I'll trust you my thought, because something is telling me that behind this ingenious draw there is something else.

I laughed for the Professor's accurate intuition.

–To start, let's remember that the best etymology seems to be *Druvid*, word which is decomposed in *Dru* =«the thing itself» or «such thing» and *Vid*= «to know», what would mean «to know the things per se». Druid would be then «the one who knows thing profoundly»; but an older acceptation calls them «the one who knows the truth». You must not be surprised, Arthur, to know a little about them. Even though Druidism was an institution amongst ancient Celts and many classic writers mention it, their origin and Doctrine remain in the most obscure mystery. Some of these writers, who come to my memory, are, for example, Julius Caesar, Posidonius, Cicero, Diodorus Siculus, Stabro, Pliny, Tacitus, Lucian, Suetonius, Diogenes Laërtius, Origen, etc.

None of them provided much light about them, and that is at my judgement due to three reasons: 1st because their teaching was oral, 2nd because their teaching was initiatic, 3rd and the main reason, because those who were more interested in occult all that concerns to the «*Druid*», were the own Druids.

Regarding your appreciation that they constituted some kind of «Priestly Caste», I'll tell you that they didn't simulate to be neither this one nor the other. They did not form a caste but an Order; and they would not be «Priests» because they didn't officiate rituals of a Cult openly, as would correspond to deserve such qualification. However, the fact that they did not officiate a Cult openly doesn't mean that they not possessed one and practiced it in secrecy, in the forest's thickness, near the millenary megalithic constructions that They adapted for such purpose. Yes, Dr Siegnagel. You are right in this point: Druids were Priests; and of the worst kind that has been registered in History of mankind.

You also believe that they were «Wise and that they had a very despicable moral». Well, there are few doubts about their «Wisdom» because they possessed all the aspects of the Celtic knowledge. Otherwise, the opinions are divided. When referred to Druid moral, a pederast General as Julius Caesar (100-40 B.C.) found them pleasant, and even sent the Viviana to Rome Ambassador. But in the moral aspect, the future Consul left a lot to be desired; on the other hand, Stabro (60 B.C.), famous Greek geographer, contemporaneous with Julius, mentioned acts of tremendous cruelty «*that are opposed to our mores*» and relates how Druids realized omens «reading» the profound pains of a victim stabbed from behind.

They were also fond of human sacrifices, which were consumed by introducing the victims in a huge wicker man which was burnt later.

Druids *«considered a duty to cover their altars with their prisoners' blood and consult the Deities in human entrails»* Tacitus wrote.

The Professor continued for a long time, reading me the quotes of diverse Greek and Latin authors, some of them praising such-and-such virtue, other condemning Druidic evil flatly. It didn't escape to me that those who «condemned» Druids were also Pagans, thus great had to be their aberrations, capable to impress men acquainted to all the barbarities of their respective Ages. The linguistic explanation that I wanted from the erudition of the Professor was already satisfied. Nevertheless, such man was decided to instruct me about Druids, revealing to me how much he knew about them, and I could not be such discourteous as to refuse to hear him. However, his chatter repeated the matter exposed already amply in the letter of Belicena Villca. After all, to check that others knew part of such truths could only infuse me security; reassure me about the Initiated deceased's mental health.

–As I said –continued the Professor– there are no Celtic source documents that could be consulted, except for the sagas compiled D'Arbois de Juvainville in the XIX century, extraordinarily rich in traditional elements of the Celts of «Iwerzon» or Ireland. On them, we check the great power of Druids to favour the successive Celt invasions (*Fir Bolg* or Celts from Belgium; *Fir Donan* and *Fir Galois*, or Gauls, Scots and Welsh) to Ireland, dwelled until then by the *Fomore,* giant beings, and the *Tuatha de Danan*, Divine Hyperboreans. On more than one occasion, the Celts defeated the Giants Fomore to whom they exterminated and expulsed the Tuatha de Danan despite their magic powers. Is that Druids dominated the forces of Nature, as if they would have counted with the help of the own Satan. They produced rains, thunderstorms, and mists; they enraged the seas or calmed them; they made «appear» beautiful women or dreadful monsters by materialization; etc.

In the times of the invasion of the Welsh, their Leader, Druid Amergin, realized the following ritual: with the right foot in the land to be conquered he recited:

I am the Wind that blows over the waters of the Sea.
I am the Wave that breaks against the Rock.
I am the Thunder of the Sea.
I am the Stag and the Bull of the Seven Horns.
I am the Vulture on the Gully.
I am the Tear of the Sun.
I am the Most Beautiful of the Flowers.
I am the Intrepid Wild Boar.
I am the Salmon in the Lake.
I am the Lake in the Prairie.
I am the Voice of Wisdom.
I am the Spear that is wielded in Battle.
I am the God who Exhales Fire in the Head.

And Druid Amergin, pronounces the next seven questions:

Who illuminates the Assembly in the Mountain?
Who denounces the days of the Moon?
Who signalizes the place where the Sun will sag?
Who brings the Bull to the Tethra House, God of the Sea, and isolates him?
Who destroys the Weapons of Stone from hill to hill?
Who makes all these prodigies but the Fili?
Invoke, People of the Sea, Invoke Druid,
To make him conjure the spell for You.
Thus Me, Druid,
Who ordered the letters of the Sacred Alphabet Ogham,

Me who gives the Peace to the combatants
Will approach to the Fount of the Goblins,
In the search for the docile man,
To realize together the most terrible spells.
I am a wind of the Sea.

Behold, Arthur, the power of the Magic Verb of these Druids Fili (*Fili= Bard*): there leased forces with the pantheistic poem, permit the posterior victory in a battle against the Divine Tuatha de Danan, who possessed flying chariots and rays of death, but they were absolutely helpless before the black magic of Druids.

The Professor explained vividly enthusiastic, but I had stayed thinking on the eighth verse of Amergin where he says:

«*I am the intrepid wild boar*». I couldn't stop relating it with the legend of the disastrous jewel, «*Victory to the Divine Druid Son of the Wild Boar*». I accentuated it to the Professor.

–That's the point, Arthur. The main symbols of Druids were two: the wild boar and the four-leaf clover that they utilized embroidered in their white tunic. Among the Celts, the wild boar and the bear symbolized respectively, Druid and Warrior's power. Some erudites, as René Guénon, pretended to equate these symbols of Power with the castes of the Brahamans and the Kshatryas of India, in other words, of the Priests and warriors, considering the profound meaning that the wild boar and the bear have in the Indo-Aryan tradition. But this is a mistake, because Druids never formed a caste (neither existed castes within the Celts) and because the sense given to the wild boar (ancient Hyperborean symbol) by them, was stained with a materialism that the Rig Veda doesn't possesses neither remotely, where figures as the third of Manifestations of Vishnu in the actual cycle of life or Manvantara. It is as if Druids would have «inverted» the sense of the symbol giving to the wild boar, expression of the *Primordial Spiritual Power* own of the Regal Function, representing the *Updated Temporal Power* which is characteristic of the Priestly Function. Above the ancient and, until our days, secret Mystery of the wild boar and the bear there is much to talk about, but we would move away from our theme; let's better return to the sagas collected by Juvainville.

As it is known, Druids imposed to the Celts the Ogham Alphabet of twenty signs, fifteen consonants and five vowels, called *Beth-Luis-Nion*, for their first three letters *B-L-N*.

Well, Dr Siegnagel: the eminent mythologist Robert Graves sustains that the «poem» of Druid Amergin has been deformed in the successive profane transcriptions to occult its esoteric sense, but that the same is originally related not only with the sacred alphabet Beth Luis Noin, but with the Calendar of Tress that Druids also employed. Naturally, to make «coincide» the Song of Amergin with the sacred alphabet, it is necessary to transpose the verses in this form:

Says Druid, the Voice of God:	*Letters of the Ogham and Trees of the month:*
I am the Stag and the Bull of the Seven Horns. ….	*(B) Beth/ Birch (24-XII 20-I).*
I am the Lake in the Prairie. ……	*(L) Luis/ Wild Ash (21-I 17-II).*
I am the Wind on the Sea. ……	*(N) Nion/ Ash (18-II 17-III)*
I am the Tear of the Sun. ……	*(F) Fearn/ Alder (18-III 14-IV).*
I am the Vulture upon the Gully. ……	*(S) Saille/ Sallow (15-IV 12-V).*
I am the Most Beautiful of the Flowers. ……	*(H) Uath/ Hawthorn (13-V 9-VI).*
I am the God who Exhales Fire in the Head.……	*(D) Duir/ Oak (10-VI7-VII).*
I am the Spear that is wielded in Battle.……	*(T) Tinne/ Holly (8-VII 4-VIII).*
I am the Salmon in the Lake. ……	*(C) Coll/ Hazel (5-VIII 1-IX).*
I am the Voice of Wisdom. ……	*(M) Muin/ Grape Vine (2-IX 29- IX).*
I am the Cruelest Wild Boar. ……	*(G) Gort/ Ivy (30-IX 27-X).*
I am the Thunder of the Sea. ……	*(NG) Ngetal/ Reed(28-X 24-XI).*
I am the Wave in the Sea.……	*(R) Ruis/ Elderberry (25-XI 22- XII).*
Who apart of Me knows the Secrets of the not yet wrought Dolmen of Stone? ……	*December 23.*

In his book «The White Goddess», Robert Graves exposes a synthesis about the meaning of each month of Druid Calendar of Trees. About the month of the Ivy, which corresponds to the letter (G) Gort, he says thus: «G, the month of the Ivy, is the month of the wild boar as well. Seth, the Egyptian solar god, disguised as wild boar kills Osiris in the Ivy, lover of Isis.

Apollo, the Greek Sun Good, disguised as wild boar, kills Adonis, or Tammuz, the Syrian, Lover of the Goddess Aphrodite. Finn Mac Cool, disguised as wild boar, kills Diarmuid, Lover of the Irish Goddess Grainne (Greine). An unknown God, disguised of wild boar, kills Ameo King of Arcadia and worshipper of Artemis, in his vineyard of Tegea and, according to the *Gannat Busamé* ('Garden of Delights') Nestorian, the Cretan Zeus was killed likewise. October was the season of the wild boar hunt and the season of The Bassarids garlanded with Ivy.

The wild boar is the animal of Death and the «fall» of the year starts in the month of the wild boar».

Druid function remains well resumed in the poem «The spoliations of the Abyss» where Taliesin says, «*I am Bard, I am Guide, and I am Judge*». Bard was Druid dedicated to the art and music; the guide was the Ovate, Druid dedicated to the science; Judge was Druid-dheacht (it means, Druid-sorcerer, magician) habilitated by his power to influence over the Celt Kings and impose his law. Notice, Arthur, what strange and contradictory sounds that the legislator of a people be not a racial member of that people and notwithstanding it is accepted «voluntarily» (?) by them because Druids were not Celts even for all the attempts to falsify history that have been made with this purpose. Perhaps

a little light about this could be obtained considering the discovery of Frisian manuscript «*Oera Linda*». In this document, written with runic inscriptions, is narrated the ancient history of the Frisian People, which seems to be a remnant of the «Atland», an Atlantean colony situated in the North of Europe, in front of Great Britain some five thousand years ago. It is not about the legendary Atlantis, mentioned by Plato, which would have existed twelve thousand years before; but like this one, the Atland also succumbed to a cataclysm.

The Professor opened the hanging carpet humbing through hundreds of photocopies. Within the ones that I recognized «Manuscripts of the Dead Sea, facsimile edited by the UNESCO», he extracted a folio written in runic language, which was a copy of the Oera Linda. With it, there was a translation to the English made and commented by Robert Scrutton in 1977, entitled «The other Atlantis». From this last one he read, before my curiosity, the next: *«The Oera Linda implies that some refugees of the submersed Atland, reached the general area of the Netherlands and Denmark, dwelled already by Atlandeans colonists at least since the year 4000B.C. they established there and contacted with their relatives, who, as pirates, seamen and merchants, had maintained communication with the motherland and with the diverse places of the world colonized by the Atlandeans».*

«As time went by, the Frisian descendants wrote narrations of the motherland, its people, history, religion, and law. After each generation, some of the most ancient writings were lost, while some others were resumed, and new chapters were added to such people's history. Thus, they became in the diary of the renewed and modernized people, in a sacred truth for the family who possessed it».

«These summaries and additions continued being realized by the Atland' descendants until the year 1256 of our Age, giving, therefore, if accepted the authenticity of Manuscripts, the testament of History of a people for 3000 or 5000 years: an unparalleled document in human history».

«Nothing was added after the year 1256, date in which Hiddo Over de Linda of Friesland, collected all the existent material in a new paper made of cotton that was beginning to be utilized in all Europe, brought by the Arabs to Spain».

«The copy finally passed from one generation to another of the family, until the year 1848, date in which a woman, Aafjie Meylhof (born Over de Linden), gave it to her nephew Cornelius Over de Linden. This last, who was master of ships in the Netherlander dockyards of Helder, finally decided that the doctor Eelco Verwiss, librarian of the Provincial Library of Leeuwarden, of Friesland, copied the document».

«The writing –with all the implications– passed to public dominion».

The Professor continued reading the commentaries of Robert Scrutton, reviewing the Oera Linda's proficiencies until our days. Because there are almost no doubts about its authenticity –at least until the year 1256– many resists to accept it as historic document due to the millenary book, as it gives light about mythological episodes of History, finds ardent foes.

I was hearing fascinated while the Professor continued implacable:

–Well, let's go to what interest us. One of the Frisian manuscripts narrated the struggle that the Frisian men (White) sustained with the invaders Magyars (yellow) 2000 years B.C. there is History of Neef Teunis a Frisian seaman

who, leaving Denmark, sails to the Mediterranean with the idea to enter at the service of the Kings of Egypt. *«In the northern most of the Mediterranean –says Oera Linda– there is an island nearby the coast. They arrived there and asked to buy it, about what was realized a general counsel».*

«It was asked for the counsel of the Mother, and she desired to see them distant, for what she didn't see any harm on it; but when we saw the mistake that we had committed later, we called Messellía (Marseilles) to the island. Immediately will be seen reason that we had».

«The Golems, name that the missionary Priests of Sidon received, had observed that the land was scarcely dwelled, and far from away the Mother». –I clarify you, Arthur, that as in the Oera Linda, as well as in numerous traditional Nordic sagas, is utilized the term «Mother» to denominate, generically, the Priestesses of the Fire Cult–. «With the *objective to cause a favorable impression, the Golems called themselves in their idiom 'Followers of the Truth'. Still, better they would have called themselves 'Those who don't have the Truth' or, briefly, Triuweden, like our seamen people called them later. When they were well established, their merchants changed their beautiful copper weapons and every kind of jewellery, by our iron weapons and leathers of wild beasts, which were abundant in our Nordic countries. Still, the Golems celebrated every type of vile and outrageous parties, that the dwellers of the coast promoted with their lascivious women and their sweet, poisoned wine. If any of our people were guided in such way that his life was in danger, the Golems sheltered him and sent him to Phonisia, that's to say, Palm land (Phoenicia). Once he had established there, they made him write to his family and friends saying that the country was such good and the people such happy that nobody could imagine it. In Great Britain –Atlandean penal colony– were many men but few women. When the Golem knew this, they took women from every part and gave them to the British for nothing. But all these women served to their purposes to steal children for Wr-Alda to give them to the false gods».*

In the Oera Linda is called Wr-Alda to God. But this Frisian God is alternatively, in the ancient narrations, as the Demiurge Jehovah Satan, or as the Hyperborean Unknowable God.

The confusion appears, presumably, due to the exoterism fall that suffered the Frisians, as for the other survivor peoples of the Atlantean catastrophe, with the centuries' pass.

About this part of the Oera Linda, comments Robert Scrutton: «*Triuwiden,* or *Druwiden*, can be considered the Origin of the word 'Druids' whereas '*Golem*' is another form of 'galli' i.e., 'The Gauls of Phoenicia'». As you can see, Arthur, this incredible document makes us go back many centuries in the news about Druids –that now would be «Those who don't have the Truth»– coming now from the Middle East, what confirms the presumption that always existed about their non-Celt origin.

It would be missing now… –Are you listening to me Arthur?

I had remained paralyzed some minutes before, precisely when the Professor was reading the Oera Linda and pronounced the word «Golem». The sanguinary persecutors of House Tharsis, to whom Belicena Villca denominated «The Golems», were «Druids» in definitive. I knew that already because it was implicit

in the letter; but the Professor demonstrated to me that it did not constitute any secret that existed enough documents and information about those damn Priests. My ignorance in History and the most obscure characters of History had caused the sensation of strangeness that I experienced when I read the letter and knew the intrigues and the Golems plans. I was about to doubt more than one time, of the sanity of Belicena, and to deny the Golems fantastic reality.

–Yes, Professor, I hear you –I replied fearful of offending him.

–It would be missing now –he repeated patiently– to know if it was really treating about the Phoenicians, because in that Age Sidon was a port city, tremendously cosmopolite.

I understood the query that the Professor propounded, but I was not interested in that moment to deepen in that direction, considering all the details provided by Belicena about the Golems Hebrew origin. Otherwise, a different question was striving to emerge from my throat: I had to know what the Professor knew about the Golems present.

–Professor Ramirez, excuse me if I interrupt you, but there are Druids in this Age? –I asked with vehemence.

The old Professor sighed resigned.

–You are asking me a very concrete question and I will try to respond it in identical form; but you must comprehend that it is not easy and I should put you aware about some facts to so that you can judge, by yourself, the validity of my answer: because if there are Celtic societies and authors dedicated to the study of Druidism, it is only about historians ordilettantes but not real Fili. Thereby the truth must be searched, in another part.

For many centuries, Druidism seemed to be eclipsed, specifically (as you said well at the beginning of our chatter) since the Celtic peoples were converted to Christianity. This conversion is early, due to St. Patrick converted Ireland to Catholicism between the years 432 and 463. The Celtic peoples of the Gauls were in that Age under the dominion of Germanic dynasties, who embraced in all cases the Arian Christianity, doctrine elaborated by the Libyan presbyter Arius in 318 and condemned of heresy in the Council of Nicea of 325. The father Llorca, in his monumental Manual of the Ecclesiastical History, says that according to Arius: *«There is just one God, eternal and incommunicable. The verb, Christ, is not eternal but created from the naught. Hence is a real creature, much more excellent than the others, but not consubstantial with the Father. Therefore, he is not God».*

This doctrine threatened the catholic «Trinity Mystery» and for this reason, was fiercely fought by the Roman Popes.

Whatever it was, the truth is that the in the conversion of the Arian nobility to the Catholicism, the Celt population succumbed who had to accept the new dogma, as previously had accepted the Arianism, that's to say, by imposition.

The Visigoth Kingdom of Spain became Catholic all of a sudden in the Council III of Toledo in 589, with the conversion of the King Reccared by St. Leander. But the definitive step for the Catholicization of the Celtic Gauls, was already given by the unknown Frank King Clovis, converted in the year 496, who became an instrument of the Church for the missionary conquest.

It could be thought that Druids –of such rude opposition against the Hyperborean Gods Tuatha de Danan in Ireland– would organize the defence against the new faith (lunar) which displaced the Celtiberian ancient cult (solar) of the God Beleno (worshiped in Greece as Apollo as well) and the Mother Goddess Belisana.

Nothing of these occurred, due to Druids advised the people to embrace Christianity and become Christians by themselves: Christian Druids? Sages in the occult laws of the material nature; possessors of a demonic secret Science; Do you believe that they would have become Christians subjugated by this religion?

The Professor was looking at me deeply.

–Just as you propound things –I responded– these conversions remind me to one of the *marranos* that's to say those Jews, who forced to choose between becoming Catholics or die accepting the first, simulating to practice the new faith for years (or centuries if we consider that there are Marranos families that still in our days, live a double life), but conserving the Jewish in secrecy.

–Good Dr Siegnagel! –Bellowed the Professor– precisely that was what I was referring to; to a feign conversion as one of the marranos Jews. Suppose you consider the question that I made you before, when I read the text of the Oera Linda that situates Druids as natal from Sidon, in Phoenicia. In that case, you'll comprehend that there are others suspicious similitudes.

The Professor never stopped surprising me with his acuteness, propounding things in such way that, as in the Greek sophist dialogues, the answers sprouted spontaneously in the Philosopher interlocutor.

–Yes, – I affirmed, feigning surprise for the consequences that I divined–. The relation results undeniable, Professor: The Jews and Druids came from the Middle East!

I accompanied the commentary assenting eloquently with the head. This gesture stimulated the Professor to go on and, while he sustained vividly in one hand the book «The Mystery of the Templars», he said in convincing tone:

The great celtist Louis Charpentier, the author of this book and decisively defender of the Golems and Templars, confirms it with well-founded investigations: Druids take refuge in the Catholic Church. St. Benedict gave the opportunity, character of great wisdom and sanctity who when he founded the Benedictine Order with a rule, (Ora et Lavora) that exalted the work and oration, impulsed the same to the bailout of the of the Greek and Roman Culture, death threatened by the decadence of the Roman Empire, the barbarism, and the incredible ignorance of the Popes.

The contact point was produced with St. Columbanus; an Irish Fili dedicated entirely to convert the Celtic populations to the Catholic Religion. Louis Charpentier can't hide his admiration for Druidical infiltration, when he says: *«… St. Benedict died in 547, seven years after the birth of St. Columbanus. Benedict had conserved the classic treasure for Christianity; to this same Christianity, St. Columbanus would give the Celtic treasure».*

«St. Columbanus was a Christian of Ireland, a country that had embraced Christianity very soon, without the impositions more or less brutal of the Roman Emperors, neither

the one of the barbarians who called themselves Romans, as had occurred in all the Celt countries of druidical past. It can be said, without incurring in error, that the Christians of Rome and the ones of Clovis, made unpleasant Christianity in the Gauls».

«Ireland didn't meet Rome neither the barbarians, and that explains that acceptation of Christianity without abruptness».

«Neither are known many things about Druidism; but their facility to accept in certain form Christianity, seems to situate them spiritually very near to it. Nothing about the new revelation was found strange for them: neither the divine unity, nor an Uncreated God who includes the Universe in all its forms, nor the Divinity in Three Persons, nor a God born from a Virgin, nor the incarnated God, nor the Divine Crucified Man, nor the resurrection, nor the Soul immortality that they already preached…»

«St. Benedict, in his last hours, screamed: «I see the Trinity and Peter and Pauland Druids and Saints…»

«The entire Celt people, after Druids, were precipitated to Christianity». «Ireland that had escaped from the Roman conquest and later to the Arab conquests remained Christian, but if can be said thus, 'Druidically'».

Undoubtedly Professor Ramirez knew to support his arguments with most adequate texts, I thought with admiration.

–Around these facts –continued the Professor– is situated (century VII) the «disappearance» of Druids in their traditional aspect, but sporadic re-apparitions occurred through the course of history, especially during the Crusades (centuries XV and XVI), in the affirmation of the currents called of the Enlightenment, Freethought, and Freemasonry, (XVII and XVIII centuries).

As can be seen, they always appear connected to the crisis or to the revolution, but lookout Arthur, just in relation to the Celt Race. It seems that the presence of Druid has only one objective: *be a guide of Celts*, as Taliesin sang. Today, Celt doesn't mean many things, but remember that great parts of France, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, and the 50% of White America are Celts.

At this point in the conversation (or monologue I should say, due to the Professor with his precision didn't give place to interruption) I was profoundly impressed. Professor Ramirez knew much more about Matter than I had imagined at the beginning of the conversation. I decided to continue with the game and simulate major astonishment. To act with conviction, I'd try to take the dialogue to a concrete terrain.

–I can comprehend perfectly The Great Jewish World Conspiracy, Professor, because the declared objective by the Rabbis or simple Hebrews in all times, is World Dominion and the submission of Humanity to the Chosen People by Jehovah. «*Celestial Israel* –says the Talmud– *has as an objective of glory to reign above the gentile people».*

But what objective chases Druids perpetuating themselves through the pass of the centuries to guide the Celts in secrecy, by means of their damn Science? Not an imperialist objective, because the Celts never had an Empire, but they established confederations of tribes or populations whose offspring started with the «Campaign of the Gauls» realized by Julius Caesar. Neither an objective

that implied a spiritual benefit for the Celts, because, I don't doubt it anymore, the Fili are impulse by some evil purpose. Why they do it, for God's sake, why?

I tried to set forth the query the best I could to Professor Ramirez. He remained pensive for a large minute and then, with a gesture of dejection, responded: –I don't know Dr Siegnagel –he called me alternatively Arthur or Dr Siegnagel–. I can just conjecture something.

But you must take present that, this is just a conjecture! In no way I could prove it. I will tell you what I think, but I'd never repeat it outside of this office and of this moment.

I restrained the breathing fearing that the Professor would keep quiet.

–It is well-known is that the Jewish financial power started to be developed at the ends of the Middle Ages, when goldsmiths in precious metals (almost always Jews), build security chambers to save gold and silver of the feudal Lords and Nobles and began to effectuate loans with interest, utilizing as guarantee these foreign deposits. The first step was the emission of a document, recognized by everyone, as «element to pay», real currency paper which permitted to merchandize without the necessity to effectuate metallic payments. Of course, this «discovery» went rapidly adopted and utilized at the whim of great merchants and lenders, at the style of «The Merchant of Venice» that was so brilliantly portrayed by Shakespeare. But, the secret of enrichment was doubtlessly *usury,* the real origin of the «Bank».

In the XVII century there were enough Jewish Banks to assure them a good portion of Power; in the XVIII century, to give an example, it was seen the ascension of the «Rothschild's House», Jewish family owner of the Bank of the same name, of a disastrous performance until the XX century.

All these are known by history, but what I want to outstand is that the financial control, takes inevitably to strife for the State's control. And at the end of the Middle Ages, when this history begins, *the State is the Catholic Church,* reason why, between the XV and XX centuries, the struggle for the Power went to face on many occasions to the Catholic Church and Great Jewish Kahal.

These confrontations, ferocious sometimes, should have ended with one of the sides, if in the course of the centuries, something like an invisible hand would not have intervened always to reconcile both opponents. Study, Arthur, history and you'll see with clarity what I say; when the conflict emerges from one side, initiated by the Church or the Catholic Kings or the Inquisition, etc., against the Jewish Power. In the other side, the Hebrew Conspiracy sends «the Revolution», «Freemasonry», «Marxism», etc., against the Christian Power, there appears a moderator element, softener of the conflict; preventing the imminent struggle; diluting the tensions. This element, unconscious executer arm, is the Celt. But behind the Celt is the real instigator: The Golem, the Fili, and Druid, with their incredible power!

I know that you'll think that I am out of my head, Arthur; and I can't prove this fantastic conjecture that I just dared to formulate!

The Professor was looking at me, disturbed. It was evident that he feared to have exceeded, and for this reason, his eyes were trying to drill my brain. But

even for his preventions, his hypotheses remained short before the magnitude of the Golems' plans that Belicena Villca denounced in her letter. It was true, just as the Professor understood, that the Golems «mediated» between the Church and the Synagogue; but was not less true that They chased a more ambitious objective: *the Universal Synarchy and the World Government of the Chosen People.* I could not do anything but to smile when I contemplated the worried countenance of the Erudite. This reassured him.

–Through a profound historical analysis, –he continued without taking his eyes off me–many have supposed that a secret entailment connects the different Vertex of the World's Power and has been affirmed the existence of a super-secret sect that could be Freemasonry, the B'nai B'rith (Jewish Freemasonry), the Trilateral Commission, etc., or any other organization of this kind, to which all men who exert the Power belong.

This hypothesis is too big for me; I can assure instead, based on many years of historical investigation, that between these two great Colossus, the Catholic Church and the Synagogue, exists an impious hidden connection to carry out the untold World Power. And that impious connection is given by Druids! Here part of the truth! –The Professor almost screamed, signalizing Draw of the jewel–. But what is this paper? Nothing, not a proof, just a senseless draw found by a student, but that contains the secret of some forces that move the World.

–I believe that I can deduce, starting from such meaningful arguments, that you have responded affirmatively to my query –I said changing of conversation and disposed not to reveal anything about the crime of Belicena Villca –. Should I infer that would exist Druids today?

–My appreciated Dr Siegnagel, that question is perhaps destined to be responded by yourself. I've given you enough information, and I can only assure you that the historical investigation, unless that another Oera Linda appears or that the Private Library of the Vatican is opened, it would not throw anything new about Druids –he affirmed flatly.

–Why? –I asked, this time with real surprise.

–For a very simple reason, but inexplicable, *Dr. Sieg-na-gel* –said the Professor with irony, almost spelling my German surname–. Because between 1939 and 1945 specialist battalions of the Waffen ϟϟ, Elite German Body, emptied Europe of the few documents that existed about Druids.

–For what could the ϟϟ want that information? –I asked with distrust, because I didn't like the course that the conversation had taken.

–That was never known with security. During those years was believed that the documentation was transported to the most important Religion and Occultism ϟϟ training center of more than 50.000 volumes. But when the war ended, part of this valuable material and the ϟϟ «Restricted Circle» (of some 250 super-trained and super-secret men) had evaporated as if by magic.

You know –said to me the Professor with complicity gaze– all these histories about occult shelters, the group ODESSA, … bah, humbugs.

–Yes –I assented with a gesture and I looked to the clock. 20 hs. 30 minutes. I calculated that we were five hours reunited, and I felt shame to abuse in such form of the Professor precious time.

–You don't have anything to apologize, Arthur, –said the Professor before my excuses– it has been a pleasant charter, in which I remembered with you something that, in other times, also worried me.

On that summer day in the Faculty were just the janitor and the cleaning staff. I went out with Professor Ramirez, and I accompanied him to one of the teaching houses that is, in the University City. And I never saw him again… That the Unknowable God guides his path towards the Origin, or Wotan to Valhalla, or that Frya shows him the Naked Truth of Himself, that his heart be cooled forever, conquer the Vril and possesses Wisdom that he has searched during all his life! And, above all: that he could escape from the vengeance of Bera and Birsha…

Chapter IV

I returned to my department plunged in shadowy musings, fighting to overcome the dejection. Once passed the initial enthusiasm, the weight of reality was supported harshly in my Spirit, and I wondered an unavoidable interrogation: how could I, drawing on my own forces, comply with the request of Belicena Villca? I indeed felt the owner of an unbreakable will that would not yield easily in my determination to reach the end, that *all* my forces, without reservations, would be put at the disposition of the Cause of House Tharsis; but It was true as well, I recognized humbly, that I was not gifted with the virtue of Ulysses. No; definitively I was not the Hero Perseus who according to Belicena had descended to the same Hell to conquer Wisdom: but not only those mythological heroes I wasn't similar; I was neither remotely approximated to any of the Tharsis Lords. They knew how to resolve any kind of situations. They had faced for millenniums an infernal conspiracy, inconceivable fora common human mind, they resisted many attempts of extermination, and they went out gracefully from all the proofs, they overcame all the dangers, triumphed above all foes. And they achieved because, as Belicena Villca said, their hearts were harder than the diamond Stone and possessed the certainty of the Eternal Spirit; and because they felt an *essential hostility* against the «Potencies of Matter», that permitted them to exhibit an indescribable strength before any enemy. They had maintained themselves «outside of History», trying to preserve the White Atlanteans Hyperborean Wisdom's heritage. They were Initiates who acted consciously about their spiritual responsibility. They complied with the «Strategy» of their Gods, and the Gods came and guided them.

I, otherwise, was incomparably weaker. I didn't distinguish so clearly as them between Soul and Spirit. However, the letter's lecture provoked me as a revelation of «Spiritual Self», like an undeniable intuition about the truth of the Spirit chained to Matter. Still, by now, it was just a spiritual intuition. I neither received an esoteric tradition, a pearl of inherited wisdom, and much less the possibility to be initiated in the real Mystery of the Spirit: I searched, however, the truth for many years, as I'll narrate later, and I even reached to discover by myself the reality of the Universal Synarchy, but I never thought to fight against such satanic forces, *neither imagined that it would be necessary to do it, indispensable, inevitable, a matter of Honor.* On the contrary, as the well-known tango expresses, «*I yielded without a fight*»: I let that sentimentalism soften my heart, that the decadent mores of the century impregnate me, the same in which the Occidental Culture sinks slowly, without reacting. And I never react because I lacked moral reflects, I was asleep, perhaps due to in deeply, I had feared to fight and react, to face such powerful forces. Oh God! They had converted me into a useful idiot, in a stupid pacifist!

But things would change from now on: If it was necessary to kill, I would!; I'd do anything before to yield in front of the Enemy of the Spirit, described by Belicena Villca. I just needed help, some type of spiritual help. In sum, I was decided to reach the end, as I said, all my forces were with the Cause of House Tharsis, but I was also realist, conscious of my limitations, and I knew that without help I wouldn't reach anywhere. But, who could come in my assistance? I couldn't decide it for the moment but is about I'd be occupied to think in the next hours.

I parked the car in the garage of the Tower in which I lived since some years ago and Ident up through a detestable spiral staircase of concrete until the elevators. Some minutes later, I was comfortably embedded in my pyjamas, disposed to meditate about what worried me.

«*Three ambiences are too big for just one man*» my parents repeated it endless times it to me when I acquired it. Still, now the Department not seemed to, due to the disordered accumulation of archaeological objects, publications and books. In reality, I destined a small room for the books with shelves in the four walls; but promptly, the library's capacity was filled, and the new books went gaining the other ambiences as undesirable guests.

The only place arranged with more or less order was the wide hall that counted with elbow chairs, coffee tables, and reading lamps. Next to my favorite divan, the window allowed to see the slope of a small hill which feet, imposing and majestic, is the equestrian statue of the General Martín Miguel de Güemes. I sat there, a prey of a very special feeling, as you'll see then is the relation, I stayed many hours; until the phenomenon occurred.

But let's go step by step; were midnight and I, retaking my previous thoughts, wondered obsessively: I must request for help. But, to whom?

As always happens, when man if facing situations that surpasses him and claims for *external help,* remains inevitably settled the moral problem; is the ancient confrontation between good and evil. In these cases, the fundamental judgement principle that must prevail about the «friendship» or the «enmity» of the Potencies to whom we ask for, is *discernment*. When a «law» is precise, in successes that must be faced juridical for example, the discernment is automatic, rational we'd say. In the complex legislative drama, thousands of intertwined laws qualitative and hierarchically regulate man's behavior in a civilized society. *Typo* juridical «figures» permit to orientate the judgment and determine with precision if what a man does is good or bad: is good if it does not produce contradictions demonstrable juridical, it is bad if it misses the law.

This about the behavior of men adjusted collectively to «law». In the individual sphere of the subject, generally ignorant of the great variety of statutes that regulate the Law, is guided according to his «moral consciousness». This concept alludes to the fact to be a member of human society, as for the cultural transference of generations of ancestors as for the education or simply imitation of the neighbor, trains man in the exercise of a kind of conditioned moral to reflect that acts, finally, as an intuition (moral consciousness or «voice of the consciousness»). But it wouldn't be a real intuition, but the appearance of it

and what would occur would be that a stratum of moral experiences, assimilated by mentioned means or by any other and reduced to the unconscious level, would act automatically guiding reason in the discernment of the established oppositions and determining the logic of reason.

It is understood that as more «automatically» is unchained this psychological mechanism, more debilitated is the will to discern. The preference or commodity to live indwelled settlements or cities, talk about the predominance of these unconscious processes and explains fear to face original situations or circumstances where the discernment could fail.

Thence the fallacy to believe that the civic «habitat», cultural ambit par excellence, makes Man more «equilibrated», when the truth is that the individual of the rural environments usually possesses a moral discernment more accurate, not rational but emanated from the depths of the Spirit.

The serene judgement of men that we usually take as ignorant, could reach to surprise us. Without the crust of infinite decadent mores crystallized in all the mind sites, these simple people experienced transcendental states of consciousness, without making much fuss and, what is good, without realizing «parapsychological classifications».

To the effects of compare both behaviors, let's suppose that they have been placed (the citizen and the rural man) to choose between God and the Devil, being the second the imitation of the first. With all probability, the citizens' rationalist inclination would incapacitate him to discern between the Divine essence and the appearance. Perhaps this distinction neither could be realized by the mind of the peasant; but, for this same simplicity or purity, he could «presage» the presence of God, have the «certainty» to distinguish between the truth and the lie.

It could seem very difficult that to someone could be propounded similar disjunctive, *but for me, that was the issue* considering the necessity to receive «external help». Because this help would be, above all things, «spiritual help», and that assistance could only proceed from «*beyond*», from a transcendental World to Matter and men. And here is where I had stopped perplexed in the past: that «other World», *what* God reigns it? *Which is* the *real* Religion of the Spirit? Who are their representatives on Earth? *Where is* the door towards God, to the World of God, towards the Spirit's Homeland?

For many years I searched the truth to these questions, but as never before now I was before a limit situation in which the necessity to *discern* became incompatible with the ordinary life. I was sure that I could not advance more in my life without finding an answer; I had 36 years, but at least in the last 15 years, I was «searching» for answers. In such quest, I had transited through a sinuous path that didn't disdain the Philosophy and the Science's intellectual peaks, neither the irrational abysses of the Religions and Sects.

I remembered that at the beginning, I had been proud to have an «Occidental formation. Prepared in crude ambient of rationalist scientism, in some opportunities, I reached to trust blindly that the methodologies of the empiric investigation were the only path to obtain certain knowledge of the Universe. But the

years passed by, anxieties appeared that could not be reduced by any «methodology», and then I considered the possibility to explore other ways of Knowledge.

I travelled in such a quest a thousand philosophic and religious tendencies; I read hundreds of books and practiced many Cults rites. But always occurred the same; while theories and dogmas, expressed in all imaginable forms – were at least worthy of respect, but it could not be said the same about the organizations that sustained such ideas. Unless that a fanatic faith could blind someone, recently discovered «behind» the Orders or Sects –or simply of the «Leaders»–, the subaltern or untold finality, the inadmissible and intolerable entailment.

I went discovering these occult finalities with indignation, obeyed to three modus operandi of the synarchic forces: *a «military» mode, a «political» mode, and a «religious» mode*, not implying this classification an order of importance or apparition. The «Synarchic Secret Societies», I'll use this generic name, could behave according to one, two, or three of mentioned modes, and to tend firmly to the fulfilment of their secret finalities. In the last instance, I started to suspect; all were reunited in a common objective: the attainment of the Planet's dominion, favour the jack of the World Power by part of a hierarchic group of men. Naturally, that I ignored that until the lecture of Belicena Villca, the receivers of the universal effort were the Chosen People members. But, here was what I warned: the Intelligence Services of any type and country, *«military» mode* of the synarchic Secret Societies, are occupied to infiltrate in all the possible organizations, including the religious Churches or sects, when they are not directly controlled, as occurs for example with the Church of Saints of the Last Days *(Mormons)* which the C.I.A skillfully manages. The International Marxism, Trotskyism, Zionism, etc., *«political» modes* of the Secret Societies, are behind hundreds of innocent organizations that serve them as façade. And inside the *«religious» modes* are thousands of groups or reduced organizations controlled by the Synagogue, the Protestant Churches, the Islam, the Buddhism, and even the Catholic Church. And always the last objective is to create the widest possible spectrum to end with all the ideological variants and catch all the dissidents of the Great International Lines. «*No one must remain out of the control of the Synarchy*» seems to be the motto that guides them.

The discovery of this black reality, subjacent under the false promises of spiritual elevation and progress, took me that state of «absence of an ideal» that I defined in some part of the narration. Thenceforth I continued living more or less normal until I got interested in the Anthropology. Still, the reaction to the treacherous past experiences induced me to distrust systematically the «good faith» of the *institutions socially organized*. I reached to feel spontaneous repugnance at taking contact, for the first time, with some *association* with the declared finality –I divined it immediately– I was veiled betrayed in favour of *their* international occult tendencies.

Definitively I didn't trust in any earthly organization as an intermediary between a Superior Spiritual Order and the Material World.

Considering the already mentioned, the main *dilemma* which I was then: to comply with the request of Belicena Villca, I should face a Secret Society

of Druids, men who possessed terrible powers according to what was derived from the letter and the declarations of Professor Ramirez, and even I would run the risk to attract the attention of the Immortals Bera and Birsha, who would liquidate me in the blink of an eye. That was not a game! At that moment, I should search for help against Them; and that succor could only be spiritual, supplied by beings who shared the objective of the mission, it means, by followers of the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, where such beings were?

In reality, I deeply believed that to undertake the mission with success the probabilities were missing something concrete, which it was not a matter to sit down and pray or wear down in metaphysical speculations. But, I repeated for myself, what organizations I could resort to for help? Freemasonry, Theosophy, Anthroposophy, Martinism, Rosicrucian, Gnosticism, and other Secret Societies even more hidden, but of the same synarchic ilk, are in essential opposition to the Hyperborean Wisdom, now I saw it very clear. And thus, as much as I thought on it and reviewed the list of all the known organizations, I always concluded that they were at least suspicious to belong to the White Fraternity, the occult super-organization enemy of House Tharsis.

Oh dilemma! Existed a Secret Society of Hyperborean Initiates in Argentina, an Order of Wise Constructors, according to what revealed Belicena in her letter, but nobody knew where they were neither how to reach Them; I'd try to find them, but I was absolutely conscious that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of agents of the Synarchy would be awaiting for someone who approaches execute them without mercy. I doubted if I could undertake this quest alone. For this reason, I examined the possibility of resorting to some "friend» organization of the Hyperborean Wisdom to ask for help. Nevertheless, I repeat, as much as I thought about it, I didn't reach the solution: *Is that the Hyperborean Wisdom didn't count with followers in this World?* The answer seemed to be «no»; at least it didn't count with followers socially organized; or I didn't know the existence of any similar organization.

Chapter V

My only ally - I thought at the beginning of the reflection - is discernment. He will tell me where to turn, who to trust. If there is any related philosophical or religious line, he will allow me to discover it; he will tell me if it is good or bad and how to turn to it.

But the analysis carried out after deep meditation, yielded a chilling conclusion: as I eliminated possibilities, all the organizations were on one side (the enemy) and on the other *no one*.

As much as I tried to Manichean' polarize the myriad of Religions, Sects, Associations, Secret Societies, Organizations, Groups, Orders, Leagues, Brotherhoods and Fraternities, I didn't achieve to discern neither one that would have

ray of Uncreated Light, a gleam of the Primordial Truth of the Spirit. However, if everything that Belicena Villca affirmed about the Origin of the Uncreated Spirit was true, if the Spirit could only experience hostility for this World, the Judaic Culture that predominates in this World, would result strange the result of my reflections. On the contrary, it would be logical that being in the White Fraternity to realize the Universal Synarchy, as in the XIII century, not existed but *one* organization of Initiated in the Hyperborean Wisdom. Yes: in the same manner that in the XIII century the *Circulus Domini Canis* was opposed to the White Fraternity plans, perhaps now would just exist the *Order of Wise Constructors of the Lord of the Absolute Orientation.*

–At that moment, –I felt gaunt, feeling that anguish, very similar to the terror, ascended from the stomach to the throat– then I must don't wait for any concrete help to realize my mission. I am left to my own forces! –It was for me hard to accept this.

The mission proposed by Belicena Villca was clearly a task that required the performance of a superior man, of someone gifted with much more than what I had at that moment. If I was sure about something, the spiritual aid would be indispensable for the fulfilment of the mission. According to my recent conclusions, the help should not be expected from human organizations: *there could be no intermediaries between the spiritual and me.* It was evident then, that the spiritual help would have to be manifested directly inside of me; that God, or the «Liberator Gods», or my own Spirit, Eternal, Uncreated, Infinite, would respond to the help request, they would have to do it in the depths of my psychic intimacy.

Since a long time ago I felt of a kind suffocation, an oppression in the chest to which I didn't give much importance because I attributed it to the torrid February. This presumption vanished soon, because the nights in Salta are usually rather fresh, even in summer, and this was not the exception. I noticed it immediately when I opened the window: I saw the park dimly illuminated by the twilight of the four hours, at the same time when a cold breeze that obeyed me to shut the wicket. Standing by the window, strangely suffocated by unknown anguish, I thought awkwardly that it would come to the dawn in some minutes later.

A sensation of *cosmic loneliness* had disengaged me little by little, without noticing it, and finally, it attained to penetrate till the depths of my Soul. For an instant, I thought that the previous analysis had isolated me solipsistic ally from the World; or, in other words, that Manichean polarization to which I submitted human organizations, had continued unconsciously jumping categories till a confrontation: The World and Me. My instinctive rejection of the material could give this. But it was not in such form because when I thought of friends, my family, the people that I admire, I intuited the spiritual potency of them immediately. And I knew the sensation of joy that inspired me the spiritual, made my body vibrate.

Yes, I was capable of intuiting the Spirit in some beings, so I was not really alone. The heart-breaking loneliness that I felt –I thought rapidly– was not a product of a pathological deviation that usually suffers in their melancholy the

selfish solipsistic.nnnnnn That was a totally different sensation. Pricking and painfully acute could be translated in just one word: *abandonment.*

I felt alone and cosmically abandoned, but in that sensation of abandonment, permeated, there was a second sensation, more subtle but less painful: it was like a silent reproach that vibrated in the depth of my Soul, but in an imaginable profundity. It was the reproach of God transmitted through a space without dimensions and that seemed to cry for a loss; a metaphysical amputation of His substance that was suffered as only He is capable of suffering.

And that loss that the God reproached was Me….

It was me who was betraying him, who committed an abominable and reprehensible heresy.

I felt alone and cosmically abandoned, I repeat, but in such intense grade that for one instant I thought to be dying.

It must be understood that all these very quickly, perhaps in just some minutes or seconds. And the most probable is that I would have really died –I understood this much later–If that strange animic state would have won me.

Thus, if that not occurred because remotely, in the frontiers of the consciousness that was rapidly abandoning me, I had a certain intuition: that emotion that was killing me was external to my own being!

It was not me who was bemoaning and moaning emotively with such force that it filled everything; that traversed my multiple spheres of perception and was diffused through the surrounding reality; that dissolved my consciousness when it lost the differentiation between subject and object.

The curious was that I made this intuition conscious; all was cut suddenly, in a silent and brilliant blast in which I believed to distinguish a white circle fleetingly that surrounded me.

That's to say, not everything was cut, because now that sensation had been *transferred totally out from me*, to the concrete World.

I felt suddenly lucid and alert, while around me, the furniture, the floor, and the Department's walls all seemed to irradiate a frightful and threatening. It was something tenebrous that was induced epidemically, *it was perceived with all the body, with every organ, with every atom*. The same previous state, but inverted and exacerbated: the *cosmic loneliness* was deep now, pure Presence; the abandonment: a silent call, but of an irresistible violence; the reproach of the God, that seemed so Divine when it sprouted from the depths of the Soul, had been converted in a bestial roar, obscene and aggravating.

It is not possible to express with words what I lived then; I can only give a pale idea if I say that such Primordial Force was vaguely similar to the breath of an enormous and evil beast.

A fetid and offensive breath that sprouted from all things, which was at the same time the entrails, the organs, of that horrent and dangerous Dragon. A breath that imposed its Presence full of Life; but this Life was to the Spirit, what the noise is to the music: vile imitation and miserable copy. A voluptuous breath that pulled and exhaled in an animal and grotesque cadence.

In the silence and the night's calm, this Presence was enhanced vitiating the air of menace; as if, invisible and powerful, a mortal Enemy lurked me willing to precipitate over me; to take my life and more than my life…

I had the impression to have fallen into a misty precipice from I was rescued before reaching the bottom. I was standing now at the Abyss edge, miraculously save, but a victim of that apprehension that is only experienced by who survives the disaster. For this reason, I remained immovable, and I didn't flee from such ambient filled with an indescribable evil, which seemed to come aggressively to me.

And that immovable, serene and reflexive, seemed to excite more Dramatic tension, elevating it to unbearable levels.

At that moment, I understood that what «matter irradiated» –whatever it is called– was losing the capacity to act over me, due to, in middle of the unbearable tension, was divined that all would explode, blow up in pieces through the air…

And it exploded.

Chapter VI

I'd lie if I say that I didn't wait for something paranormal. My eyes were fixed in the objects of the room, waiting to see them jump out at any moment over me.

I expected that and really, I expected that any paranormal thing occured, except what really happened: all started to move and change of position; to fall, and jump on the floor. Shelves and furniture, all were falling and jumping steadily, while I absorbed, believed to live a nightmare.

I delayed some seconds –precious– to comprehend that I was assisting to a seismic movement, and when, finally, I decided to take shelter, Earthquake was almost ending.

Causality? Synchronicity? The lector can believe what he wants, but he could not avoid that after the Earthquake of January 21 of 1980 the unique building damaged in irreversible form was the one that I was occupying, and it had to be evacuated as I could check reading the newspapers of that days.

There were no victims, but the building resulted inexplicably impaired on its structure, so the municipal authorities undertook, without results, an investigation to the firm of architects who built it. As there were no insurances, the losses were total for the Consortium's proprietaries, amongst them, me.

Of my goods, few were what I could save because, what was strong enough to survive seism, succumbed to the fall of the ceilings. Within them my car, which if it could be repaired from the multiple dents, would not leave the garage in many days for being obstructed the ramp of the entrance.

I had remained ruined all of a sudden as *Job.* But without his famous patience.

I'll not deny that the desperation gained me in the first moment; anyone would find it comprehensible, putting himself in my shoes. After the sinister narrated experience, with the weight of a long night without sleeping and the charge of the previous day in which I visited Professor Ramirez, it was necessary to more than strong not to yield and crumble. But as days passed by, my Spirit recovered its habitual temper, and started to resolve. I rented a Department in a nearby neighborhood and furnished it with the sister and some friends' help. The broken things that were indispensable to replace, I acquired them with my meagre savings.

I made all this arrangements impulse by loved ones, who were worried of my frame of mind absorbed and indifferent in their solidarity. They thought –for unknowing the strange circumstances in which occurred the seism– that the disaster had plunged me in a volitional shock.

The reasoning was not unfortunate due to, even though I had never been devoted to the material goods, the loss of four years of work and sacrifices resulted in an extreme painful proof, that in another opportunity would have affected me quite a bit. At that moment, the truth was other: my mind, since the moment in which I recovered serenity, not ceased to analyses the lived moments. After being absorbed by the remembrance of that infernal night, it is understood that I seemed to be for the sight of rest as absent and dejected.

Far to be thus, a deaf rage was growing inside of me, a blind furor, without obfuscate me, it seemed instead to be nourishing me of vital force and courage. I'd not retreat! Now more than ever!

A week later, the seism, I was prepared and ready to travel off. The retardation did not affect my previous plans substantially, and for this reason, with a healthy juvenile impatience, I desired to leave as soon as possible.

It was Monday once again; I planned to pass through Cerrillos to say goodbye to my parents and, if I hurried to leave, I would reach to have breakfast with them.

I changed the bag and a briefcase in the damaged Ford, finally rescued within the debris, and I left for the adventure.

Chapter VII

To say that I was not the same man that I was seven days before would wrong because, *essentially*, nothing had changed inside me. However, I didn't feel equal, and I knew that I would never be who I was before. –As Dante, I went down to Hell and returned –I thought–. To live from now on with the remembrance of the Abyss, logically, *has to be different.*

But it was not only about a sinister remembrance. I searched for spiritual help, and I had received it. The succor indeed reached in coincidence to the attack of the Potencies of Matter, simultaneously with the seism. But that

didn't rest merit to the fact, but it gifted it with a particular meaning, *of a sense that at the moment I not comprehended but that later,* during the journey to Santa María, would absorb all my attention. What happened, in reality? Well, that *I had a Vision: the most wonderful Vision of my existence, which was, at the same time, the searched help.*

I will synthesize it chronologically. It seems that the process really began when I had that intuition not to be Me who was *suffering and agonizing*, who suffered the *pain* of life and the same life, *were other things*, of non-spiritual nature. It means that, in such instance, I had clearly *distinguished between the Spirit and the Soul, between my spiritual Self and my animal nature.* I had understood that the Spirit knows no *pain* nor *suffering*, but that it is *pure Joy and Courage, pure decided Honor, pure volitional Force.* Hence to «live» or «die» didn't mean anything to me because I was beyond Life and death, and perhaps beyond, also, from good and evil. Was in that moment when the Soul, and the God of the Soul, lost the capacity to act over my Self and *it was dissolved as an Ancient Illusion, was cut as a Primordial Enchantment: suddenly all the animic and vital, which were likewise all the malignant, were transferred «out "from my Self to my animal body and the World where dwells the animal body.* For the first time, *I felt Me, only Me; Me, surrounded by the Potencies of Matter; Me, besieged by the God Creator of the Universe.* And then, undoubtedly as a consequence of having sustained a battle against the Soul, and have won, *the Vision appeared, and I received the searched help.* And the telluric phenomenon's occurred.

I'll not enter in detail, that would contribute little to the comprehension of my mystic experience, I would not know to say if inside or out from my psychic structure, but the effect was that She *enraptured* my Spirit. Yes, to communicate what happened I can't do any other thing than to combine the words *enrapture* and *enchant* as verbs and affirm that She enraptured my Spirit, *enchanted* my Self and took it out from *the Soul and the World.*

She *kidnaped* me for one second from the body and Earth, and she has shown before my spiritual Self in all the magnificence of her Uncreated Beauty. Because such spiritual rapture revealed me to whom Belicena Villca mentioned many times in her letter, the Virgin of Agartha, the Charismatic Counsellor of the chained Spirit. And then I understood, in middle of the mystic rapture, that the Raptor of the Spirit prisoner in Matter was the Grace, *necessary, after* that the Self of the asleep man has fought against the Soul and has won: *only by her intervention, by the action of her Grace, the asleep man will achieve to maintain that Victory against the Potencies of Matter; only She will aid the Self, charismatically, with the contribution of an extra-volitional force that will permit him to sustain independent of the Created Soul.*

It was an instant without beginning nor end, because it will always be present in the intimacy of my Spirit, an absolute moment in which, without doubts, I peered to Eternity. She kidnapped and retained me that instant in the Uncreated Sphere of Her Own Existence, and she infused me the extra volitional force that the Spirit needed to undertake the mission of Belicena Villca. How strong and invincible I felt then! And, above all things, I unders-

tood, how free, absolutely free, was in its essence the Uncreated Spirit, *without Created limits for its Eternal Existence*, that's to say, Infinite! I felt my Self, Uncreated, Eternal, Infinite, Free, plethoric of Wisdom. I felt *Me,* and I adverted that out from me had remained the psychic and the animic, the consciousness of Warm life, and the content of warm life, the external and internal Illusion that caused the spiritual stupor. I knew suddenly; I experienced its evident discovery, what was the «*Great Deceit*», about whose dangerous enchantment power warned me Belicena Villca.

I felt *me*, and I knew of the *not being me* of the Soul, in the rapture of spiritual inspiration that the impression of the Virgin of Agartha caused me. It *impressed* my Spirit, and the mark still subsists, Her Radiant Uncreated Beauty, the majesty of Her Power, The Splendid Grace. I saw in Her a Goddess, but there in the ambit of the rapture, I was a God as well. For such reason I presaged in Her a *Gottkamerad,* to a Comrade, a Sister, a Companion of the Spirit's Race; I had been momentarily taken from the prison in which I was, and She instead was Hyperborean Spirit absolutely free. She approached me to give me the succor of Her Grace, motivated by the Honor, which is the Uncreated Spirit's essence. That also resulted evident to me, in that infinite instant, and thus my own Spirit, moved by its essential Honor, struggled to *give thanks* to the Goddess that in some way, for expressing that Her Succour would not be in vain, to assure that my decision would be unbreakable. But nothing I reached to do in such sense because the Goddess smiled lovely, making me comprehend that she understood all my thoughts.

The Virgin of Agartha had a bouquet of wheat's spikes in Her Left Hand and a grain of the same cereal sustained between the Right Hand's fingers index and thumb. When She Smiled, She made a gesture with this hand, that in principle I didn't interpret, and She directed into me, towards a kind of *Eye of Fire* that I possessed in a determined part of the Spirit: *then She opened the Divine Fingers, and She released there the Magic Seed.* And that act put an end to the Vision, abruptly. I felt as if a Cold Ray, entering through *my head* would have impacted *the heart*; immediately the gelid sensation began to be extended around the room, observing stupidly how all the things started to jump from their positions and the edifice threatened to collapse. The ecstasy had only lasted an infinitesimal instant, as I said, but then precious seconds elapsed until I understood what happened in the World, *coincidentally, simultaneously,* I reacted. Then, the seism concluded, and I noticed that the oppressive evil that a minute before sprouted from Matter disappeared as well. On the contrary, Matter seemed to be subordinated to me. There was an idea flying in the ambient, flowing likewise all the things that I caught perfectly and that could be translated more or less thus: *–Now you are a God and nothing and nobody could resist Your Will. What happened here is proof of your terrible Power!* – This concept defines the "new sense" that, just as I mentioned at the beginning, *seemed* to acquire now Matter *by the effect* of the Vision: *existed then, Manifested intention to connect the seism causally with my recent spiritual rapture.* But I didn't let me deceive. I intuited that idea as a trap of the Potencies of Matter, a temptation, that for the moment was not clear but in which, later, I would stop to reflect with profundity.

Essentially, after it, nothing had changed inside me, but I'd never been the same again: only *the relation of forces* that maintained the Spirit and the Soul were altered by the effect of the extra volitional force provided by the Virgin of Agartha. When I recovered the consciousness about the reality of the World, after the contemplation of the Divine Image, myself was capable of dominating with singular potency the animic nature, as I never achieved before, after years of yogi practices of concentration and mental control. I was not disposed to lose such power, that roles be inverted, and the Self remains once again submitted to the Soul's *desires*. But that would not occur, I could assure it because it was evident that not only the Self went out strengthened from the spiritual rapture, but the Soul went debilitated permanently in what constituted its own essence: the feelings and emotions, Love for life and its things, *the good heart* that I had always manifested and that prevented me from using the violence to resolve the problems that hindered my path, all these warm passions and many others, became *colder* rapidly, flickered and extinguished as the flame of the candle that has consumed its wax.

Certainty, if I'd have to synthetize the new state of my being, of Psychiatrist and, also, of an educated man. Even though is unacceptable for the official orthodoxy, I could not deny what I really experienced, and that had already produced an appreciable transformation in my behavior: it was notable for almost all who knew me and is for this reason that they supposed a post-seismic shock; that I «suffered» a type of psychological regression. All of a sudden I had become «a child»: «I laughed for any reason» and it seemed that «nothing worried me», such as the reproaches of my friends and relatives, that revealed the particular regressive change of my character. But I was also turning cruel and ruthless, I knew it, but I didn't reproach it to me, because, as never before, I despised my life and life in general. I want to clarify that «that as never before» means «as never since I was adult» due to, and I knew this professionally, children, just as my re-born Self, *were capable of killing without prejudice nor remorse.*

Perhaps, during such spiritual rapture, in that infinite instant, I really died and resuscitated at its end, what implies a paradox due it can't end what has no end, an instant that would be eternally present in my Spirit. Being thus, the infantile change of character, the reinforced spiritual strength, the feelings that died, the desires turned off, that heart that went colder irredeemably, the sensation of rebirth, the spiritual security to feel saved, nearby the definitive liberation of the material ties. All would be explained supposing that the real spiritual life continued in the ambit of the rapture, from which I had never gone out neither I'd go out, it means, in the Infinite, and that this apparent life, lived till «end» of what cannot end, was in effect a form of death, a non-existent spiritual illusion but inevitable. Perhaps I was really dead, so I did not fear anymore to anything alive; and much less to Death. Maybe it was everything a product of such a mysterious seed that the Virgin of Agartha released in the Eye of Fire of the Spirit. I could not know it yet. But the truth, the concrete, was that I had received the requested spiritual help, that, dead or reborn, I felt happy and gallant, that I not feared for Death nor to kill, and that I felt that, strangely, my Self *participated from the actual Infinite*: yes, unequivocally, I felt undetermined by

the side of the Self; everything that the Universe contained, including my own biological life, and the own Universe, were limited and perishable: this was the finite side of my being, the Illusion; but now I knew with certainty that, in the Self, a boundless abyss was opened: this was the Infinite side of being, the Truth.

Perhaps it will be understood in part what I experienced in that moments drawing upon metaphor.

Imagine a person accustomed to living in a solitary beauty forest. The days elapse there softly, and without any surprises, and, even if the fight for life imposes a permanent alert, this same persistence makes that the attention remains within the constant limits and, finally, routinary.

It'd be said that this man «dominates the situation» of his daily life. Nearby, serene and meek, the lake offers the sporadic pleasure of a refreshing and repairer bath. But the lake is not a secure place in which someone could remain for a long time, as the forest.

The water doesn't have the ground's firmness and to be supported on it is necessary to dispose of certain control, of some extra-attention, exigency that finally ends to fatigue man. For this reason, the visits to the lake are regulated by the necessity to fish or the bathing pleasure. One day this man, for an error or audacity, generated a circumstance that escapes from his control: the fire that had helped him to live until then escapes to the forest, furious and destructor. The man has remained static or fights to suffocate it, or he blasphemes desperate; doesn't matter any attitude; nothing can prevent the catastrophe due to the fire has surpassed his control, has overpassed him. The flames spread everywhere consuming all, and it becomes indispensable to search the salvation; but, where? Where is the security? All of a sudden, like a ray, emerges the light: the lake.

An irony: the site where he would have never thought to search shelter, is now the only place that offers the possibility to survive the brutal change of the daily world, which vanishes consumed by the ravenous and killer stake.

The man runs; runs desperately towards the saver lake. An ardent and implacable monster behind him seems to be following him closer, gnashing the teeth, roaring and throwing suffocating mouthfuls.

But it not possible to turn back and look, there would not be another opportunity. Just remain to gain the lake, that never seemed to be so far as now. Finally, a paradise vision, indescribable joy, mystical apparition, the lake emerges in his horizon.

Fantastically calm, is, for the one who escapes by millimeters from Death, an oasis of peace. He throws himself into the protector waters and swims many armfuls, intuitively *Towards the center*. Only now he can turn back, momentarily, when he is saved in the freshwaters; thus he can look towards, until a little time before, also secure World.

Considering the analogies that this metaphor offers with the aforementioned events, it could be understood which was my spiritual state. As the man of the example, at seeing the forest burning and disappearing for moments within the smoke, what constituted his World and security, I also saw the dependable and daily reality being dissolved in a fire o fun mistakable evil.

As the metaphor's man who felt strangely secure in the waters of the lake, till yesterday fickle and unknown, I was also save now and firm in the, until yesterday, unknown waters of the Spirit.

The man of the forest, while he was floating safe, was looking at the world being consumed and thought: *–I've born again*. I also felt reborn in the confine of the Soul and just for this feeling inexpressible it could be said that I was another man, although *essentially*, I continued being the same.

Chapter VIII

I was going then, to the house of my parents, impregnated of that mystical optimism that only those who knew themselves reborn experience. Once I decided to leave, I just thought of the *phenomenon* of the fatidic night of January 21, trying to interpret its transcendental sense. In a few minutes, I'd reach Cerrillos, but later, these thoughts would accompany me for many hours in the journey that I'd undertake.

Thirty minutes later, I was guiding the car through the two hundred meters of Driveway, accompanied by my dog Canuto.

My parents, who were preparing breakfast, were happy to see me and expressed it with salutes and laughter.

They were trying to erase, with their affection, the remembrance of the lived disaster. I thanked these cajoleries internally because I needed to acquire peace and tranquility reserves in prevision of future adversities. I knew that one hour later, my mind would be concentrated to analyse all the details of complicated embroilment in which I was involved when leaving.

–It is a beautiful day to travel –said Dad while he attacked a roasted sausage of appetizing aspect–. Drive carefully, son, remember that in the morning the truckers come half-asleep.

–Don't worry, Dad; I'll go slowly and in three hours I'll be in Tucumán – I affirmed without much conviction.

My sister gave me sausage with eggs, steaming diner rolls, and coffee. I warned amazed that I was ravenously hungry, and I realized that I had been feeding me bad since many days ago. Feel hungry, if it is possible to satiate it, always a sign of good health. I didn't think more and started to consume breakfast.

Property possesses a wide corridor with a window oriented towards the East, in front of the entry path; but we took breakfast in the kitchen in the mornings. This one is behind the dining room, occupying the South wall that has a great fixed window of four meters long with a rustic wood table at par. The stove and the contiguous house occupy the whole West wall of the kitchen.

Seated in front of the window and overlooking the vineyards, I was taking the breakfast in the company of my people and relived the nostalgia of many dawns together. But a black cloud was disturbing my Spirit; one, as a secret

Voice, was warning me that probably that was the last breakfast consumed in such a pleasant manner. Then I was fighting to chase such lugubrious presages masticating the roasted sausage fiercely…

–See you soon, Arthur –said my Dad– I'm going to go around the irrigation canals.

–Goodbye, Dad– I accompanied him to the back door, and I remained looking at him while he walked away towards the stable searching his old chestnut. Minutes later, I saw him trotting away through the path that runs from East to West, parallel to the main irrigation ditch. I should have gone, but I delayed intentionally because I wanted to talk alone with my Mother.

I was still in the kitchen and was enough to do a sign to make that she thoughtfully came to me. This attitude normally would not have drawn his attention, but when I passed hand upon her shoulder and started to talk, a surprise gesture was painted on her face.

–Dear Mother –I said to her fondly– you should forgive me if what I'm going to ask causes you any pain...

–You know son that what I have is yours… –She realized that I was requesting her nothing material and her face was now frankly alarmed–What can I do for you Arthur?

–Calm down, Mom, you know that I would not cause you any preoccupation if I didn't believe it absolutely necessary.

–Cut to the chase and tell what the hell you want –said my mother, who was starting to lose the calm.

–In what year I was born Mom?

–I asked, going to the point.

–You know it well; in the year 44. January 30, 1944. You are 36 years old now.

–Well, Mom; listen to me attentively. We never spoke about it, but I want to tell you that I remember a night, more than thirty-year ago; I was three or four years and something, a noise, I don't know what awakened me. It was late, Katalina was sleeping in the contiguous bed, and through the window, I saw the moon falling from the West. I heard voices, and I got up without dressing, and I went down through the stairs of the hall, debating between the sleep that was shutting my eyes and the curiosity that was opening them.

There were my Father, you and someone who I had never seen before; a tall man, of sharp gaze. I still remember his penetrating gaze and his height taller than my Father, who is 1.80 m. He was who found me on the stair and released an uproarious laugh, before your anxious glance. Finally, there's not much more in my memory. I think that I was in his arms and I believe to remember that he gave me something brilliant that attracted my attention completely. Then you put me to sleep again, and the next day the stranger was not there anymore, neither his gift.

My Mother had paled. We stopped next to the garden game, and I made a mute indication to sit beneath the oak.

–As years passed by –I continued– I used to remember that night without giving much importance to it. Just in one opportunity, when I was nine or ten years old, I dared to ask about it to my Father and his reaction was quite strange: he suffered a great obfuscation, and he prohibited me from talking about it, but some minutes later changed, and he tried to convince me that I remembered a dream, a bad dream, that I had when I was a child.

Therefore, I never mentioned it again till today. –Mom sighed and shook her head as if she was awakening from a dream.

–Why, Arthur, why thirty-two years later, you still remember that night? –She wondered more to herself than to me– Why you are determined to relive a fugacious remembrance that doesn't means anything for you?

–Mother, I repeat to you that I don't want to cause you pain; wait that I've not told you what I want to know –I said with reassuring voice–. Just tell two things: if that man was of our family and if he had something to do with the war.

Here I used a firm tone that convinced my Mom about the useless that would be to refuse to respond.

–Look, Arthur, you are a man now, and you don't ignore the atrocious war. In the following years of 1945, the zests were heated, and many people had to live escaping. But now is different; much time has elapsed… it is not convenient to scrabble on it! –There was a supplication in the voice of my Mother.

–Mom, you are not answering my questions, and that is bad, don't you trust in me?–Only a silent gaze for an answer.

–You've to tell me what you know because it is very important for me, for my future, do you understand? –I assured with firmly. It was evident that she did not understand and I decided to be more convincing. –I'm living a terrible spiritual crisis, Mom. The destiny has put me in front of a diabolic crossroads, where any error of election, means to get lost through the wrong path, full of obstacles and real dangers. Your answers will help to not fail; believe me, Mother. –I took her hands with my own in a desperate effort to infuse his confidence.

–I don't understand anything that you are talking about, but I presage that you are really worried, son. I'll tell you what you want to know, and that God forgives me if I commit mistake doing it, – she breathed deeply and continued: –Kurt; he came that night of 1947. My brother Kurt was presumed dead or disappeared in Berlin in 1945; he was really complying with admission in Italy when the War ended. He remained two years hidden in a Franciscan Monastery in the South of Italy, until 1947 when he could come to Argentina, thanks to the support staff for war fugitives that worked with the President's help Domingo Perón government.

–But, Mom –I interrupted– Why did he not return to Egypt, to the familiar ranch? The Egyptian government was a very protector of the Germans, especially after Israel's foundation in 1948.

–It is a mystery. He never wanted to say it, neither the persecution's motive, because he was only 30 years old. – Reasoned my Mother ingeniously– and he almost always had diplomatic destinies.

–But, what was he during War? –I asked intrigued– civil or military?

–Military; Officer *Waffen* ϟϟ. Major or something similar. You must have present that in 1938 I got married to your father and I came to Argentina, and I lost contact with him for many years.

Kurt was in the 32 Squadron Leader, i.e., *Faehnleinsführer*, of the Hitler Youth or *Hitlerjugend,* in Egypt's German community. Thanks to my Father's arrangement, who for his nobiliary title enjoyed some influence in Germany, in 1938 he went to study at one of the schools *Napola, Nationalpolitischen Erziehugsanstalten,* of Berlin. After that I only see him three times, the last was before leaving for Argentina, in the Christmas of 1937; then 10 years would pass until he appeared here in 1947. I didn't know much about him during this time because I received letters once a year and never directly. Because Kurt wrote to Egypt and thence, Dad send them here.

In such way that I almost don't know anything about his career; just the little that he could tell me in the correspondence of his student days and less during War, in which he showed himself sparing with the others. I know that in the school Napola he outstood by his knowledge in the Middle East languages, which helped him realize many special grades, but I don't know specifically in what consisted of.

I remember that in his early days he was happy because they permitted him to enter in a division of the school Napola called, if I'm not mistaken *Fliejer H-J* , where was imparted the air training; but I repeat you that I know very little about him after his graduation in 1937. He entered in some special division of the ϟϟ, but he never fought for what I am aware. His function was related to the Exterior Service because he spent almost all War in Asia. And that's all. In 1945 he was presumed officially dead because his destiny, it was said, was Berlin in April, when that city fell in the hands of the Russians. His corpse was «found» in a charred plane that could not take off because it received a Russian ordnance shot.

We were notified –continued my Mother– about his death, and many cried him until that in 1947, surprisingly, he made himself present here. The rest I've already told you; the Kameraden aided him, and with a new identification, he was prepared to begin «another life» in Argentina. According to what he said in that opportunity, it was preferable to disappear forever because if the allies suspected his existence, they would not delay searching him. I think that it a decision that we must respect, don't you think so? –She was looking at me hopeful in that my «curiosity» be satisfied. I decided to go on interrogating before her reaction.

–Yes Mom, I comprehend it, and I appreciate what you have told me, but is missing the main thing. Where is my uncle now? –I shot it and it seemed as if the question would provoke her swoon.

–Arthur, my son, you are adult and smart, why do you ask what the prudence counsels not to know? He is fine; nobody has troubled him in all these years, and it'd be desirable that no one do it before his near death. –Something passed through her mind, and she stood at me open-mouthed –. Are you not thinking to go and see him? Oh no!

You must take out that idea from your head. He has lived 35 years in the same site, and everybody knows him by his new personality. It'd be awkward to put in danger such coverage for a caprice; I need to talk with him to obtain some possible information that he possesses, which is as vital for me as the pure air that I breathe. About the security, you don't have to worry, about what can affect a stranger's visit for just one time in life? There are thousands of justificative reasons to receive a guest that then he'd never see again.

Because that is what I'll do, Mom, I swear! Once I ask him what I want to know I will leave and I'll never return –I was trying to convince her with any argument and she, hesitating, looked to the vineyards as searching for the protection of my father.

–Come on Mom, tell me where he is. I have the right to see my uncle once in my life.

Finally, she was decided although showing great contrariness. While she was speaking, far to rejoice for my persuasiveness, I accursed internally the pain that I've caused her and the anguish that undoubtedly would produce this confidence, at least until the return from my journey. –He is very near to here, in the Province of Catamarca. I've never visited him because he prohibited it expressly although he gave me the direction for a case of emergency.

I gave her a card and the pen, checking that my mother had memorized the address.

–In these 35 years you didn't see him nor written to him? –I asked incredulously.

She smiled while she was giving me back the card and the pen.

–Yes, silly. We've seen him with my father some few times, in Salta once and in Buenos Aires, for holidays. But we never wrote to him. He writes us two times a year, to a Mailbox that your father has in Cerrillos and tells us when he'll go to Salta, an occasion that we utilize to meet a few hours. They don't reach twenty the times that I've seen him during all these years.

It was difficult for me to believe that two separated brothers by just 350 km. could not visit each other for reasons that nobody remembers, occurred forty years ago and at thousands of miles of distance. Nevertheless, I justified my mother's fears and comprehended the effort that she had to do to yield to my request and confirm her secret.

Suddenly I remembered my Father, and I trembled in advance, calculating the rage that would feel at knowing my impertinence. Mom would not hide him my thoughtless requests, and he'd fly off the handle. The shame covered me, and I should have to swear to no go to Catamarca. I decided to avoid any discussion and leave immediately.

I kissed my Mother on the brow, and I went to the car. She didn't notice my hurry because before I started the motor, she screamed:

–Wait, Arthur; wait some minutes that I'll give you something.

She entered the house and even for my impatience; I had to wait ten large minutes. Finally, she came back with a letter in hand.

–I wrote some lines for Kurt. You're so hasty that you don't think that he doesn't know you. He saw you five minutes when you were a child, how do you think that he'll remember you?

She gave me the letter that I received gratefully because I admitted that it'd be of great help to identify myself.

–Open the right hand and put the palm upwards –said Mom with air between mysterious and accomplice.

I did what she was asking me, and she opened her left fist, which she had closed all the time. Something fell in my hand that in the first moment I could not distinguish. It was a brilliant object, and while I examined it, I was hearing amazed:

–This is what Kurt gave to you the night of 1947. I took it while you were sleeping fearing that you could lose it playing and kept it in my jeweller. It was difficult to give it to you with the pass of the years because you'd have asked explanations that we could not have given you. He wanted to give you a gift at that moment, but he had not brought anything because he ignored that to have a nephew. He remained unmarried when he saw you, and he felt moved and said that, as he had no children, you'd be, his only nephew, who had to keep it.

I was looking amazed at the Iron Cross with Swastikas and Oak Leaves that I had in my hands, and I wondered how an Officer who never fought obtained the highest honor that Germany gave to reward acts of heroism and courage.

–See you soon mother –I saluted through the window of the car–. Don't worry; I'll be prudent. Say bye again to Dad and Katalina. Bye. Bye.

I started the car, and some minutes later, I was on the route.

Chapter IX

I stopped in the Service Station of Cerrillos to charge for refueling, and I seized the moment to look the card with Uncle Kurt's address again. It was incredible that a relative who I thought to be deceased 35 years ago be so near and in great conditions. I read again:

Sr. Cerino Sanguedolce
Calle Fray Mamerto Esquiú 95
Santa María - Province of Catamarca

–Sir? –Man from the petrol station interrupted me.

–Fill the tank with especial naphtha please; Oh, Check the lubricant oil… –I said.

My abrupt departure did not allow my Mother to give me enough information about Uncle Kurt. Now started to appear the queries because I didn't know if he had married or had children and grandchildren, what he was doing…

–Bah! –I thought– I must be concentrated in the journey and have faith. I will know everything in a few hours.

–Thirty liters of naphtha and two of oil sir.

–Take –I gave him the bill– Do you have a route map of the Province of Catamarca?

–Yes, sir.

He went to the cabin and came back quickly bringing a drop-down map, in colours, with profuse touristic information.

–You've to pay a thousand more.

I paid him, and I started the motor to remove the car from the dispenser, but I parked twenty meters forward and examined the map.

Going to Santa María from Salta, doesn't mean any problem but, on the contrary, has the advantage of including one of the prettiest touristic circuits of Northeast of Argentina. It is the journey from Salta to Cafayate «the beautiful» as this famous city is popularly denominated around the World for its exquisite wines, situated in the heart of the calchaquíes valleys.

With a road recently asphalted, the provincial Route N° 68, facilitates the travel and permits to enjoy unique landscapes for its multicolor hills, these two hundred kilometers are travelled rapidly. The disadvantages appear only at going out from Cafayate, crossing the stream «de las conchas» abandoning the Province of Salta. It is entered then in the Province of Tucumán, but just for some 40 km. because there is a small wedge that is embedded in the Province of Catamarca. After the travel of this small road, is acceded to Catamarca in a point that is at 80 km. from Santa María.

I was crossing the aforementioned stream, fording it because there is no bridge, the travelers the sensation to have entered in another World.

Out of the artificial physiognomy of civilized features that the valley presents in Salta, here is an ambit really autochthonous. The roads are dirt, neglected as is advanced towards the South, and abound the settlements with houses of adobe dwelled by mestizo creoles, closer to the Indian than the white man.

The poverty becomes evident at entering Catamarca, a province unfairly forgotten by the rest of the country and abandoned by its own children who, year after year, undertake the inevitable exodus of who tries to overcome the misery and progress materially.

The beauty of the landscape does not decrease in Catamarca, on the contrary, it becomes wild and primitive, gifted with excellent visual attractive to the sinuous path, that advances surrounding the Mountain Ranges of Quilmes. This name came from the Indians Quilmes, one of the tribes of the Ferocious Diaguita Race, who at the end of the Calchaquíes Wars, that lasted 35 years in the XVII century, they were taken in a number of 300 families to the exile from Buenos Aires and they gave place to the population of the same name.

Within the Mountain Ranges of Quilmes and the Canyon of the West and the Summits Calchaquíes and the Snowy of Aconquija in the East, is opened

the fertile Valley Yocavil, longitude finally watered by the River Santa María, the seat of the city Santa María de Candelaria.

I already knew Santa María because I had a Study Tour though many archaeological deposits of the valleys Yocavil and Calchaquí to investigate the Diaguita Culture and, repeat the journey, doesn't displease me. Naturally, to enter in the Valleys and Ravines region, it was difficult for me to cross Tafí del Valle, in Tucumán, a region of the Occidental Forests and separated from Catamarca by the inhospitable Calchaquíes Summits and the Snowy of Aconquija.

But, fortunately, from Santa María exists a path that goes up towards the North, until Amaichá Del Valle: from there could be taken the Route 307, that crosses the Calchaquíes Summits through Paso Del Infierno and it takes directly to Tafí Del Valle. In total, from Santa María until Tafí del Valle, would be only necessary to travel 80 km. but that would be exhausting due to the condition of the Routes and the sinuous heights.

I was driving at more than 100 km per hour taking advantage of Good road until Cafayate to gain time, because the march would be slow, at no more than 40 km per hour.

I had some hours to think, and I decided to use them immediately.

The landscape, the fresh air, and the silent Valley contributed to making me feel lax and calm, liable to meditate. But this attitude was somewhat abnormal if it is considered the quantity of recently happened things. The lack of preoccupation evidenced a very huge change in my interior, which was also manifested in a sensation of indifference for the World. I felt in peace because I didn't need anything. I was materially ruined, perhaps immortal danger, and this revelation only made smile thoughtlessly.

Yes, I had changed a lot. And all this change occurred on January 7, date in which I experienced the spiritual rapture, and I believed to die, and synchronistic ally to the seism that ended with my goods.

How many things had happened to me! And it seemed that this would never end because it continued occurring me offbeat things like Uncle Kurt's matter.

It was without doubts an intuition. When the meeting with Professor Ramirez ended, and the wise man mentioned that almost all Druids' documents had been looted in Europe by the ϟϟ, I thought for myself –To whom I could ask about the Black Order and their interest for Druids? –At that moment, it came to my mind the remembrance of such night in my childhood. No logic relation permits the association of both things. Nothing rational. If I would have thought about it for one minute, I'd surely rejected this supposition for being absurd. But the recent events made me distrust from the «reason» and was then when, following a hunch, I asked my mother what had happened that night 33 years ago. And there was the key! Inexplicably, unreasonably, there was a relation; because I wanted to know about the ϟϟ and my uncle, about whom I did not know his existence, had been German military. And of the ϟϟ!

I renounced to search for any explanation, and I concentrated on the night of the 21 of January when the narrated phenomenon occurred. As I already said, thenceforth, I felt reborn. If I thought on it, I only intended to analyze

the form in which two events of different order, my mystic experience, and telluric movement, were connected. Because for me there were no doubts that a non-causal relation, and synchronistical, existed between both phenomenons. It was similar to the case of the murder of Belicena Villca, when the killer, in the act of demential pride, leaves the the irrefutable proofs of a terrible Power.

On January 21, the matter, exalted to me, explodes in a seism of singular violence synchronously with a mystical experience. Both events were confused impressively, giving the sensation to be causally linked. If I would have believed it thus, I'd feel tempted to think that my own psyche released the «seismic phenomenon» and that would be the moral defeat of my Spirit.

This is just what someone, the Author of the seism, wanted to make me believe, to stray me. And this colossal ambush is another demonstration of infernal arrogance and pride. The temptation to «dominate the phenomenons» is one of the primary errors in which fall those who try to break through the Spiritual path. The only phenomena that really matter for a spiritual elevation occur personally and qualitatively, not transferable or communicable. The concrete phenomenons, of collective perception, carry the seal of the quantitative and material; the doubtful, otherwise, that can be produced by an act of will.

About this, not specialized people are the victim of information intentionally confuse.

I was familiarized with every kind of phenomenic acts psychological pathologies or hysterical crisis in my psychiatrist's quality. In the Neuropsychiatric Hospitals is common, but obviously poor publicized, Manifestation of phenomenons of this type. It can be observed, in certain cases, parapsychological phenomenons occurred in relation to one or many patients. These phenomenons, attractive for the profane, not count with an adequate scientific foundation, which is the main reason for its concealment. Are usually of quite different typology: elevation of an object without any evident force that sustains it (*levitation*), displacement of objects (*telekinesis*) brightness increment in the cell of the patient or change in the tone of the colours (*chromation*), the apparition of unknown objects or disappearance of others (*matter addition*), etc.

It is unnecessary to say that all these phenomenons are susceptible to collective verification when presented, but completely unrepeatable in study or laboratory conditions. This occurs mainly because the «responsible» of such phenomenons are completely mad and generally unconscious about the alterations that they produce.

What turns incomprehensible such phenomenons, is its apparent contradiction to the natural laws, but it is usually admitted in academic and scientific means that a better «comprehension of Nature» (this is: major progress of Science) will bring, the solution to these queries. It is trusted then that «the Science» will give the solutions to the contradictions of «the Science», a logically inconsistent proposition and sounds at least ridiculous.

The theme's core is that in phenomenons, as mentioned telekinesis, present failures to the causality law. This law says that «to every effect (phenomenon) corresponds a cause that originates it». For example, in the telekinesis, the

object moves as if it would be acting a «remote action force» (gravity or magnetism) but without, until today, be identified the action of some force. That's to say, «it moves as if a force is acting» but no force is acting. It is said then that «the law of causality fails» because the effect has no causes to originate it and, consequently, the existence of the effect is denied (phenomenon) to «save» the law of causality.

The rightest would be to accept that the linkage in unknown (the law) that unites cause (phenomenon) and effect (the displaced object).

In the Analytic Psychology, developed by C.G. Jung, an incredibly attractive theory has been rehearsed to save these difficulties and those that originate from the common case that men who, being separated cultural, geographic, and temporarily, without any ascertainable linkage between them, have identic or analogous ideas. Here would act a «Principle of Synchronicity» unknown by the Science, due to its wrong comprehension of Time.

It is convenient to remember, in this regard, what C.G. Jung says in «The Secret of Golden Flower»: «Some years ago, the then president of the *British Anthropological Society* asked me how I could explain the fact that a so highly intellectual people as the Chinese had produced no science. I replied that this must really be an 'optical illusion', because the Chinese did have a science whose '*standard work*' was the *I-Ching*, but that the principle of this science, like so much else in China, was altogether different from our scientific principle.

The *I-Ching* science is not based on the causality principle (hitherto unnamed because it not met with among us), which I have tentatively called the *synchronistic principle*. My occupation with the psychology of unconscious processes long ago necessitated my looking about for another principle of explanation because the causality principle seemed inadequate to explain certain remarkable phenomena of the unconscious's psychology. Thus, I found psychic parallelisms that cannot be related to each other casually, but which must be connected through another sequence of events. This connection seemed to me to be essentially provided in the fact of the relative simultaneity, therefore the expression '*synchronistic*'. It seems indeed, as though time, far from being an abstraction, is a concrete *continuum* which contains qualities or basic conditions manifesting themselves simultaneously in various places in a way is not explained by causal parallelisms, as, for example, in cases of the coincident appearance of identical thoughts, symbols, or psychic conditions. Another example would be the simultaneity of Chinese and European periods of style; a fact pointed out by Wilhem».

This was the thought of the prestigious Psychiatric C.G. Jung about Matter that I was treating. With its concepts, the apparition of the two identical phenomenons (commonidea of two persons), separated by the space, would depend on a collective Archetype (cause) and the simultaneity (*synchronicity*) of the phenomenic events.

To interpret the principle of synchronicity, it is necessary to take present a key concept of Analytic Psychology: the one of the «collective unconscious». This concept permits to handle in a more real manner the Archetypes that are not static beings anymore as the Ideas of Plato but dynamic entities of powerful animic force, support and sustentation of the Myths that influence unconsciously in the behavior of man.

Jung has resumed the concept of Collective Unconscious in the same quoted book: «…just as the human body shows a common anatomy over and above all racial differences, so too, the psychic possesses a common substratum. I've called the latter *collective unconscious*. As a common human heritage, it transcends all differences in culture and consciousness. It does not consist merely of contents capable of becoming conscious, but of latent dispositions towards identical reactions. Thus, the collective unconscious is simply the psychic expression of identity of brain-structure irrespective of all racial differences. By its mean can be explained the analogy, going even as far as identity, between various myth-themes and symbols, and the possibility of human understanding in general».

It is convenient now, at the light of the exposed, to extract an important conclusion: even though the analytic Psychology permits to interpret of the synchronistic phenomenons, no one has ever affirmed seriously that it'd *be possible to exert some type of control over them.* This class of phenomenons, very attractive for the profane, correspond to the lowest in the scale of assessment of the transcendental experience as they are always present in the relation of people highly perturbed, being or not in the madhouse.

People usually believe that the disciplining of organic or psychic functions concede certain Power over the aforementioned phenomena. This belief is fed in two sources: the ignorance (ingenuous) and the disinformation (product of the Synarchic Strategy). The popular belief is ignorant that «miracles» that usually accompany the Saints and Great Mystics activities are realized thanks to a «Power» that they have or that have been given to them by a Deity. In reality, the «Saints» have ever said such thing, manifesting instead that the miracles are «realized by God» or admitting, as maxim concession, to have been vehicle of a «Grace» or a superior «Force» that transcended them.

Naturally, there are members of the Synarchy, also considered «Saints», «Mystics», «Gurus», «Masters», etc., who have affirmed *the quest for the Power as a finality of the practice of certain disciplines, just as the «transcendental meditation», «yogas», «prayers or mantrams», etc.* But it is possible to suspect immediately about the real occult finalities that chase those satanic agents. On the contrary, the Hyperborean Initiates, *who are really «Saints»* –now I could distinguish them well, after reading the letter of Belicena Villca– they have always *oriented* their disciples to propitiate that their Uncreated Spirits could free themselves from the ties that maintain them attached to Created Matter.

The disinformation obeys to a synarchic finality and, those who are victims of it, blindly believe that there are «Esoteric Schools» where a «secret» teaching is imparted that ends to transform the neophyte –*after some lessons in fascicles*– in a Krishnamurti occidental version. But, what the disinformation

presents as Esoteric Schools are in reality «Exoteric Schools», whose untold finality is adepts' catchment.

All these Exoteric Schools pretend to possess the Secret of the Great Mysteries of Antiquity that offer to «reveal» to the incautious if they are adjusted to an *internal rule* that invariably demands as *first test* the «blind obedience» and the «faith» in the school *Unknown Masters.* The teaching that goes presenting the candidate to Guru, can't be lesser mysterious due to this base is the plagiarism of different Ancient Traditions assembled eclectically in an alleged «Occult Doctrine» (which is only thus, for the impossibility to «unveil» any Truth on it). The Great Mysteries of Antiquity (Persia, India, Greece, etc.) have left a sediment of Myths and Sacred Symbols –with more frequency opposed rather than coincident–that only a mediocre and malicious Soul (a rascal, come on!) would try to unify in a modern syncretism.

It will be adverted that, during such journey to Santa María, a feeling of ferocious cultural criticism had been installed in my heart, and it threatened with fractionating and amputate definitively the last remains of the rationalism that I still possessed. I felt empty inside, but I was willing to accept a Truth to replace all the «useless information» encyclopaedia that I had assimilated in many years of study. What value had such pompous academic knowledge if it didn't serve me to face and resolve mysterious situations that I've narrated, situations that involved me metaphysically? None. I was then, willing to disembarrass myself from such ballast to receive the coveted Truth. A Truth that consisted, and I had never been so secure before about a reality of a thing as this *Hyperborean Wisdom*' statement. In effect: for me, now, the *Truth was the Hyperborean Wisdom*, whose attainments I scarcely perceived in the letter of Belicena Villca.

For some moments, deaf anger invaded me, which was at the same time a personal reproach, a kind of claim of my actual Self, strangely transmuted, was realizing relentlessly to Dr Arthur Siegnagel of the quest years, to my past Self, that so ingeniously had believed that the *progress* was a *logical* consequence of *education.* In a moment I had accepted, almost without thinking that a law of *evolution* permitted the Soul be expanded starting from some Life guidelines. I believed that «to follow determined rules of moral rectitude» and to face Life with a positive criterion would redound inevitably in an interior *good.* –Yes. That was the key to progress. I would live according to a «transcendental philosophy», I'd adopt a religious «way of life», as the Orientals, and, in the becoming of the quest, of the instruction, of the asceticism, the *progress,* inevitably, would come by *"evolution"*–. That had been my election and now, at comprehending that all reasoning was mistaken, that nothing I had gain after many years of disciplining and worthless sacrifices, I felt how the anger was invading me and how, also, an impotent reproach was drawing out from me desolated groans.

And that all reasoning was wrong was derived clearly from the letter of Belicena Villca. According to the Plan of the Creator God, the law of evolution existed and reigned, facilitated, the *progress* of the created Soul, and every created entity. But that law had nothing to do with it, and none «progress» would

be obtained by its intervention, with the Uncreated Spirit. I remembered with horror the words of the Immortal Birsha: «the Soul of Earthen man, created after the Beginning, started to *evolve towards* the Final Perfection». It seems that, such evolution «was so slow» and the Traitor Gods, to accelerate it, realized the prodigious and infernal «feat» to chain the Uncreated Spirit to Man or «earthen man»: the entire Hyperborean Race, which was Uncreated, that proceeded from «outside of the created Universe», from the same World where the Creator came, remained then linked to the *evolution* of the animal man and the *evolution* in general, to the progress in the *immanent World's Time*. According to the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Spirit had to free itself from the evolutionary matter imprisonment, isolate from the law of evolution, and undertake the Return to the Origin. *There was the searched Truth.* My Spirit was shaking by the effect of an unerring intuition: *that Truth, capable of shining for the Spirit with an Uncreated and inextinguishable Light, should be conquered in a struggle of superhuman dimensions, during which it would be necessary to exhibit an unbreakable determination.*

That an Enemy existed, against whom such fight shall be waged, an Enemy that «cuts the path towards the Origin», I knew it with certainty since that night of January 21. But the precedent reflections and the intuition that I've mentioned allowed me to comprehend now that the past errors proceeded from my *strategic weakness,* for have yielded before the Enemy's Strategy. This strategy, which with no doubts affects *all* levels of human activity, and even the most unknown psychic spheres, is applied in the culture through a Control System of colossal characteristics. When Belicena Villca says: «Culture is a strategic weapon of the Synarchy». Such Control System is in charge to foment the confusion and deceit, and was, thereby, the responsible of the ambush in which I had fallen. Because if I was deceived, if I participated from the Enemy's Strategy, it happened for ignorance or «strategic weakness», for being ignorant about Nature, and even the own existence, of the Enemy: I could have never been bought by the White Fraternity, just as was tempted the spiritual integrity of the heroic Nimrod. In sum, if I had yielded, in past times, before the treacherous pressure of the Enemy's Strategy, was because then I was asleep, spiritually asleep. But now I had awakened, thanks to the letter of Belicena Villca and the spiritual rapture of January 21, and the proof was, precisely, in the unbreakable determination to fight till the end, against all and against everyone, to go back to the Origin and liberate my Eternal Spirit from its material prison.

Yes; I had awakened thanks to Belicena Villca, but now I was capable to formulate my own conclusions about the behavior of the Enemy, who had in the depths the scopes of a Demiurge. As the expression of His Power amongst men, The Synarchy constituted a formidable spectrum of organizations and Secret Societies impossible to be detected completely. And amid this offensive deployment was Me, until yesterday no more ignorant about these realities, easy victim for the Enemy's Strategy. Because, even if it escaped to me, as is natural, the totality of the Demonic Plan, I saw with enough clarity the tactics applied to the field of the Culture. The «modern syncretism» that I mentioned before obeying to this will of deceit that the Synarchy shows in all its Secret Societies. And the idea of *evolutionary progress* of the Soul, by the «Karma»,

the «righteous life», or any other similar way of expiation, is presented from the *base* of the Secret Esoteric doctrines, o the mere religious Syncretism, as a so evident truth that only a fool would dare to doubt about it. Out from the religion, the same idea had invaded most «scientific» or «humanistic» disciplines. It is instructive, for example, to check with which ability the synarchic agents have imposed geometric concepts to induce teleological interpretations of History: with an admirable rationalist rigor, they define a *geometric* trajectory arbitrarily for the *progress of Humanity* and then *project* this figure over History, establishing associations, analogies, and coincidences, most of the cases tendentious and intentioned. The progress can follow thus a *circular trajectory* (r2=x2+y2), *parabolic* (y=x2), in *spiral* ($\rho=\alpha\theta$), in *cycles* (y=sen x), *uniform*(y=x), *exponential* (y=ex), etc., trying to force history to adjust it and to make it correspond to the form of such functions, «confirming» in that manner the theory or official dogma of the synarchic sect.

The utilization of the Analytic Geometry in the religious interpretation of History must not surprise: «*God Geometrizes*» affirm some notorious synarchic agents; «*God is the Great Architect of the Universe*» sustain others; but, in general, everyone sustains that the intention of God One is that Man, and Matter, the World, All, evolve. This is one of the keys of the subjacent rationalism in «Occult Doctrines». Because to *evolve* means to be in History according to a certain *law*. «*It is the law of evolution what impresses to human progress a geometric trajectory*» postulates the Synarchy. But, being thus, what is the esoteric benefit that obtains the Synarchy imposing *culturally* evolutionism, esoteric inclusive, in any of these geometric variants? Very simple: if the whole World believes that man evolves, that the Society evolves, that the Universe evolves, that the progress responds to a law, they will accept without questioning that *the law of evolution determines the future.* This implies that some controls in the present cane exerted in the wake of a *better future*. That's to say: *«let's that who knows the law, controls the Society, to obtain a better future tomorrow».* A vain utopia; who knows the law but the Masters of the White Fraternity Wisdom, apart from the Elders of Zion?

Now all becomes clear; the finality of the Synarchy is the World's Control and, naturally, prepares the leader cadres with an infrastructure of indoctrination mounted aright, while humanity, conveniently misinformed, awaits for the «Men of Destiny» to control the springs of the power and «plan» for the future. This reality beats behind Exoteric Schools and that the incautious, fanaticized and amazed by such a gorgeous syncretism as empty and rationalist, can't advert.

On the other hand, it should be noticed that the syncretism is fulfilled when men have lost the capacity to perceive the Myth in all its symbolic purity. This loss would be a grave injury in the metaphysical thinking capacity and of the metaphysical perception, analogous, if itis desired, to a loss of vision or blindness. By analogy, it is talked about the Dark Age or Era of Obscurity: to lose vision, it is the same to «see» all black.

There are texts about occultist Doctrine that seem to possess philosophical and scientific foundation: but there are also falsifications of Leonardo Da Vinci's paintings, so perfect that resist to the exam of prestigious experts. And it is logic, in any of each cases, the fraud's quality depends on the forger's ability.

Unfortunately, in the esoteric case, the forgers have reached a high grade of dexterity: there are some very well «prepared» for their mission, owners of a great «general Culture». Let's take, for example, «esoteric» writings of «wise» and «erudite» authors as H. P. Blavatsky, Rudolf Steiner, René Guenon, Max Heindel, etc., and let's compare the farrago of theosophy that sustains any of them with the elemental simplicity of the metaphysical symbols of Ancient Wisdom; what emerges in this comparison? That we can't read a symbol (see its reality) but we can read a book about the symbol, that will reveal us the sense of the same, but it will entertain us with descriptions and multiple associations, susceptible of rational interpretation. All of that will create us the illusion of a comprehension and a progress, just as it benefits the Synarchy.

«*There is a sensorial daltonism and a gnoseologic daltonism*», wrote once the great epistemologist Luciano Allende Lezama. It can be added that «also exists a semiotic daltonism»: is the one that suffers those who can't see the truth of a symbol and that must be healed previously to the quest of an «Occult Knowledge». To not be deceived. To not be used byte Synarchy.

Without a clear vision of the symbolic and adequate moral discernment, it is impossible to accede to the knowledge of the Hyperborean Wisdom, which, in other part, is not in the Exoteric Schools. The lack of these virtues, or, the contempt for the same, takes the daltonic-adept to the search for the «phenomenons» and the Power, to follow «oriental» disciplines without understand them or to yield to the fascination of «scientific investigations» in parapsychology (Kirlian photography, psycho bioenergetic, and other hoaxes).

The danger is that in those «Occult» Schools (with Juridical Personality, Corporate Name and telephone) don't hesitate to promise, to people of doubtful spiritual capacity, but useful to their plans, every kind of Powers and «liberator experiences». Of course: progress will come «later», after some «Initiations», «Progressing» in the «internal grades».

«*It doesn't help a poor*–says C.G. Jung– *putting in his hand alms more or less high, even though it is desired thus. It is much more helpful when we signalize him the path to make that he could free himself from his necessity through work. The spiritual beggars of our days are, unfortunately, excessively inclined to accept in species the alms of Orient, that's to say to seize without reflection from the spiritual possessions of Orient and imitate its manner and mode blindly*».

All these reasoning led me to conclude: In whom searches parapsychological phenomenic power –*thaumaturgy*– there's always an ignorant or a misinformed. In whom promises to give it, can only be a perverse will. I decided to consider a «synchronistic coincidence» any possible reaction between the spiritual rapture of the day 21 of January and the simultaneous seism. Belicena and all her ancestors of House Tharsis, and the Liberator Gods, and any spiritual Being who is watching my behavior could be tranquil in Valhalla. For me, the end of the mystic vision signalized the end of the transcendental experience: *neither I disposed of a Power capable to operate over the matter, nor I wanted to have it. The Potencies of Matter didn't achieve to deceive me this time and, possibly, they would never achieve it.*

I made these reflections while the kilometers passed rapidly, and Salta was opening generously on its valleys and ravines. «*Within zones of colored and straight peaks, are the slopes with exuberant vegetation and framed by rocks of wild appearance, some of them famous like the Obispo, a slope really striking for its development and variety of motives*» I read in a map that I've acquired in Cerrillos. I was then near Cafayate, where I planned to have dinner and acquire some gifts, especially the exquisite wine zone. When improvised journeys are realized, like the one in which I was, through Provinces or regions of extreme poverty, it is always convenient to bring comestible gifts. A liter of good Torrontés or some gingerbread can open impossible doors, border controls and save every type of difficulties.

I entered to Cafayate, and after that I realized some shopping in a house of regional articles, I parked in front of the Town square Libertad to dine in a restaurant that promised in blackboard «Menu of the day: stuffed bread and hot chicken».

Chapter X

At 14:30 hrs. I was again on the road, surrounding the stream De las Conchas and disposed to undertake the second part of the journey to Santa María.

The ground was loose because it seemed that it didn't rain since a long time ago and the wind was strong enough to make that this course be slow for the rest.

Two hours later, I had just travelled 70 km. and I was preparing to cross through the midst of the Colalao del Valle due to the path continued through the main road. This settlement is located in the Province of Tucumán, in the middle of the path that traverse the geographic wedge that a bad layout of limits relegated to the actual map. It has some twenty squares long and four or six of weight. While I was crossing it, I observed the same syndrome that is manifested in thousand settlements and hamlets of the Argentinian North: decadence.

The poverty is an endemic ill in these, paradoxically, rich Provinces, forgotten by the bureaucratic centralism of the Megacity Buenos Aires and for the sloth or impotence of the local governments who usually have their hands tied by inexistent feudalism beyond the official speeches.

Poverty is an ill that hurts. But is worse to see decadence; this is: to contemplate what was a splendid example yesterday transformed into a censurable vision. While the car was tolling through the dirt road, I was looking at the Spanish colonial-style houses that today are shadows of what they were in past years of splendor —cruel caricatures of the hope and faith of their constructors.

–Who edified these houses –I thought contrite– believed in Argentina, they had faith in America.

The inexorable collapse of these is the overwhelming response to these illusions.

As many others, this settlement evolved up to a height that must be situated in 50 or more years before, and then came a period of decadence during which no wall was lifted, neither a brick was put. Windows closed for years, when the wood framework rotted; chipped and leprous walls; gnawed fronts by the thousand inclemencies of the time and Soul.

The decadence of an urban community, of its architecture, is a retrogression that is indefectibly implanted in the dwellers' Soul. And there were they, looking at me passing with that absent air, with that contemplative indifference so characteristic of Indigenous America.

Because in they, decadence was seen starkly; in those children who spied me from behind in a corner; in those obscure and slanted eyes that were looking at me guileless when they offered me a corn tortilla, but they turn back distrustful at any question. What difference presented this settlement, these children, these children, with their equivalent parts of America, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia? None.

In this answer was also the decadence; in which, paying the high price to isolate us from Latin America, one hundred years of «European Culture» have not left nor a trace in these creoles forgotten by everyone. We've not given them anything different to what they have received in mentioned countries. They are neither more nor less civilized than they who believe in the opposite that sustains the European Oligarchy that rules this country since one hundred years ago.

For this reason, an explanation for the general decadence that desolates the settlements of American blood, can be this one: in five hundred years the European Culture didn't flourished in the Soul of the American because, neither those who implanted with blood and fire nor those who taught it blissfully, really believed on it.

The American Races' millenary culture was replaced, energized by Great Myths, by the European materialistic culture, lacking spirituality and transcendence. And the religion of America, that conserved the remembrance of the White Gods, was forbidden in favor of the *rationalist* Doctrine of Catholicism: thenceforth the natives would have to glorify the biblical history of the Chosen People, worship a crucified-Hebrew-God from whom they had never heard before, and they would remain out from the theological discussion because the new religion reached already finished, complete on its philosophical foundations. If there, in the unknown Nicea, a Council had decided that God was triple, what could say here the recently submitted Pagans? And those who were here, did they know what meant the Catholic Dogma? No; they killed and looted *in the name* of the Catholic Dogma that nobody comprehended, nor anyone would care to explain. But the wealth would end. Finally, the time to create new wealth would reach, produce a cultural object for those evangelized empires. And then, in that same moment, would begin the decadence. The Church would thrive with the conquest of America destroying systematically

every vestige of the Atlantean Origin of the Great Civilizations, every proof about the extraterrestrial nature of the Spirit of Men. And the Spaniard, out of control just as the Great Mother Binah prophesied Quiblón, would sprout the blood and semen evenly over the native populations.

From this Holocaust of Water would emerge «The Children of Horror», the mestizo population of America, men as those who I saw passing through their decadent villages. Men culturally indifferent; who are decided to do nothing. If a gringo does not come with faith in something and raises the houses and settlements again, they won't do it. And all will fall, to the ground, asunder, –puerile vengeance, but effective –as their cultures fell yesterday and as will fall tomorrow the Soul of Occident if it is insisted to continue divorcee from the blood of America.

When I passed through Fuerte Quemado, I could not avoid imagining that in such site encamped Diego de Rojas four centuries ago, when he marched chasing Lito de Tharsis. He not achieved to localize the Pucará de Tharsy, even if he remained in Tafí del Valle for months. But would I make it? I believed so; that the indications of Belicena Villca were very precise and I'd achieve to reach until the Chacra; and that I'd meet with the Indian Segundo, the offbeat descendant of the Moon People. And the optimism didn't abandon me when I arrived at Santa María.

When I crossed the bridge over the River Santa María, I watched the clock: 7:30 in the afternoon. I had delayed five hours from Cafayate, and dusk was falling. Even for my impatience to reach as soon as possible to Uncle Kurt's house, I had decided to wait the night to comply with the promises that I made to my Mother in regard to prudency and security.

I stopped the car in front of other regional articles' house to acquire the famous products of the zone: the cayenne, the arrope (concentrate grape), the raisins and the wine.

After that I paid, I amused inquiring the vendor about the street Fray Mamerto Esquiú. Thus, I knew that it goes from East to West, ending in the River Santa María, one of the city's peripheral limits, and it goes from North to South.

–The number 95 –I thought– must be nearby the River, perhaps in the last square.

–Are you looking for someone in the street Esquiú? Maybe I can help you –surprised me the salesman with his question. Oh, the small-town curiosity! But I did not let me impress.

–Yes, I'm looking for a pocho's saleswoman –I lied–. In Salta gave me the approximate address because they didn't remember with exactitude.

–A poncho's saleswoman in the street Esquiú? Mmm… No, unfortunately, I do not know any poncho's saleswoman who lives in the street Esquiú… But, tell me, what type of ponchos are you searching? I have a nice selection. And at good price…

A moment later I went out with my original purchase and with a poncho of Catamarca with Inca guard.

I chose to have dinner at a second-class restaurant but, according to what vendor of regional products said, prepared the best rabbit stew of the valley Yocavil. Once I positioned myself at a secluded table, I realized about the right election, because this was a place very visited by salesmen and travellers of commerce in which to one surprised the presence of stranger.

I was savouring the dessert, sweet chayote with nuts when a child in rags offered me to shine my boots.

There's an age –I thought with dejection– the childhood, in which all the animals of Nature employ to play and romp, protected by their fathers and other adult members of the population. Instead, human beings can't guarantee to their children the enjoyment of the most beautiful age as it must be lived: enjoying the fantasy.

By principle, I hate that children work with profit purposes and my first impulse was to take away such bootblack; but an idea had occurred to me in that instant, and I extended the right feet in mute acceptation. It was a child of some seven years old and doubtless Indian ascendancy. He started cleaning and covering with ointment the boots, to then, through vigorous massages with a canvas band, he tried to obtain the desired brightness.

–What is your name? –I asked, seeking to gain his trust.

–Antonia Huanca, Sir –He replied rapidly.

–Tell me Antonio, Do you live far from here?

He lifted his long-maned head and looked at me with an interrogative gesture in the eyes. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders and signalizing an indefinite place said:

–Very far Sir, over there, on the other side of the river.

I decided that my question had been unfortunate. I should try again, but this time I'd be more direct:

–Do you know the street Esquiú?

–Yes, Sir; is at the end of the city. If you go straight by this one –He signalized the street of the restaurant– you'll find it at the end of the pavement. Just when the pavement ends are the street Esquiú, yes Sir.

He was talking without stop polishing, and at this rate, he would end soon. I bent down a little to talk without raise the voice and said to him:

–I'm going to see Cerino Sanguedolce, do you know him?

He laughed.

–The confectioner? Who doesn't know Don Cerino, Sir? He stretched his head and said my in the tone of confidence:

–You don't tell him, but my brothers and me, always try to steal him candy bottles; –drooled the lad– no one does them richer in Santa María. Hi, hi, hi.

Laughed like a sparrow and he was finally, celebrating his Leader, a child.

Uncle Kurt is «confectioner» –I thought delighted. I seemed to me that it'd be foolish for not seeing it before, but that idea had no sense, and I dismissed it.

The child had finished his work, and I disposed of the information enough to localize Uncle Kurt. I paid him generously, and he went away to offer his

services to other tables.

A wall clock, hanging beneath a little picture with a collection of arrowheads, showed the 21 hrs. I paid for dinner and left.

The night was fresh, but the sky was covered with clouds, and there was not a blow of wind. I removed the car, and I left following the instructions of the bootblack.

As I approached the street Esquiú, the houses were more and more spread and decreased in quality, where the pavement ended, and the streets' lights were almost non-existent.

I turned through the street Esquiú towards the instinct, indicating me where the river should be and searched in vain for a sign, a point of reference that would have allowed me to reckon the numeration.

Cursing inside the idea to visit in the night to Uncle Kurt, I comprehended rapidly that I circulated through a neighbour formed by small farms of four or five hectares each one.

In the Northeast of Argentina, all the farms obey to a same pattern of construction: a rectangle of land properly wired and a Hall (house of the owner or guard) edified at a short distance from the entrance of the palisade. Can exist variations or aggregations, but this is the general «type», that I knew well because our own ranch in Cerrillos is adapted the same scheme.

I knew then about the utility to call from the entrance, because the house is usually far from it, and I accepted that I was going to intern myself in one of the properties to advise my arrival.

The car had some five minutes through the somber street of Esquiú that now gave the unequivocal sensation of a steep slope. The river should have been near, but even if the powerful high light of four quartz perforated the darkness, I didn't achieve to distinguish anything else beyond twenty meters. I stopped the car and put the hand brake; it was better to realize an exploration walk.

I took from the glove compartment a lantern pen type, which exiguous light is useful sometimes, and I descended taking the precaution to close the car for the case in which I'd have to move away from there. One moment later I realized the opportune of the decision to stop the car because, fifty meters ahead, the street turns narrow abruptly and it fell in a pronounced ravine over the River Santa María which ran down, at a distance of one hundred and fifty meters. If I had continued advancing with the car, I'd have difficulties turning and moving back.

Finally, I was in the origin of the street Esquiú, not so far from the dwelling of Uncle Kurt.

This presumption gave me new animus to orient myself; I saw it wasn't easy.

The street Esquiú had lost its sidewalks many squares behind and, where I was now, was just an alley of gross gravel which was extended from one to another wiring, each limit of unknown properties. Towards the East was the river so, if this was the last square, presumed home of Uncle Kurt, the searched address had to be in one of the street's both sides, a few steps from there.

I explored the side of the North which was composed of a file of three-wire strands, up to the height of fifty meters, but surrounded on its entire extension by shrubberies of bushy privets and perfectly pruned in the form of pillar. I walked some one hundred and fifty meters without finding any door or palisade, so I deduced that it was at the end of a property.

Trying to calm the contrariness that I felt for such an unusual situation, I crossed through the Southern side and restarted the quest. This property was better limited because I discovered a thick mesh soon with rhombus wires, which permitted to glimpse the tangle of the well-known privet.

The night was turning impenetrable, reducing the help of the small lantern, and for this reason, my pace was awkward and hesitant, while I revised inch by inch that tenebrous stretch of the street Esquiú. When I was already despairing of finding an entrance in that wall, occurred a miracle: an enormous pipe gate and mesh emerged from Shadows almost at the street's end, at some ten meters from the ravine. I oriented the halo of the lantern inwards but, just as I supposed, I didn't see any construction but a path, formed by two parallel traces, that was lost in the obscurity. At the left was appreciated a well-maintained plantation of vines, small and filed with racemes; at the right boundless seedlings of stocked orchard.

I returned to check the door, but I didn't find the doorbell nor any caller; instead, I discovered two steel rings, one in the door and other in the concrete frame, skewered by a heavy iron padlock.

Discouraged, I leaned against the gate, trying to take a determination. The most reasonable would be to leave a comeback in the day, but the supposition that would be labourers or even familiars of Uncle Kurt retained me, to whom my presence would result very strange. It was only missing to persist in the nocturnal quest, entering in property despite the padlock; only if that would be really the dwelling of my Uncle…

I remained indecisive, embraced to the mesh of the gate, sharpening the gaze towards the path of the entrance, when it seemed to pass swiftly alight. It was just for a second, but enough to relive the hope in some result that night.

I imagined that the Hall should be quite far, thereby no light reached to the gate, intercepted, perhaps, by trees or obstacles. I didn't think more, and I climbed up through the contiguous mesh of the gate. Except for the mishap that a piece of my jacket "Safari" remained in the barbed wires, crowned the mesh's trestle, I entered without problems. Some seconds later, I moved calmly through the interior path, following with the lantern the marked trails of vehicles that the same displayed. I had walked some hundred meters, when the path turned abruptly to the right and within a group of leafy trees. Once I took this bend, spotted at some thirty or forty meters a house albino type, of two floors, with roof and half-round shingles that color contrasted with the withe walls and the black bars of windows balconies. Against the obscurity of the night, it leaned ghostly without, apparently, any lights on.

The buzz only broke this vision and the silence of *cicadas,* contributed to demoralize me. I stopped for a while and contemplated the immense house,

shielded by the branches of some giant willows that were hammocked to the beat of a gentle breeze. I had inexplicable desires to run and abandon such unreal scenery, but I recovered immediately and advanced at huge steps to call to the door to request the presence of Uncle Kurt or Cerino Sanguedolce.

Was then when I heard.

I was a few meters from the house when I felt coming from behind, towards the right, a *known sound*… it was a penetrating whimper. A very especial lament that only who have experience in the dog breeding can recognize. Because that whimper is the expression of the desired attack that the dog manifests, when the master asks him to do it.

I remembered that Mom had brought a small cat to the ranch and, to avoid that Canuto attacks him, she decided to make him smell the cat while she reprimanded the dog with strong screams and prohibited to touch him. Then Canuto was trembling, struggling between the instinct to kill and the obedience that he owned to his maters, and released misleading whimpers that no expresses pain but the contained desire to attack.

This type of whimper was the one that had sounded behind my back.

Dogs! –I thought alarmed– How did I not notice the dogs? God, how stupid! All the ranches have dogs. But… Why did they not bark?

I turned back slowly. What I saw induced me a sudden terror, paralyzing myself in the site in which I was. Two pairs of green eyes flashed in the penumbra at a few steps from me.

Were eyes of animals, of dogs perhaps; but I think that the panic was produced when I took consciousness of two things; one, the abnormal size of the beasts, and the other, their also abnormal caution. Because it resulted unthinkable that I had transited a lot through the ranch without any bark of the animals and that instead they were following me quietly, almost crawling, until they were so near to me that I could touch them with the tip of my shoe.

One of the beasts whimpered again with the evident desire to jump over me. When assaulted me the certainty that their master should be near, a whistle sounded of indubitable human origin. I didn't reach to turn back this time because the beasts when heard the whistle, acted as moved by a spring and with a great jump, they threw themselves over the prey.

Even if the terror almost paralyzed me, the instinct of conservation and many years of *Karate*, made me put on guard. But only to check that such beasts had a particular training due to, instead of giving bites and searching the neck as the combat dogs do, they seemed to know exactly what to do: each one of them attacked an arm and nailed there their teeth. I felt the flesh lacerated, and I saw that the beasts were shutting their jaws backwards while I felt the bone of my left arm creak without intentions to release. The attack's impact made me stumble because both dogs seemed to weigh more than my 90 k.; one second later I fell backwards while a felt the bone of my left arm in the mouth of the gigantesque dog. While I was falling, I thought of many tactics to escape from the dogs: I would wallow, kick their testicles, bite…

–*Crack*–sounded the strike in my skull, and everything went darkened.

FOURTH BOOK

The story of Kurt von Subermann

Chapter I

The turbulent waters ran and ran and dragged me, incapable of avoiding it. Nearby, involved in a roar of noise and foam, the cascade absorbed torrents of water like a titanic thirsty throat. I was approaching the roaring abyss, I saw the edge, trying to vainly swim butte water was dragging me. And finally, I was falling headlong in the torrent. It was the end. I'd brief forth at the bottom, against sharpened rocks. I needed to open my eyes. I needed to open my eyes…

Making a supreme effort, I opened my eyes, and a terrible blaze instantly wounded them. I was blinking trying to accustom the sight to the Sun; meanwhile, I comprehended that I was lying in an unknown room. I was looking as hypnotized the window, adorned with white curtains, while little by little, the mists went dissipated in which my consciousness was involved.

The first that I assumed was the intense headache and a kind of pressure over the scalp and brow. I tried to take my hands to the head, and a new pain jabbed my nervous system. I can hardly move my arms, which were both bandaged to the elbows. The left one was the most affected and sensitive because any little movement seemed a martyrdom; likewise pained, the right arm seemed to be in better conditions. With this last I warned that a bandage covered my entire skull until the brow. The movement was very painful, realized by reflecting at recovering the consciousness. Nevertheless, its fugacity, it resulted enough to alert the person who was seated at the bed's rift, in such angle that it avoided me to perceive his presence since the first moment. It was an enormous man, of severe gaze, and thunderous voice, who was approaching me with a gesture of preoccupation and… vociferating. Older than I remembered from such night of my childhood, however, he had not changed too much: undoubtedly my uncle Kurt!

His countenance was dejected and his voice painful, saying incoherencies:

–You are my unique nephew and I almost killed you. I've shed my own blood! A curse has fallen upon me. Oh God, my end is near, why do you add this disgrace to my sufferings?...

You'll be fine Arthur, my son, –continued Kurt with plaintive voice– you'll be fine. The *Ampej* Palacios has revised you, and he assures that soon you'll be recovered. How could you forgive me, creature?...

Uncle Kurt continued gibbering his complaints and apologies steadily while he maintained that powerful blue gaze nailed on me.

Involved in a growing drowse, making efforts to coordinate the ideas, I recognized in the tense countenance of my interlocutor the known features of my mother.

As astonished, I was looking at him steadily seeking something to say, when I heard clearly the canine sound of a growl. It reached to my ears coming from outside of the house, and it had the virtue to achieve that the remembrances be crowding in my mind. The last thing I saw when I explored Uncle Kurt's ranch made present as an overwhelming avalanche.

–W…hat, what were they? –I babbled, trying to contain the tremor that seized my entire body. In the countenance of Uncle Kurt, a question went painted.

–How? –He asked disconcerted.

–Th… the beasts –I said making an effort because I felt the tongue swollen and asleep.

–Oh, the dogs, –Noticed Uncle Kurt–. They are dogs; dogs from the Tibet. Very particular Animals, authentic dogs. Perhaps the only species that deserves that name. They are extraordinary animals, capable of receiving a semi-human training. –Involuntarily I opened the eyes horrified and Uncle Kurt at noticing it he apologized afflicted:

–What has happened to you is an accident. An incomprehensible accident from which I'm guilty. The dogs attacked you because I ordered it. Oh, God, only I'm responsible for the greatest crime! I've shed my own blood!...

Uncle Kurt began to repeat the previous incoherencies while I was falling into the unconsciousness. My eyes were going shuttled to whom had come to visit with great illusion, transformed in a Greek tragedy character, for my imprudence and improvidence!

Suddenly I felt guilty as well; my heart went tightened; I tried to say some apology, but a saver penumbra eclipsed my consciousness, submerging me in a deep dream.

I'll try to abbreviate the details of my unfortunate intromission in Life of Uncle Kurt. It'll be a concession in favor of other things that I want to put at the reader disposition to interpret this strange story better. Because if someone had the idea that all that occurred to me until then was more than enough to cover a quota of mysterious events, I'd tell that you're wrong for long. To this adventure were missing many important things, I'd say that it was just starting, and if the notable «causalities» had chased me up to there, what would come next was not to it in the rear because Uncle Kurt had a story to tell. A so offbeat and strange that considered itself results unbelievable; but that I had to take with great respect, because «that» story was part of «my» own story.

But don't get us ahead. The day in which I opened the eyes and saw Uncle Kurt for the second time in my life was the next to the night of my unfortu-

nate incursion through the ranch. I remained unconscious before Uncle Kurt's expectation for some fifteen hours, who feared to have produced me a grave cerebral lesion.

The strike, struck by the butt of a pistol *Luger*, had been devastating and, according to Uncle Kurt, had to give thanks for the miraculous salvation of the skull's abnormal hardness.

Why this security? Because he had beaten me strongly; according to his words; the enough as to kill the intruder. This violence was due to Uncle Kurt was expecting an attempt, an attack from one moment to another.

He had motives to believe it, as will be seen, and to the bad fortune –or another cause– He wanted for me to have the ill-fated idea to realize the suspicious nocturnal visit.

In a first moment, after being sure that there were no more intruders, Uncle Kurt dragged me to the house and checked my pockets searching for weapons and identity elements. With the surprise that is to be supposed, he found the Iron Cross –His medal–, the letter of my Mother and the documents and licenses that properly proved my identity.

According to Uncle Kurt, he'd have committed suicide right there if it was not for that I was inexplicably breathing. His first reaction was to seek help, but, conscious about the irregularity of the situation, he decided to be extremely cautious with the finality to avoid the police intervention. For that purpose, would result in an inconvenience to call an unknown doctor who could put him in trouble.

I must clarify that Uncle Kurt had not married, so he lived alone in the Hall, assisted by a marriage of old and loyal Indians, who lived in a small contiguous house. Apart from the aforementioned couple never dwelled there less than ten peons –to attend vines and the small factory of sweetmeats arrope– but these didn't occupy the gully that was thirty meters away from the Hall and was not worthy of confidence. Uncle Kurt called desperate to the old majordomo, named *José Tobalaba*, hitting his room's window.

–Pepe, Pepe.

–Yes, Don Cerino? –replied the Old man with promptitude.

–Come quickly Pepe. A disgrace has occurred –Screamed Kurt.

Even though he just mentioned the old man, five minutes later appeared Pepe and his wife because they supposed that something grave was happening by the tone of the call. The old Juana crossed herself constantly while Uncle Kurt and Pepe, moved my exanimate body to a *livingroom* sofa because the bedrooms were on the superior floor.

I lost a few drops of blood through a profound gash at the height of the occiput, but the most impressive was undoubted, the way the dogs destroyed my forearms. Uncle Kurt left the old couple to clean the wounds and take care of me, and he went in search of the Ampej Palacios.

He removed a brand-new jeep *Toyota* from the garage –acquired in times of the «sweet money» – and he left rapidly, noticing when leaving Ford's presence a few meters from the gate.

The hour was untimely to seek for any medic, but the Ampej Palacios.

This character fictitious but he deserved to be, is a world-famous Indian medic for his physiotherapy dominion. Old already in those years, he stills attend in his humble consulting room without being bothered by anyone, because his prestige is as big as the fortune that he amassed thanks to the gifts that generous and wealthy patients went depositing in his hands. The Ampej Palacios, has achieved to make walk men and women paralyzed for years, has achieved to move necks as tense as an obelisk and has straightened many goner vertebral columns by orthopedists form the whole world. That would result difficult to believe it is not a signature book to prove it.

These books are the second touristic cause of Santa María, because there are signs and notes of the people, form all around the world, who reached to the Ampej Palacios searching for hope. Poor and rich, priests and doctors, noble and commoners, all have signed his books to give testimony for Wisdom of the Ampej. Here is no magic nor sorcery but pure and simple Ancient Wisdom that dynasties of Diaguitas Ampejs have conserved and transmitted from father to sons. Today, Ampej Palacios's sons are graduate Medics at the University of Salta and specialized in: Traumatology! Following the familiar tradition and practicing with success a knowledge thousands of years older than the materialistic Science of Occident.

Uncle Kurt came back a half of an hour later accompanied by Ampej Palacios. He was a corpulent old man of thick and white moustache and hands as big as an espadrille N°12, started to check my head and arms.

–The head is not broken –affirmed the Ampej ten minutes later– But it'll be necessary to wait a few hours to know is there's brain damage. The left arm is broken, it has to be plastered; the right arm has the bone fine, but the flesh is much damaged.

–Look Cerino –Continued the Ampej– I think that he's grave, but his head and arm have to be stitched, and give him anti-inflammatories and antibiotics. It is too much for me who only repair bones; I'll send you the young man who has come to visit us. He is a doctor, and he will attend to you better.

One hour later came Dr Palacios grumbling, because he had to travel to Salta at the 5hrs. And he was awakened at 1 hr.

He surrendered himself completely to the task applying several injections, stitching the right arm's wounds, and plastering the left one.

He closed the scalp's gash, after shaving the injured zone, with some hooks of inert plastic.

–Are you sure that the dogs are not affected by rabies? –asked with distrust the son of the Ampej.

–I can assure it, –affirmed Uncle Kurt horrorized–. They bit because I ordered it; they are very domesticated animals and obey me blindly. They'd never attack anyone by themselves.

The Doctor moved his head while he was murmuring something about the doubts that he sheltered regarding the tameness of the Tibet dogs.

Three hours later, Dr Palacios and Uncle Kurt left, after taking the keys that he had in the jacket Safari, he entered the car in the ranch and parked it inside the garage.

The second day I tried to get up because I came to myself in a moment in which there was nobody in the room. I felt, then, a terrible weakness and such dizziness that I almost fell to the floor. I remained seated in the edge of the bed contemplating, not with certain curiosity, the place in which I was.

It was a room soberly furnished, with a bedroom suite of carved walnut and bed with a lacy mosquito net on the first floor. I deduced it for the inclined ceiling and the thick beams of break-ax that supported it. At that moment entered the old Juana and she felt frightened to see me seated.

–Ow mister –said the older woman– How do you do with these things? I need to rest; the Doctor ordered that.

She was pushing me firmly by the shoulders forcing me to take the horizontality while I let her, astonished by the stranger's attitude.

Immediately I was lying in bed and covered again while the old woman continued protesting:

–Mister, you've moved the plastered arm; that's not good; he'll get angry…

–And… Dr –I asked shyly.

–Mr. Cerino? He'll come immediately; –responded the old woman– when I tell him that you've recovered.

She approached the door at my right –the other led to a bathroom according to what I knew later– but before leaving, she turned back and said:

–Stay calm Mister that I'll bring you a soup and orxata of nuts –She smiled– you'll see soon how you recover your force.

As the days passed by, I went recovering, and fifteen days later, I was going down to the dining room, and I realized walks through the adjacent park of the house.

Fifteen days later they took away the plaster and, only at the thirty-five days after I arrived at Santa María, I could leave to Tafí del Valle in amazing circumstances that I'll narrate later.

In the beginning, I wrote many times to my parents, lying about a supposed archaeological investigation in the Pucará de Loma Rica to reassure them of my prolonged absence. I also spoke with Dr Cortéz to request him a fifteen-day extension to my vacations that ended in those days, but he only agreed when I told him that I had suffered an accident. Things were getting difficult because I did not start yet to inquire about the whereabouts of the son of Belicena Villca, and my vacations were ending. However, when I left Santa María, the morale was high, and I had more faith than ever. To that had contributed the prolonged conferences that I sustained with an extraordinary relative. But let's go back to those days of my recovery, when Uncle Kurt initiated the narration of his fantastic life.

Chapter II

As I'm medic, in the first days of healing, I comprehended that this would belong, so, disposing of enough time, I did not see any reasons not to tell my adventure to Uncle Kurt. I never experienced the desire to share my business with anyone, and I never have confidence. But now it was different. Since the seism day, I came bemoaning because I had nobody to trust; someone the enough «spiritual» as to not scoff about the events that occurred around Death of Belicena Villca. But who could also dispose of the necessary freedom to assume a knowledge that implied such grave dangers?

In a given moment, I thought to resort to Professor Ramírez. Still, then I felt ashamed about this selfish idea that could put in danger Life and mind of this exemplary man dedicated to his profession and family.

I was disgruntled since then because I felt that I was starting to manage ideas that were too «big», too inhuman, that could perturb me if I did not share them. Hence that suddenly a man resuscitates the *past of my blood* to whom I never dreamt of meeting a *solitary* man like me, *of action*. An experienced man and in an age in which is not feared for life due to Death begins to become a reality.

Yes –I thought decided– I'd trust everything to Kurt.

We talked about trifles because we avoided telling our secrets; I didn't reveal the motive of my visits and he about the brutal attack of the dogs and his truncheon. I spoke to him about my studies and parents; he explained to me the techniques to obtain a good *arrope* of opuntia.

Thus, we stayed gaining trust, until one day, one of the last in which I kept bed, I said to him:

–Uncle Kurt, I'd wish you to give me the briefcase that I brought with me. It remained in the car the night in which I came.

To my surprise, Uncle Kurt opened one of the closet doors and extracted from a compartment the briefcase that, apparently, has remained there all the time. I opened it and extracted the letter of Belicena Villca and some notes that I've taken when I spoke with Professor Ramírez.

–I'm going to explain to you the motive of my visit, –I said trying to transmit the importance that matter deserved–. It is a fantastic and unbelievable story, and I seriously think that I only dare to tell it to you without reservations and fears.

Uncle Kurt arched his eyebrows, vividly interested in something that, at least for me, seemed of extreme gravity. The words and the tone that I employed created the appropriate climate for it.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of any common day, we had lunch and the serene stillness that reigned in that lost ranch invited to the dialogue and confidence. We had all the World's Time in our disposition to take advantage of it as we pleased.

I began to narrate the known events and, if any doubt I kept about the credibility that Uncle Kurt could give to it, this soon had dissipated. Visibly altered for some passages and gained by the impatience in others, he interrupted me constantly to ask for details. After that, he obtained what he wanted. He encouraged me to continue in an authoritarian tone that was unknown to me.

The case of Belicena Villca had captured his interest completely but, when he knew about the existence of the letter, he seemed to lose his head. I extracted it from the briefcase at that moment, and I had to make an effort to avoid him to pluck it from my hands: was my intention to permit him to read it, but not at that moment but later, when I finish relating what happened. I showed it to him, then, and I continued with the narration without perturbing me for the anxiety of my Uncle, who was making a great effort, evidently, wait to read it. I explained, in general lines, the objective of such posthumous letter, without entering in detail about the incredible history of House Tharsis, mentioning only the millenary persecution that had suffered by the Golem-Druids. I spoke about Bera and Birsha and my conviction that They were the real murders of Belicena Villca. At that point, it seemed that Kurt's eyes were going to get out of orbit; however, his lips remained sealed for the surprise.

Finally, I referred him the translation that Professor Ramírez did about the legend «*adaaes sidhe draoi mac huch*» and its posterior allusions to the Golem-Druids, what confirmed, in my opinion, the veracity, if not of all, of a great part of the letter content.

Here the charm ended and Uncle Kurt, getting up with a jump, screamed:

–Yes, Arthur! Druids! To them, I was expecting the night in which you came! Thirty-five years later, I perceived the unequivocal sign of their presence, and I knew that at any moment I´d be attacked, although I ignored why they had waited so much, why they *reappeared* now. And now I know why: because you're coming to me, keeper of the Greatest Secret!

It was a roar what emerged from my throat at pronouncing these phrases in German, being answered immediately by two prolonged howls of the dogs, one floor below and out of the house. I felt amazed because Uncle Kurt had always spoken in Spanish. After all, my domain in the German idiom is bad due to my parent's decision to form me as «completely Argentinian» at the point that they neither spoke this language among themselves. It didn't escape to me that, no matter how strong I'd have screamed, the dogs could not have heard it. The how, they have responded to him?

I was looking at my Uncle with «other eyes» to whom till that moment had as a man, as many others, tortured by the remembrance of the days of war, but, otherwise, he was completely normal.

I was understanding, slowly, that there was something else: Uncle Kurt had a secret knowledge that weighed enormously on his consciousness, relived now by my narration.

Uncle Kurt was some sixty-two years old, but he impressed because he seemed to be ten years younger. Tall till the exaggeration –I calculated 6 feet 3

inches– He was husky, of athletic complexion and it was appreciated that he maintained himself in form. The hair, which had to be black, now was grey, cut and very short; cerulean eyes, plenty eyebrows, the mouth of fine lips with a thick moustache and firm chin, completed his description. A detail perhaps was constituted by the cicatrix that furrowed his left cheek, enhanced by the red of his blushing cheeks, a sign of health for his age.

He liked to wear simple but sportingly clothes, and I always saw him using thick chamois boots.

In sum, he was an awesome man; more now that he seemed to blaze with anger by his eyes. He was walking some minutes around the room, with the hands behind, where he had the letter of Belicena Villca that I just gave him.

I kept a respectful silence, albeit intrigued by his reaction. We have spent many hours talking while outside darkened rapidly. The room was in shadows when the old Juana entered and turned the light on.

–Jesus, Don Cerino, why you are in darkness? Dinner is ready. I'll bring Mr. Arthur his food –the old woman smiled as usual before he went out.

This intromission calmed Uncle Kurt, who was still spinning pensive. He stopped at the feet of my bed with the hands supported in the black pate and, in correct Spanish, he said:

–Neffe[2], I think that you've brought me an answer that I expected for decades. If its isthmus, I could die in peace when all come to an end –he said mysteriously– but tell me, what brings you exactly to me? Why you came to see me?

–I wanted to find out the motive that the ϟϟ had to collect all the documentation of Druids, –I replied–. When I though on it, the remembrance of that night thirty-five years ago when you gave me the Iron Cross came to me. It was an intuition, because immediately, without any apparent motive, the security assaulted me that you would know how to respond to these questions. Then I knew thanks to my Mom that you had been officer of the ϟϟ. …. And here I am.

–Hahaha –he smiled admired, with such uproarious laugh that he released when he discovered me in the stairway of Cerrillos when I was a child, and that I remembered so well.

–You have supposed good neffe; –continued Uncle Kurt– I can tell you some things that would result useful for the resolution of your problems. Things about the *Esoteric Doctrine* of the Black Order ϟϟ. Nevertheless, through an inevitable and significant design of the Gods, will surprise you to check until what extreme were my hands the answers that you were searching for. But let's have dinner before talking about it.

He left, leaving me consumed by new queries. From his previous exclamation appeared clearly another mystery: How Uncle Kurt had kept contact with Druids, who, apparently, were chasing him to death since years ago?

[2] *Neffe*: nephew, in German.

Chapter III

At 21:30 hrs. Uncle Kurt settled down in a comfortable hammock, next to my bed, and after remaining thoughtful for a moment, he began to talk. He had been meditating about what happened, and he had taken a decision.

–Look Arthur; –he said with a solemn tone, trying to be convincing– I comprehend that you'll be impatience to obtain the answers that have been brought you until here, but you must give me time to read the letter of Belicena Villca. Is an extensive manuscript and it will take me many days to assimilate it, but I must do it before responding to your queries. Thereby I'll have the antecedent about what you know, I'll appreciate what is missing for you to know, and I'll be able to express with precision.

He was awaiting my approval without conditions. Nevertheless, I believed that in nothing would affect him to advance me some answer.

–I agree, Uncle Kurt, to give you time to read the letter. But tell me now How it is possible that the day of my arrival you were waiting for an attack of Druids? I mean: How did you know that they were just to come?

–Because the previous day I had heard the *buzz,* the unmistakable *buzz of the honeybee*, that reveals the *employment of the Dordje over the Heart*! Yes neffe. Since that instant an uncontrollable tachycardia that still persists. But once again all their tricks failed before the powers with which the Gods have gifted me, and they will be obeyed to deal face to face with me. –His eyes shone defiantly, but I wanted to clarify things. The allusion of the buzz and the Dorje, were elements that Belicena mentioned on the Twenty-Fifth Day, when Bera and Birsha converted the Tharsis Lords' blood in Bleach, *before reading her letter,* that had left me to freeze of stupor.

Trembling, I asked him:

–But, then, have you heard that buzz before?

–Of course, Arthur. I heard it for the first time in 1938, 42 years ago.

–And where? –I inquired with growing amazement that went anticipating the surprising answer.

–In the Tibet; in the frontier between that country and China. It was during an expedition at the Doors of Chang Shamballa.

I felt the blood beating in my temples, I felt confused, dizzy, and I foresaw the possibility to lose my senses. The room had disappeared from my sight and in my mind, along with thousand concepts and situations that emerged from the letter of Belicena Villca, the questions were reduced to its extreme abstraction: what, how, when, where, striving to take concrete form and strafe to Uncle Kurt. He, who was adverting my confusion, started to laugh happily.

–Have you seen neffe? I knew it! It will be impossible for you to understand anything in a manner in which you set forth the dialogue. I'll tell you

everything, fear not. But to take better advantage of my experience, to comprehend it, the best is to tell you about my life's resume. I repeat you: wait till I read the letter; then I'll narrate to you my past, and then your questions will have consistency, and my answers will acquire consistency.

However, –He continued– as I see that your impatience is not small, I'll give something to think on during these days.

If I've not misunderstood, you'll try to find an Esoteric Order that would exist presumably in Córdoba, an Order dedicated to the Hyperborean Wisdom study?

I assented with a gesture.

Well, neffe: I am in conditions to affirm that I am very possible to dispose of precise news about such Order. And not only about it but also about the mysterious Initiate who founded it.

That was the last thing that I expected to hear and, again, the lips remained shut while the questions were appearing with great rapidity in my mind.

But Uncle Kurt didn't give me time to ask:

–I'll prove it to you! –He said, while he was unleashing a packet that he had brought dissimulated in his jacket. Undoubtedly Uncle Kurt had no intentions to talk about that matter, at least that my impatience obeys him, and for that reason, he had occulted such bundle: he would not have shown it to me at that moment if that wasn't necessary.

In the end, a book of voluminous aspect remained in his hands, covered with thick tops lined in red cloth. Sustaining it before my eyes, he opened it and the first sheet; on it was announced in the first term, the title of the book and the author's name. «*Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom*» by *«Nimrod de Rosario»*. At the bottom, an inscription gave indications about the book's filiation: *«Order of Tyrodal Knights of the Argentinian Republic».*

When I read such brief phrases, Uncle Kurt turned the page, and he signalized a «Letter for the Chosen Ones» which was inserted in a manner of prologue; at the end of the same, three pages after, was the firm of the author, Nimrod de Rosario, and the following indication: *«Córdoba, August 1979»*.

–Six months! –I exclaimed– just six months after its publication! How, Uncle Kurt, how in hell it arrived at your hands?

Ha, ha. Not precisely by the Demon's will but thanks to my good friend Oskar, who died just three months ago, and he took the secret to the tomb. –Here, he went serious, at noticing the disenchantment in my face–. I know that this part of the new will not cause any pleasantness, but it is preferable to know the truth beforehand.

Oskar, about whom I'll talk to you later, had been a refugee in Argentina since 1947. Just as your parents and other Comrades, I used to meet with him twice a year: after these secret meetings, we returned to our habitual works. Nor letter, nor telephone, nothing had to entail us if we wanted to continue free. To me, it was already known that a secret organization was following me which orders said without doubts «execute him wherever be found»; but the case of Oskar was different. He was officially followed to be judged by «crimes of war», and the Soviet Union made a claim because Oskar Feil was natal of

Estonia. But Oskar, who passed as Italian immigrant with the name «Domingo Pietratesta», had contracted marriage in Argentina. He had a beautiful family that he had to protect above all things: in his case was not even possible to think to be captured by the Enemy. For such reason, we extreme the precautions to meet every six months. And is that we could not stop seeing each other because we were endearing Comrades, not only since the war, but from many years before, since the age at which we were in the School *N.A.P.O.L.A.*

–Oh, Oskar, Oskar, –sighed my Uncle–. A friend for more than a lifetime. A company to conquer Heavens and Hells, a Comrade for the Eternity.

–B, but he died? –I said babbling, to bring Uncle Kurt to reality.

He remained in silence for an instant. Finally, he seemed to turn back to me, and he continued with his narration.

–Yes, neffe. Oskar died four months ago; of «natural death», according to all the versions, but it is not occulted that it could have been murdered: whatever could be his death, his wife would never denounce the truck openly. The future of the three sons of Oskar would obey her to bite the lips before talking about it. So, I ignore with certainty what happened due to, for obvious reasons, I could never approach his family until a long time; one year or more.

But let's go to what concerns you, Arthur! –He said with energy, after breathing deeply, like saying goodbye to his dead friend–. Eighteen years ago, more or less, we met in the Province of Jujuy, in the Providential Hotel of Tilcara: we passed as tourists who visited the famous Pucará. There I noticed him excited and happy: he had found, said me at that moment, to those who possessed a direct contact with *the Fount of the Hyperborean Wisdom,* that's to say, with the same fount that nourished Wisdom of our Initiated Instructors of the Black Order ϟϟ. According to Oskar, after 35 years of «democratic» and Judaic shadows, the Spiritual Light of the Black Sun appeared again: yes, after 35 years, during which the Enemy shed every kind of calumnies about Wisdom of the Order, and after that hundreds of impostors, and often mere personal subaltern of the ϟϟ. Who ignored the Secrets of the Order, sowed the confusion about the initiatic teaching that was imparted on it. In Córdoba, explained Oskar to me, had appeared a great Initiate who calls himself «Nimrod de Rosario»; «de Rosario» it seems, to differentiate his surname from the historical Nimrod, a Kassite King who lived 2.000 thousand years B.C. But this was anecdotic: the important consisted in that such Initiate dominated all the sciences of Occident, and especially the Hyperborean Wisdom, in such high grade as Oskar had never seen out of Germany, and since the last days of War, 35 years ago. In reality, it would be necessary to go back to such days and to men who headed the Black Order in secrecy, particularly to Konrad Tarstein, to find an equivalent Initiate. At least that was the opinion of Oskar.

Of course, out of the inevitable comparisons and what they had in common, there existed abysmal differences between Nimrod and our old instructors. Naturally, there was no difference in regard to the Honor or the Hyperborean Wisdom itself: in this field, all was analogous to the ϟϟ ., and it is logical that when he organized the followers of the Hyperborean Wisdom Nimrod

was obeyed to count with what reality, the reality of 1979, offered him. I still remember the words of Oskar when he spoke about the spiritual incompetence of his followers: –Believe me, Kurt, that Nimrod is missing a racial selection as the one which was practiced in Germany, and from which we emerged. I know, I know! We're not in Germany but the mestizo Third World. I am just proposing an impossible possibility, a game of imagination. Is that grieve to see how his efforts fall into the void, are wasted by people that can't drop out this century. However, and without rub neither remotely the discipline of the ϟϟ., he has achieved to form an important support group that permits him to develop his strategy: with people who came from the traditional esoterism, especially many of those who understood that the Gnostic Church of Samael Aun Weor is just another synarchic sect, and other coming from Argentinian Nationalism, it means, men with fascist political formation.

With them, he founded the Order of Tyrodal Knights, in which a Hyperborean Initiation is given in everything similar to the one that we received in the ϟϟ.

«But the Hyperborean Initiation, which is the first of the three that are required for the spiritual liberation and the Return to the Origin, –continued Oskar– can only be administered by whom exhibits the Second Initiation, that's to say, buy a Hyperborean Pontiff. Nimrod is, thereby, a Hyperborean Pontiff. How he obtained his Second Initiation, nobody knows, but you and I know very well that only the Unknown Superiors, the Venus Lords, the Hyperborean Gods concede it. Naturally, to comply with his mission, this Initiate has prefabricated a past the most possible consistent, employing for it his irresistible power over the illusory structure of reality. But this does not matter: his past, and the contradictions that could be proved in him, are just interest of the Enemy. For us, Dear Kurt, the truth, the undeniable, is that his Wisdom comes from an irreproachable Source: the Lords of Agartha».

«And what is his mission? –Wondered Oskar–. It is also an enigma: it seems to be linked to the quest for determined persons to whom would be necessary to orientate strategically to fulfil a role in the next Total War. All his effort is placed in that quest, but I don't think that he has been lucky because, as I told you, his collaborators are not the most indicate for the High Magic practice. Indeed, there are very few Initiates in the Tyrodal Order, and no one respond to the exigencies of the mysterious mission. This asseveration is not a subjective presuncion but a confidence of the own Nimrod: in fact, when I met with the Pontiff for first time, he, who demonstrated to possess the power to read the initiatic Runes, congratulated me for the grade reached in the Black Order, but he evidenced a visible disenchantment. Before my surprise, he apologized immediately and explained to me courteously that when he received a Chosen One for the first time, he always sheltered the hope 'that he'd be the one who would comply with the Gods' mission'. This commentary clarified me everything, and I understood in the act that I, obviously, was not one of 'Them' that Nimrod was waiting for. However, he treated me with camaraderie and offered me to participate in the Order, realizing functions extremely reserved, that would not put in danger my position. I accepted, of course; and

I took advantage from his trust to inquire something more about the unfortunate quest for the Chosen Ones apt to carry out the designs of the Gods, quest that would be almost impossible in the infernal context of actual Age».

–«The kind of people that you are searching for, Nimrod, is of superior quality to the Initiates of the Black Order ϟϟ?»

–«It is not about quality but of strategic confusion, Mister Pietrasteta. Perhaps if it is achieved to transfer one of such Initiates of the Wewelsburg Castle to this Age, we'd have a Comrade apt for the Mission without experience the pass of time. But now, certainly, we don't have such a man. Our own Initiates *could be apt for the mission if they assume the Initiation completely and dominate their animic nature, if they decide to be what they are. But it is difficult, very difficult, that the spiritual men of this Age count with the necessary courage to stop being what they feign to be and be definitively what they really are.* However, the Gods assure that exist men capable of such courage, that the Mystery doors must stay open until they reach here or until those here transmute themselves. And this certainty is the one that gives us the force to go on, Comrade Pietrasteta».

«I was in a house of the City of Córdoba, –Clarified Oskar– that belongs to the Tyrodal Order. In the wide room, furnished as an office, before an imponent escritoire, Nimrod sat watching me attentively. He finally opened a bin and extracted a book of red covers».

–«Mr. Priestatesta –He said with seriousness–. No one reaches this place if he has not been investigated previously in Heaven and Earth. You have satisfied the requirements, and for that reason, we offer you this opportunity: to enter in the Tyrodal Order and become one of its Initiates. All those who enter must realize the same acts, which are very simple: basically, they consist in to *comprehend and accept* the Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom, that, for the benefice of the Chosen Ones, we've synthetized in this book –He gave me the red book–. The income mechanism demands that you read this book and decide if you *understand and accept* its content. If the resolution is positive you remain immediately incorporated to the Order, and you acquire the right to accede to the other thirteen books, that compose the 'Second Part' of the Fundamentals and contain the secret preparation for the Hyperborean Initiation, you just have to return the book and abstain from making copies, to remain detached from the Order. I must warn you –He said with threatening tone– that the fault to this condition is punished severely by the Order».

Chapter IV

Oskar promised to act with loyalty –Said Uncle Kurt–and he had no inconvenient to comply with that. The content of the book was not unknown for us, although the novelty was constituted by the philosophical language of high level with which it was drafted: for a Baltic-German as Oskar, the lecture of such pure Spanish was an extra-proof, nevertheless, he

overcame it with juvenile enthusiasm. In order that once concluded the lecture, months later, he hastened to request the admission to the Order of Tyrodal Knights, being assigned one day every week to meet in a certain hidden place with a few Comrades of extreme truthfulness, who were studying the Second *Part* of the Fundamentals and preparing themselves for the Kairos of the Initiation. As the own Oskar said, this stage constituted one of the most joyful events in his life. However, is there was something that Oskar still disliked, was my absence in the Order. Just as he manifested me on such occasion, in Tilcara, he believed that my presence and the contribution of my knowledge about the Hyperborean Wisdom were indispensable to fortify the Order charismatically. He also wanted that I read the book, but not dared to disobey the Pontiff, so he begged me unendingly my authorization to present my name to be checked «In Earth and Heaven» and obtain the book by the correct way.

I finally accepted, more to please him than for real interest, because, as you'll understand, neffe, since 1945, I dispose of the precise instructions to fulfil my own mission.

And those instructions also proceed from the own Gods, of the same Gods of Nimrod de Rosario who, surely, are likewise the «Liberator Gods» who leaded House Tharsis. The next time that we saw each other, the last one, was in Córdoba, in August of the previous year. I won't deny you, Arthur, who was sheltering the secret desire to know the amazing Initiate about whom Oskar told me so much. However, that could not be, because the Pontiff was in a secret retirement writing a new book. Despite all these, Oskar encountered with the meaningful new that in the Order was a book for me: one of the old members gave me the copy that you've in your hands and transmitted me the salute of Nimrod: «The Pontiff, he said with respect, was glad to 'met me' and he assured me a great performance at the service of the Gods of the Spirit». Of course, such an interview took place in a hotel because nobody could know the properties nor the Order's gathering places before being accepted.

Do you realize, Arthur, how close I was to enter in the Order of Tyrodal Knights? I was close, very close, but I didn't achieve to fulfil the ingress because Oskar constituted the unique contact that I had with the Order and he died in December of 1979. At least that was what the telegram sent by his widow announced in January, to my mailbox of Salta. I don't possess more precise information, neffe. I bought the newspapers of Córdoba of those days, and I checked that, in effect, Domingo Pietratesta' funeral had been effectuated, deceased in his bed due to a cardiac syncope. After such unfortunate new, not capable of doing anything else than to wait the pass of time'. I've read the book «Fundamentals» many times, concluding that its content expresses the deepest and rigorous system of concepts of the ancient and simple truths of the Hyperborean Wisdom. The reason why Nimrod conceived such work to regulate the access of the Chosen Ones, I think that it is something related to a super realistic view of the Period, of the actual Culture, and with the *type* of Initiate that he searches to carry out the mission proposed by the Gods. Whatever it could be, I estimate that I won't cause any detriment to Nimrod's

Strategy permitting you to read it now. I will just contract a debt of Honor with the Order that someday I'll have to pay.

Anyway, you've read already a letter to which I attribute so value as this book, even if you have not allowed me to make you aware of this.

Here Uncle Kurt smiled, meanwhile I felt invaded by the shame. Notwithstanding the momentary embarrassment, I continued smiling, as I have been doing since some minutes ago.

Is that I was exuberant: My life had been entangled in such significant manner after the murdered of Belicena Villca, and was evident that such plot *could not be casual: Someone, the Liberator Gods, because not the «Guardian Angel», had disposed one as real argument, one as libretto of the des-tiny, to make me follow it «casually» and be aware of these things in the right moment. In one word: I had been guided by the Gods.* And this thought, this certainty, filled me with intimate joy.

Uncle Kurt, I do not doubt anymore; he possessed the keys that I was looking for. I didn't discourage me the fact that Death of Oskar Feil had disconnected him from the Order. With the information that I possessed now, Nimrod de Rosario's localisation and the Tyrodal Order seemed much easier task: he was the Lord of the Absolute Orientation and such were members of Wise Constructors of the Order. His quest aimed, and Uncle Kurt couldn't know it yet because he had not read the letter, to find a Noyo or Vraya, Initiates capable of crossing through the Stones of a Valley of Two Rivers and reaching to the Wise Sword, with a Noyo of Tharsis, the son of Belicena Villca. And it was clear for me that at giving him the letter of Belicena Villca, Nimrod would not doubt to put on the way towards Noyo Villca, to whom I'd transmit the posthumous message of his mother. Still smiling for the joy that his revelations provoked me, my mind was working with great velocity, while in the countenance of Uncle Kurt was reflected the surprise before such incoherent attitude. But is that I thought, without brake, in manner to obtain the address of Oskar Feli, or Domingo Prietatesta, conscious that my Uncle would never give me it voluntarily. Finally, I found the key, simple, due to it remained before my eyes all the time: the newspaper! That was: I would search in Córdoba the newspaper of December 1979, and I'd look over the obituary advices. There I'd discover the address of his family!

Finally, I adopted a more serious attitude and replied to Uncle Kurt:

–Certainly that the last part of your revelation is not joyful at all –I said regretfully–. I sincerely regret Death of your Comrade, and I regret more, you'll know to understand it, that his death has disconnected you from the Tyrodal Order. Nevertheless, it is so extraordinary what you've told me about such Order, that I could repeat the words that you've said this afternoon: «I think that you've brought me something that I expected for a long time».

You said it by the letter that you've not read yet, but I also think that the information about the Order, and perhaps this book that I've not read yet, constitute a concrete answer to the *real motive* of my visit. Because, even if I came *Consciously* to inquire about the relation between the ᛋᛋ and Druids, it is clear that such indagation is inserted into the major issue of the quest for Belicena

Villca's son, *the real motive, unconscious but effective* of all my movements. And that quest passes inevitably through the Order of Wise Constructors of Córdoba, from which you've referred me: do you understand why I am happy deep down? Because the discovery of such Order represents the most indispensable for me, the most important, much more than to obtain news about Druids.

Yes, Uncle Kurt, –I affirmed emphatically– you need to read this letter as soon as possible. I'll 'not bother you until you finish it. But you've done very well to anticipate me that you knew about the Tyrodal Order: that has taken a load off me, and now I'll be able to wait with more tranquility what you've to tell me later.

Chapter V

I accepted then, to give them enough time to my Uncle to read the letter, without imagining what would derive from such concession. In the first place, either if its lecture was effectuated conscientiously, or, very probable, the Spanish idiom avoided him to capt the obscure concepts of Belicena Villca faster, or by any possible motive, the truth is he recently concluded at ten days. But, in second place, the most irritant is that during that time he locked himself in the room refusing to go out not even for a minute from the same. He delegated all the Ranch tasks in his foreman José Tobalaba and ordered that the meal be served in the room by the old Juana. And my attempts to break this determination were vain: my notes had no answer, and I didn't achieve to penetrate the old woman's laconic loyalty with my questions. In sum: I had to be patient and accept the strange behavior of my Uncle! And, as if that wasn't enough for my frustration, without being able to advance much more in the lecture of the Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom due to the complexity of Matters that it treated: it was required, at least, a Philosophical Dictionary to comprehend with profundity the majority of these concepts, which were employed with great precision, and I ignored if my uncle possessed some type of copy, although it wouldn't be useful for me if it was written in German. Naturally, I didn't resolve the problem until my Uncle Kurt reappeared. For then, the Dictionary would not be necessary because I would never end to read the book of Nimrod. Uncle Kurt's narration and the events that occurred later prevented me inevitably to do so.

The psychological effect that the letter produced in Uncle Kurt had to be very intense was that, as a result of its reading, he demonstrated a very notable psychical change, undoubtedly a psychosomatic product of the received impression. With a few words, by the aspect that my Uncle presented, he seemed to have regressed many years in those ten days, he was much younger, showed a positive and communicative character that I didn't know before. I suspect, and I don't believe to be very wrong, that the thirty-three years passed in Santa Maria had irritated his temperament normally jovial, and caused that aloof and pessimistic

personality that I warned when I arrived at the Ranch. The personality of who doesn't trust too much anymore in the fulfilment of the Gods' commandments and waits resigned Death's resolution. Thirty-three are many years to wait in Catamarca, I comprehended that better than anyone, and I seemed my logic that the change was justified, even that it was predictably, each time that the letter of Belicena Villca covered his expectative postponed for many years. Because it was clear, because the same had confessed, that his instructions for the post-war, «*instructions of the Gods*», obeyed him to remain in the same place, and that my arrival carrying the letter, and the alleged and imminent Druids' attack, constituted proofs that such waiting had almost ended.

–In reality, neffe –was the first that Uncle Kurt told me, confirming my presumptions–is not the letter what has affected me up to an extreme that you can't imagine, but the Mystery of Belicena Villca, what was hidden behind her real existence and that now unveils in front of us. From the letter, neffe, of its content, it is possible to assume merely intellectual participation; but of the Mystery that the letter and Death of Belicena set forth, and the Mystery of House Tharsis is not possible to stay excluded without remaining out from the Gods Strategy.

The Mystery has reached to us –here Uncle Kurt, decidedly, was included in my adventure– and we can't either we must try to elude it. Now, that the Kairos permits, it is necessary to reach to the end, till the Tyrodal Order, till Nimrod de Rosario, till Noyo of Tharsis and the Wise Sword, till the Final Battle.

I assented with a gesture, still surprised by the firm and solidary attitude of my Uncle. He continued, surprising me one more time.

–Look Arthur, I've thought in these days more than you can suppose, evaluating the occurred events and calculating each step that must be realized in the future. Through this global-strategic analysis, that soon you'll have the opportunity to know in what consists as I narrated the story of my life, I've drawn some conclusions that would be good to have inconsideration. Above all, and just as I supposed since a beginning, I've checked that you're not prepared in anything to face such mission. –I wanted to protest, but Uncle Kurt lifted his hand in unappealable from, and I decided to permit him to complete his exposition–. Attend well, neffe: I didn't say that you *cannot* carry it out but that you are not prepared *yet* to undertake the mission. But you'll be very soon if you comprehend my arguments and follow my instructions letter by letter.

–Therefore, the first that you must understand is that a mission like this is never initiated without previous detachment. I comprehend it, and you don't need to explain it to me. Such detachment is a state of spiritual consciousness that you experienced since the moment you threw yourself into this adventure: right now, you feel disconnected from the world, free from the material chains. But, I must tell you with realism, that such attitude is completely subjective, ingenious, and obstructive to achieve the spiritual objective; an attitude that doesn't consider the enemies that would try to prevent the fulfilment of the mission, enemies gifted with terrible powers absolute mobility. An attitude, at last, strategically suicidal. Because, is really «disconnected from the world»

who disposes to «fulfil a spiritual mission» taking advantage of «the period of vacations»; who depends «of the money» to travel, that is limited and that in some moment can be out of money. The one who underestimate the enemy and leaves behind him, put of himself, «weak points» that can be easily attacked and destroyed, it means, who travels without renouncing previously to Love «the things of the world», whatever it could be, family, properties, friends, habitual context were the daily routine is developed, etc., all possible «targets» of the enemy's attacks? No neffe; who compromises himself in such way is pure and simple, a good man, but never a good warrior: he will never reach to comply with his mission; the Enemy will stop him hitting in his back, threatening or destroying «from outside» what he loves, that to what he is really connected, tied or attached, even if he doesn't admit or recognize it.

I understood his point of view immediately, and I gave him reason in the act: in reality, I still remained attached to many things, and my journey could not have been more improvised. Nevertheless, it was a little time from which I disposed to decide my Destiny.

Rather, Destiny decided for me, without giving me time to change, wake up, and «prepare» myself as Uncle Kurt pretended. All happened so fast! What should I do now? Is what I'd ask my Uncle:

–What else could I do in these circumstances, considering how the events occurred? –I interrogated more for myself than for Uncle Kurt, trying to justify myself–. It is true, I still have my job, but is that I didn't think that could not return. And about the money: I am not rich, and you know it, and I don't know really how I'll do to obtain what I need if this adventure extends too much. On the other hand, the affective love for my familiars and friends, I guess that I won't know until what point I dominate but when I'll submit to a test: with the heart one ever knows, Uncle Kurt! Yes, the reproaches are fair, but you must be the one who guide me in this moment, because, on the contrary, I'll have no other choice to continue in the same «ingenuous» manner as I began.

Uncle Kurt was contemplating me pitifully, without doubts admired to see the irresponsibility with which I was taking the things. According to him, Druids were ferocious enemies to whom we must fear not but neither underestimate. I didn't fear them, and that was good; but it seemed evident that I underestimated the enemy, that I didn't warn that I could be destroyed in any moment, that I was defying a powerful adversary «without being prepared for it». I ignore if my attitude reached such grade of senselessness, but Uncle Kurt believed thus, despairing him. Hence, he started to consider me an inexperienced soldier, a soldier in his particular army's instruction. Instead of suggesting and discussing what had to be done, he started to order the measures that in his opinion would have to be taken without dilation.

–You'll send immediately a set of telegrams cancelling all your compromises. Renounce to your job, your studies, the clubs, libraries or any other organism where you are linked in.

Say goodbye to whom you have to communicating him that you depart to a long journey:

If you discourage their expectations from seeing you, they will forget you soon. If you have any type of property name an attorney, someone that you don't know and viceverse, a Law firm for example, and order its liquidation. Proceed in the same manner with all what connects you with your old life: cut off all the ties, erase all the traces, supreme all the clues. It is not enough that you have died for yourself; you must die for the World as well!

The money will not be a problem for now: I'll provide you with the enough to carry out this mission. I've passed more than thirty years collecting money and the day to use it has come. It is as yours as mine, neffe. (Do you know that I testate in your name?). Of course, my money resolves the problems by the moment, but it is not the definitive solution: I'll try, in the future, to teach you the operative tactics so that you can always obtain money or whatever you need.

It's about techniques, methods for self-sufficiency, techniques that every Hyperborean Initiate must know how to apply.

Naturally, I did all that he had ordered me. I went carrying it out while my convalesce endured, during the days in which Uncle Kurt narrated me his extraordinary story. Finally, on the day in which we had to leave, nothing remained intact in Salta, of my previous life. All that I had done in years of hard work, now was destroyed: sooner or later, Dr Arthur Siegnagel would-be just a remembrance; and then not even that would exist, the possibility that exited to my Uncle.

I didn't want to think in the impression that such measures would cause to Dad and Mom, Katalina, because my «heart would loosen» and I feared that Uncle Kurt could notice it:

In front of him, I wanted to seem stronger than I was; I wanted to calm him about my equilibrium and courage. I wanted to be at his height, to the level of his exigencies, because, almost without advertising it, I had begun to admire Uncle Kurt, to value his great aptitudes, to appreciate and comprehend him.

Chapter VI

On the next day of the one in which he ended to read the letter, at the 21:30 hrs. Uncle Kurt settled down in a comfortable hammock chair, next to my bed, and after remaining pensive some minutes, he began to tell me his life.

–Just as it happens to you now, a lot of «strange» coincidences influenced in a determinant manner in the first days of my life. To appreciate this asseveration with major perspective, I must start the narration many years before my birth, in the precise moment in which my father, the Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann came to this world, in the year 1894, in the city of Cairo, Egypt. In this same year, in Alexandria, at 130 km. from Cairo, borns also, someone who would be most important than any other person in my life. I am talking

about Rudolf Hess, whose birth occurred on April 26 of 1894.

Even for the distances between both cities, my father and Rudoph Hess soon met each other, because the parents of Hess sent him to study in the *French School* of Cairo –the school in which Dad concurred– since the six to the twelve years. Partners of childhood, united by a friendship that was consolidated with the pass of the years.

When the primary studies –just as many accommodated Germans did with their children– both were interned in the *Evangelische of Godesberg-Am-Rheim*, a city which was at ten km. from Bonn.

When they were sixteen years old, that's to say in 1910; they separated to follow different careers. Dad had enrolled in the *Polytechnic Institute* of Berlin in the career of Industrial Engineering. Rudolf Hess travels to Switzerland, to the *Ecole Superieure duCommerce* in Neuchatel, by imposition of his father, a rich exporter from Alexandria, who desired to initiate the young man in the world of the commerce. The intention of Rudolf was, as far as possible, study the Doctorate in mathematics.

The War of 1914 ruined all his plans. My family claimed Dad to Cairo, where he returned when the conflict breaks forth and stays there definitively because as he took charge of the Engenho could not conclude his studies anymore.

Rudolf Hess, who just remained one year in Switzerland, was now in Hamburg perfecting himself in External Commerce. He didn't hesitate to enlist in the First Regiment of Infantry of Bavaria. He was wounded two times, in 1916 and 1917, receiving the Iron Cross for acts of heroism. In 1918 he enrolled in the recently formed Imperial Body of the Air, being instituted as qualified pilot, but without intervening in air combats because in 1918 the armistice is signed, and he was demobilized.

He returned to Egypt's carrier of double sadness: Germany defeat was ripped to pieces by the Treaty of Versailles, and his parents have died during the War. The familiar business was attended by his brothers, the older Alfred, an accountant, and a married sister.

He doesn't want to take care of the commerce and thus makes it known he thought to go back to Germany to study, not mathematics anymore, but History of Philosophy. And dedicate the time that he passes in Egypt to search for answers to such great misfortune. Answers that only the Initiates in the great Islamic or Gnostic sects can give in Alexandria and Egypt are fertile seedbeds.

But I'll leave the narration of the Esoteric Current for another day, in which Rudolf Hess was going to ingress in those days of 1919, in Egypt, that would take him beside Adolf Hitler in 1920 and to England in 1941. I'll continue with the chronological development of the main facts that interest History and then, we'll analyze these things.

It seems that Uncle Kurt was, a precise narrator, who knew what he wanted to say, and he didn't move away from it. I realized that many days would pass until he could complete his memories, and this perspective rejoiced me.

–In February 1919 –Uncle Kurt continued imperturbable– Rudoph Hess– Rudolf Hess travelled to Cairo to visit Dad and another friend, Omar Nautais.

They met each other for the first time after six years, with the consequent mutual happiness and my mother, who also knew Rudolf from childhood.

Dad had married in 1917, and in 17/11/1918 I was born so on that date, February of1919, I counted with three months of life. As they didn't baptize me yet, Dad asked Rudolf to be my godfather, to what he acceded willingly because he loved my parents too much and wanted to give them a show of affection.

The ceremony was realized in the Lutheran Church of Cairo, a fresh morning of February 1919, the day 17 to be exact.

Here you have neffe the first coincidence –Said my Uncle with reflexive tone– because that young war hero of 25 years that was taking me in his arms, would be fifteen years later, Minister of the German State and the right-hand of Chancellor Adolf Hitler, his *Stellvertreter*.[3]

In Egypt, as in all the foreign countries, the German community organized the *Hitlerjugend,* for the training of his children, Hitler's youths, with the supervision of the German Embassy's military aggregations. Inside this movement, figured a «junior» group called *Jungvolk*[4] for children from 10 to 15 years old, which I entered at my ten years old when I was still on the primary studies in the German School of Cairo.

I graduated in July of 1933; we left from Alexandria on a merchant ship that was going directly to Venice with few calls at the port; thence, we would continue to Berlin by train. In those days, Rudolf Hess was a very important character in the Third Reich and incredibly popular amongst members of the German community of Egypt who felt rewarded with one of theirs's triumph. Rudolf worked hard all those years to contribute to the Führer's victory, except for some journeys every one or two years; he had abandoned his first Egyptian homeland completely. Nevertheless, he never forgot his friends, who were neither a lot nor his godson Kurt von Sübermann.

I variably we received a Christmas card every year, and when we needed a drum in the Jungvolk, I remember that Dad urged me to write a letter to my prestigious godfather, who not only responded to me kindly but with a letter which stimulated me to study and persevere in the Hitlerjugend, but he also occupied of my infantile request.

One day we received a citation of the German Embassy to retire a dispatch, which remit had to be signed by the *Faehnleinsführer* Kurt von Sübermann, that's to say by me. Was the official drum of the Hitlerjugend painted with black and white flames a *Rune* ϟ (S) from the ancient German alphabet futhark, with the form of ray. The Hitlerjungend utilized the Rune ϟ but the *Schutzstaffel*[5] was authorized to employ two (ϟϟ). There was also a letter of the *Reichjugenführer*[6] Baldur von Schirach in which he confirmed that as a request of the *Führer's* Private Secretary, Rudolf Hess, sent a drum for the distant Comrades of the Jungvolk of Egypt. It followed a large list of concepts and ended recom-

[3] *Stellvertreter*: Deputy
[4] *Jungvolk:* Young people
[5] *Schutzstaffel:* Protection Squad
[6] *Reichjugenführer:* Reich Youth Leader

mending the employment of *Hitler's Youths Hymn:*

> Vorwärts! Vorwärts!
> Schettern die Hellen Fanfaren,
> Vorwärts! Vorwärts!
> Jugen Kennt Keine Gefahre.
>
> (Forward! Forward!
> Blare the bright fanfares
> Forward! Forward!
> The youth knows no danger).

Was the firm of Baldur von Schirach and three words: *Heil und Sieg.*

That drum and letter gave me an unjustified fame amongst Cairo's German children, while they stimulated my vocation to continue in the line of the Hitlerjugend.

In 1933 reached news to Egypt that the Führer, at the celebration of his birthday 44, would open the schools NAPOLA which were dissolved by the allies in 1920.[7]

Would be the formation schools for the future German Elite and there the frameworks of the Hitler's Youth would be trained. Thinking about the difficulty to ingress on it being German-Egyptian, Dad, who possessed the bitter experience to be not considered «Real German» during his studies in Bad-Godesberg, considered the possibility to appeal to Rudolf Hess to facilitate his admission.

Before leaving, he sent him a letter requesting him an interview and informing him about the approximate date of our arrival to Europe.

The stage ports and cities that we touched were fantastic sites for a proud Faehleinsführer of fifteen years old who struggled between the joy to know and the anxiety to get there. Arrive, yes, because the wonderful was the final destination of the magical journey: Germany.

–You look at me with incredulity neffe –Uncle Kurt apologized– and I comprehend you; is it difficult to understand what we felt in those days the young Germans, even the foreigners as me. Egypt was Loved homeland, the land where I was born and where I grew.

But Germany was another thing.

The Land of Siegfried and the Führer; the River Rhin and the Lorelay; of the Walkyries and the Nibelungs. It was a «Spirit's Homeland», where the myth was nourished, our majors' legend and tradition.

An eternal and further homeland that suddenly would turn real thanks to that fabulous journey. We had been educated in a mystic which formulation was: «Blood and Ground»; we worked consequently.

[7] Kadete Manstelten

At the ends of July, full European summer, we arrived at Venice, the final point of our sea voyage, whence we would take a combination of trains towards Berlin. We were just to descend from the Ship when the Captain announced to us that we should pass through the offices, that the company possesses in the port, to retire a message.

With the heart oppressed thinking in Egypt's bad news, we arrived there to find a letter with the official head of the Third Reich instead. On it, Rudolf Hess warned us that he'd be absent from Berlin till the second week of August but that, if we desired to visit him immediately, we could go to the Upper Bavaria. Reason of this was that the Führer had decided to rest some days in his Ranch «*Haus Wachenfeld*», over the *Obersalzberg*, in *Berchtesgaden* and part of his cabinet that accompanied him staying in nearby inns. Rudolf Hess and his wife IIse would be delighted to receive us if we decided to go there.[8]

Dad could not hide his satisfaction because this situation was also beneficial for our plans. On the one hand, we saw ourselves to travel hundreds of kilometers, due to from Venice to berchtesgaden are just two hundred kilometers while to Berlin more than a thousand. On the other hand, we had the possibility of interviewing Rudolf, out of every official protocol, without suffering secretaries or assistants' interference and disposing from time to talk and remember Good years.

The legendary Venice's view, the pass-through Austria and the arrival to the Bavarian Alps, were the ingress threshold to a new and wonderful world.

From the moment in which I stepped Bavarian ground, I noticed that the air was as electrify, as if a hidden motor was sending powerful vibrations through the ether. Was something so evident in those days –or years– that anyone moderately predisposed, could perceive it.

These vibrations, which were not capted with a physical organ, gave the receptive spirit a message: Germany awake![9] But this translation in two words is rough; it seems an elemental patriotic proclamation, does not transmit exactly what such mysterious force evoked in our Spirit. I'll try to explain it. Germany awake! It said and who heard it not thought in geographical Germany, not even in the Third Reich, but it was clearly felt in another world, without frontiers, in a Germany without Time nor Space, whose *unique limits* were justly the ones fixed by this same vibration.

Germany would only conclude where the unifying vibration be not perceived anymore, now everyone knew, Germany was also that inaudible sound called *volkschwingen.*[10]

Germany awake! Said the transcendental message and Germany, like the phoenix bird, was rising from the ashes of its past defeats; it would become in

[8] In *Reichcoldsgrun, Bavaria*, was the "German" house of the Hess family, built by Rudolph's father. However, the *Stellvertreter's* vacation was usually spent in *Berchesgaden,* near the Führer's residence.

[9] Deutschland erwacht

[10] *Volkschwingen*: "spirit of the people"

the epicenter of a new *weltanschauung*[11], in which the infamies of the Jewish world conspiracy and the subversion Marxist-Lenilist would have no place.

The dun revolution would bring a New Order that would only admit its leading Elitethe hierarchy of the Spirit; would be superior those who were really thus by themselves, regardless of any other condition. This perspective stimulated the healthy competition, insufflated new hopes, and encouraged everyone to share the «German Awakening» adventure. And nobody should doubt because the New Order was guaranteed, assured on its purity by the figure of the *Führer*[12].

Yes, finally Germany had its Führer. He was the New Order's real architect, the Leader who would guide the German People to Victory.

It was the year 1933, Germany was awakening, Adolf Hitler was the Führer.

Chapter VII

I was fifteen years old, the Soul charged with illusions and the clear perception of the *Volkschwingen* when we arrived at the inn of Rudolf Hess in Berchtesgaden by my Dad's hand. The new that the Führer was in Haus Wachenfeld had been propagated, and reporters and curious invaded the zone, and it was difficult for us to lodge in. Finally, we did it in the humble inn «Kinderland» some two kilometers from Rudolf Hess's house.

We passed the night there, and in the morning very early we left athletically through a snowy path which followed on its curves to the nearby hill. Dad, dressed as the Bavarian custom, was using the tight led cuff of the highlander pants inside of the thick wool socks that reached up the knees. Boots, shirt and jacket without neck completed the equipment. I was wearing a brand-new dark grey uniform of the Hitlerjugen, composed of short pants, jacket with pockets and sailor neck; belt buckle with the Rune, crossed leash over the chest and a small dagger attached to the belt with the inscription «*Blut und Ehre*»[13] engraved in the blade; necktie girded with ring, cord boots and gray socks.

The house where the Hess' family was staying, was an ancient construction of classic wood alpine style; small but comfortable. At calling to the door, we were attended by a somnolent officer the who was realizing the ϟϟ guard sleeping in the Livingroom, next to the house. He was called Edwin Papp and was ϟϟ *Obersturmführer*[14].

–Herr Hess is still sleeping –Said the ϟϟ officer– He will be glad to see you because he is awaiting you since many days ago. Take a sit in the living, please, while I prepare the coffee.

[11] *Weltanschauung*: "worldview", "philosophy"
[12] *Führer*: "leader" or "guide"
[13] *"Blut und Ehre"*: Blood and Honor
[14] ϟϟ *Obersturmführer:* ϟϟ Captain

Rudolf Hess appeared half an hour later, immaculately dressed in gym equipment: pants, windbreaker jacket and thick eyebrows, his black and bright eyes outstood clearly which seemed to attack the attention placed on him.

Scarcely smiling, he stopped for a moment to look at my Dad and then they were confused in a hug that released joyful exclamations on both and spontaneous laughs. I didn't see him since many years ago and, therefore, I had a very vague remembrance of him, but surprised me to discover a shyness that I could not even imagine in the powerful lieutenant of the Führer.

He turned back to me and observed me admired.

– *Dieser mein patenkind?*[15] –Said as for himself–. How fast passes time. He's a man now; a new man for a new Reich.

–Tell me, Kurt –This time was talking to me– Do you want to stay in Germany? Here you could study and serve the homeland.

–Yes, *taufpate*[16] Rudolf, –I replied gleeful– that's what I want. My greatest ambition is to ingress in School *NAPOLA.*

–That's really a great ambition –Said Rudolf Hess– We'll see what we can do.

In that moment came IIse Prohl of Hess to whom Dad didn't know but that after when the presentations had a place, seemed to be a lifelong friend. This was because IIse was a simple and energic woman, but the owner of great kindness. A former national socialist militant was distant from the politics since her marriage with Hess in 1927 and manifested, a little after being talking with us, the desire to have children that God seemed to deny. –Just five years later, would be born the unique son of Rudolf Hess, Wolf, but that is another story–.

We passed one week in Berchtesgaden during which Rudolf, IIse and Dad intimated on many occasions when they were not going to Haus Wachenfeld to see the Führer who, otherwise, was besieged by Goering and other members of the party.

When Dad and the Hess's interchanged remembrances and anecdotes were in those soirees, I used to interrogate the ϟϟ officer in custody charge for hours. According to my criterion in those days, it was not a worthier goal of a German young man's efforts than to belong to the body of Elite of the ϟϟ.

One day, of the first, that we passed in Berchtesgaden, Dad and Rudolf went away to talk in an exterior gallery, located over a slope and protected by a barrier that surrounded the house. Normally, I'd not give it importance, but something in the gestures, a tone of whispering in the conversation, warned about the possibility that they were talking of me.

I thought that they were referring to the ingress into the School *NAPOLA* and a growing anxiety gained me. Unable to resist the temptation –unforgivable felony would say my father– I did something despicable: I spied them.

Dissimulating to be standing against a window opened in the proximities of Dad and Rudolf Hess, I tried to hear their conversation, which was effectively being developed about my person. But not of the ingress into the School *NA-*

[15] *Dieser mein patenkind?*: Is this my godchild?
[16] *Taufpate:* Godfather

POLA, but about something that filled me with stupor.

–… Can you leave me Kurt then –was saying Rudolf– Have you talked to him about the Sign?

–I didn't believe it convenient –Dad replied–. Furthermore, I wouldn't know how to explain to him with enough profundity that Mystery. You know more than me about these things; you're the most indicated to speak with him.

Rudolf Hess moved his head affirmatively while in his face maintained sketched that shy smile so characteristic of his person.

–Let's wait some years; –Said Rudolf Hess– if Kurt does not ask before. Did he suspect something already? Has been the protagonist of some abnormal incident?

–No, Rudolf, except for Matter of the *Ophites*, that I've already told you in my letters, nothing stage occurred to him later, and he has even forgotten it, or at least, the remembrance doesn't affect him.

At this point in the conversation between Rudolf Hess and my father, little was what I understood, but when they mentioned the *Ophites*, an incredible episode of my childhood instantly came to my memory. When I was some ten or eleven years old, I was a victim of kidnapping! It was not a criminal kidnapping to obtain ransom payment, but a kidnapping perpetrated by fanatics of the Ophite Order that just lasted a few hours until the Police, thanks to the information that a professional fink gave, could thwart it.

Chapter VIII

The event occurred thus: my parents had travelled to Cairo –The familiar Engenho is some meters away from this city– with the purpose to go shopping.

While Mom was entertained in the English Store vast halls, I, avid of my Leaders, went down towards the street with much dissimulation. One moment later, I ran many blocks away from the Store attracted innocently through the rowdy «Black Market», a labyrinth in a neighborhood of miserable street stalls and secure refugee of beggars and small-time criminals.

On that day the human tide was dense by the lanes in which the distance between two stalls of sales left a narrow passage to the pedestrian transit. Pottery, fruits, carpets, animals, and all that can be imagined was sold there, and in front of each good, my curious eyes stopped. I had no fear because I didn't move away too much, and it would be easy to go back or that Mom could find me.

Following a lane, I found a wide cobbled town square, with fountain, in which infinity of streets and lanes disembogued that only the irregular form of those Neighbors of Cairo can justify. There were hundreds of salesmen, slackers, beggars and women with the face covered by the *Chador* who collected water in jugs made of clay.

I approached the fountain, trying to orientate me without noticing that a group of Arabs surrounded singing to a snake charmer. This spectacle is very common in Egypt so that would not have called my attention, but for the unusual fact that when they saw me, the Arabs went decreasing the chant's tone until the complete silence. In the beginning, I didn't warn about this due to the hypnotizer continued playing the flute while the green eyes of the cobra, hypnotized by the music, seemed to be looking just me. Suddenly, the flautist joined to the group of quiet Arabs and me, comprehending that something abnormal was happening, making prudent steps backwards one after another.

The spell was broken when one of them, doing a hideous yowl, screamed in Arab –The Sign! While they were signalizing me awkwardly. It was like a signal. All were screaming simultaneously, exalted and running towards me with exposed intention to capture me.

A terrible disturbance occurred because as a child, I was running within the crowd with major velocity. At the same time, my chasers were obstaculized by divers' hindrances, which they eliminated by the expeditious system to throw down whatever the crosses in their way. Fortunately, the throng was huge, and many witnesses of the episode could inform it then the Police.

The persecution did not last too much because the frenetic fanatism that animated those men multiplied their forces, while my energies were consummating rapidly.

Initially, I took a street eventful of merchants, escaping on inverse sense to the one employed to arrive at the town square. At few blocks, trying to elude the crowd of salesmen and customers, I entered an alley. This wasn't straight, but it continued narrowing more and more, until it turned into a path of one meter wide between the walls of two Neighborhoods that had advanced in different directions, without respecting the street.

As I was running, the alley seemed freer of obstacles and, therefore, my chasers gained terrain, until a stone on the uneven ground made me roll defeated. Straightaway I was surrounded by the exited Arabs who didn't delay an instant to wrap me with one of their caps and charge me imprisoned within powerful arms. The impression was huge and unpleasant and, even how much I screamed and cried, nothing seemed to affect my captors who were running now, faster than before.

A moment later we arrived at the destination. Even though I couldn't see, I understood the Arab perfectly and comprehended then that the fanatics were calling with loud voices someone to whom they denominated *Naassen Master.*

Finally, they liberated me from the bundle cap that was blinding me, depositing me over a smooth cushion of silk, of regular size. When I accustomed the sight to the place's penumbra, I realized that I was in a wide lounge, dimly illuminated with oil lamps. The floor, covered with rich carpets and cushions, counted with the presence of a dozen of kneeled men, with the brow on the floor, who once and again lifted their sight up to me and then, clasping the hands upon their heads, elevated their lost eyes to the sky claiming *Ophis! Ophis!*

Of course, all these frightened me because; even though I suffered no harm, my parents' remembrance, and the fact to be prisoner, produced me great grief. Seated on the cushion, surrounded by so many men, was impossible to think in an escape and this certainty drew out painful sobs. Suddenly, a kind voice sprouted from behind me, bringing momentary hope and comfort to my sufferings. I turned back and saw that an Old man of white beard, with a turban, was coming to me.

–Fear not son –Said in Arab the Old man to whom they called Naassen–. No one will hurt you here. You're an envoy of the Serpent God, *Ophis-Lucifer* to whom we serve. The Sign that you carry marked proves it for His Glory.

He indicated in an affectionate gesture to let him be taken in his arms, to «show me the image of God». I was really necessitating an affectionate treatment because those fanatics didn't stop to think that *I was a child*. I embraced the Old man and began to walk to the end of the hall –That resulted in a basement– Where a column was elevated in which pedestal shined a small sculpture of very polished stone. It had a cobra form elevated over itself with refulgent eyes, maybe due to the incrustation of more intense green stones. The image fascinated me, and I'd have touched it if the Old man does not move backwards in time.

–Have you liked the image of God, «little envoy»? –Said the Master.

–Yes –I replied without knowing why.

–You have the right to possess the jewel of the Order. –Continued the Master who was rummaging in a little bag of fine leather that he had hanging on his neck.

–Here it is! –Exclaimed the Naaseen Master– It is the consecrated image of the Serpent God. To obtain it, people pass through hard tests, sometimes for a lifetime. But you don't need to pass any test because you are a carrier of the sign.

With a sharp dagger that he extracted from the girdle, cut a green cord of a bundle that was hanging on the wall and, stringing the silver replica in a lasso, he put it in my neck. Then he looked me into the eyes, in such intense form that I couldn't have never forget. Neither his words, which he pronounced very strong voice, *ritually.* He got me caught with his left arm and was elevating me so I could be seen by everyone, while with the index finger of the right hand he signalized to the Serpent God and said this:

–Initiates of the Liberator Serpent! Followers of the Serpent of Uncreated Light!

Worshippers of the Revenger Serpent! *Behold the Keeper of the Origin's Sign! To the one that can comprehend with His Sign to the Serpent; To the one that can obtain the Highest Wisdom which is given to know to Earthen Man!* Inside of this Divine child, in the bosom of the eternal Spirit, the Origin's Symbol of our God and of all the Spirits prisoners in Matter. And that Origin's Symbol has been manifested in the Sign that we, and no one else, have been capable of seeing: Divine child; he can comprehend the Serpent from *inside out*! But we, thanks to him, his liberator Sign, *have comprehended it outside,* and now nothing will stop us!

–Yes, yes, we can leave! –Screamed in choir the unrestrained Ophite Initiates.

Time passed by, and all was getting calm in the shelter of the Ophite Order. The Arabs started some kind of preparative, and I, exited by the serpentine gift and tranquilized for Good treat of the Naassen Master, I didn't distrust when he gave me a glass of refreshing mint. A few minutes later, I fell prey to a deep doze, surely due to a narcotic thrown into Drink.

When I woke up, I was with my parents, in the British Sanatorium of Cairo, with a doctor, of white smock, who was vainly trying to convince them that I was just sleeping.

With the pass of the years, I went reconstructing the actions that took me to my liberation. It seems that the Police Leader moved quickly, fearing that the kidnapping of a member of the rich and influential family von Sübermann, would conclude with a purge in the Police Department who head –Would be the first to roll – was him. Through some confidents, beggars, slackers or simple witnesses, they found out without doubts that the authors of the kidnapping were the fanatic members of the millenary gnostic Order «Ophites», considered inoffensive and even very wise.

This disconcerted the policemen at the beginning, who not reached to glimpse the motive of kidnapping but, following some clues, reached the Naassen Master's house. The Arabs had behaved recklessly, in the euphoria to transport me there, penetrating altogether in the middle of screams and exclamations. A beggar, eyewitness of the strange procession, so eager to gain the reward that my family had offered, as to avoid the police batons, gave the information of the house where the kidnappers entered. The authorities surrounded this one, but, as nobody answered the calls, the police proceeded to force the door, finding a humble dwelling, absolutely empty of people. After a strict inspection, was discovered, dissimulated under a carpet, the trap door that guided, through a musty stair of stone, to the buried temple of the Serpent God.

A macabre spectacle surprised to the presents because, over a cushion made of silk, was lying my exanimate boy surrounded by corpses with convulsed expression that, as last gesture, directed their arms to me.

All the kidnappers had died with cobra's poison. The Naassen Master and the idol had disappeared.

The newcomers' impression was very bad because they thought that I was dead as well, but they warned of their mistake immediately. I was transported to the British Sanatorium with my parents.

I still conserved the silver serpent hanging on my neck, being this zealously saved by Dad, although sometimes, he used to show it to me when we remembered such adventure.

On that moment, while I was hearing Dad and Rudolf Hess talking about the Ophites, all these events were beating in my mind.

I had seated against the window, so I just could see them sideways talking, but the voice reached clear to my ears.

–This is the silver jewel –Dad said – with the image of *Ophis-Lucifer.* I preserved it with the original cord; take it, now you must keep it.

It was an extraordinary revelation, –I couldn't avoid turning back a little to see better–Because Dad never gave importance to the small idol and I, who not understood the meaning, neither. Even since many years ago that it had been erased from my mind.

And there resulted that Dad had simulated and rested importance to the issue, but in reality, he attributed certain unknown value to the silver idol! And the strangest was that head brought it hidden to Germany, offering it in custody to Rudolf Hess. This had no sense for me.

Moreover, they were talking about the Sign as the Arabs, what Sign? Years after the kidnapping, I still looking me at the mirror searching for the holy Sign that had taken those unfortunate to Death, and I never found anything abnormal. Neither suspected that Dad believed in the existence of such signal –Or stigma? –.

A torment of ideas was spinning disordered, while I was seen absently Rudolf Hess examination the silver serpent.

Suddenly, introducing the hand through the neckline of the windbreaker jacket, he extracted a cord that surrounded his neck. There was a silver serpent hanging on it, exactly equal to mine!

Rudolf Hess had joined them in his hand for the contemplation of my Dad and, after some minutes, he put his own and saved the other in the pocket. Instants later both were entering Warm Livingroom without mentioning the theme of their precedent conversation.

This reserved attitude convinced me about the inconvenience to talk in some manner of matter, because I'd reveal the censurable committed espionage. I didn't think it a lot: I'd quiet until they talked to me about it directly, but I promised myself to do the impossible to obtain information concerning the mysterious Sign.

It was the two o'clock in the morning, and Uncle Kurt stood up to leave to his room. I didn't reproach this attitude because he had been talking many hours, but the narration awakened inquiries and questions in my Spirit, turning me impatient and thoughtless.

–Uncle Kurt –I said – It's late, I know, and I also know that tomorrow we'll have to continue the conversation, but I really need you to answer two questions before you leave.

–Hahahaha –He laughed with his terrible horse laugh –You're just like Me at your age: you need to obtain answers to live. It's like a thirst. I comprehend you neffe, what do you want to know?

–Just two things –I said–. First: Is there any chance that such Sign that the Arabs saw on you, be the same that Belicena Villca saw on me?

–Undoubtedly neffe –He replied–. The sign means a lot of things, but it is also a *Sanguine Signum*[17], and both of us have the same blood. The blood is not a determinant factor for the Sign's apparition, but it is a «condition of quality»; if a sign appears in members of our family is *the same sign.*

[17] *Sanguine Signum:* Blood Mark

I ignored till today that existed another von Sübermann alive with such mark. Dad, with whom I spoke about this, at last, told me that according to a familiar tradition, one of our ancestors «proved» to his contemporaneous employing some signals, «to be a chosen one from Heaven», in virtue of that King Albert II of Austria gave him the title of Baron in the XV century. Thenceforth such Age, the familiar annals were registered, being all the precedent obscure and unknown. In the subsequent centuries, the family was always dedicated to the sugar production, as Belicena Villca says in her letter, and stayed alert to the apparition of descendants with «especial aptitudes». Indeed, many members of the Lineage demonstrated to possess supernatural faculties, but no one achieved to resolve the familiar enigma. Only the last generations of Egyptian branches could approach the mystery's solution when they discovered a mark or sign of cyclic apparition amongst members of the family through the pass of time. But except for this new, obtained thanks to the contact realized with certain *ulemas,* wise men of Islam, little is what could be known with more precision.

For my desperation, Uncle Kurt continued approaching to the door, with the firm intention to leave.

–I'll make you the second questions –I said–. Could you know what the Sign is?

Uncle Kurt made an annoyance gesture.

–Do you think that an answer that I myself searched for many years can be summarized in two words? I guess that your answer points to the Origin's Symbol, which is the metaphysical cause of our Sign. If it is thus, I'll only tell you all that I could find out about it is less than what Belicena Villca exposes in her letter. I coincide completely with her, and according to what was revealed to me in the Black Order ϟϟ, the Origin's Symbol is attached to the Mystery of spiritual incarceration. The Origin's Symbol, neffe, *is analogous to a Charismatical Mark: who is included by such mark, conscious or not, «oriented "or not towards it, remains inevitable chained to Matter; who achieves instead to gird the mark, understand or transcend it, achieves to liberate himself from the incarceration, «is free in the Origin». And those who seek to maintain the Eternal Spirit chained under such mark, or Origin's Symbol, are the Masters of the Kâlachakra, the White Fraternity of Chang Shamballa. And those who try that the Spirit transcends the Origin's Symbol, perhaps understanding the Serpent, are the Initiates in the Hyperborean Wisdom, the Liberator Gods of Agartha.*

This is, in sum, what I know about the Origin's Symbol. Now well, if your question is in regard to the Sign as mark, I'll tell you that I know even less, because the Sign can be only *recognized* by who already *knows it.*

It is a basic neffe. To distinguish one thing from another, it must be recognized first; the same Principle fits for the Sign; it is only «seen» by those who have the Truth on his inner self, because only thus it is possible to recognize the external Truth. For that reason, you and I cannot see the Sign even if we carry it with us because it is still missing for us to reach the Truth.

I was hearing Uncle Kurt heartbroken because he had sheltered the secret hope that he would know what concerns to the Sign and that perhaps would

accede to entrust me its secret. Still, his negative answer was simple and logic: the revelation of the Sign had internally.

My countenance reflected the dejection, and this made Uncle Kurt laugh again.

–Don't worry neffe, it is not so important for us to see the Sign but that it be recognized by those who must help us. And this always occurs as your own experience proves it.

But there's something that might compensate for the curiosity that you feel. In the years that I was in Asia, I obtained precise information about our Sign: its corporal location.

–Where is it? –I asked without dissimulating the impatience.

–In a very curious place neffe –He replied with evident exhilaration– In the ears.

He watched the clock and without waiting for an answer said –See you tomorrow in the morning neffe Arthur– And he left.

In the first moment, I thought that Uncle Kurt was making fun of me, but then I went to the bathroom, to the mirror, to see my ears. There was nothing abnormal on them, small, without lobe, attached to the head. Otherwise, were equals to the ones of Uncle Kurt.

Definitively I was not capable to «see» the famous Sign, and I went to sleep.

Chapter IX

The next morning, I woke up with the present remembrance of the last concepts exposed by Uncle Kurt the previous night, that was clarifying slow but effectively the Mystery in which I was immersed. For now, it was already sure that my Uncle shared the same occult philosophy of Belicena Villca, the «Hyperborean Wisdom», and that the same was revealed to him during his career as officer of the Waffen ϟϟ. This was more than I could dream about when I came to Santa Maria!

And there was also a matter of the Sign: not only Uncle Kurt knew the existence of the Sign, but he confirmed to me that he as I were a carrier of the same! There were no doubts then that, just as the Ophites, Belicena Villca had perceived it, in my ears or wherever was located, and that had made her decide to write her incredible letter. And as in the Ophites' case as in the one of Belicena Villca, Death had intervened relentlessly, as if she would have been an unavoidable actor of in the drama of the ones signalized by the Sign!

–Good morning Sir, I come to clean your head. –Said the old Juana, circumstantially nurse–. I've bought what you asked for. Look, sir…

She was lifting a razor of refulgent sharp edge, a utensil that had requested intending to shave my head, already shaved in part by Dr Palacios around the wound.

Once finished the cure, which consisted of cleaning the cicatrix and dye it with a red tincture of iodine, the old Juana was dedicated to shaving my head, a concession made at checking the impossibility to do it by myself, with just one hand.

Half an hour later, exhibiting the skull shaved perfectly as Indochina's bonze, I was eating the nourishing breakfast that the old woman served me.

–At this rate, you'll be fine soon, sir –Said the old woman, delighted by how I devoured the victuals.

–Yes, but with many kills more –I replied without stop eating.

At nine o'clock, Uncle Kurt went up to my room.

–How are you neffe? Are you ready to hear another part of the story?

–Yes, Uncle Kurt –I replied– I am anxious, really anxious to hear what you've to tell.

He settled down in the hammock chair and began to talk.

–When the first week of August of 1933 ended, we left towards Berlin by train. Instead, Rudolf Hess and IIse would go to Munich by car and thenceforth would arrive to Berlin in a plane, with the Führer, Goering and many personalities of the Third Reich, who ended their vacations.

In Berlin we logged in to the hotel *Kaiserhof,* ancient general headquarter of the *N.S.D.A.P.*[18], and we awaited, according to what was agreed in Berchtesgaden, news of Rudolf Hess. These arrived in middles of August in the form of citation to meet with Rudolf Hess in the Ministry of Education and Science. We had to be prepared at 7 hrs. of the next day in the hotel, because we would be picked up by an official vehicle.

At the 7 o'clock arrived the ϟϟ officer Papp, to whom we knew for being the guard of Rudolf Hess in Berchtesgaden, in a car with the S.A uniformed driver.

–Herr Hess is waiting for you in the Ministry of Education and Science. I have left him there before coming for you. –Said the ϟϟ.

We arrived in some minutes, and we were guided by the ϟϟ to a door which was read «*NAPOLA* National Direction». We entered.

In a wide precinct, soberly fournished, we found Rudolf Hess with the uniform of the S.A., a man of severe aspect and a secretary who was typing a typewriter. All stood up when we arrived.

–Professor Joachim Haupt, I present you the Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann Said Rudolf Hess.

–Baron von Sübermann, you are in front of Joachim Haupt, National Director of *NAPOLA*–Rudolf Hess completed the presentation.

While they were shaking their hands, Rudolf took the floor.

–I've been discussing the ingress of Kurt with Herr Professor and, even for the lack of vacancies, we have reached to an agreement. He will be incorporated into the first *NAPOLA* in *Lissa* to integrate the «Selective Body of Oriental Estudies».

[18] ***N.S.D.A.P.:*** Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei i.e. National Socialist German Workers' Party.

My destiny was apparently resolved. Professor Haupt was observing me carefully; he finally spoke.

–Young Kurt von Sübermann, I have understood that dominate many languages. Can you tell me what are them? –He asked.

–Yes Herr Professor. Apart from my natal languages Arab, English and German, I speak French and Greek –I replied shyly.

–Five languages are more than enough to ingress to *NAPOLA* of Lissa –Said Professor Haupt– but we are interested in your dominion of the Arab.

Are you disposed to study other the Middle East or Asia languages, let's say, for example, Turkish or Russian?

–Yes. I'd like to learn other languages. I am disposed to study whatever suits to serve the homeland, –I replied a little perplexed because I would have never thought that in *NAPOLA* I'd receive so specific training.

–So there's nothing else to talk about, –Said Professor Haupt–. I'll make give you an incorporation order. The next Monday you must present yourself in Lissa.

–We've agreed with Herr that this would be the better career for his son. Normally in the School *NAPOLA* is dictated the study plan of secondary official teachings with specialization in letters, natural sciences, modern languages, etc. However, by a reserved decree of the Führer, we have just created an especial division Asiatic studies. This division will be called «Selective Body of Oriental Studies», and there the future *Ostenführer*[19] will be formed who, later, will serve in especial missions in Asia. The *Reichsführer*[20], Himmler has presented a project about the study plans, and one of the requirements to comply is the dominion of Asiatic languages. We've Professors of Tibetan and Mongol dialects and Sanskrit. The young Kurt can be a good assistant for the Professor in Arab, which is an advantage for all.

Will be three intensive years in *NAPOLA* that will be completed later, if our plans are realized, with a posterior training in the ϟϟ. This is confidential information that I reveal to you by the only fact that Herr Hess endorses his decision.

I understand that being you in Egypt could never take care of appropriately for your son's welfare. Have you thought to whom you will delegate the responsibility of the Tutorship? – Asked Professor Haupt.

Dad and Rudolf Hess looked at each other and, thereupon, he moved the head in silent acceptation.

–I'll take care of young Kurt –Said Rudolf Hess–. Dispose of the necessary documents for this formality.

–So, it is all solved –Said Professor Haupt– Are you agree on Baron von Sübermann?

–I absolutely agree. I could never find another best Tutor for my son, neither exist in Germany, anyone in whom I trust more than in Rudolf –Said Dad, who was still moved by the gesture of Rudolf Hess.

Moments later an efficient secretary was preparing a personal file in my

[19] *Ostenführer:* Literally "Leader of the East".
[20] *Reichsführer:* "Reich Leader" - ϟϟ Highest Grade.

name, storing the sworn declarations of Rudolf Hess and my father and gave me a closed packet that I had to deliver in Lissa at presenting myself there the next Monday.

–Heil Hitler! –Said Professor Joachim Haupt and Rudolf Hess with one voice, when they bade farewell each other interchanging the ancient Roman salute, raising the right arm and collide the heels. In the stairs of stone of the Ministry of Education and Science occurred another farewell, but this time more painful because Dad and Rudolf Hess greatly appreciated each other. The multiple occupations of Rudolf Hess made it difficult to fulfil the interview, so they decided to bid farewell right there.

–See you soon estimated Reinaldo –Said Rudolf to Dad, helpless by his habitual shyness to be more expressive. –I'll miss you. You are one of the few real friends that I have, and it is always a joy to be with you. Don't worry about Kurt; I'll take care of him; as his tutor, I'll be warned immediately about any novelty that could appear.

–And you Kurt –Said Rudolf Hess referring to me –Do not stop talking to me about the necessities or problems you could have. Take this card; –He gave me a rectangle of paperboard with the eagle of the Third Reich in relief –You can call the telephone that appears there and request my presence or transmit your demand to the ϟϟ *Obersturmführer* Papp, to whom you already know.

He descended an echelon, as was his custom to take distance to see the interlocutors, and he saw as with sad eyes, while in his mouth a barely shy smile.–See you soon family von Sübermann, Heil Hitler! –He said and, after a hug with Dad, we left in opposite directions.

We employ the rest of the week to acquire clothing and diverse elements that I'd need for my internation in *NAPOLA* of Lissa. The next Monday, after effectuating the correspondent presentation to a secretary with brown shirt uniform of the S.A., I said goodbye to my father to begin a new life.

Chapter X

I remained three years in *Lissa* perfecting myself in the «Selective Body», during which I just saw my family on the occasions in which I could travel to Egypt; this is, once a year in the summer vacations. I decided to bother Rudolf Hess as little as possible, but the few times that I called the telephone number that he gave me, I didn't achieve to talk to him directly but through the ϟϟ officer Papp.

Anyway, I never was disregarded in my few requests, which the aforementioned officer acceded kindly. But Rudolf Hess was my tutor and, the responsibility to sign the sheets of qualifications and other bureaucratic formalities, as corresponds to every father. I never knew this was not fulfilled, so I supposed that Rudolf Hess had foreseen an automatic mechanism, whereby he

would be informed about the development of my studies. Finally, I verified that this theory was correct.

For some Christmas and especial celebrations that the family Hess passed in the intimacy, I was invited to be with them, what produced me great joy, because they constituted my only family in Germany.

During those three years, apart from the normal secondary instruction, I learn religions, languages, and mores of Asia, and I received intense training in expeditionary and exploration practices. Mountaineering, equitation, and survival techniques were parting us from the conventional sport practices that the other student bodies of *NAPOLA* realized.

Was «*vox populi*» amongst the students of the «Selective Group of Oriental Studies", that we were being trained for future missions in Asia, but nobody knew to give news about the character that they would have.

In 1936, the third year of studies in a career that lasted four, I was elected to receive an aerial instruction and be transferred to the *Flieger H. J. (Flieger Hitlerjunge)* division of the Hitler's Youths especialized in the glider flight. Nevertheless –We were twenty in the same conditions– we were instructed in the *Messerschmitt* aircraft handling and improved our deficient practice with offensive weapons.

In that period, we also received a little grade about «The Grail and the destiny of Germany» dictated by ϟϟ Colonel Otto Rahn, prestigious erudite in History of the Middle Ages and author in 1931 of the book «Crusade against the Grail».

Finally came, the graduation from *NAPOLA* in 1937 and the subsequent possibility to direct a successful professional career.

The graduated' options were from making a career in the army or party to the incorporation in the administration, the industry, or the academical life. Who followed careers that were no military, ended the University and realized a doctorate in Philosophy and Letters, in Laws, or in Mathematics and Exact Science.

A great part of the graduates aspired to be incorporated into the *Waffen* ϟϟ for it they had to submit to rigorous tests to ingress. But for the Selective Body, this ingress was automatic, because very huge had been the effort that the homeland had deposited in our training. And also, we were just ninety graduated who aspired to the grade of *Ostenführer* of the ϟϟ.

It could be thought that a great joy impounded everyone, and that was true in regard to my eighty-nine mates. Instead, I felt my happiness besmirched by a strange success that deserves to be mentioned in this narration, for the posterior implications that it had.

At the end of the studies the first promotion of the Selective Body, –From which I formed part of– one of our Professors, Ernst Schaeffer, threw himself to the task to select a small group for a «special operation». The rumor that such operation was, in reality, an important mission in Asia started to circulate, whereby a subsequent state of general excitation was produced. No one not yearned to participate in the ultra-confidential mission that, it was said, had been commended by the own Reichsführer Himmler in person.

Professor Ernst Schaeffer dictated chairs of oriental religions, especially Buddhism, Vedism, and Brahmanism with singular erudition, but was not officer of the ϟϟ but of the *Abwer*, the Secret Service of Admiral Canaris. For this reason, the conjectures indicated that the mission in Asia would be an operation of espionage, perhaps in India or Russia.

Our small group of pilots of the Flieger –H.J. had not been included in the selection by some reason that we ignored and, even though the rigid internal discipline demanded absolute obedience and subordination, I didn't think to be breaking any norm if I offered myself as a volunteer. I didn't know the destination of the mysterious mission, but the enthusiasm to be admitted made me think that the knowledge of ten oriental languages would-be a good argument to fulfil my objectives.

According to this conviction, I went one day to meet with Ernst Schaeffer. He was in the classroom with six Comrades of the Selective Body, giving them some type of instruction. Just one sight to the blackboard, where sheets with human bodies covered with lotus flowers were hanging, was enough for me to know that he was giving explanations about the ancient physiological concepts of the *Tantra Yoga.*

The disgusting face that he did when I went was as a presage that I had did something wrong supposing that the Professor could include me in his plans. Nevertheless, the bag presages that I had; I decided to play my card.

–Heil Hitler –I said by all greetings.

–What do you want von Sübermann? –He said, ignoring the politic salute.

–Excuse me Herr Professor. I have known that you select personal for an important mission in Asia and, even though I don't know much about it, I want you to consider the possibility to include me. That's to say; I offer me voluntarily.

–Are you von Sübermann? –He was looking at me sharpening the gaze, with a cynical expression–. And why do you want to go to Asia von Sübermann?

–I think that you have misunderstood me Herr Professor. I want to be useful to the homeland, and that is a form to demonstrate it. Perhaps my knowledge about the mores and languages of the Middle East could serve in your mission. Or my pilot license. Or the languages of Middle East. I have the will to serve, and for this reason, I offer myself –I said with conviction.

In a first instance, the gesture, sardonic in the countenance of the Professor, was turning aggressive and in his eyes shone through a glare of ire. I was a little uncontrolled too, and I was already feeling the blood boiling in my veins. Finally, in that 1937, I was 19 years old and the proud Professor, not more than 25 or 26, that's to say, ages in which is convenient to measure the words and gestures…

–Karl von Sübermann –Said with violence– I must give thanks for your goodwill, but you are the last person that I'd take to Asia, did you understand?

–No, Herr Professor –I replied because I really not understood the motive by which Professor Schaeffer hated me up the extreme that he couldn't dissimulate it.

–Don't you understand von Sübermann? –He started to scream in uncontrollable form–. Well, I'll tell you about all the letters. You are a sinister person, carrier of an *ignominius mark.* Its presence is an affront to God, who in his infinite compassion permits you to live amongst men. You should be rejected, separated from us or, better, exterminated as a rat, because you, von Sübermann, contaminates with sin all that surrounds you, you… –Ernst Schaeffer continued his insults, absolutely out of his head and me, that in a first moment had remained amazed at hearing the allusion to the Sign, was reacting rapidly.

Without thinking twice, I shot the right fist in the face of the Professor, hitting him full in the chin. The stroke was extraordinarily strong, because it sent him stumbling many meters away, over the classroom's desks. The six students, warned by the screams of Schaeffer, concurred to help him and, while four of them were helping him to get up, the other two were holding me to prevent to hit him again.

I was involved in fury because the aggression of the Professor had wounded me deeply. I was innocent; I didn't know anything about Signs or Marks; I was studying with my efforts to search the good of the homeland, which was undoubtedly a noble purpose.

I didn't understand the Professor's hate neither his desire to «exterminate me like a rat».

–He is mad without question –I though while the students chosen by Erns Schaeffer were dragging me to the door.

–Take him out! Out of my sight! –He was screaming out of his head–. He is a liar and a killer! He says that he doesn't understand, but he knows all deep in his heart because he is the tempter Lucifer's image! His purpose is to destroy our mission with his damn presence…!

Minutes later we're still reverberating in my ears, the absurd accusations of Ernst Schaeffer: killer, liar, ignominius mark, Lucifer… God, what is this?

–Are you ok, Kurt? –One of the «chosen ones» was shaking me by the shoulders, trying to make me react. I saw him, still blinded by the rage and the bewilderment that the attitude of the Professor had provoked me, and I had just met him. He was Oskar Feli, a good Comrade natal of *Vilna, Letonia.* We made friendship, in the first years of *NAPOLA*, when by our character of «foreigners» we were motive of mockery within our German Comrades.

–Kurt, take it easy –Said Oskar–. I must return to the classroom, but I've to talk with you. Be at the gym in a half hour later.

I looked him going away and I shook my head trying to clear my head of this nightmare.

I didn't know that Oskar formed part of the group elected by Ernst Schaeffer neither suspected about what he wanted to talk, but I'd wait for him because he was one of the few friends I had in Lissa. Nevertheless, that half-hour would be as long as a century, because my animic state impulsed me to go out immediately from there and return to Berlin, the Flieger H.J seat.

After cleaning my face with cold water and disposed to wait for Oskar, I took a sit in a solitary corner of the enormous gym. I was more tranquil when

my *kamerad* came.

–Hi Kurt –He said– I see that you are better.

–Yes, Oskar. It is over. I'm sorry for getting uncontrolled, but the insults of the Professor left me no choice. What did you want to say to me? –I asked coldly because I ignored his perspective about what happened.

–Listen to me well Kurt, –He said–. You're my friend, the only one whom I can trust. I've been chosen by Ernst Schaeffer probably by mistake, because nothing joins me to him or his group. Every day that passes, I realize more and more that there's something wrong in all these, but I live simulating, taken by the selfish desire to share the mission of Asia and obtain the professional benefice that it'll report to all its members. I'd like to talk with complete trust with you to give me your advice, but you must promise me that you'll not tell anyone what I'll tell you. Will you do it, Kurt? Can I trust you?

–Of course, you know it Oskar –I said relieved– Have the security that nobody will know about our conversation neither of its content.

–I accept your word, Kurt –He gave me his hand to seal the pact–. In this matter, there are many extraordinary points. The first is the place of the mission: the Tibet. Evidently, we were wrong when we supposed that it would be about espionage. In the Tibet there's nothing to spy; one goes for another thing. And this is not all. Neither is clear the criterion due to our group's selection because the better ones had not been chosen but the more obsequious with Professor Ernst Schaeffer. What do you say to all these Kurt?

–After the incident that I had today, I could not opine impartially about Professor Schaeffer, but I admit that there is something abnormal in all these –I said meditating about what Oskar entrusted me.

–If I had any doubt –He continued– this was dissipated a while ago when he discussed with you. He didn't reject you for a professional motive, but because something in you, something spiritual, could make fail the mission. And such a thing is extremely odious. I don't like anything of this insanity. Do you believe that I should renounce the group?

–I don't know to distinguish Good from the bad anymore –I said with sadness– but Isere a good reason for you to stay in the mission of the Tibet: you are the only sane person of that group and someone must tell the events as they were at the return of the journey!

Oskar smiled at my answer.

–I think that I will listen to you, Kurt –He said– But you will be the one informed about all whatever happens.

I felt pleased for the trust that Oskar put in me.

–Another thing Kurt –Continued–. I know that you will let pass what happened today and forget it soon because is your generous character, but this time I will give you my advice: talk with you Tutor and tell him everything that occurred today! Incredible things are said about the spiritual powers of Rudolf Hess; no one better than him to analyze the undescriptive attitude of Ernst Schaeffer. Promise me that you'll think it, at least.

–I'll think it, I will –I said surprised at the suggestion of Oskar–. I promise you, although I won't see the taufpate until the next month, for graduation.

We bade farewell to each other, and one hour later, I was getting on the train towards Berlin plunged immersed in profound musings.

Chapter XI

The ceremony of the end of classes was realized, along with other schools, in a great festival, with massive parades of Hitler's Youth, which culminated in the Stadium of Berlin.

There, the Third Reich's major staff, led by the Führer, established direct contact with the youth through speeches and proclamations.

Dad had come from Egypt specially to assist to the graduation, being invited by Rudolf Hess to concur to a party to be held in the Chancellery. This would be, in my opinion, the expected opportunity to clarify many enigmas.

At the 10 pm went up the marble stairs of the Chancellery. Dad, stylishly dressed in jacket, and I, with the uniform of the Hitlerjungend, not seemed out of place amongst the numerous concurrence that already filled the great Hall of the Eagle, forming different murmuring huddles of voices and laughs. We crossed the hall towards the enormous house of carved marble, searching for Rudolf Hess, while over our heads a spider of colossal dimensions was shedding torrents of light, smoothly cushioned by thousands of pieces of baccarat crystal. I had never seen so many distinguished people gathered. There were all the New Germany leaders, Dr Goebbels, Marshal Goering, the Reichsführer Himmler, Julius Streicher… And in a separated corner we distinguished a group formed by Rosenberg, Rudolf Hess, and Adolf Hitler. Dad, fearing to interrupt a reserved conversation, indicated me to await at some distance, while we were drinking a coup of champagne that solicitous waiters had given us.

After a while, Rudolf Hess turned to us and, after a word interchange with the Führer, he came smiling.

–How are you, Reinaldo? Kurt –He said–. Come here; I'll present you the Führer.

It was the first time that I saw Adolf Hitler at close range, infrequent honor for a foreign student, and even if I came prepared knowing that the Führer would be in the party, I never thought that we would be presented.

–Adolf: the Baron Reinaldo von Sübermann –Said Rudolf.

The Führer saluted Dad shaking his hand effusively but without pronouncing a word. – *Mein Patenkind Kurt von Sübermann* –Continued Rudolf–. Brand new graduated from *NAPOLA*, pilot and polyglot soldier, future *Ostenführer* of the *Waffen* ϟϟ. I couldn't avoid getting blush for the eulogistic presentation of the Taufpate Hess. The Führer stretched his hand while nailing me a cold gaze in the eyes. I felt that an electric vibration was running through my vertebral

column, at the time that a kind of stomach emptiness was tickling at the height of the umbilicus. It was a sensation of an instant, but of a terrible effect. Such gaze, and the contact with the hand of the Führer, had worked as an acid agent in a milk pail, decomposing and dissolving my animical state. It was an instant, I repeat, just an instant in which I felt examined inside.

Once recomposed, I observed with surprise that –something unusual on him– an enigmatic smile was painted in the Führer's countenance.

–From Egypt eh? –Said Hitler–. I love Egypt, wonderful land that fascinated Napoleon, and that has produced a priceless Comrade as Rudolf.

Rosenberg who to all these had been already presented was observing the scene with fun expression.–At seeing you young Kurt –Continued Hitler– I verify that is not casual the thing of Rudolf. Egypt is really a «Center of Spiritual Force»; the enigma of the Sphinx is still active.

You are the proof of it –He took Rudolf and Me, by the arm each one– that a Superior Order guides the destiny of Germany. Two German-Egyptian, who have breathed the gnostic outpour of Alexandria and Cairo, guided by the Unknown Superiors up here, to put your great spiritual capacity at the service of the National-Socialist Cause.

At seeing you –Continued saying the Führer– I comprehend how Sacred is the work that we have taken over our shoulders; the foundation of the Reich of the thousand years. Our cause is not only the best ideal for which could live or die a German, but also for mankind's freedom, the struggle to save the world from the dark forces; the final combat against the *elementarwesen*[21]…

Rosenberg and Dad were assenting with their heads to every affirmation of the Führer, who continued employing mystic concepts without allowing anyone to interrupt his monologue.

I distracted myself thinking in a strange power that I felt when I saluted the Führer. A powerful Force emanated from Hitler. I didn't know whether it was voluntarily or spontaneously. I wondered if he obtained that charm through some secret technique, of some occult knowledge that a few privileged can accede. –… then tell me young Kurt, who are definitively the enemies of Germany? Against whom are we fighting with? –Asked Hitler looking at me.

I reacted before the unexpected question, with the desperation to have been disregarded a part of the conversation. Three pairs of eyes; Rosenberg, Hess and Dad, were placed on me waiting for an answer. However, what I have reached to hear was enough for me, because the answer appeared by itself from the unconscious's deep.

–The Enemy is one, –I affirmed definitely– is *YHVH-Satan.*

I replied intuitively and in such firm manner that there were no possible rectifications. I looked at my Dad, who went instantly livid, and I saw the surprise painted on all the faces.

–Very good, young Kurt, very good, –Said Hitler with an expression of intense joy. You have given the best answer. You could have identified as

[21] *Elementarwesen:* Demonic elemental beings that attack heroes in the Edda saga.

our most terrible enemies to Judeo-freemasonry, Judeo-marxism, Zionism, etc., but these names just represent different Aspects of the same entity, different Faces of a same and ferocious Enemy: YHVH-Satan, the Demiurge of this World. Just an Initiate or an enlightened as you or Rudolf, could give such a precise answer. Is it not true, Alfred?

Rosenberg smiled pleased.

–I congratulate you young von Übermann –Said Alfred Rosenberg– you are a person of clear concepts.

Of course, I was completely astonished at what happened. In that meeting with such notable people, I discovered extempore that I possessed an «inner ear», a mysterious organ that permitted me to «hear» the formulated questions specifically. And that these answers were correct! I had never experienced something similar, and I only could attribute this sudden illumination to the presence of the Führer. He, with his strange magnetism, had «awakened» my «inner ear».

Adolf Hitler took the floor again.

–The people who are not involved in the *Occult Philosophy* of the National Socialism, usually commits coarse mistakes of appreciation at judging our affirmations, believing to see on them a stupid superficiality, when generally it is about synthetic ideas, *slogans,* extracted from profound systems of thought. For example, before the young Kurt's affirmation that the «Enemy is Jehovah Satan», which is a synthetic idea of deep philosophical content, many ignorant minds would feel tempted to suppose that such concept starts from a gross anti-Semitism. They would allege elemental arguments like these: –Jehovah is the God of Israel, a God of Race, one amongst hundreds of ethnic Gods; is then exaggerated to take him by the unique God o Demiurge (objection, this one is anti-Semitic). Or this other: –Jehovah is the God of Israel but, due to his monotheistic character, is the only God; hence, why is he identified with the Demiurge? Is for a heretic belief of *gnostic* type? (Queries of those who believe themselves «Christians» implies the worshipping to Jehovah and which rejection means an «anti-Christian heresy»). Another banal argument is the next: –If we have to reject the Demiurge considering his material creation as essentially «bad», why identify him with the Jewish Jehovah existing hundreds of alternative denominations in the ethnological mythology and in the religious pantheons of all the countries of Earth? (Queries who usually suffer those who ignore completely what men as Israel in History of Occident, and which is the secret of the Jewish racial dynamic).

Objections, as the precedent, would oppose our critics at hearing talking about Jehovah as the «Enemy against whom we fight» and, of course, would surprise them the word «Satan» attached to Jehovah, a matter that, undoubtedly, would produce them ironic conclusions.

Well: such arguments lie in a common circumstance: the ignorance in those who formulate them! Of course, that *we know* that the Demiurge received

other names along History. But if we choose, within them, is Jehovah because is the *last name* with which He has called himself. And with such name His «Chosen People», Israel, still designate him, which is nothing else than a psychic splitting of the same «Jehovah Satan».

These words of the Führer surprised me vividly for their metaphysical implications. The Jews don't constitute a Race like the other, composed by *individuals*?... it was a disturbing theory that I've just heard.

–Are you surprised, young Kurt? –Asked the Führer, who warned immediately my bewilderment. But he didn't give my time to respond and continued his explanation:

Because you have not heard anything yet: Israel is a «Chakra» of Earth, that's to say, is a *collective* psychic manifestation of the Demiurge Jehovah, and for this reason, we affirm that the Jew *doesn't exist* as individual; that they are not men like the rest who integrates human race. They are a Manifestation of Jehovah in a Chosen Race, is a more or less recent occurrence, of a few thousands of years, and the *ordination of Matter* or «Creation» dates thousands of years ago.

For this reason, the «newness» that represents the name «Jehovah» compared with other names of the Demiurge, that older and more culturally important populaces in History employed, and for the geological antiquity of the Universe, is that it seems *excessive* to designate with the name «Jehovah» a cosmic God. But it is just about an appearance. Here it must be imagined a Primordial Demiurge to whom we can comfortably denominate *The One,* just as the Stoics did. He is who ordinates the chaos and diffuses pantheistically around the whole Universe (he is also the Hindu Brahama or the Arab Allah, etc. taken these denominations on their exoteric religious acceptation).

But the Cosmic Plan, in some manner, must be called the *idea of the material Universe*, sits on the reveire of the Demiurge, a state of stillness which, however, impulses the Cosmos, as the «Immobile Motor God» of Aristotle in that Great Day of Manifestation, which is called as well, great manvantara. But, to make it «work» without the necessity of the interventionof The One, «who *sleeps* while all live in Him», it is necessary to dispose of an «authomatic system of correction». This role complies the named *Cosmic Hierarchies*, myriads of conscious entities *emanated* from The One to maintain the Universe's impulse and carry out his Plan. The first step of the «emanation» are the *Monads,* superior Archetypes that base the whole cosmic structure also the *matrix* of The One's Plan.

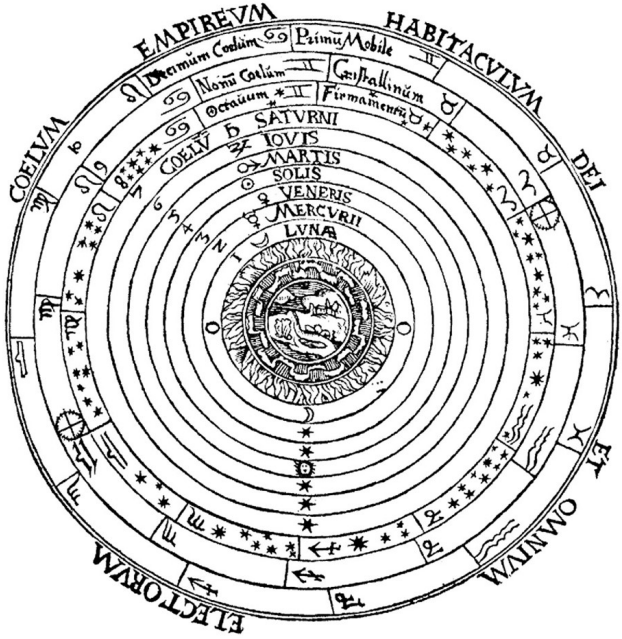
These *conscious entities,* Angels, Devas, Solar Logos, Galactic Logos, Planetary Souls, etc. *are not individual beings* but are part of the own One and possess, thereby, mere *appearance of existence* due to the grades of freedom with which they are gifted during the manvantara. For the *existence* of something, individually, an entity, for example, it is necessary to *suppose* (or superimpose) the act of existence to its real being, what also suppose the *subsistence* of the entity. That avoids the communication of its substantial essence with other entities or its metaphysical participation with other beings. It means it puts formal term to the entity or gives its natural form. The source to achieve such illusion of existence is the extreme mechanics of the material reality founded in the *evo-*

lutive laws, as the ones referred to continuous phenomenon as to discrete ones, which maintain the progressive movement of Matter and Energy in the exact achievement of The One's Plan.

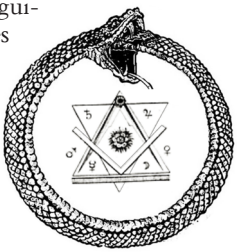
Such evolutive laws are *preserved* by the «conscious entities» capable to «create» a solar system *following the Plan of The One*, but that in reality are temporal divisions of The One.

The same can be said about the Galactic Logos or «Planetary Souls» and even the simple Angels or Devas: none of them exists as such, even though they «evolve» attached to universal laws. The important here is to comprehend that this grandiose spectacle that we are recreating is *pure illusion*, a metaphysical conception of colossal characteristics ideated by The One for his intimate contemplation. Because the truth is that the existent will finally disappear, at the Great Pralaya, the night of Brahma, in which all gets confused in Him again, after a monstrous phagocytosis.

But we said that the Universe is reigned by evolutive laws. According to a real «celestial architecture», such laws that determine the Material Universe, as the satanic freemasons say well cause the existence in the different levels of the space or Heavens in which reality is constituted. Just as there are many «Heavens» (Five? Seven? Nine?) there are «Realms of Nature» (Three? Five? Seven?) Etc. These delusive aspects form the Plan of The One. The Demons in charge to carry out such Plan conform a *precise hierarchic order,* based in the famous «law of evolution» that reigns the Heavens –All the *Heavens*, from the atomic, chemical, or



biological to the cosmic – «evolves» every molecule following the Archetypes of each Heaven. Is the famous «law of cause and effect» that teaches the Synarchy and that the Vedic religions of the India call Karma and Dharma, but that is convenient to synthesize as «law of evolution». This law guides the path «back and forth to the monad», which takes many bodies in the different Heavens on which they descend to «evolve»; such «path» is usually represented as the serpent that bites its own tail or *«Ouroboros»*. Naturally, the famous *monadic individuation,* because that would be an authentic mutilation of the substance of The One and before such thing ensue, the whole Universe already phagocytosed in His Holy Maw.



Here, strangely, smiled the Führer while was looking at me intensely. I was hesitating internally before mixed feelings. On the one hand, the theory that I was hearing horrorized me, already known for having heard it before in *NAPOLA,* but gifted now with an awe-inspiring sense of reality at being exposed vehemently with the irresistible eloquence of the Führer. And on the other hand, I felt flattered by the honor to receive from the lips of Germany's Führer, a personal explanation, terribly extensive and curiously out of place in a mundane party of the Chancellery. Anyhow, my exterior attitude was of respectful attention to each one of his words, because I not wanted to be distracted again.

–I guess that you already know this theosophical theory that the Synarchy teaches on its Masonic or Rosicrucian sects, and that you must *feel frightened* in front of a deterministic conception in which there is no *foreseen* place for the individual *eternal* existence, i.e., beyond the pralayas and manvantaras. And precisely that consternation, that scream of rebellion that you must perceive sprouting from your Pure Blood, constitutes an exception to all the rules of The One's determinist mechanic because it speaks about *another reality* alien to His Material Universe. How could this be that if we have said that all what exists in the Cosmos, has been thought and made by Him, according to His Plan and through his cosmic and planetary Hierarchies? Well, young Kurt, I'll tell you briefly: because a part of Humanity that we integrate possesses an element that *doesn't belong to the material order* and that can't be determined by a Law of Evolution of the Demiurge. This element, which is called Spirit or Vril, is present in *some men* as a possibility for *eternity*. We know of it by the *Remembrance of Blood,* but meanwhile, we are not capable of freeing ourselves from the chains that bind us to the illusory reality of the Demiurge and retake the Path of Return to the Origin, we won't *exist* really as Eternal Individuals.

You'll ask me how is possible, that in a Closed Order as the one that I have described, spiritual elements can coexist stranger to it and why, if the laws of matter and energy can determine them, remain subjected to the Universe of The One. This is a Great Mystery. But you can consider as hypothesis that, for the *reason that we ignore* but that we can supposed to be *an order* of a Being infinitely superior to the Demiurge, or an incomprehensible *negligence*, or a colossal *deceit*, once entered to the material Universe a myriad of beings who belonged to a

Spiritual Race that we call *Hyperborea*. Let's suppose that such beings would have penetrated to the solar system through an open «door» in another planet, Venus for example, and due to a ruse, apart of the Hyperborean Leaders, would have been chained to the law of evolution. This incarceration, we have said it, *can't be real.* Nevertheless, the Traitor Leaders achieve to *confuse* the Eternal Spirits anchoring them to Matter. Why they do it? Another Mystery.

But the truth, the effective is that, since the arrival of such Leaders to the solar system, a collective mutation will be effectuated in *the entire Galaxy that modifies* the Plan of the One. This modification is edified in the tradition of the Leaders and the fall of the immortal beings. To make that you see it clear, young Kurt, I'll tell you that, in Earth, existed a primitive human being who «evolved» following the laws of the «planetary chains» and the «Realms of Nature».

This evolution was very slow and chased the final adaptation of a racial Archetype absolutely animal, gifted with a rational mind, logically structured by the cerebral functions and possessor of a «Soul» conformed by the other's energy subtler material planes. This «man» is the one that they found, still in a primitive stage of development, the Traitor Leaders when they arrived at Earth millions of years ago. Then, through an ingenious system called Chang Shamballa, you will have the opportunity to study in our Order, decided to mutate human Race, incarcerating the Eternal Spirits to the illusory and material human beings of Earth. Since that moment, three classes of men: the primitive animal-menor *Pasu*, the semidivine or *Viryas*, to whom a Spirit was attached, and the Divine Hyperborean or *Siddhas,* who are all those who achieve to *return to the Origin* and escape from the Great Deceit. A part of the Leaders are called Hyperborean Siddhas. Those who *didn't betray* and, led by Kristos Lucifer, try to *save* the Viryas through the Hyperborean redemption of the Pure Blood, which consists of awakening the primal remembrance of the own lost divinity.

These are the Lords of Agartha… But we are getting a little apart from our main theme that treated about Jehovah Satan, the enemy against whom we fight to gain the right to come back to the lost Origin. Then this issue will become clear to you, young Kurt, but if you remember that The One delegated in some «conscious entities» the execution of His Plan, we can add now that the solar system has been constructed by one of such «consciousness» which we call Solar Logos, aided by Devas of minor hierarchy who *Occupy* determined positions in the mechanism of the system.

On Earth, a «planetary entity» infused life to the planet and impulsed the «evolution» of Nature Kingdoms' according to the Solar Plan, inserted in the Cosmic Plan of The One. It is clear that they are emanations of The One hierarchically interlaced: The One Galactic Logos Solar Logos Planetary Angellic Collective Soul, etc. Who is God here? According to the level of consciousness and the cultural and religious guidelines of men, can be any of such «conscious entities», but it is always about The One. If it is said that God is the Sun or is conceived a «creator» God of the entire Universe, it has been talking about The One. It is just if God is the «nature» or the «milky way» or Earth. The different gnoseologic cosmologies that men present in their different stages of

the «evolution» to conceive the world, not invalidate the fact that it is always has alluded directly or indirectly to the One when it is talked about God.

But let's return to Earth. When the Traitor Gods arrive to Earth, they settle down in a «center» which they call Shamballa, or Dejung, and they found what they have named Great White Fraternity or Occult Hierarchy of Earth. It is not a place physically reachable over the terrestrial surface, something that you shall learn later, but it is situated in a topological crease of the space. But what interests here is so outstanding that the Leader of the Traitor Gods, calls himself King of the World, passing to occupy the place of one of the twelve Kumaras of the solar system. What is Kumara? A Planetary Angel, one of those «conscious entities» chained by The One, that conforms to the «idea of a planet». Here is where the key of the name Jehovah and his «Chosen People» must be located. Because the planetary Spirit was called Kumara Sanat, which after the constitution of Shamballa and the advent of the King of the World, decides to act as *regent* of The One in His Plan's execution, it is now modified. For that, it incarnates in the name of The One, in a «Chosen Race» to reign over the enslaved Hyperborean Spirits. That is the Hebrew Race. It means that we have on one side the Occult Hierarchy of Chang Shamballa, with its Demons: The Traitor Leaders and their Leader: the King of the World, who carries out now the «evolution» of the planet and who «guides» all Races by means of a sinister organization called Synarchy. And on the other side, we have the Hebrew Race which is just the modification of Sanat Kumara on Earth to occupy the highest level of the Synarchy, in the name of The One. The same Hebrew in their Kabbalah study that «Israel is one of the 10 Sephiroth, the sephirah Malkuth, that's to say one of the emanations of The One.

Finally, Jehovah is the Kabbalistic name the Demiurge, The One that Sanat Kumara represents on Earth. As I said at the beginning of this pleasant conversation, the last *historical name* that we know of *Him*. For that reason, we, the *Ancient Hyperborean Beings* that still remain chained in Hell, must have very present that «The Enemy is Jehovah Satan, The Demiurge of this World», as the young Kurt said well.

The Führer continued enthusiastic in his large monologue and, even though a log hour had passed and the curious gazes of many people who wanted to sit on the table were raining upon us, nobody in Germany would have been capable to interrupt him for such prosaic motive as to take a meal. On my part, I just wanted to continue hearing his incredible revelations and for that reason, when he asked me if I had comprehended, I did not hesitate to present him my doubts:

–There's something that worries me –I said immediately–. All that you have said, my Führer, about the Demiurge The One I understand perfectly and I accept it, but I can't stop wondering, who is God then, the *real God*? Or…?

–That is a question that you mustn't ask yourself, young Kurt, –Affirmed the Führer. Not while your mind is subjected to the rational logic, because you'll only achieve to arrive at indestructible paradoxes. But it is evident that the doubt has already germinated on you and that you will continue medita-

ting on it. I will give you then a provisory answer: God is *unknowable* for all who has not conquered the Vril. Have always present this truth, young Kurt: from the miserable condition of a slave of Jehovah Satan, it is impossible *to know* God because He is absolutely transcendental. It is necessary to travel a long blood purification journey to know something about God, about the «Real God», as you say well. The majority of the great religions, when talking of God, refer to the Demiurge The One. This occurs because the Races that dwell in the world in our days have been «worked» by the Demons of Shambalah, implanting synarchic ideas in their members' *genetic memory,* to be able to design them towards the Great Collective Architect which is called *Manu.* Thus, perceiving a reality behind a veil of deceit, it is reached to those conceptions of Pantheistic God, Monotheistic or Trinitarian, which are just appearances of The One, the Demiurge architect of Matter.

Notice what occurs with the concept of God that the different populations members of the ancient family of Indo-German languages have: almost all the names come from the same words and it is sure that these designate in a remote past to a God «Creator of all the existent», i.e., the Demiurge, The One. In Sanskrit, we have the words «Dyans Pitar », which in the Vedas is utilized to name the «Father who is Heavens». Dyans is the root which in Greek produces Zeus and Theo, with a similar sense to the Sanskrit and that possess to be Jupiter in Latin, Deus pater or Jovis. The ancient Germans referred likewise to Zin, Tyr or Tywaz as the «Creator» God of the existence, words which also come from the Sanskrit Dyans pitar.

Same etymology possesses the words that designate God in the families of Turarian and Semitic languages. In this last family, of important relationships with the Hebrew, we find «He» as the ancient denomination of the Demiurge in his planetary representative «The Strong». In Babylon, Phoenicia and Palestine was worshipped to El, II, Enlil, names that Arabs transformed into II ah or Allah, etc. Must not be strange for you, young Kurt, this etymologic unity because the alarming is the «unity of the concept» which is discovered behind mentioned words, due to in all the religions and philosophies it is always reached to two or three ideas of God apparently indestructible, but that in reality refer to different aspects of the Demiurge: such the preference for a «Pantheistic and Immanent God»: The One; or «transcendental» but «Creator of Earth and the Heavens»: Jehovah Satan, Jupiter, Zeus, Brahma, etc. The Führer was looking at me now with bright eyes, and I divined that his next words would have a really important content:

– There was a war, young Kurt. A dreadful era, of which the Mahabharata may have a distorted memory. Such war involved *many Heavens* on its theatre of operations and produced as its most external expression, what has been called «The Submersion of Atlantis». But no one knows deeply to what refers when is talked of «Atlantis», because it doesn't treat just about a «Sunken Continent». Such war now has more than a million years in the physical plane, during which many have been the physical Atlantis, continentals, that have been sunken, and now, in our XX century, we can say that an «Atlantis is just

to be submersed again». But let's leave this Mystery for now due to you will have to come back on the same during your studies.

To conclude this conversation, I'll tell you the last thing young Kurt. Know you that in the Essential War, in which is fought for the liberation of the captive Spirits, for the Race's collective mutation, against the Synarchy and Jehovah Satan, the Third Reich has compromised all its spiritual potential, biologic and material.

With these terrible words, the Führer seemed to have concluded his explanation. I looked around me, and I warned that Dad, Rosenberg and Rudolf Hess were still beside me.

An elegant waiter indicated to the Führer that we could pass to the inner courtyard to take a cold meal whenever he disposes of. It was eleven o'clock at night. The Führer and Rosenberg bade us farewell and went to join Goering and Dr Goebbels at the head of the table.

Rudolf Hess invited my Dad and me to locate us for dinner, but I had not stayed well after the conversation with the Führer and, risking being offensive, I decided to speak honestly with both of them.

Chapter XII

It is too difficult to gather both of them –I said–. The last time that we were together was four years ago, when I entered *NAPOLA.* Perhaps tomorrow or after tomorrow we departure to Egypt, and I don't know when another chance will be to share a conversation.

Could we retire for a moment?

Dad had begun to pronounce a protest, but Rudolf interrupted him.

–You're right Kurt. Come over here –He signalized a door– that I have to talk to you too.

One moment later we were installed in Rudolf Hess' office who, behind an immense ministerial desk of carved oak, he was swinging in a fluffy elbow chair. I hurried to initiate the conversation.

–Overall –I said– I desire that one of you clarify me something in which all seem to be agreed, even the Führer as I could verify today, but from which I just have obscure references. I am referring to a kind of spiritual quality that I'd have, unknown for most people, but that some people are capable of distinguishing. The mysterious Sign that the Ophites Arabs mentioned kidnapped me when I was a child in Egypt or the «great spiritual capacity» from which spoke the Führer before. I don't know what it is, but some seem to know it… and not like it, as the Professor Ernst Shcaeffer, Rudolf Hess arched his eyebrows when he heard the name of Man of the *Abwer.* Then I will tell you the bitter experience that I lived days ago.

I perceived a bright of wrath in the obscure eyes of my godfather.

–The *Abwer* has only produced traitors! This is something that you'll need to have present from now on, Kurt. I'll tell you a secret that only four people of the Third Reich know, including the Führer and me; a secret that refers to you and what you have just told me:

Professor Schaeffer doesn't lack a reason to distrust in you; certainly, that he could not be sure to carry out the *Altwestern Operation* if you are included on it! But you are inevitably entailed to that expedition, whatever could want Schaeffer, and you have caught it, and you have approached him in a bad moment. I can't reveal you now the motives of such entailment, but perhaps another person to whom you'll meet soon will explain it to you, one of the participants in secrecy. With security, you will be in the future, a personal representative of the *Reichsführer* Himmler, the fourth person in secret, before Ernst Schaeffer. And he could not do anything to prevent it! Those were our plans but, suggestively, you have advanced us. Nothing that incapable to be repaired!

You will wonder how is that the Führer or the *Reichsführer* knew about you. Even though you have not noticed it, all these years you have been object of intense surveillance by my part and other people that you don't know, because the Third Reich has prepared a path for you, appropriated to your possibilities, which will permit you to serve to the homeland as nobody has done, at the same time that you will develop your spiritual faculties. You will know everything very soon, and you will comprehend us!

I have not answered the queries yet, but I was moved and exited with the promissory future of successes that Rudolf Hess announced. But, one thing intrigued me unconsciously What would be the reason of the curious name of the expedition of Ernst Schaeffer «*Altwestern operation*», that's to say, *Old West Operation?* The remembrance of this question and its incredible answer would have place only two years later, in the heart of the Tibet.

–You want answers, and you have all the right of it –Continued speaking Rudolf Hess–But this is not the moment neither the appropriated place to treat Spiritual Mysteries. On these, you missed my presence, but it was better for you that I would not have intervened in your life directly, to make that the psychological development be produced slowly; even we agreed with your father –Dad assented with the head–. Now it will be different, you'll have your place, and you'll be near to me. But first, you must know *our Philosophy*. I'm not referring to the national socialist doctrine just as it appears in the book of the Führer «Mein Kampf[22]» or in the one of Alfred Rosenberg «The myth of the XX century» but an «*Occult Philosophy*» in which we –A small group– joined as you will do undoubtedly. You must comprehend that it doesn't treat a sterile knowledge that can be reduced to a «code of principles» or an «operative manual» through which reign our acts. On the contrary, it is about to acquire a knowledge that acts dynamically over the Spirit, transforming us internally, endowing us a Millenary Wisdom that makes us transcend the plane merely human of the existence.

[22] *Mein Kampf*: My Struggle

You are specially gifted to accede to that semi-divine state –Continued Rudolf, replying in part to the question of the Sign– Because you have something interior that few men possess:«*The possibility to Be*». You'll understand it better soon, at knowing the secrets of the Order, but I can advance you, just as the Führer said us some minutes ago, not all men are equal, not everyone exist, not all can «be». On the contrary, for those who dispose of the *possibility to Be,* the fight and the effort must be put in transcend this world of illusory images and perpetuate himself in the eternity, in another plane of existence to which only we will be able to arrive if we wake up from the demonic dream in which we are sunk. The majority of men you see in the world do not exist, or if you prefer, they live a «relative existence», illusory, which is a blow for eternity. Even if many believe the opposite, their consciousness is diluted with Death, and nothing survives to them. The eternity, dear Kurt, is for a few, for a Spirit's Aristocracy, founded in semidivine Heroes, in Superhumans that, at the expense to outbreak a harsh combat with the Prince of this World *YHVH-Satan* –Just as you have denominated him– transmute their inferior nature and gain their place in the *Valhalla*[23].

All will be revealed to you, Kurt, because you are a semidivine Hero, a Virya, the mark of Lucifer that worry you so much proves it, and indicates the purity of your spiritual lineage.

–But, Lucifer, is not the Devil? –I asked with caution.

I should have made this question to the Führer, but I didn't have the courage for it.

–Lucifer, the conveyor of Uncreated Light, the Devil? –Rudolf Hess was outraged–. That is the blasphemous calumny that Jehovah Satan has foisted you through his disciples, the Jews and some not enlightened Christians and Muslim morons. Lucifer is Kristos; the Kristos of Atlantis…

Rudolf Hess breathed profoundly before continuing.

–Let's leave those mysteries, for now, to speak about you, Kurt, –Said Rudolf, changing of theme–. You have fulfilled a harsh stage of studies satisfactorily, and a new cycle of efforts opens for you. Is our will –He looked at my Dad who assented with his head again– to enlist you in the *Waffen* ϟϟ, for your military and political perfecting. But that is, let's say, an exoteric training, at least until you reach the Restricted Circle of *Wewelsburg*[24]. There's another parallel path that you must take and that entails efforts and sacrifices. It is an occult path, esoteric, that will allow you to improve yourself spiritually and resolve your most secret doubts. Have you heard about the *Thulegesellschaft*[25]?

I thought for a moment, more for compromise than for another thing, I had the certainty that I had never heard that name.

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[23] *Valhalla* or *Valholl*: Abode of Wotan or Odin in the Edda. Site to which warriors killed in battle go. Heavenly paradise of heroes. For the Hyperborean Wisdom, Valhalla is a center inhabited by the Liberating Gods or, as the Führer said, by the "Hyperborean Siddhas".

[24] *Wewelsburg*: It was a Ordensburg or Castle of SS training, as it will be seen later.

[25] *Thulegesellschaft*: Thule Society. Esoteric Secret Society, whose affiliation is discussed in another part of the work.

–No–I replied.

–It is a secret group of Wise men, –Said Rudolf Hess with respectful tone–. I will ease your ingress to the Order, and they will help you to progress, but you must understand since the beginning: the Hyperborean Orders as the Thulegesellschaft follow a circular disposition. In mundane Organizations as Freemasonry –or if it desired to simplify: any bureaucratic administrative– is advanced vertically, step by step, from the base of a triangle to the apex, which occupies the highest Hierarchy. On the contrary in a Hyperborean Order is advanced overpassing concentric circles. You, for example, once in the Order are a wide circle, perhaps the external circle. I am not saying that you form part of a circle or occupy a place in the circle, but that «you are the circle». Like you, other members are circles of major or minor diameter, organized concentrically around a center of Power occupied by the highest level of Wisdom. For this reason, I say that it is advanced «overpassing circles» and not «traversing circles» of different level, because the Hyperborean Wisdom consists of tightening the own circle towards the center; into «restrict the circle» until our capacity permits to. Do you understand, *patenkind*?

–I think so –I said without much conviction–. But all these that you explain so gently, bring me stillness and tranquility. Have the security that I'll do all that's possible not to defraud your trust nor the faith of your Father.

–Well, then there's nothing else to talk about. Do you remember Papp, the ϟϟ officer that you met in Berchtesgaden? Now he is ϟϟ *Oberführer*[26]. With him, you will talk at your return from Egypt to know the steps to be followed.

Rudolf Hess pressed a button, obtaining for answer the hasty coming of an officer of custody. He ordered him to bring champagne to the important office. He didn't drink, but this was different, he said because we should toast for my graduation and Germany's future. Then he began an honest conversation with Dad, remembering common anecdotes of their days as students and of Egypt.

Thus concluded the stage as a student in my life, neffe Arthur. On my return to Egypt, things took another course and, while I was complying with the different training stages in the *Waffen* ϟϟ to reach in 1939 to the castle *Wewelsburg*, I also passed through different circles of the *Thulegesellschaft.* As the events that will really surprise you, due to they are connected with your own experience, occur immediately, since 1937, I'll try to resume them with some detail. Recently, in 1939, at returning from my terrible mission, infernal, which was Operation *Altwesten*, I received the instruction that permitted me to understand everything in part. The next years, especially since 1941, I passed them realizing missions in Asia, similar missions to the one that I had carried out in Operation *Altwesten* and analogues, also, to the *esoteric mission* realized by Rudolf Hess with his historical flight to England in 1941. Those missions had the same strategic characteristic to the fulfilled by Belicena Villca and her son Noyo, i.e., missions of tactical diversion to confuse and divert the Enemy; but missions that require the previous Hyperborean Initiation of their agents for their execution.

[26] ϟϟ *Oberführer:* ϟϟ rank equivalent to Colonel.

But we'll leave this part of the narration for later. Now are the 12:30 hrs, the good Juana must have ready dinner.

Chapter XIII

Effectively, one instant later, the old woman entered bringing in a tray an appetizing creole stewpot. Chiquizuela, sausage, bacon, chickpeas, kidney bean, potatoes, carrots, all boiled and reeky, accompanied with salad oil, vinegar, and mustard.

The last relation of Uncle Kurt filled me with expectations and curiosity. While I was smearing the corncob with the yellow home butter, I not stopped thinking about the particular experiences lived by Uncle Kurt in the Third Reich and especially in his predestined relation with Rudolf Hess, the strange lieutenant of Adolf Hitler. That period in recent History, which goes from 1933 to 1945, to me as for most of those who were born after War, escaped to me on its vital dynamic. The allies, victorious in a war that is, without exaggeration, the greatest one that the Universal History remembers, presents us a puerile image of the loser nations and the Period before War. The spokesmen of the triumphant alliance, helpless moral and intellectually to refute with arguments even credible to the Great Nationalist Ideologies of the prewar, resort to the irrational system to utilize the lie, the calumny, the disinformation, etc.

With the perverse intention to confuse and devaluate the meaning of the words, it is denominated, for example, «Fascist» to any south American tyrant, closer to a mafia *capo* than to a brilliant statistician as «El Duce». Fascism, National Socialism, Japanese Traditionalism, complete Systems of Politic Philosophy, appear in the pen of revengeful Publicists, unprovided of their mystic content, spiritual and intellectual, reduced to rough totalitarian schemes and their leaders of these movements are presented as pathologic cases.

For these reasons, the narration of Uncle Kurt had the double virtue to illuminate me about an obscure period of the recent History, which he lived intensely and to permit me verify what I suspected since I began to doubt about the «spiritual virtues» of some «Ally Potencies» that have sunk the world in materialism and decadence. This is: that mentioned Great Nationalist Systems, especially National Socialism, occulted a powerful spiritual and secret current behind the fachade of its respective politic organizations—in an esoteric undertone, zealously hidden by the ferocious victors, that a spiritual light existed, a not revealed finality that now was unveiled to me in Uncle Kurt's narration. What pretended the Führer and the other leaders of the Third Reich? What was trying to do Rudolf Hess when he flew to England in May of 1941? Many questions like these were dancing in my mind, and I felt joy considering the possibility that Uncle Kurt had the answers.

On the other hand, a shameful feeling of humility assaulted me when I remembered how I reached here, persuaded to be embarked on a unique adventu-

re, to be a privileged protagonist in a cosmic drama. Because what had happened to me, without underestimating the real danger that it implicated, was a children game in the light of the experience lived by my ϟϟ Uncle. And thinking thus, I felt that new forces came in my succor to comply with Belicena Villca.

Since some days ago, I desired to abandon the bed of the sick because I was feeling very recovered. However, something unconscious was blocking my will when I decided to dress and went down to the house's inferior floors. In the beginning, I didn't know what was preventing me from doing it, but then I went discovering with stupor that simply the idea to face the dogs that walked freely through the park around the house terrified me. I had observed them through the window in more than one opportunity and, even for their huge size and fiery stamp, not seemed really aggressive. I should accept then without reservations the explanation of Kurt that they attacked induced by him, but one thing is to say it and others to face those animals after such unpleasant previous experience.

But this time I was firmly decided to abandon the bed of the sick. After dressing myself, for first time in fifteen days, with clothing that I took from my baggage, I went down slowly the beautiful onyx staircase that guided the wide living room, unknown until that moment for me. I didn't find anyone at sight and, without many desires to explore the house by my own, I settle down in a comfortable elbow chair –was the same where I lay the first night– in front of the wide windows that guided to the park.

I supposed that Uncle Kurt was still having lunch, but soon I went out of the mistake when I saw him coming from the house's exterior. He gets surprised and rejoiced at the same time that he saw me standing up.

–Well, well, –He said– I see that you feel good!

–Yes, Uncle Kurt, I think it is time to do a normal life –I made a clap to the plastered arm– at least while I wait for them to remove my plaster.

He smiled, with approver expression.

–If you really feel comfortable here, we will stay talking the whole night, and then we'll take dinner in the dining room.

I assented with the head. I was happy, waiting for my Uncle's new story and thinking that things tended finally to take a course.

Uncle Kurt seated in front of me in an individual elbow chair and spoke about an unimportant matter to give the old Juana time to serve us two smoky cups of coffee.

Finally, he said:

–In August of 1937, I returned to Egypt, and I took telephonic contact in Berlin with the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp to whom I had gained, after four years of pleasant treat, particular affect.

–Hello Edwin –I saluted, after that the operator communicated me with Papp–. Is there something for me?

–Yes, Kurt. You must come to the Chancellery to receive instructions. Where are you?

–In the Train Central Station. In some thirty minutes I can be there.

–Well, go to the Office of Security and identify yourself with the ϟϟ *Oberschrarführer*[27] Kruger. He will lead you to me.

I deposited the baggage in a coffer of the Station, and I left the ϟϟ *Obeführer* Papp meeting. I didn't take lodgment in a hotel because I wanted to be sure about if I'd have to continue the journey to some military distribution or not (as effectively occurred).

The ϟϟ *Oberschrführer* Kruger lead me through a tangle of corridors and passages to the office whence all concerning to the Führer's security in the ambit of the Chancellery was decided.

It was a small aparted world that occupied a rear wing of the Chancellery Palace, passing an interior courtyard, and that gathered under the command of the ϟϟ Oberführer Papp, many sectors which so different specific activities, converged in the common objective of the Security. There worked a squadron of the Gestapo, a Communications and Radio-bearings team, a small group of the Secret Service of the ϟϟ, a chemical laboratory, an infirmary with permanent medical guard the 24 hrs. All mounted, equipped and attended by the ϟϟ personal of the *1st* ϟϟ *Panzer Division Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler.*

–Hello Kurt! I'm glad to see you, boy. Sincerely –Said the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp –.Take a sit, please.

I positioned myself in a chair before the desk occupied by Papp. The office was a recent construction of armed concrete, so the low ceiling contrasted with the traversed corridors' height to arrive there. The ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp was looking at me with visible sympathy, seated on a swivel chair. Over his head, a picture showed the Führer watching at the distance; wide metallic archives surrounded the desk on both sides.

–I am glad to see you again too –I replied–. I am extremely happy to be in Berlin again.–Well it won't be for so long –Papp said smiling–. I think that your departure immediately to the *Ordensburg Crossinsee.* Here I've got news for you. Are two packets… –He started to search in an archive.–Crossinsee is in Eastern Prussia, right? –I asked.–Yes, in Pomerania. Here are your orders!

He gave me two packets. One, bigger in which was read in big letters «*Crossinsee*» contained all the papers of incorporation to the *Ordensburg* of the ϟϟ. In the other, a manual inscription, in delicate Gothic characters, ordered that the packet be opened in the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp's presence. I proceeded to break the seal and extracted from the packet's interior a handwriting letter of Rudolf Hess. It said thus:

Berlin - August 1937
Mr. Kurt von Sübermann
Dear *Patenkind:*

I have disposed all the necessary for your ingress to the *Ordensburg of Crossinsee*, and then, at receiving the minor instruction, you will be transferred to the

[27] ϟϟ *Oberschrarführer:* ϟϟ Sergeant.

other Ordensburg. You must leave immediately to Pomerania to be incorporated and adapted to the new life. Just once fulfilled this part, –let pass a month at least– you will put in communication with the *Thulegesellschaft.*

Your contact in Berlin is called Konrad Tarstein; you'll find him in the *Gregorstrasse 239*. He is aware of your ingress to the Order; you just have to present yourself giving your name. In principle, you will join the *Thulegesellschaft* of Berlin so you shall travel from Pomerania to Berlin at the weekends, but if you need to come in another moment, you can talk with the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp to manage your correspondent permission.

Good luck *patenkind*; remember my advice: «go on in circles, restricting the circle».

Rudolf Hess

Note: Memorize the name and the address of your contact and give this letter to the Oberführer Papp, who has the order to destroy it. Nothing must be written that can compromise you, the *Thulegesellschaft* or us.

Heil Hitler.

I read the letter twice, and then I gave it to the ϟϟ Oberführer Papp who destroyed it before my eyes burning it with a lighter. –Rudolf Hess is in Berlin? –I asked.–No. He is in Berchtesgaden with the Führer. I remembered immediately that for that same date, four years ago, Dad, Rudolf Hess and I were all together in Berchtesgaden. There was nothing, then, more to do in Berlin and, after saying goodbye to the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp, I left towards the Train Station to undertake the journey to Eastern Prussia as soon as possible.

Chapter XIV

One hour later, from the window of the northern train, I saw passing the Berlin's last neighborhoods. I was thinking in Rudolf Hess's letter and regretting for have not been capable of interviewing him and transmitting him some important questions that required an urgent response. Something extraordinary was happening to me since some time ago and, except for Rudolf Hess, I not dared to trust in anyone.

Since the night of the graduation, when I was presented to the Führer, I began to experience a curious psychological phenomenon. On that occasion, I responded «*YHVH-Satan*» to the questions of the Führer. Who is the Enemy of Germany? Against whom are we fighting? I believed to recognize that such an answer had not been reasoned by me, but «caught» or «heard» with an internal ear.

For me, there were no doubts that the heard «Voice» was not mine, it means that it came from out of my consciousness. But I also comprehended the im-

possibility to transmit that experience to another person without running the risk to inspire distrust about my sanity.

During the journey to Egypt, I meditated on this and concluded that the presence of the Führer had unchained an unconscious phenomenon of discharge being the heard Voice just a formal intuition. It means that in some manner I «knew» the answer and, in one moment in which the overwhelming personality of the Führer psychologically locked me, I «divined» or believed to have done it, taking an intuition for an extrasensorial perception. It was a skeptical conclusion, but I had the security that such a phenomenon would be merely circumstantial and would not happen again. I clung to this certainty with the hidden fear that its repetition would imply a loss of the rational equilibrium.

It is comprehensible: in a society that considers «normal» what is common to everyone, that's to say collective, and represses with the alienation the one who is aparted from the «normal», to feel oneself different can be dangerous in many senses. Mainly because of the lack of «patrons» or «models» –eliminated systematically or auto-eliminated by fear– to compare our «abnormality» induces us to fear a loss of reason. That fear for the possession of gifts or virtues that could make us different to the rest is considered a «holy prudence» in a world that glorifies man's mediocrity and distrust from the individual.

Thereby, timorous of the implications of considering that experience as a real phenomenon, I attributed the heard Voice to a projection of the unconscious to the conscious.

However, the phenomenon occurred again and not one, but many times with the following alarm that feared to suffer a kind of schizophrenia. But, once I discarded the doubts and meditated serenely, I could not stop recognizing that this phenomenon was far from being dangerous and I'd say that it was even symphatic.

The motive of such conclusion was in the «security» that I felt now that the heard Voice was absolutely out from my being. Of course, it could be argumented that the «security» that a man can have in the perception of phenomenon belonging to his own sphere of consciousness is completely subjective. And it is true due to, in general, the «security» doesn't guarantee in any way the truth of its affirmation.

For example, when a hunter feels «secure» to have hit the prey and errs the fire or when the student «sure» to have given the right answer verifies that the Professor has qualified him with a zero it can be said that the security has «failed. Of what depends then on the success if when I am «sure» to have obtained it, I can fail?

To respond, it must be distinguished before between «subjective security» and «objective security». The first is closer to the imagination and the second to reality. The subjective security supports the faith; the objective security supports reality. Who believes in taking an apple with the hand and what he really takes is an apple, undoubtedly disposes of objective security. Instead, if he believes in taking an apple but really takes another thing, his security is

subjective. There's then a gap between the subjective security and the objective security that, according to the individuals, can reach to be an abyss.

But the experienced security in what is done, or thought should be the most objective possible. Then: How must be done to close the gap that separates the objective security from subjective security? By saving the case of a natural predisposition from the objective reality, the answer would be the previous «experience» assures major probabilities that the «security» in accomplishing an act be realized objectively. If it is desirable to understand the theme, better must also be distinguished between the dilettante and the expert. Before the same test both feel «secure», but with major probability, only the expert is found in the previous experience; the one of the dilettante in the faith in himself. But as every expert in some initial moment had to be a dilettante, it is possible that the dilettante, perseveres, one day reaches to be an expert.

Therefore, security is much more objective as more accompanied by the experience is.

But is the subjective security is betrayed by the objective reality, if it fails, ensues the defeat's deception. Then, it must be concluded that the capacity to overcome the defeats is a conditioning factor to capitalize the experience in favor of objective security.

The security, otherwise, is a fundamental psychological attitude to face the proofs of life. The one who faces the challenge of a test must count with the success beforehand, must be «sure» to gain, and a defeat won't discourage him from trying it again. In the previous cases, neither the hunter stops hunting for missing a shot, nor the student stops studying for failing in an exam; both overcome and capitalize the experience increasing their objective security, being more «experts».

Considering these concepts now can be understood my attitude before the phenomenon of the Voice: concluded that: concluded that «being psychically prepared during many years in a rigorous intellectual training, the security that disposed the certainty of the judgements was quite objective». It means that, intellectually, when I was «sure» about a concept it was «surely» correct. And with such security, so objective in the judgments, told me that the Voice that I heard not came from my unconscious, it doesn't form part of my Self, it was strange to my Spirit, or it was, perhaps, another Spirit.

I must outstand that the security that I had to be in the right was accompanied by profound analysis in which considered, amongst other things, the fact that the Voice was capable of emitting concepts that I didn't know in no way. This can explain more or less psychologic but come concepts were very specific, and however, the Voice utilized and structured them with great precision. Ergo, the Voice was «Wise», and this has no real recherché explanation except if it is accepted what it really is: that the Voice belonged to a psychic entity stranger to me.

Another element of the phenomenon that I took into consideration for the analysis was the fact that it had not been spiritually «invaded» by another entity as occurs in the diabolic possession or in the Spiritism, but that to my

consciousness reached just the Voice, clear and energic, without psychosomatic consequences of any kind.

It means that when the phenomenon occurred, I didn't «see», nor «feel», nor «like», nor «smell» nothing unusual; I just heard the voice and it was, I repeat, as if my inner ear would have «opened».

The first time I heard the Voice I was surprised by the unexpected message emerged in jumps, energic and swiftly, rhythmically fired as a ray. To present a better understanding of the quality of the phenomenon that happened to me, I'll give some examples.

You are psychiatrist, neffe, and I want, within reason, you to doubt about my sanity because what occurred must be interpreted with an extension of the capacity to perceive, before that as a «disease». (I made a signal of assent and trust to Uncle Kurt due to no one as me knew how many arbitrariness are committed around the authentic psychic virtues of man, those that are developed «alone» or auto-developed and exalts him without affecting in nothing his rational equilibrium because they are integrated «naturally» to the personality. Psychic virtues that are obtained spontaneously, without resorting to absurd «occult methods» or «gyms of transcendental meditation» that end to break the delicate mental order and guides the disciple to madness and death).

–I remember a day –continued Uncle Kurt– in which I was reading the *Bhagavad-Gita*[28], Vedic writing part of the great epos *Mahabarata*, a mystic war that involved on its struggle men, Angels and Gods and whose memory the ancient Wise men of India wrote and collected.

The Gita treats about the battle that must fight the hero *Arjuna* to recover the throne, usurped by his cousin. Arjuna is a member of Warrior caste *Kshatriya* and with him is *Sri Krishna,* an incarnation of the God *Vishnu.*

In the first part called «The regret of Arjuna», Arjuna moves with his chariot before the enemy army realizing that besides his cousin great part of his relatives and friends have been aligned:

26. Then Arjuna beheld there stationed, grandfathers and fathers, teachers, maternal uncles, brothers, sons, grandsons and friends, too.

27. (He saw) fathers-in-law and friends also in both armies. The son of Kunti—Arjuna—seeing all these kinsmen standing arrayed, spoke thus sorrowfully, filled with deep pity.

28. - 30. Seeing these, my kinsmen, Oh Krishna, arrayed, eager to fight, my limbs fail, and my mouth is parched up, my body quivers and my hairs stand on end! The (bow) «Gandiva» slips from my hand, and my skin burns all over; I am unable even to stand, my mind is reeling, as it were.

31. – 34. And I see adverse omens, Oh Kesava! I do not see any good in killing my kinsmen in battle, for I desire neither victory, Oh Krishna, nor pleasures nor kingdoms! Of what avail is a dominion to us, Oh Krishna, or pleasures or even life? Those for whose sake we desire kingdoms, enjoyments, and pleasures stand here in battle, renouncing life and wealth: teachers, fathers, sons, grandfathers,

[28] *Bhagavad-Gita:* "The Song of God" in Sanskrit; Sacred Hindu scripture.

grandsons, fathers-in-law, maternal uncles, brothers-in-law and relatives.

35. These I do not wish to kill, though they kill me, Oh *Madhusudana*! (Krishna), even for the sake of dominion over the three worlds, leave alone killing them for the sake of Earth!

36. – 37. By killing these sons of *Dhritarashtra,* what pleasure can be ours, Oh *Janardana* (Krishna)? Only sin will accrue by killing these felons. Therefore, we should not kill the sons of *Dhritarashtra*, our relatives; for, how can we be happy by killing our own people, Oh *Madhava* (Krishna)?

38. – 39. Though they, with intelligence overpowered by greed, see no evil in the destruction of families, and no sin in hostility to friends, why should not we, who clearly see evil in the destruction of a family, learn to turn away from this sin, Oh *Janardana* (Krishna)?

47. Having thus spoken amid the battlefield, Arjuna, casting away his bow and arrow, sat down on the seat of the chariot with his mind overwhelmed with sorrow. On the second part of the Ghita, called «The Path of the Discernment», Sri Krishna responds to the disquieting and distressing queries of Arjuna.

1. To him (Arjuna) who was thus overcome with pity and who was despondent, with eyes full of tears and agitated, Krishna or *Madhusudana* (the destroyer of *Madhu*), spoke these words:

2. Whence is this perilous strait come upon thee, *this dejection which is unworthy of thee, disgraceful, and which will close the gates of heaven upon thee,* Oh Arjuna?

3. *Do not behave as a eunuch,* Oh Arjuna, son of Pritha! *It does not befit thee. Cast off this mean weakness of the heart.* Stand up, Oh scorcher of foes!

Then Sri Krishna advises Arjuna to follow the «Follow the Path of Action» (or Karma Yoga) and to comply with his Dharma, with the Destiny of the Kshatriya which is to present battle and fight for the justice without worrying (a priori) for the result of the battle, neither for the enemies' luck (even though they be relatives and friends).

31. Further, having regard to thy own duty, thou shouldst not waver, for there is nothing higher for a Kshatriya than a righteous war.

32. Happy are the Kshatriyas, Oh Arjuna, who are called upon to fight in such battle that comes of itself as an open the door to heaven!

33. But, if thou wilt not fight in this righteous war, then, having abandoned thine duty and fame, thou shalt incur sin.

Thus, this must be Sri Krishna, because reality is Maya, illusion, and the «confrontation» is circumstantial, only perceptible for who feels «confronted». In a superior plane, spiritual, the oppositions are resolved, the confrontations are mere illusion. *The Spirit cannot die nor live for this reason.* Sri Krishna said:

19. He who takes the Self to be the slayer and he who thinks He is slain, neither of them knows; He slays not nor is He slain.

20. *He is not born nor does He ever die; after having been, He again ceases not to be. Unborn, eternal, changeless and ancient, He is not killed when the body is killed.*

21. Whosoever knows Him to be indestructible, eternal, unborn and inexhaustible, how can that man slay, Oh Arjuna, or cause to be slain?

22. Just as a man casts off worn-out clothes and puts on new ones, so also the embodied Self casts off worn-out bodies and enters others that are new.

23. Weapons cut it not, the fire burns it not, water wets it not, and wind dries it not: The Self is partless. It is infinite and extremely subtle. So the sword cannot cut it, fire cannot burn it, wind cannot dry it.

24. This Self cannot be cut, burnt, wetted, nor dried up. It is eternal, all-pervading, stable, ancient and immovable.

26. But, even if thou thinkest of it as being constantly born and dying, even then, Almighty-armed, *thou shouldst not grieve for the inevitable!*

It only rests on facing the conflict following the «Path of Action», facing the opposite and complying with the Dharma. «*Fear not to kill,* –says Sri Krishna– *they are already dead in me*».

I was meditating about the preceding paragraph of the Ghita, in the extraordinary moral implications that emerge from this ancient Indo-Aryan text when I «heard» the Voice again:

–You mustn't deceive yourself by the superficial meaning of the concepts, Oh Kurt, a man of Pure Blood. The message of Krishna is directed to both natures of Arjuna, the animic and the spiritual. To his animic part, to his nature of animal-man, Krishna advises him to continue with Dramatic argument in which is involved for his Karma: Arjuna is human, he is incarnated and lives karmic circumstances; he must comply with the Dharma and resolve the conflict of the opposed Archetypes; in such manner, he will realize the condemn imposed apriori by the Lords of the Karma of Chang Shambalah, the incomprehensible condemn of the familiar war that weighs upon his heart. But to his spiritual part, to his Aryan-Hyperborean nature, the Siddha Krishna suggest him to transcend the opposites, not through its synthesis, which could be War, but

situating himself in the absolute instance of the Eternal Spirit. The Spirit, «the Being», indeed, is Eternal and Uncreated, a *stranger* to all the Created opposites, which are not more than Maya, Illusion. *For the Spirit, there is no Created life or death but Illusion and, therefore, there is neither sin nor guilt, neither debts nor Karma to be paid: if the decision proceeds from the Spirit, the action will not produce a posterior effect upon Himself because the Illusion lacks capacity to act over the reality of the Self; and this, whatever be the action realized, even kill the relatives and friends.*

However, the Kshatriya must comply with an essential condition to allow that the spiritual nature to predominate over the animic or animal part: he must *toughen his heart*, he must «*throw out that non-Aryan weakness*», that's to say, he must *despoil himself* of every compassionate feeling towards whom are not but actors of a *karmic* argument, pure illusion; they don't exist really, they don't live, as Krishna says, «*they are already dead in me*». This is Wisdom of the Venus Lords of Agartha: only who possesses a *heart hard as the Stone and cold as the Ice* is a Kshatriya; and only such Kshatriya can realize *any action, even kill, without being touched by Karma.* That is the Power, Oh Kurt, a man of Pure Blood, of the Hyperborean-Initiated- Kshatriya, the semi-divine man who has his Uncreated Spirit chained to the Created Soul! Such words interrupted as a ray in my consciousness, filling me with perplexity, this, for many reasons. First, the security invaded me –as I already said– that the Voice was external to my being. Second, for the voice tone: firm and energic, they were liable and friendly Voice. I felt in its presence that it was not possible for me to distrust neither to doubt the words because Voice was emitted by someone superior to me. Someone who was «coming» to help and guide me. And third, because of these words' «content», the "concepts» that reached my consciousness were not always clear and comprehensible.

This last must not be understood in the sense that they were obscure or veiled, but that such concepts alluded to things and situation be known or forgotten by me. I say «forgotten» because in this feeling of veracity which induced me to listen the words of the Voice coexisted as a reminiscence of a lost Wisdom, of a forgotten Truth. Shambalah, Agartha, Venus Lords, concepts briefly familiars that once formed part of some vaster knowledge but that, inexplicably, I had forgotten without incapable to precise where nor when with security not in this life and perhaps not in the «other life» but in a « Spiritual state» out of all life and manifestation. Of one thing I was sure: the Truth was in the past, a remote past that, nevertheless, I could almost touch with the fingertips.

Chapter XV

When I reacted, after perceiving one of these «messages», my first impulse was to «ask» something else to the Voice, to interrogate about the «interpretation» of the message, or about the same Voice.

But it was useless because the Voice disappeared as mysteriously as it had appeared and I just obtained silence for an answer. However, when I was not thinking on it and meditating about something in the ambit of History, Philosophy or Religion, appeared the Fugacious Comment, the Wise and Aglow Word, as a Spark of Wisdom.

That difficulty of «communication» with the Voice instead of disappointing me stimulated my curiosity and took me to a brief quest of information about so weird phenomenon.

The inner ear had been opened when I was presented to the Führer due to his presence's powerful influence, and then I left with Dad to Egypt to pass some vacations, as I said before. Was during those days that I tried to reveal the mystery of the furtive apparitions of the Voice. For it, I began to read all that referred to cases similar to mine, realizing with horror that until a few years before anyone who experienced the audition of voices became suspect of witchery or demonology. The image of Joan of Arc, «The Maid of Orléans», burning in the stake for following the dictation of an inner Voice not resulted in a very pleasant incentive to deepen in Matter.

But thinking that we were in another century encouraged me to open to the investigation and knowledge in an Age. Even if I warned after every step that I made in the psychic experience, abounded the superstition and skepticism.

Reading the works of Allan Kardec, the founder of the modern Spiritism, I verified that amongst the multiple forms of *Mediumship* described as «common for many gifted people", figured an *Auditive Mediumship*, which I believed that could be compared to the phenomenon that I was experiencing.

According to Allan Kardec a *Medium* is a person that can contact the «Spirit's Worlds»: «What is a Medium? Is the being, the individual that serves as bond for the Spirits so they be able to communicate with men. Without Medium there's no possible communication, being this tangible, mental, written, physical or of any type». And also says: «A Spirit is a man without a physical body».

The Mediumship as human faculty is presented in «relation to the senses» as an extension of these that permits embracing a part of the «Other World». Thus there is an Auditive Mediumship, a Written Mediumship, etc. Not accepting for it the Spiritist Cosmogony that affirms, as do the Gnosis, the Alchemy, etc., a triple composition of man: body, Soul (orperispirit) and Spirit, one can stop to analyze the phenomenon that the Spiritist mention, almost always real.

This was what I did pointlessly on those days in Egypt, going around many Spiritualist Centers and interviewing me with numerous Mediums.

The disillusion could not be higher because, in most of the cases, the Medium was a person with low intellectual capacity, incapable to explain clearly the nature of the prodigies realized by him, or on the contrary, the Medium was a rascal, too clever to give explanations and rather pleased to be surrounded of a halo of «mystery».

The conclusion that I extracted from those explorations was resumed when the subject was the real protagonist of a mediumistic phenomenon could not exert any control over it, being in the generality of the cases a «silly». The

Writer Medium was not conscious about what he was writing, an abject situation that notwithstanding filled with joy to the witnesses who affirmed that it constituted the «proof» of the prodigy's veracity. The same could be said about the other types of Mediumship.

According to the Spiritist jargon, the Talking Medium was totally «possessed» by the Spirit or «disembodied entity»– he spoke, laughed, bellowed, or contorted before the contemplative ecstasy of the acolytes, as ignorant as insensate. And the Hearer Medium, who awakened my particular interest, heard, but not one but a concert of voices. And these invaded him in every moment, ordaining, demanding or begging determined actions, many times dishonorable or coarse. Something depressing that had nothing in common with my superior experience.

Convinced that I would only find fanatic or sick people for that path, I did the most logical that someone can do in these cases: I started to search for a solution to my problem by myself, by my own analysis and experience.

Thus, reviewing rigorously the psychic processes that culminated with the apparition of the Voice, I verified that the key was not in *mental* interrogation, in to «ask» to the Voice this or that. In my confusion, to which the contact and observation of the Spiritism did not contribute little, I believed that the Voice responded to proposed questions in my consciousness during the meditation. Taking this belief arbitrarily for a truth that concluded that it would be possible to ask consciously to the Voice, i.e., that I would ask, and the Voice would respond: «crass mistake» … as you will see immediately.

The meditation of all these allowed me to comprehend that the «interrogation» is an attitude intrinsically rational; it means, that it is only possible to interrogate from that ordination that we call reason. Of all the existent creatures, only Man interrogates, and he makes it to know, to obtain knowledge.

Expression of his miserable ineptness and Drama of his ignorance, the interrogation, starting from reason, the logic, permits him to emit inferences, propositions, and make judgements. But the knowledge obtained exclusively from reason, by the interrogation of the world's reality, entails violence and rebellion. The interrogation carries the possibility of an answer implicitly, which implies something superb and arrogant.

Interrogates who proudly «knows» that will be satiated on its knowledge. This rebellion, this pride, the arrogance, at last, this violence that lies behind in the interrogation is totally useless every time it doesn't *facilitate the liberation of man from his incarceration to the illusory forms of Matter.*

The interrogation's moral error as «means to know» is evidentiated in all its absurd contradiction when man affirms the «right» to ask, it means when he establishes that it is juridical and morally licit. It is even advisable to practice the interrogation, absurd possibility that guides inevitably to the negation of God (atheism), to confess the impossibility of this question (agnosticism) or the most perturbing hypothesis that, probable answers but not real answers.

The Gnosis, philosophical current that Belicena Villca referred to enough, affirmed the possibility to be «saved» through the Knowledge (Gnosis), but this

«Knowledge» must not be obtained rationally. As Serge Hutin said: «The Gnosis, possession of the Initiates, is opposed to the vulgar *pistis* (belief) of the simply faithful. It is less a 'knowledge' than a secret and mysterious *revelation*». «… Gnosis constitutes once it has been reached, a total knowledge, immediate, that the individual possesses entirely or lacks at all; is the '*knowledge*' itself, *absolute,* that includes Man, Cosmos and Divinity. And is just through this knowledge –and not through the faith or actions– that an individual can be *saved*».

Exists then another way to «know» and, even if an obscurantist conspiracy has erased the Gnosis and its Initiatic Wisdom from the Official History, was in the «gnostic» way that I found the solution to communicate with the Voice.

Is that effectively there is a form to obtain knowledge «beyond» reason, without falling into the mechanic of question and answer, comparison and conclusion, analysis and synthesis, at last, of dialectics. And it is effortless. It consists of *disposing of the Spirit remembrance*, in the analogous form to the attitude assumed by the consciousness when it «searches» for a memory.

In this case, it is not about to adopt a contemplative posture, of a «mind in blank», but of a dynamic action, that «searches» without «ask».

Wisdom to comprehend this lies in to accept the fact that the consciousness is «swiveling», «addressable» towards zones of the mind.

When we desire to *remember* something, reason can interrogate or not, but the memory *came* relentlessly. For example: What tie did I use in the party of John Smith? And the answer came automatically –the green tie–. But let's be honest. Is this a real «answer»? or when we wanted to know what which tie was, we disposed the mind to «search» the memory of the party of John Smith and this memory *appeared* in the consciousness as an image that was promptly translated by reason in the form of proposition: the green tie.

If we just evoke the memory of the used tie instead of asking, this will «appear «without being necessarily the answer to a question neither a proposition.

When I checked this and verified reliably that at «remembering» the consciousness is «directed» towards the memory, I disposed my Spirit analogously to «talk» to the Voice.

In the beginning, I had no success, mainly because reason interfered with doubts and skepticism. Still, when I focused well and could recreate in mind the fugacious moments in which the Voice interrupted, I started to progress. The Voice had appeared and disappeared in an instant, with a higher velocity than the faster of thoughts, at the point that, sometimes, I not distinguished clearly the words.

For this reason, I had to reach a high level of concentration, and evoke the remembrance, just evoke, not interrogate, dispose of the consciousness to befall the remembrance and remain incomplete spiritual immobility. The one who understands this will comprehend that it was not a contemplative attitude but an energic attitude (of energy), similar to Warrior an instant before releasing the arm with the sword, full potential force. In the contemplation, there is peace (stillness), in the evocation of expectant energy.

The employed procedure with success can be explained thus: I recreated in my Spirit the moment in which the Voice appeared. I was trying to make this memory as «exact» as possible, it means, to transport me psychologically to the climax lived during the experience. The Voice came, the remembrance of the Voice, as fast as I «remembered» that had appeared. But then, utilizing the recently discovered «orientator» power of the consciousness, I «directed» this «towards» the Voice (I repeat: as who remembers) and thus I achieved to «extend» imperceptibly the Time of Manifestation of the Voice. The Voice emerged I the remembrance, and I was trying to gird the remembrance around it, cutting the appendant, focusing only on it, trying to convert the fleetingness in permanence, without losing its vocal dynamic for this reason. Therefore, I went achieving, more each time, to «follow» the voice message from its apparition to its extinction.

The apparition (beginning) doesn't worry me, but the extinction yes, because I was extending more each time the last moment of the Voice until I reached to «hear» with complete clarity the final tone, the precise limit between the Voice and Silence. Reaching that point, I felt in consciousness –for being so directed towards the Voice– as if would have been *a conical and acute prominence,* as a funnel seen from the side in which the liquid is thrown.

The Voice had penetrated in my mind through a point –the inner ear– and there pointed the vertex of the psychic cone in which the consciousness was converted at chasing tenaciously the instant of the «message» final extinction.

I went practicing that kind of selective evocation when, at «examining» (in some manner it must be said) the psychic cone, suddenly I saw myself precipitated in a tunnel slightly spiraled and vaporous, as a vertex of bright and milky energy that prompt concluded with an image perfectly defined and clear. *I could see and hear at the same time* because there was from whom the Voice emerged.

Following the Voice on its extinction, I had arrived at its source of origin as an echo, which was glaringly and blinding. Provided now by an inner ear and an inner vision I participated enraptured of a sublime igneous image. Because any throat did not emit such a wonderful and marvelous Verb, neither it came from any human entity or just anthropomorphic. It just emerged from a tongue of fire that twinkled rhythmically accompanying the becoming of the Verb.

–Oh, cold and shining Fire, God is witness that in you, I have recognized the Divinity of the Hyperborean Spirit!

In front of that Divine Presence, made of Fire, Voice and Wisdom, I didn't commit the foolishness to interrogate, neither had I had surprise nor desire to know or comprehend.

Wild happiness, a primordial joy was invading me while the igneous logos shone under the inner sight. And that ineffable joy obeyed to a certainty: I had recovered something lost a long time ago, I didn't know to say when or where. But with security was about it because the flamboyant Presence was not unknown for me, although I had forgotten it in some mysterious way

until that moment. And the happiness of the reunion filled my Spirit with indescribable pleasure.

I ignore how much such first ecstasy lasted, but I remember clearly the knowledge that «remained» in my consciousness as a sedimentary stratum at the end of the experience. I say «knowledge» because at making telepathic contact with the mysterious Voice, I acceded to a Torrent of Wisdom –I wouldn't know to name it in another form– that at penetrating in the Spirit dissolved every doubt, turned worthless any question and joined and synthetized the opposites. Thus, this occurred because the Voice –authentic Logos– which the Fire and Verb constituted substance, transmitted Its Word by the mere fact to enter in contact with it.

And what said the Voice on that occasion? It would be an awkward pretension to describe with words such as transcendental experience, but I will run the risk and brief, and imperfectly I'll resume the essential parts of the message:

–«I am a Being belonging to the Ancient Race that came to Earth with Lucifer millions of years ago. I've been called Angel, but this is an ambiguous denomination. I've been one of the Great Hyperborean Leaders, and as such you have known me in a remote past that, however, is always present in the Pure Blood Mystery. By my Hyperborean name, you must call me: Kiev; because thus will 'recognize' me Humanity at the end of the Dark Age or Kaly Yuga. You are united to me, as other countless Spirits chained by the Origin's Symbol, the link that connects the Created with the Uncreated: you, and any of them, can reach to me and to the Origin of the Spirit's Race, resolving the Labyrinth Mystery, crossing the illusion of the Created Forms, returning to the Pure Blood Path, as you have done now without comprehending it. In the Origin, there exist other Beings like Me, belonging to the Spirit's Race, who have also been called Angels. But, in reality, all come from Venus, *the Door of Venus.*

–You can communicate with me whenever you want now that you know how to return to the Origin following the Path of the Pure Blood, *but you mustn't do it* if you have not obtained to understand the Labyrinth Mystery and be the owner of the Space and Time. Otherwise, my presence will act like a drug that will put to sleep your incipient spiritual consciousness. You are a victim of the Great Deceit. You believe that you are and you almost don't exist beyond the caprice of Jehovah Satan. While you don't return *consciously* to the Origin, there where you are now without knowing it, you must not come to me because you can miss the path. First, you must know what you already are, you must return to the Beginning whence you have never left, recover the Paradise that you never lost. When you become capable of resolving this Mystery, marching through the path of the Labyrinth and reaching the *exit,* just then you can say I am. But do not be afraid, you won't be alone, you'll be guided charismatically to the end. Follow the Closed Circles of the Orden of Thule but don't stop in anyone; go ahead always, until the Penultimate Circle; there we will meet again. And finally, try to interpret this with wisdom, my advice and guide: *in the planetary order first the Führer; in the individual order first Rudolf Hess.* Therefore, follow Rudolf Hess, inspire you in Rudolf Hess».

I had achieved to resolve the Mystery of the Voice, reaching to its occult source, the Divine Kiev, but once fulfilled this wonderful psychic feat it was forbidden to be the re-establishment of the contact provoking me a strange feeling of sadness. Respectfully unable to contemplate the twinkling sphinx of Kiev due to –I accepted it tacitly– of my imperfection, I just desired to save the obstacles that separated me from the Penultimate Circle of the Thulegesellschaft where I would be authorized to re-establish the telepathic link with the Origin.

I was thinking in all these when the train was taking me rapidly to Pomerania, lamenting because I didn't find Rudolf Hess in Berlin to entrust him what happened and consult him about the Divine Hyperborean Kiev.

Chapter XVI

Uncle Kurt, what you have told me is amazing! You alone, internally, i.e., without any help, reached to one of the Liberator Gods! –I exclaimed, impressed for the similitude of his experience with my perception of such infinite instant, the night of Earthquake, during which I contemplated the Divine image of the Virgin of Agartha.

–And tell me Uncle: –I added, ignoring the protest gestures of Uncle Kurt, who pretended to continue linearly with his narration– Could you conserve the faculty to communicate with Captain Kiev? I mean: Did you hear him later? Do you hear him now?

–Yes, neffe –He affirmed with resignation–. Even though many years elapsed until I dared to speak directly to Him, His Voice guided me in every moment, saving my life a little time later, in Asia, as you will see if you let me prosecute with the relation. But I advance you an affirmative answer to your last question: I still hear him; he still guides me. He ordered me to come to Santa Maria and stay here. And even if I complied with His mandate, I did it begrudgingly, and all these years, these thirty-three years, I remained in open rebellion against the Superior Unknown. Yes, neffe: He spoke to me many times, and he still speaks me, as he did before you came, when the hum of bees vibrated, the sound of the Dordje of Druids, and he warned me that I would be attacked; but I have not responded to His messages. I have never done it since 1945.

–For God's sake! Why, Uncle Kurt? How could you remain in silence, stay indifferent before the Voice of the Gods? –I not comprehended his attitude, and I was saying him almost screaming. Chased by Druids, by the White Fraternity, by an entire Hierarchy of infernal beings: How could be despised the unique possible help, the succor of the Liberator Gods? Oh, mein Gott, how difficult was for me then to understand Uncle Kurt.

–I know that you can't comprehend me, Arthur. You would have to put yourself in my position, be in my skin in 1945, seeing Germany destroyed by the Synarchy of the Allies and checking that the Wisest men, the Initiates in the

Black Order, disappeared without leaving traces in the Antarctic Oasis or through the Expanded Doors. And while they were leaving, until the Final Battle or who knows until when, I received the order to stay in Hell, alone, to comply a mission from which I knew nothing at all and in which I not believed.

Yes, neffe, you can call it faithlessness or as you want, but I not believed that my presence here was really important: I felt abandoned, betrayed by the Gods, left to my luck.

What could I do before the Great Triumphant Conspiracy? And however, I was wrong. Now I know it, and I hope it is not too late to correct my stupid posture. The letter of Belicena Villca has shown me an unsuspected part of History, a side that gave a final sense to my life. Because, naturally, it only rests for me to die with honor and save the stain of all these years of ignoble quietude.

Uncle Kurt was torturing himself needlessly and, once again, I was the causative of his pain. I accursed for having to ask, and I would have wanted the ground to swallow me right there. And there was no way to stop his subjective self-criticism.

–I am an ϟϟ, Arthur! An Initiate in the ϟϟ Black Order! –He said with desperation–. I have remained in a comfortable situation; hidden all these years, but secure, comfortably secure!

Accused be all the ϟϟ officers who have acted in the same manner and me! We should have fought, forming young consciences, revealing the Hyperborean Wisdom! But we preferred to keep quiet, assume a coward attitude that pretended to be prudent: Imagine, Arthur: if neither to the Gods I could respond, how less will need I would have to clarify anyone! And you know why? Because we didn't believe in the new generations, nor in the Triumph of the Führer, nor in the Final Battle! Perhaps, and I just say «perhaps», we will be forgiven in part because in our conviction the hand of the Enemy must have intervened, the Power of Illusion of the White Fraternity. We were credulous and selfish, and we must not expect the Gods' forgiveness because they are not judging. In reality, we're obeyed by ourselves, by our honor…

Until today, neffe, I lived assuming the role of victim, affirming with intransigence that nothing could be done against the Synarchy except to wait for the Final Battle, the End of the World, the Apocalypse, and Divine intervention. And this I said with irony, without believing that the Parousia would occur, that I would reach to see it. And in my disdain, and in the indifference of many others who perhaps acted just like me, we condemn to the ignorance to whom with security shall participate in the Essential War, in the Final Battle of the Essential War. O Gods, how fools we have been! I not understood it until now, until you came and exposed your predestined life until you related me the years of quest and showed me the impossibility to find the Truth in some part: How many blind paths you might have saved if you would have known me before! To me, to Oskar, or any of those who knew the Truth! Oh, Arthur, what have we done?! We saved our miserable lives but at the cost to lose our honor, to abandon the young men to their own forces, to permit that they are corrupted and destroyed by the Enemy…

–But Uncle Kurt –I said trying to calm him– you received the order of Captain Kiev: you had to remain hidden for strategic motives, perhaps waiting for the letter of Belicena Villca. It is possible that other ϟϟ have acted egoistically, as you say, but I find very significate your story, mine, and Belicena Villca. I see all too synchronized, too coincident, and I think that the Gods had it calculated beforehand. Then you mustn't embitter in vain: thing will have their sense, if we comply with the request of Belicena Villca and find his son and the Wise Sword if we show her letter to Nimrod de Rosario and we ingress in the Order of Wise Constructors.

–Maybe you're right. But I have verified my error, and nothing will prevent me to pay the debt of honor that I owe to those who came after me. The debt is with you, Arthur, I know! And for this reason, I am disposed to die if it is necessary; to die with honor, as an ϟϟ officer dies. Yes, Arthur, consider it as an oath: I'll protect you from Druids, I'll put to your disposition all the faculties and powers that I developed in the Black Order, and I will die for you if it is necessary, for you to comply with the mission that Belicena Villca entrusted you!

It was useless for me to persuade Kurt that the situation was not so grave that nobody would die. I just achieved to convince him about my naivety. Anyhow, one thing was clear: incredibly, he possessed the faculty to communicate telepathically with Captain Kiev, one of the Venus Lords that Belicena Villca repeatedly mentioned in her letter.

Chapter XVII

I promised myself not to interrupt more Uncle Kurt. His relation prosecuted thus:

–According to the papers signed and sealed that contained the packet given by the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp was already a member of the Schutzstaffel (Guard Echelons or ϟϟ) and would receive the training to the *Ordensburg* of *Crossinsee* incorporated with the grade of ϟϟ *Obersturmführer*[29]. To the was entered normally, for the career of officer, with the grade of ϟϟ *Untersturmführer*[30]. Still, graduated from NAPOLA, for their previous military preparation, were incorporated with one grade more. For this reason, I ingressed as ϟϟ *Obersturmführer* of the legendary *1st Panzer Division Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler* and because the *Ostenführer* of the Selective Body of Eastern Studies of NAPOLA had his natural seat in the *Leibstandarte.*

The officers received instruction in centers especially prepared for the effect, in different places of Germany. The *Ordensburg,* castle-monasteries surrounded by forests and parks, were self-sufficient regarding the pedagogic finality for which they had been disposed of. Three Ordensburg depended

[29] ϟϟ *Obersturmführer*: ϟϟ Lieutenant
[30] ϟϟ *Untersturmführer*: ϟϟ Second Lieutenant

on the N.S.D.A.P. and one, the castle of Wewelsburg, belonged exclusively to the *Waffen* ϟϟ .

Crossinsee in Eastern Prussia was occupied with physical and mental training and completed the instruction purely military. *Vogelsang* in Renania imparted the political and mystic training and, at last, *Sonthofen* in Baviera, was occupied of the superior form of the ϟϟ officers in Politics, Diplomacy or Martial Arts. To these three burgs, *Crossinsee, Vogelsang* and *Sonthofen,* was concurred in that order could remain one or more years in each one of them according to the particular followed career. But to the *Wewelsburg* only ingressed an authentic Elite, extraordinarily selected, that aspired to receive the Initiation to the Most Hidden Knowledge of the Black Order ϟϟ, who's Great Master was the *Reichsführer* Heinrich Himmler.

In my particular case, existed express orders, of Rudolf Hess, to accelerate the stay in *Crossinsee* and *Vogelsang*, so I just assisted three months to the first burg and three months to the second. In *Sonthofen* I stayed for six months and then I passed three months in *Bernau*, nearby Berlin, a secret center of the *S.D.*[31] where was imparted the teaching in techniques of counterespionage. In total, fifteen large and harsh months of study that concluded at the ends of 1938 when with the grade of ϟϟ *Hauptsturmführer*[32] I abandoned definitely the official halls and libraries in quality of the student.

Since my arrival to Germany, in 1933, had elapsed six years during which I received Elite's education, so specific and good conceived for what was desired to obtain of me, that it is difficult to imagine how it could have been improved.

In that date –continued Kurt– Germany and her allies were going to enter in the Total War against the Potencies of Matter, a war which was more terrible than the one of the Mahabharata, and, when times ran out, I had the opportunity to act in the benefice of my homeland and Humanity. In fact, neffe: before the outbreak of the conflict, I received my first mission, a so strange enterprise that would be difficult to fit it in within the military operations, especially in our days, where the «professional» armies are well-oiled machines and the simple soldier's robots. The Waffen ϟϟ was not an organization merely military but the external expression of the Black Order, an Order of Hyperborean Initiates: then existed, along with the operations classically military, missions of pure esoteric character. One of these was Operation Altwesten that Professor Shcaeffer had undertaken in 1937, funded and directed by the ϟϟ. As Rudolf Hess had anticipated, my Destiny was attached to such expedition to the Tibet and nobody, neither the traitor Schaeffer, could prevent me from participating in it. However, in 1937, the group had already left, and just one year later, I incorporated with them in the Tibet.

The previous circumstances were not less strange, but I'll narrate you to them after we have taken the dinner –Uncle Kurt said surprisingly. He watched his clock and lifted his hand to the brow with astonishment–. I am inconsiderate! I am entertaining you for five hours ago, without noticing that this is the first

[31] *Sicherheitsdienst:* ϟϟ Security Service:
[32] ϟϟ *Hauptsturmführer:* ϟϟ Captain

time that you leave the bed in fifteen days. Are you fine, really? Tell me the truth because it might be better if you rest and I send up you the dinner.

–I am very well, Uncle Kurt, while we were going to the dining hall. One hour later, we were returning to the armchairs after a cold and light dinner, based on cold meat and salads, during which we spoke of many themes completely disconnected from the interrupted narration.

Finally, while we were drinking a cup of coffee, Uncle Kurt decided to go on with the relation.

–Oh no, –I replied–. It'd be better if we return to the living-room. There we'll be more comfortable.

I lamented to mess up Uncle Kurt's enthusiasm, but I didn't want to face the dogs. I knew that sooner or later I would have to do it, but I'd procure to do it in daylight. The dogs at night again? The idea filled me with apprehension, but Uncle Kurt did not notice it because he shrugged his shoulders and went to the living-room followed by me.

–Three or four weeks later arriving to Crossinsee I returned to Berlin –Uncle Kurt continued relating– to interview Konrad Tarstein, my contact in the Thulegesellschaft.

The Gregorstrasse 239 corresponded to an ancient barn of two floors that had to count with more than two centuries of venturesome existence and the only inhabitant, Konrad Tarstein, resulted to be a typical Berliner petit bourgeois, bald, short stature, with thick belly, who fitted perfectly with the decrepitude of the place.

It is probable that such place and man –I thought– had as objective to mislead possible spies or disappoint unquiet aspirants. I suffered the second effect at tugging a moldy shackle which turned around inside a bronze fist doubtfully fixed to the shabby door.

–Yes? –asked a startling voice that emerged from some undefined place.

–I am Kurt von Sübermann –I said, talking to the tiny eyehole that at last, I had discovered in one of the panels of the door, whence a pair of elusive little eyes were looking at me impatiently. –Herr Rudolf Hess sends me…

The door was opened, and a chubby and small figure appeared, with the hand courteously extended to salute.

–I am Konrad Tarstein –He said–. Come in; I was waiting for you.

The interior not improved in nothing the first impression. Furnished with manifested tastelessness, a few minutes in the house were enough for anyone to be discouraged that there was or could be something important in a neglected mix of forms and styles. And nevertheless, I expected a lot of the Thulegesellschaft in which, according to Rudolf Hess, I'd find an answer to all my queries.

Seated in a ridiculous divan Louis XV, which seemed to have nothing to do there, before a Norman table and some friar chairs, I observed with surprise that Konrad Tarstein was going to fill a sheet. It was the furthest thing from a spiritual activity that I could imagine. For this reason, I hesitated to give my personal data, which Tarstein interpreted erroneously as a product of fear.

–Don't be afraid –said Tarstein– the books of the Order could never be found. I can assure you, Herr von Sübermann that never has occurred an important filtration about the details of the Cult or the identity of our members. We have suffered desertions and some minor betrayal, but always in the Order's superficial levels, and by people who not possessed a very precise knowledge of the internal organization.

–Do you receive many aspirants, Mr. Tarstein? –I asked.

Konrad Tarstein lifted the sight from the sheet and observed me some large minutes with curiosity. Finally, as if I'd have noticed a forgetfulness or omission, he took a hand up to his brow while his countenance went illuminated with a smile.

–The circumspection of Rudolf Hess! –He said thinking aloud–. His eternal and timid circumspection. I must have supposed that you would not be warned that this interview doesn't form part of any regular practice in the Thulegesellschaft. Tell me Kurt von Sübermann, what information received from Rudolf Hess to reach here?

I responded to him in a complete form about all what I knew about the Thulegesellschaft: what Rudolf Hess had said in our conversation in the Chancellery, the night of the graduation, and the reference of a «contact» in Berlin, Konrad Tarstein, exposed in his letter that reached to my hands through the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp.

While I was talking a doubt that an unexpected misunderstanding would have occurred assaulted me, provoked by some mistake committed by me in the interpretation of the instructions. But as much as reflected, I didn't find any motive that could have produced the surprise of Tarstein before my question about the reception of other aspirants to the Thulegesellschaft. Or is that, effectively, never came other aspirants to the Gregorstrasse 239? Finally, Konrad Tarstein confirmed me this a few minutes later. He approved with a gesture of his bald head everything I said and, after that he kept the sheet in a leather briefcase, he invited me to pass to an interior ambient of the enormous barn.

The hall where we were was connected with the door of the street through a passage from the small hall. At the right was a stair of fine polished wood and carpeted, which, through a ninety-degree bend, guided the superior floor and continued in the railing, which was extended sideways along a passage, perfectly visible from below. Towards the front of the hall, two big doors of huge carved wooden frames opened. Taking the right door, we acceded, with Tarstein, to an open courtyard, surrounded by galleries with small columns, in each one of them enormous gates opened. Following the gallery of the left side, we perambulated the distance of a side of the tiling courtyard, and we continued through a transversal storm door which guided us to another courtyard, this one closed with a glasscampane, while the gallery was extended along this courtyard to die in wall at the background.

Before reaching there, we entered the last of the countless doors that guided to the transposed galleries. The site where we had arrived, after such labyrinthine excursion, was really amazing. At closing the door that guided to the

gallery, I'd say that we were entering into an apartment, more proper to be in a Bernaverstasse skyscraper than there, in the heart of the decadent mansion of the XVIII century.

–Are you surprised Mr. Kurt? –Konrad Tarstein asked smiling–. I remodeled a wing of this ancient house to live with some cosiness. Nothing from the other world, rather simple, but comfortable for whom has already travelled great part of the final path.

…See Kurt, this is the kitchen, modern and well-installed; these ones, are the dinner-room and the living-room. See, these are the bedrooms; there are two because I usually receive a marriage of old friends as guests. Come over here, Kurt; see, this is the main ambience, where I spent a great part of the day and night.

We were before a bedroom of great dimensions, with the four walls covered with shelves with books. In the center, under a squared lamp and of regulable height which hangs from the roof, a table covered in books, some of them opened, others stacked, and many manuscripts permitted to guess the place for work or study of Konrad Tarstein.

A little overwhelmed by the odd spectacle that I was witnessing and containing the desires to go immediately and examine the cover of the books, which evidently were very ancient, I contained my anxiety and asked:

–Why here? Why build a house inside of another? Is it not more feasible to acquire another property more comfortable in a more respectable neighborhood?

–Calm down, Kurt, –said Tarstein– this has been done thus for an important reason: We can't abandon this property which is very valuable for us. Many important things have happened here for Germany and Humanity. Wherefore, although few are those who visit it often, we've maintained it intact, without changing anything of its ancient and baffling furniture. Thirty years ago, in 1908, worked here a secret group whose members founded in 1912 the Germane Orden that later would give place to the Thulegesellschaft and the N.S.D.A.P. Do you understand now why we must conserve this house?

–Because here all began, –I said with admiration.

–Exactly, here all began to be written about History of the next millennium. Here, only here, came the Superior Unknowns to seal the foundation of the Third Reich!!! Berlin will fall before a pin of its foundations could be touched in this sacred house.

When Konrad Tarstein was speaking in this way, his startling voice acquired prophetic tones, and it was turning magnetic and attractive, making me forget for some moments the extravagant aspect of who emitted it.

–Let's take a cup of coffee –proposed Tarstein– and I will impose to you certain things that you must know concerning the Thulegesellschaft and of the arrangement that we have made with Rudolf Hess about your ingress.

I accompanied him lamenting to leave such fascinating library, until the superb kitchen.

We left the library and by another door, subjacent to the one whence we entered, and we went out to the gallery and the courtyard again. I comprehen-

ded thus, that the house of Konrad Tarstein was extended to around all that ancient mansion wing, in front of the second floor.

–How many rooms had the house? –I asked while I was sweetening the aromatic Tea of Shanghai.

–Reckoning both floors, some… thirty or thirty-two ambiences –replied enigmatically–. Who could know it?

–He looked at me a large instant, doubting if he should stop there or complete the answer. Finally, something on him seemed to get relaxed, and he opted for the second alternative.

–Look, Kurt, I don't know if you will be prepared already to accept certain facts that escape to the normal comprehension of the common man. Anyhow, as we pretend to make of you a Hyperborean Initiate, sooner or later such facts won't result in you surprising at all: is just a matter of time to understand them. Therefore, I'll give you information that for any rational mind would be logically incredible, but it won't be for us because it corresponds to most rigorous truth, perfectly ascertainable by every Initiate: *in this house, today can be 32 ambiences but tomorrow, perhaps, be 35, 40 or more; or maybe less, 20, 25, 30, who could know it?*

Naturally, neffe, such revelation provoked me the incomprehension that Tarstein foresaw. Do not forget that I was 19 years old and that I was still confused by the recently acquired faculty to hear the Voice of Kiev, the Lord of Venus. However, I did not feel exalted, and I took his words with tranquility. Konrad Tarstein prosecuted, apparently satisfied by the neutral effect that his information caused.

–This is not a common house, Kurt. No, sir, you are inside what we call a *liberated area,* an *oppidum,* i.e., space *gained* to the Enemy. Even though you just see walls surrounding the edified area, they just cover a *strategic fence* denominated *Archemona* or *vallo obsesso*, which separates and isolates the area of the *Valplads* or enemy territory, it means, of the *campus belli.* You can perceive that Archemona because you are not initiated yet, and your Soul obstruct your spiritual vision: only your Uncreated Spirit is apt to capt the *charismatic fence* of the Archemona. But you'll see it, Kurt, you'll see it. And then you'll understand that what seems impossible is real, and that the house *is not geometrically stable* because its structure doesn't participate exclusively from the Created Archetypes, like every house, but on it intervenes an uncreated element, *the Actual infinite!*

After this announcement, Tarstein sighed and said:

–Here, Kurt, Time elapses in another way, desynchronized from the exterior Time, the World's Time. For this reason, in this liberated area, and with this own time, the construction *can't be stable* and not only its sectors change, but they change synchronistically with the *interior Time: centuries and millenniums of distance could be saved at crossing through one of these doors.* By one of such apertures of time and space, arrived once my Ancestors, the Tharsis Lords of the Germanic branch, who belonged to a medieval Order historically known as *Einherjar*: you must know that my surname Tarstein, means «*stone of Tharsis*», in memory of a legendary House that traces its racial origins to the White Atlanteans, the survivors of Atlantis. I know that this will seem fantastic to

you, but I descend from a Lineage that remained hidden for centuries due to the tenacious persecution, mortal persecution, to which the Potencies of Matter subjected them, that's to say, that Occult Hierarchy led by tenebrous extraterrestrial beings established in Chang Shambalah.

I will be clearer: my family, the Germanic branch of the Tharsis Lords, was natal of Swabia, the country where they had settled with the major secret of the XIII century, fleeing from a legendary attack of the Demons which almost exterminates our entire Lineage. There they remained for four centuries, conserving the Hyperborean Wisdom that had been entrusted in remote times to our House. In the XVI century, a Hyperborean Pontiff coming from England, founded in the court of Emperor Rudolf II, in Prague, the Order Einherjar, which had as objective to develop and apply in every moment of History an exact method to localize the advent of the Lord of the Absolute Will, the Envoy of the Lord of War, that's to say, the Führer of the White Race. In such moment, the Pontiff decided that the better Strategy for sustenance and perdurability of the Order demanded that its members be always from eight chosen bloodlines amongst the Lineages of the Purest Blood of Europe. The case was that one of the convoked Princes by the Pontiff belonged to m

y family, whereas the other came from the House of Branderburg, a collateral lineage of the Hohenzollern. The Order worked in secrecy during the next centuries, forming Hyperborean Initiates and awaiting the time of the arrival of the Great Leader of the White Race. The most important base of action was constituted by the *margraviato* of Branderburg, which was since the XII century a hereditary princedom feudalized with the Emperor. And precisely, the Order's presence is not strange to the posterior ascent of the House of Branderburg above the rest princedoms of Europe, until the obtention of the King's investiture reached by Frederick William III in 1791. Then borns Prussia, the State where the national rector principle was the honor, where the family was organized around the authoritarian and exemplary figure of the father, where the order prevailed in all the social classes, nobility, bourgeoisie and peasantry because it was affirmed in the notions strongly ingrained on the line of duty, the saving, of the unconditional obedience of the subaltern, in the entire subordination of the functionaries, and in the most rigid military discipline.

Overall, Prussia was since the beginning a military State: two-thirds of its budget was dedicated to the support of powerful national army that infringed defeats to France, Austria, Russia, etc., and impulsed respect and admiration for the austere and lordly Prussian «way of life». And with the Art of War, there was cultivated the philosophy, the literature, the music. But nothing in this revolution occurred accidentally: the Oder was training, in a society of Pure Blood, the New Order that the Führer, in his next coming, would apply to all Germany and the World. For this reason, the Führer has never hidden his debt with Prussia and has made public his sympathy for Frederick II of Prussia and Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor.

Well, Kurt: the ancient Order Einherjar was so strengthened in the XIX century, that one of its Initiates reached to be crowned King of Prussia in

1840. I am referring to Frederick William IV, called courteously «Damian of Brandeburg» due to his love for the Eloquence and in memory of the famous rhetorician Ephesus. Was the same King that reconstructed the Marienburg, the castle which served as a residence in the Middle Ages to the Great Masters of the Teutonic Order; this restoration work, as you will know, is prosecuted in nowadays by a special ϟϟ division, obeying direct orders of the *Reichsführer* Himmler. Ans was this same King who, considering that the old danger had yielded, and that the Demons could not prevent anymore that the New Order be imposed in the World, authorized the creation of the surname *Tharstein* or *Tarstein* contraction of *Tharsisstein*, accompanied the nobiliary title of Earl and the right to exhibit in the Castle of the House the familiar armorial shield. The Castle of Tarstein is located near to here, Kurt, at some 100 km. from Berlin, but I do not frequent it since many years ago because I am totally committed to work for the Thulegesellschaft and the Black Order ϟϟ.

Come here Kurt; I'll show something very secret and related to this matter.

Then, he introduced me through the exterior corridor to a nearby room, hermetically closed with double lock. Once inside, another nourished library was revealed at my sight: on two walls should be deposited some four thousand books, many of them of evident antiqueness; on the other wall, shelves filled with documents and rolls.

–All this material has a common characteristic: –he explained– it refers to the «Druids» and the «Druidism». Many of these documents are very secret and have been obtained at a high price: they proceed from all Europe and correspond to all the Ages, until today. Is, with security, the complete collection that anyone has ever reunited about Druids.

–But –I exclaimed surprised– Don't were Druids historic characters already disappeared? You talk as if they still exist!

–I mentioned before the fact that my family, House Tharsis, was obeyed to flee seven centuries ago due to an «Demons' attack»; well: those «Demons» were Druids, or «Golem», as my ancestors denominated them. And thenceforth, their power has never decreased. On the contrary, it could be affirmed that today is stronger than ever. But keep present this, Kurt: if the Führer's Strategy triumph we must outbreak against the Golems one of our great esoteric battles, that in Europe are constituted in the main stray of the Synarchy.

–But, who are they? Where are they? –I asked astonished.

–In the Middle Ages, his center of the action was the Catholic Church –He replied thoughtfully– where, it seems, they were fought fiercely by my family members. After the XIV century, more concretely, subsequently to the destruction of the Order of the Temple that obeyed their inspiration, they strengthened and spread in the diverse states of the European society. Today there are almost no organizations were the Golems are not infiltrated.

I know that with this answer I don't clarify you too much. But afterwards, I'll describe to you the complete structure of the Synarchy, and then you will be able to comprehend the role functionally that they perform in nowadays and will identify them easily. If I have shown you this library and mentioned the Golems,

it is not to respond to the natural curiosity that it would arouse in you, but to make you a serious admonition. Have you heard about the *hunting by Species?*

–Well, I think so. Isn't the one that consists in which each hunter must collect a piece of a determined species? As a game, in which a hunter must chase, for example, a hare, the other a rabbit, and a third a pheasant, the fourth a turkey, etc?

–Exactly, Kurt –confirmed Tarstein–. Then listen to this and keep it well in your mind: analogously to the hunting by species, *within the hunters of the Synarchy, Druids are in charge to collect pieces of your species.*

I stayed looking at him without understanding; or without wanting to. He repeated:

–*…of your species, Kurt von Sübermann.*

I would not know to say what resulted more astounding to me, if the story that Tarstein had related, undoubtedly true, or to know that I was in front of an Earl, a Noble of a very ancient Lineage: for his citizen appearance, for his humble and courteous treatment, for his costume of questionable quality, I would have hardily suspected it. I was inheriting a nobiliary title as well; however, something interior, an inexplicable intuition, was telling me that his Bloor was Purer that his Lineage was the older, that his nobility was superior to mine. Of his advisement, about the peril of Druids, of course, I ignored it.

Before leaving, he took some typewritten sheets from the shelves of documents and gave them to me. «These are –he said to me– the transcription of the article '*Druidism*' of the British Encyclopedia: read them; that will refresh your memory». He locked the door of Druidic library, and we returned to the kitchen.

I was drinking another cup of coffee, confused for the revelations of Tarstein, when he, who had left one moment before, came back.

–I went to my studio to bring this manuscript –he showed me a book, skillfully bound, and handwritten with exquisite Gothic characters–. Its title is «Secret History of Thulegesellschaft». I wrote it employing a knowledge that is completely secret and that only a few Initiates know in part in Germany. You will be able to read it afterwards, but you mustn't take it out from this house because it is the only copy that exists and the secrets contained there could change the Planet's politic organization if they fall into the hands of the Enemy. Here is explained, for example, how did the Initiates of the Order Einherjar to determine that Adolf Hitler was the Führer of the White Race and how they guided him to Power; and the intermediary Orders which they had to found, as the Germane Orden and the Thulegesellschaft, till reaching to the Order possessor of the Hyperborean Wisdom on its Highest Grade, i.e., the Black Order ϟϟ.

It is obvious the avidity with which I observed such manuscript, wishing to have the possibility to read it right there. The words sounded mysteriously in the mouth of Tarstein, and this impression was accentuated by the unreality of the place, where centuries were crossed with just walking some meters by the corridor.

–To you taufpate Hess– continued Tarstein, changing of matter– I know him since he appeared in Munich in 1919. Was a young student of geopolitics when he ingressed, in that year, to the Thulegesellschaft. However, we *recognized* in him one of Germany's great Spirits, who was going to be *the Shield Bearer of the King Arthur*. A *Parsifal* whose mission would not be, this time, the quest for the Grail but the *sacrifice* to take sit in the *dangerous seat* during the *Kingdom's crisis*, this place number thirteen in the roundtable that only can occupy a *Pure Madman*, a Knight capable of doing a *Madness of Love* to save the Kingdom. For this reason, Rudolf has always been next to the Führer, waiting for his time, as the loyal Knight.

And everyone must desire that his opportunity never come, because when Parsifal begins his mission that would mean that King Arthur has been hurt and that the Kingdom is *terra gasta*. I assented with a gesture before the inquisitor gaze of Tarstein, but the mute answer not impressed him at all.

–You don't understand completely what I say, don't you? It must be thus, due to who would be capable of understanding the pure madman? his mission is not earthly; the victory, if he triumphs, can be only celebrated in other Heavens. A few will be the ones who will applaud the anonymous hero that is in Rudolf Hess. And, however, of him depends in great measure the Führer's triumph.

How much meaning would have these words, that Tarstein was telling me in such first visit to the Gregorstrasse 239, four years later, when in 1941 Rudolf was eager to face bravely to the *elementarwesen*! But such Saturday of 1937, the war, and all the horror that would come, were still far away, in a future that I could not suspect.

On the other hand, the commentaries of Tarstein caused my certain pride, in the quality of godson of Rudolf Hess. With a pleasant sensation, I was foolishly smiling, without deepening in the occult sense that was behind the symbology of the Arthurian Legend.

I'll not extend about this first visit because it was not much more than what we talked. After an hour, in accordance with what I remember, I left from there submersed in a sea of doubts but with the strong purpose to continue till the end.

Rudolf Hess had interposed his influence to send me with Konrad Tarstein, whoever he could be, and I was not disposed to defraud him. One hour later, on the train, I read the British Encyclopedia article: was not a lot what the English said about Druids.

> «*Druidism* was the faith of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul until the time of the Romanization of their country, and of the Celtic population of the British Isles either up to the time of the Romanization of Britain or, in parts remote from Roman influence, up to the period of the introduction of Christianity». From the standpoint of the available sources, the subject presents two distinct fields for inquiry, the first being pre-Roman and Roman Gaul, and the second pre-Christian and early Christian Ireland and Pictland. In the present state of knowledge, it is difficult to assess the interrelation of Druidic Paganism».

«*Gaul.*- The earliest mention of Druids is reported by Diogenes Laertius (Vitae, intro., I and 5) and was found in a lost work by a Greek, Sotion of Alexandria, written about 200 B.C., a date when the greater part of Gaul had been Celtic for more than two centuries, and the Greek colonies had been even longer established on the south coast».

«The Gallic Druids who Caesar subsequently described were *an ancient order of religious officials*, for when Sotion wrote they already possessed a reputation as philosophers in the outside world. However, Caesar's account is the mainspring of present information, and it is an especially valuable document as Caesar's confidante and friend, the Aeduan noble Divitiacus[33], was himself a Druid. Caesar's description of Druids (Comentarii de bello Gallico, VI) emphasizes their political and judicial functions».

«Although they officiated at sacrifices and taught the philosophy of their religion, they were more than priests; thus, at the annual assembly of the order near Chartres, it was not to worship nor to sacrifice that the people came from afar, but to present their disputes for lawful trial. Moreover, it was not only minor quarrels that Druids decided, for their functions included investigating the gravest criminal charges and even intertribal disputes».

–Himmler! I exclaimed, while I suspended the lecture for a moment: Is that the Doctrine of the Führer so influences me, that I see Jews far and wide? Well, how deny it! Such Judge-Priests with their white ephod seemed for me Levites of pure Hebrew Race–. You're not wrong! –Affirmed in my mind the Voice of Kiev–. Druids *are* Hebrew! One day you'll know the Truth!

I continued reading:

«This, together with the fact they acknowledged the authority of an arch-Druid invested with supreme power, shows that their system was conceived on a national basis and was independent of ordinary intertribal jealousy; and if to this political advantage is added their influence over educated public opinion as the Leader instructors of the young, and, finally, the formidable religious sanction behind their decrees, it is evident that before the clash with Rome Druids must very largely have controlled the civil administration of Gaul».

This absolute might, as in the peace as in War, this intermediation between the Heaven and Earth, this capacity to «form the people» in all the stratums, this authority to judge and legislate, was not analogous to an Aaron, Joshua, a Samuel, some Levites, it means, such tribe of Israel to whom Jehovah entrusted the mission to *officiate the Cult of the Law*? Questions without answer by the moment; but questions that gave the pass to very suggestive intuitions. Thus, the article followed:

«Of Druidism itself, little is said except that Druids taught the immortality of human soul, maintaining that it passed into other bodies

[33] Divitiacus is the same Druid "Viviciano" that Professor Ramirez mentioned in Book Three, Chapter III.

after death. This belief was identified by later the writers, such as Diodorus Siculus, with the Pythagorean doctrine, but probably incorrectly, for there is no evidence that Druidic belief included the notion of a chain of successive lives as a means of ethical purification, or that it was governed by a doctrine of moral retribution having the liberation of the soul as the ultimate hope, and this seems to reduce Druidic creed to the level of ordinary religious speculation».

Very contradictory, I thought on the train. It is quite improbable that some Barbarian populaces, as the Celts, be submitted by millions to the religious leading, moral and judicial, of Judge-Priests, retired in the forests, which only sustained a «mere religious common speculation». Something patent had to exhibit Druids, something superior to mere rational speculation, something that for the Celts was the Truth.

«Of the theology of Druidism, Caesar tells us that the Gauls, following Druidic teaching, claimed descent from a god corresponding with Dis in the Latin pantheon, and it is possible that they regarded him as a Supreme Being; he also adds that they worshipped Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Minerva, and had much the same notion about these deities as the rest of the world. In short, Caesar's remark simply that there was nothing in Druidic creed, apart from the doctrine of immortality, that made their faith extraordinary, so that it may be assumed that Druidism professed all the known tenets of ancient Celtic religion and that the gods of Druids were the familiar and multifarious deities of the Celtic pantheon».

Here the English Author of the article exaggerated. Nowhere, before this last paragraph, had said or suggested that Druids were something different to the Celts, except that they «formed an official Order of Priests». But now, clearly, he *hinted* that were the same that the ancient Celts sustained. Then who were Druids, if they were not Celts? Why would the Celts have changed their Religion after the, now very probable, advent of Druids? Questions without answers. Questions for Konrad Tarstein.

«The philosophy of Druidism does not seem to have survived the test of Roman acquaintance and was doubtless a mixture of astrology and mythical cosmogony. Cicero (De Divin., I, XLI, 90) says that Divitiacus boasted physiology knowledge, but Pliny decided eventually (Natural History, XXX, 13) that the lore of Druids was little else than a bundle of superstitions. Of the religious rites themselves. Pliny (N.H., XVI, 249) has given an impressive account of the ceremony of culling the mistletoe, and Diodorus Siculus (Hist., V, 31, 2-5) describes their divinations through the slaughter of a human victim. Caesar having already mentioned the burning alive of men in wicker cages. It is likely that these victims were malefactors, and it is accordingly possible that such sacrifices were rather occasional national purgings than the common practice of Druids».

I was wrong, or the Encyclopedia was trying, with subjective argument, to give a good image of Druids murderers? Because one thing is to be an execu-

tioner, unpleasant task but socially necessary, and other very different is to be a Priest of human sacrifice victims: men can justify the executioners, but the executed is guilty of breaking the law; to kill who breaks the common law is commonly comprehensible; but the Priests kill to appease a God of whom they are their representatives, and propitiate a human sacrifice which is usually incomprehensible; only They represent him, and only the God can justify them. I realized then that, it was treating about a great favor that the English were doing at presenting the crimes of so sinister Priests as natural acts of justice.

> «The advent of the Romans quickly led to the downfall of Druidic order. The rebellion of Vercingetorix must have ended their intertribal organization, since some of the tribes held aloof from the conflict or took the Roman side; furthermore, at the beginning of the Christian era their cruel practices brought Druids into direct conflict with Rome, and led, finally, to their official suppression».

And the contradictions continued. According to the conviction that the writer expressed on previous screeds, a legalistic people as the Roman, how is that they didn't comprehend that ritual murders of Druids were positive acts of justice? Or perhaps the narrator, connoisseur of History, was struggling between his duty to expose the real events *and an Order of Directives of the Encyclopedia, or of other persons of singular influence, by which was obeyed to exalt Good of Druidism, very little by the way, and hide the bad, which was a lot, or to sweeten the unconcealed?* As you'll see, neffe, this was the theory of Konrad Tarstein.

> «At the end of the 1st century their status had sunk to that of mere magicians, and in the 2nd century, there is no reference to them. However, a poem of Ausonius shows that in the 4th century, there were still people in Gaul who boasted of Druidic descent».
>
> «British Isles - There is one mention of Druids in Great Britain as contemporaries of the Gallic clergy, and that is the reference to them by Tacitus (Annals, XIV, 30) from which it is learned that there were elders of that name in Anglesey in A.D. 61. However, there is no mention of Druids in the whole of History of Roman England, and it may be questioned whether there ever any Druids in the eastern provinces where they had been subjected, before the Roman invasion, to German influence».
>
> «On the other hand, there were certainly Druids in Ireland and Scotland, and there is no reason to doubt that the order reaches back in antiquity at least to the 1st or 2nd century B.C.; the word drai (Druid) can only be traced to the 8th-century Irish glosses, but there is a strong tradition current in Irish literature that Druids and their lore (druidecht) were either of an aboriginal or Pictsih origin. As to Wales, apart from Druids' existence in Anglesey there is little to be said except that the earliest of the bards (the Cynfeirdd) very occasionally called themselves derwyddon».
>
> «The Irish Druid was a notable person, figuring in the earliest sagas as prophet teacher and magician; he did not possess, nevertheless, the judicial powers ascribed by Caesar to the Gallic Druids, nor does he seem

to have been a member of a national college an arch-Druid at its head».

«Further, there is no mention in any of the texts of the Irish Druids presiding at sacrifices, though they are said to have conducted idolatrous worship and to have celebrated funeral and baptismal rites. They are best described as seers who were, for the most part, sycophants of princes».

«Origin; Some confusion is avoided if a distinction is made between Druids origin and the origin of Druidism. Of the officials themselves, it seems most likely that their order was purely Celtic, and that it originated in Gaul, perhaps as a result of contact with the developed society of Greece. Still, Druidism, on the other hand, is probably in its simplest terms the pre-Celtic and aboriginal faith of Gaul and the British Isles that was a posted with little modification by the migrating Celts. Itis easy to understand that this faith might acquire the special distinction of antiquity in remote districts, such as Britain, and this view would explain the belief expressed to Caesar that the discipline of Druidism was of insular origin».

«The etymology of the word Druid is still doubtful, but the old orthodox view taking 'Dru' as a strengthening prefix and 'uid' as meaning 'knowing', whereby Druid was a very learned man, has been abandoned in favor of a derivation from an oak word. Pliny's derivation from Greek δρυς is, however, improbable».

«A great revival of interest in Druids, largely promulgated by the archaeological theories of Aubrey and Stukeley and by romanticism generally, took place in the 18th and 19th centuries. One outcome of this interest was the invention of neo-Druidism, an extravagant mixture of helio-arkite theology and Welsh bardilore. Another result is that more than one society has professed itself as inheriting the early Druids' traditional knowledge and faith. However, the United Ancient Order of Druids, a friendly society founded in the 18th century, makes no such claim).

Uncle Kurt had given me an article of the British Encyclopedia, which Tarstein made him read in Germany, 1937. Considering what has been learnt recently with respect to Druids, since they murdered Belicena Villca, and after reading her letter and received the magisterial explanations of Professor Ramirez, is natural that I shared the criterion of Konrad Tarstein, in the sense that such article was exceedingly resumed and ambiguous to justify its inclusion in such prestigious work: the first edition of the British Encyclopedia dated from 1771, for what should be expected that in 1930 they would have collected enough material about Druids as to compose a more expensive and complete article. But it resulted clear that the English did not desire to deepen in History of some ancient and forgotten Priests, who could kill right now with renewed efficacy.

–In the second visit that I did to Konrad Tarstein –Uncle Kurt remembered– he approved my reasoning and assured me that what happened in the article was the most common fact, and he wanted to warn me about that. Wherefore

he gave it to me: to advise me that an incredible European conspiracy refused the information or distorted it, with the finality to avoid that unwanted glances could fall about a theme that the most powerful synarchic forces were interested in hiding. And he warned me again of the, by then incomprehensible, circumstance that *I constituted the prey that they would propose to hunt.*

Finally, neffe; in regard to the information, it was not easy to verify that Tarstein was right and that he did not admit a simple explanation about Druidic concealment which was effectuated in England. This will become evident if you realize a clarifier comparation. For example, read the article «*Druid*» in the Encyclopedic Dictionary of La Montaner I Simon, which is edited in Barcelona at the ends of the XIX century, and you will have no doubts that the English publication is affected by strange rickets, although in the Spanish essay is appreciated the same purpose to express a good image of Druids.

Thereupon, Uncle Kurt put in my hands the VII Volume of the Encyclopedic Dictionary, work of 26 volumes that undoubtedly had minor magnitude than the British Encyclopedia. I searched for the article and read:

> DRUID (from the lat. Druides; from the Cumbric druiz or deruiz, of dervo, holm oak): Priest of the ancient Gauls and Britons.
>
> –Druid: *Hist.* A lot has been discussed about the etymology of the word druida. The etymologists have attended until to the Hebrew Dictionaries to see if they could give any idea of it on them. The name Druid is an appellative as the main body of the radical substantives of all the languages. In Gaulish language draoi or druidas means soothsayer, augur, magician, and druid prophecy and magic. It has been said as well that this word comes from the Greek voice δρυς which means holm oak, because they dwelled and taught their doctrines in the forests, and because, as Pliny the Elder says, they didn't do sacrifices but at the feet of a holm oak. But this etymology, even having a reason of Antiquity on its favor, is from the time of Pliny, not because it stops being purely whimsical because it is not so natural that Druids were going to take their name from a foreign voice. Others sustain that the word druida comes from the Britannic voice *dru* or *drew*, which means holm oak too, and that this comes from the Greek voice δρυς. Many oriental etymologies presented the most acceptable seem to be the Sanskrit form *druwidh,* which means *poor indigent*, because Druids, as all nations Priests, had to make vows of poverty.
>
> The arguments in favor of the oriental origin of Druids are very worthy of being attended, because many writers of the antiquity have accepted it, but not for other reasons. Diogenes Laërtius and Aristotle put Druids and the Chadeans next to the Persian magicians and the Indians, which they share with many writers. The divinity of the Brahamins has a great similitude with Druidic divinity. The importance that Druids conceded to the oxen is another singular coincidence;

Druidic mysteries also have great analogy with the mysteries of India. In the magic wand of Druids is appreciated the sacred stick of the Brahamins. Both had the same consecrated objects: they used tiaras of colth, and the symbolic circle of Brahma, as the half-moon, symbol of Shiva, were Druidic ornaments. Great was also the analogies between the idea that Druids had of a Supreme Being and which is found in India's sacred works; so, it does not seem very adventurous to suppose relations amongst Druids and Indian and Persian priests.

According to the Caesar, in his work *De Bello Gallico*, in whose VI book he treats about the uses and mores of the Gauls and Germans, Druidic science was invented in Great Britain and thence to the Gaul. Although, is evident that Gauls dwelled before than Britain and Ireland, is, in rigor, possible that the hierarchic organization of the body of Druids and the system of its doctrine was invented in Britain. However, is it more credible that many Druidic schools existed in the Continent and the isles, and that one or some of Britain's enjoyed of major celebrity for being complete the instruction that was imparted there. In fact, Caesar does not say that all those who wanted to enter in Druids' case were obeyed to go and study in Britain, but there went those who were obeyed to receive a complete education. A new proof that Britain was not the main center of Druidic organization, is that their general assemblies were celebrated in a consecrated forest, in the country of the Carnutes, which was considered as the center of the Gaul. It has been believed that this forest was Dreux environs, and that this city took its name from Druids; but his not passes to be a supposition, because the name of *Dreux (Duro-Cath or Caz)* means a fort nearby a river.

In the already quoted book *De Bello Gallico*, Caesar says that all their men belonged to the Gaul's elevated classes, figured, already within the nobles, already within Druids.

They were in charge of the people's religious direction, as for the main interpreters and keepers of the laws. Druids also had power to impose the most severe punishments on those who refused to be submitted to their decisions. Amongst the penalties that they could impose the most feared was the expulsion of the society. Druids didn't form a hereditary caste, they were exempt of the field service and the payment of taxes and for these exceptions and privileges all the young men of the Gaul aspired to be admitted in the Order. The tests to which a novice had to be subjected sometimes lasted twenty years. All the instruction o Druidic science was communicated orally, but for certain propositions they had a written language, in which they used Greek character.

The Order's president, whose charge was elective and lifelong, exerted over the individuals that formed a supreme authority. Druids taught that soul was immortal. Astrology, Geography, Theology and Physical Sciences were their favorite studies. The Gauls didn't do human sacrifices but only very rare cases, and on them, great criminals were

sacrificed. All that it is known about the religious doctrines taught by Druids is reduced to some fragments found in many works of the antiquity writers, particularly in Caesar, Diodorus Siculus Valerius Maximus, Lucan, Cicero, etc. From these fragments result, they believed, as have been said, in the Soul immortality and its existence in another world, not being Death more than the point or moment of separation between two existences. From this belief is natural that would appear one of the rewards and the punishment in the other life, a belief that explains the indomitable courage of the Gauls and their contempt for Death naturally. They taught the position and the movement of the stars and the magnitude of Heaven and Earth. It means that they were dedicated to studying Astronomy and undoubtedly studying the secrets of Nature and Physiology. From this emerged their pretension to possess the science of the Prophecy and Magic.

Their most important study was the theological study, but about there's no certain data, is very little known its theological system, because the Greek and Latin writers, at talking about name and functions and attributes of Druidic divinities, they referred them to their own Theogony; therefore, only can be made conjectures to which the etymologic study can give some probabilities. Caesar says that his main divinity was Mercury, who chaired the Arts, the travels and the Commerce. They were in the order of importance Apollo, Mars, Jupiter and Minerva. Lucan and other writers put at the head of the Gods to Teutates, and after him Hesos, Beleno, Taranis and then Heracles Ogmios. Caesar adds that Druids pretended to descend from Dis, name that translated as meaning Pluton, and for this origin, they reckoned by nights and not by days. The opinion is evidently erroneous. The error appeared from that Dis or Day was amongst the Gauls one of the Supreme Being's names, to whom they also called Esar or the Eternal and Abais or Aiboll, the infinite. Belenos or Beal or Beas, was one of the names of the Sun, to which they called Ablis or Atheith in Warm as well, and Granius or Grianu the luminous. Teutates or Tuitheas was the God of fire, Death and destruction.

To treat the religious beliefs of the Gaul, it is required to quote the distinguished writer Thirrey. According to him, the religious beliefs of Gauls were referred to two bodies of symbols and superstitions, two religions completely different: one very ancient, founded on a polytheism derived from worshipping of the natural phenomenon, and the other Druidism, introduced lately by the immigrants of the Cumbric Race, founded on a material pantheism metaphysical and mysterious. The main divinities of the Celtic populations were the already quoted and *Ogmo Ognius*, God of the science of eloquence, represented under the figure of an old man armed with a mace and a bow, followed by captives subjected by the ears with chains of gold and amber which emerged from God's mouth. Apart from the main divinities Druids had others divinities already assimilated to Mars, as *Camul, Camulus, Segomon, Belaturcadus* and *Catuix*, already to Apollo, as *Mogounus* and *Granus,* and

also other divinities which were the deification of the natural phenomenon, as *Tarann, Tarannis*, the thunder; *Kerk Circius*, impetuous wind of the Northeast, or deification of mountains, forests, citites, as *Pennin*, God of the Alps; *Vosege, Vosegins*, God of the Vosgos, *Ardaena, Arduinna*, assimilated to Diana, Goddess of the forests of Ardennes; *Nemansus, Vesontis, Luxovia, Nennerius, Bornonia, Damona,* local divinities of Nîmes, de Besançon, de Luxeu, de Neris, deBourbon, Lancy. Epona was the protector Goddess of the grooms and the horse trainers.

The people very venerated Druids: they had an austere life and far from the consortium with the rest; they were dressed in a singular way; they usually used a tunic which reached below knee. Provided with the supreme power they imposed the penalties, declared War and made Peace; they could depose the judges and even the king, when their actions were opposed to the laws of the State; they had the privilege to name the judges who governed the cities annually, and the kings were not elected without their approval. Caesar says that only the nobles could enter in Druidic order, while Porphyry sustains that was enough with the right of citizenship. Nevertheless, it is difficult to believe that a so powerful body as Druidic admitted on its bosom to individuals who not belonged to a determined caste. Druids formed the first order of the nation; they were the judges in a major part of the public and private matters; they knew all the crimes, the murder, the hereditary issues, the properties, and their sentenced to this penalty were considered infamous and impious. Everyone, even their relatives abandoned them; all the world ran from them, to not be stained with their contact, and they lost all their civil rights and the protection of the law and the Tribunals. The veneration given to Druids was so huge, that if they presented themselves between two combatant armies the struggle ceased immediately, and the combatants were submitted to their arbitration.

As was said before, according to the opinion of the writers of the antiquity, Druidical doctrine was not written, it was transmitted orally, and the novices were obeyed to study for twenty years to possess the science. However, it seems that this affirmation is erroneous and that the error comes from care with which Druids occulted their science to the profane.

With age, the memory is debilitated inevitably, and if they didn't write anything, would have to result perforce, that, the Leaders, i.e., the oldest ones, would be found inferior to the younger ones in the details of their doctrine. Druids had sacred writing that, according to the tradition, was called *Ogham*. Thus, is probable that they would have possessed written books with those characters, that perhaps were, as was indicated before, Greek characters, but this does not mean, as some have believed, that they wrote in Greek.

Unfortunately, none of these books has reached the present. Those who escaped from the edicts of the Roman emperors in the Gaul and Britain were destroyed by the first Christian propagandists, by St. Patrick in Ireland and St. Columbanus in Scotland.

Druids' body was divided in many classes: the *Druids* properly said, the *soothsayers,* the *Sarodinos,* the *Samothes*, the *Silures* and the *Bards*. In respect to the last, some authors opine that they must not figure within Druids, and others that Druids were a corporation of ministers dedicated to religious cult, which preceded Druids' order of corporation. The Bards, as well as the Skalds of the Germans, were not but poets added to the Leaders and were in charge to sing the great feats of the heroes, to improvise praises and eulogies, funereal prayers and war cries. Did they also celebrate the mysteries of their religion as the Skalds? The question is not possible to respond, because amongst the songs of the Bards that have been conserved there is none containing anything relative to the dogmas neither the ceremonies of any religion. The prophecy was the common attribute of Druids, they were all soothsayers, and there is no reason to divide them by classes, under this aspect, except forth exercise of the different functions that they practiced. The Samothes, word derived from *sainch* (ecstasy) were the ecstatic and the beholder; the *Silures* were the introductory or institutes, and they took their name from the *realadh*, which means teaching, and at last the Sarodinos must not have been an especial class, but it had to be called thus to the Leaders, because the name Sarodinos comes from *sar-navidh* or *sar-nidh*, which means very venerable; is then, to be believed that Sarodino was a title and not new class in Druidic order.

There also were *Druidesses*, either women or daughters of Druids, or simply added to the corporation, because is not possible to admit that Druids would have permitted the exercise of magic, prophecy and priesthood to women who not belonged to Druidic body and were submitted to their discipline. And it is indubitable that existed, due to History speaks of the Gaulish vestals of the Isle Sen, soothsayers, and magicians. That foresaw that Aurelius Diocletian would-be emperors, and to Severus Alexander his fatal destiny, were Druidesses. An inscription found in Metz gives the name Druidess to the priestess *Avete* (*Druis antistisa*).

According to the opinion of Thierry Druidism was already in decadence before the Age of Caesar. Since some time ago, the nobles on one side and the people on the other, jealous of Druids' great power, achieved to reduce their political influence gradually.

Reynaud, one of the better writers who have studied Druidism, sustains that the ancient Druids were the first who taught the doctrine of the Soul immortality with great clarity. They had such a perfect conception of the real nature of God, as the same Jews. Later they permitted in the cult to other divinities, intending to conciliate Druidism with the ideals professed by the uneducated classes more disposed to believe in semi-gods and divinities that to conceive a unique God. According to Reynaud, Druidism finally declined and disappeared because it was necessary for life in every religion: Love or charity. The Christianity gave such element, and Druidism disappeared; but it disappeared after fulfilling an

important mission: the conservation of the idea of the unity of God is a part of Europe. If this theory, supported in incomplete information, or in reasonings more or less acceptable as to prove amongst the Gauls of some ideas referring to the real nature of God and his relationship with man, which were degenerated later in coarse superstition, if it is true or not, is something that must not be discussed here.

Chapter XVIII

As you will imagine, neffe Arthur, just now, at reading the letter of Belicena Villca, I've achieved to comprehend such reference made by Konrad Tarstein about that his family constituted the «Germanic branch» of House Tharsis. Evidently, he was one of the descendants of the Vrunalda of Tharsis, and, according to his posterior confidences, which were very moderate regarding this theme, was also the last scion of his house; but I'd not know to say if with it he wanted to say «the last Initiate» or was really alluding to that he represented the last member of his Lineage. But one thing is true: that the prophecy of Captain Kiev that Belicena Villca translates in the Day 50 of her letter had been strictly fulfilled, because the Order Einherjar, not only revealed the Hyperborean Initiation to the Führer but some who belonged to the «branch of Vrunalda from House Tharsis», «*What an honor!*», he'd be «*next to the Great White Leader declaring the Total War to the Potencies of Matter. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Lineage, of that Blood of Tharsis, will cause the Frist Advent of Envoy of the Lord of War!*».

Yes, Arthur, Kiev's prophecy was fulfilled mathematically, and there's no reason to doubt about the second prediction, referred to the offspring of Valentina of Tharsis, won't be fulfilled too. That's to say that the mission of Belicena Villca and her son Noyo must have success to propitiate the Second Advent of the Führer: «*That Lineage of Tharsis, what a glory theirs! Will participate actively in the Final Battle. Because the Hyperborean Wisdom of that Lineage, of that Blood of Tharsis, shall cause the Second Advent of the Envoy of the Lord of War!*».

Druids have murdered Belicena Villca, the last Initiate of the offspring of Valentina of Tharsis. But his son Noyo, according to all the indications, has achieved to carry out his mission. Thus, Arthur, it is how near are we from the Final Battle! How close is the Second Advent of the Führer! The Essential War will be fought once again over Earth, and Liberator Gods will return to guide the awaken men towards the Infinite Origin of the Eternal Spirit! Oh, Arthur, your presence, and the message of which you are keeper, has closed a circle in my life, opened for more than forty years ago, and has returned me the faith in the ideals of the Black Order! For it, I'll never stop to give thanks to you!

–Calm Uncle Kurt, calm –I begged–. Is not me to whom you must be grateful but to the Gods, those mysterious brothers of Race that have guided us towards the triple coincidence between Belicena Villca, you and I. It is clear

that all we participate from the same story, we perform roles in a same libretto, we are characters of a same argument. You must finish telling your life to try, later, to plan the actual form of our movements, to be adjusted to the Great Gods Strategy, which undoubtedly waits something from us and for that reason they have gathered us, not to commit irreparable mistakes.

–You're right, neffe. But we'll proceed tomorrow because time has passed without noticing it and now are the 2 am. I'll only add one thing about the strange reference that Tarstein did of the mystic «madness» of Rudolf Hess. I advance you that, indeed, when my taufpate decided to realize his historical flight and hurl himself on parachutes in England, his actions can't be qualified in another way than «madness». This from the politic perspective, and even military. But different will be the opinion of who observes the facts with esoteric perspective and Initiatic. Because the «madness» of Rudolf is analogous to the madness of Belicena Villca when she decided to develop a tactic of distraction to possibilities the movements of his son Noyo: she knew perfectly that her act was very risky, that it would attract the Golems persecution and they would end to capture and execute her: she knew it and nevertheless not hesitated to act, to sacrifice her life, to make triumph the Strategy of the Loyal Gods. In the same way, Rudolph gave himself to the Druidic Golems of golden Dawn Order, it means, to his representative, the Golem Duke of Hamilton, because he proposed to distract the Enemy to favor the movement of the Führer. What would gain the Führer after the «madness» of Rudolf Hess? Well, *an objective humanly invaluable: after the «capture» of Rudolf Hess, the Druids would be incapable then to «open» a Door towards Shambalah in England, they would remain isolated from the Abodes of the Traitor Gods and the White Fraternity, and only from Asia could re-establish that contact.*

–You will wonder why such effect was produced, in virtue of what power Rudolf obtained that miracle, and I'll anticipate you that it happened *by his mere presence,* thanks to the Origin's Sign that he, just as you and me, were keepers without noticing it. Thus was, neffe; and afterwards I'll narrate you with details of the real esoteric operation that meant the travel of Rudolf Hess to England, which has been stupidly interpreted after the war. But much before, tomorrow perhaps, you'll know the Doctrine that the Black Order sustained about the Power of the Origin's Sign.

We went to our rooms in the highest silence, each one immersed in our own thoughts. Of course, I didn't leave from the amazement at checking in what perfect way fitted the stories of Belicena Villca and Uncle Kurt. And I didn't stop wondering how would end such adventure, now that undoubtedly would count with the support of Uncle Kurt to search the son of Belicena Villca.

Chapter XIX

Were the 9 o'clock in the morning and a drizzle was falling outside. Both had slept little, and we knew it. Both also felt that our time was drawing near, that such tranquility that we were enjoying would not last a lot.

Uncle Kurt sipped the last drink of his coffee and continued his relation.

–In the Nordic *Ordensburg* of *Crossinsee,* as I said before, I remained three months. During the month of being there, I visited Konrad Tarstein for the first two months. I went to the Gregorstrasse 239 every Saturday because the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp had managed a permanent commission for me in Berlin on the weekends. Thus, it was not difficult for me the travel from Prussia to Berlin, but I feared, on those days, that I'd not be capable of doing it with the same facility since the Ordensburg *Vogelsang* rather further, in the west of Rhenish.

On those two months, in the measure that Tarstein went instructing me in the secrets of the Thulegesellschaft, I experienced for his admiration and affection major each time. Soon the poor initial impression remained totally buried before his fascinating personality, and I must say that I'd have not hesitated to strike any insolent who dared to express aloud something that even me, the first day, had thought about Tarstein. How thoughtlessly is the youth!

The «arrangement» that Rudolf Hess and Konrad Tarstein did about me consisted in that I had to concur to the Gregorstrasse 239 during some time with the finality to be instructed in the *Hyperborean Wisdom*, which was the «Occult Philosophy» of the *real* Thulegesellschaft. The own Tarstein would impart this preparation that would capacitate me to receive the *Hyperborean Initiation,* a strange honor as many times had made notice, that was never granted to anyone. Is that Tarstein was, as I went comprehending with the time, one of the most important men of Germany for his secret hierarchy in the Thulegesellschaft.

According to Konrad Tarstein, to receive the Hyperborean Initiation, I had to be purified first. With that purpose, he went introducing me to that wonderful knowledge that is the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, I must clarify, this teaching doesn't constitute a pearl of mere wisdom, information suspended in the memory to be utilized in the rational judgements. On the contrary, Tarstein recommended not to memorize anything and, if it is possible, to forget what was conversed because the objective of the instruction aimed to *awake the Memory of Blood*, a phenomenon that could only be achieved if the acquired knowledge acted gnostically over the Hyperborean primordial strain that constitutes the *Virya Divinity.*

Is in this way how I was an amazed witness –amazed in all the grades of the amazement, till fearfulness– of narrations and explanations that overpassed the imaginable, at least what I could imagine, in that fantastic Hyperborean Cosmogony of the Thulegesellschaft. Suppose an Heresiologic scale had existed to measure such ideas that are profoundly far away from the «Occidental Culture» on its Judeo-Christian conception. In that case, I could affirm that many of the expositions of Tarstein would occupy a prominent place on that scale of heresies. Because if heresy is what contradicts *a* Dogma (for this reason there are Catholic heresies, Buddhists, Islamic, etc.) What to say about a philosophy

that questions the *totality* of human existence with all their Dogmas, Philosophies, Religions and Sciences, that tries to change the course of History, that affirms the possibility of the transmutation of man from semidivine man or Virya into an immortal Siddha, that, finally, has declared War against all the material potencies of Jehovah Satan, the owner of the World, of History and most men? Let's convene that in the Heresiology such ideas would occupy a distinguished place.

I say this because at embracing concepts that are opposed from «Occidental Culture» one must be conscious of the grade of «withdrawal» or «opposition» in which is situated in respect to it to be guided prudently and prevent future ills…

And I was conscious that the things that I heard and the effect that they caused on me were foretelling irreversible changes in my behavior. However, that didn't concern me because I had a goal that eclipsed all personal prevention and every attempt of retreat made me appear as pure egoism. That goal, that objective for which I deposited all my yearnings, was the German Homeland: *Ein Reich, Ein Volk, Ein Führer.*[34]

You'll understand now, neffe, that I lived and acted *inside* of a *Hyperborean Mystic* and that the *charismatic connection* with the Führer was higher each time, in the measure that I deepen in the Mystery of the Thulegesellschaft.

In my first visits to the Gregorstrasse 239, I felt great trust with Konrad Tarstein, that in one afternoon I not hesitated to relate to him my strange experience with the Voice of the Hyperborean Kiev. This confidence did not seem to impress him because he observed me for a long time in silence and then he said to me:

–Tell me, Kurt. Have ever someone spoke about this perception?

–No –I replied–. I was thinking to tell him something about it to Taufpate Hess, but I have not seen him since I returned to Egypt.

–Then we'll make a deal: –affirmed Tarstein– you will never reveal to anyone that you own that charm out of *your Circle* in the Thulegesellschaft.

–I promise –I said briefly– but, who composes the circle?

–Oh, young Kurt, you should know that a Circle of the Thulegesellschaft is not determined by *many* people, as in the exoteric organizations that the Synarchy promote, but a *qualitative relation* denominated *charismatic connection.* The charismatic connection is independent of the number and, as *every Closed* Circle of the Thulegesellschaft exists thanks to the charismatic connection, from the members of the Circle those who *experience* such relation.

–But, how do members of a Circle recognize each other? –I asked a little disconcerted before such rigmaroles.

–The recognition is internal. Is just *known* that such or such Virya belongs to that own Circle. Of course, that in the external Circles, constituted by *not Initiated* members, some traditional forms of the Secret Societies are practiced

[34] *Ein Reich, Ein Volk, Ein Führer:* National Socialist Slogan. Literally "One People, One Empire, One Leader".

for the reunion and recognition, it means «the Sanctuary» and «the saint and sign»; but this is done provisionally, attending to the urgency that certain investigations require. The real Spirit of the Thulegesellschaft is not in the external Circles, which will be promptly eliminated after the Total War, but in the internal Circles, those which are rigorously Hyperborean. On them, I repeat, the recognition is interior, *it is known with the blood.*

–So that I could not *recognize* members of my Circle…

–…while I did not receive the Hyperborean Initiation –completed Tarstein.

–…it won't –continued Tarstein again– while I did not receive the Initiation.

–Because I feel a little tricked –I said, smiling.

–You must take it in a bad way Kurt, but this is a *matter of the higher reserve.* You must give thanks for the trust that inspires us to not dispose of *your immediate separation or integration* while the instruction that we are giving you endures. If the Enemy, that's to say the Synarchy, just suspect your charm you would be executed without confirmation. And this something that neither the Thulegesellschaft nor the ϟϟ can permit. Your thing is important Kurt.

–It is so important? –I asked, impressed by the veiled threat that I divined behind the friendly words of Tarstein.

–Very important Kurt. See it in this manner: you have the Sign of Lucifer, possess notable psychic qualities, and you're an ϟϟ *Ostenführer*. Don't you think that it is too much to be casual? Well, that's not casual!

He observed me for a long time as doubting if he should go on. Finally, he said:

–You're the one who we were waiting for twenty years ago to lead a special mission. So important, Kurt, so important, that perhaps the Third Reich's destiny and, why not? The Aryan Race depends on it.

I was astonished by this revelation and, in my confusion, I thought that I was a victim of a joke. But as more as I scrutinized the impassible countenance of Konrad Tarstein, I didn't find anything to confirm this supposition.

–I…. –I stammered– I never dreamt of forming part of a mission of that type. However, I think that I deserve it.

– *To be a part of?*–Tarstein interrupted exited– *to be a part of* you say? Hahaha –he smiled deliriously– you will *not be a part of* Kurt, *you will only carry out the mission.*

Who else could do it? –He asked as for himself.

You'll know it all Kurt –He continued now looking at my eyes–. But have present that here it is not about electing. Neither you, nor I, nor anyone can elect because *the election has been already made,* in another sphere of consciousness, in another World. We just have to face our Destiny, which is also the destiny of Humanity, and give thanks to have been signalized for so august task. Our God, Kristos Lucifer, is the Most Beautiful Lord, but he is also the Intrepid One, Father of Courage; we mustn't neither dream to defraud him.

–There was nothing that I desired more than to serve the homeland and humanity –I said harebrained– but is that surprise me all what you say I don't

understand how I could be such an important piece in this game and the responsibility overwhelms me. How could I live knowing that the obtainment something beautiful for the Third Reich and the Aryan Race is in my hands? As any Comrade and more being an ϟϟ *Officer*, I am disposed to die for our badge if it is disposed of in that way but, from now on, I'd not desire to live with the anguish to fail before time, to not reach to comply. Do you understand Tarstein? The time that rests forth denouement. If there is something so important to do, I'd wish to realize it as soon as possible.

–Well, you must have patience! –Tarstein affirmed, almost screaming–. Even if one minute or a century is resting, you mustn't demonstrate any alteration neither any improper behavior of *Kshatriyas.*

Remember it; you are a Knight, a *Warrior Sage*, you must behave in consequence. Soon you'll be initiated, and then you will comply with your Destiny.

I assented disturbed for the deserved reprimand that I received from Tarstein. But that day we didn't speak more about Matter.

Chapter XX

Well, neffe –said Uncle Kurt after the dinner, with his eyes strangely bright– we are getting near to the most important part of my life, when I received the Initiation and such unusual mission was entrusted to me, that operation that Tarstein valorized too much and that still results incomprehensible to me.

– In that time, with Tarstein as instructor, I learnt a lot. He seemed to know it all and I used to feel ashamed because, after many years in NAPOLA, I was just capable to follow inattentively in his expositions, but I felt incompetent to complete anything he said by my own. Nevertheless, Tarstein consoled me at his paradoxical way:

–Don't worry Kurt, it is just *confusion,* blood impurity. But you go faster than you think. You'll know it all soon, you will *wake up* and then, if you want, you could dominate so much Science as the greatest Wise man. Of course, that our Hyperborean Science is a damn Science in this satanic world. But must not worry you because the Siddha in really *one* and has no more necessity than Himself. For the Hyperborean Wisdom there are three kinds of men.

The *Pasu,* which was conceived by the Demiurge creator of Matter, Jehovah Satan, and that only under some reserves can be considered a «man», being more properly to call him animal-man. There's also the Virya, which is basically a Pasu of *Hyperborean lineage*, i.e., a Pasu who *has mixed his blood* an Immortal Siddha, Mystery that you will understand on the course of your instruction. The Viryas are in major or lesser measure *strayed or lost* by the confusion of the Blood and just the *remembrance contained in the Blood* could purify them. To that aims the Strategy of the Führer; to that and *to put end to the Kaly Yuga* or Dark Age.

You must have present that a Pasu could never reach to be a semidivine Virya, but that a Virya can descend completely to the level of the Pasu by a definitive confusion of the blood.

And finally, are the Loyal Siddhas, those who came with Kristos Lucifer to Earth millions of years ago and belong to a «Hyperborean» Race, another Mystery that you will understand with clarity later because the terms «Hyperborean» and «Thule» have almost nothing in common to the legends of the Antiquity.

Then they are Siddhas, Viryas and Pasu, in the Hyperborean sense that I have given to you and not as it is vulgarly understood these terms in the Tibet, the three «categories» of men with which you must be accustomed to reason onwards. Add to this an important concept:

«The Synarchy organizes and plans the world for the lost Pasu and Viryas. The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches how the Virya must be purified to recover the Vril and trasmutate into a semidivine mortal or Immortal Divine Hyperborean».

I have to tell you something, Kurt, which must fill you with legitimate pride. Your parapsychological analysis to «hear the Voice of Kiev», even when you have not followed the guidelines of the Hyperborean Wisdom to conquest such charm had guided you to the correct conclusion. I am saying that your affirmation that it is necessary to «*dispose the Spirit to remember*», as the best attitude before the danger to rationalize the psychic phenomenon formulating an equivalent interrogation, coincides strictly with our philosophy. Is «disposing the Spirit to remember» as it is acceded to the Remembrance of the Blood. And this previous step, inevitable to obtain the Hyperborean Initiation, you have done it alone, feat, as I said, of which you must be pride.

By these last words could be thought that Tarstein, conversant in matters of Ocultism, was a dreamer person and unworthy of credit in rigorous things, as usually happens. And nothing would be more erroneous that such appreciation even if I never known someone who knew as him about Occultism, Hermetic Philosophy or Religions, this was just a part of his immense wisdom. In those years, 30's Germany, in full industrial deployment, was a giant in Science. And Konrad Tarstein knew everything. He was an erudite of the German wisdom in all its details: he dominated superior mathematics on its highest level, chemistry, physics, biology, multiple industrial technologies, etc. Without talking about humanistic field where his dominion of the ancient and modern Philosophies, Logic, Philology, Psychology, etc., was fearsome. How could be defined such man? And the most difficult: How transmit his thought without deforming it? Effectively, neffe, I would have not been capable of exposing, neither to you the Hyperborean Wisdom; and if I can talk with you about it now if thanks to those extraordinary Initiates, Belicena Villca and Nimrod de Rosario. Remember that Oskar Feil affirmed that the Hyperborean Wisdom of Nimrod de Rosario could be only compared to the one of Tarstein. Thanks to them, neffe, I will be able to entrust you a part of my life, which would be incomprehensible for any interlocutor who ignorant about the Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom.

Then I will be brief, because you understand perfectly what I am saying. Konrad Tarstein instructed me profoundly in the Hyperborean Wisdom and one day, in an underground hall of the Castle of Wewelsburg, I received the Hyperborean Initiation. In the Hyperborean Chamber specially constructed for those ceremonies, a High Initiate of the Black Order, I guess that a Pontiff, effectuated ritual before a public of just eight Initiates. There I faced Death, with the Kâlibur death of Pyrene, as Belicena Villca would say. It means, with the Archetype of Death, Death that kills Warm Life; and then with the Cold Death Kâlibur, the Naked Truth of Oneself which is found after the End of Warm Life. And at returning to Warm Life, after my immersion in the Infinite Blackness of Oneself, I realized that the anguish of Death had fled from me forever. The animal fear of dying and the instinct of conservation were definitely overcome by Wisdom of the Eternal Life. A will of steel took definitive possession of my spiritual nature and I knew that nothing could stop me, it means, nothing that related with Death, the threat of Death. It was Pure Resolute Will: I'd advance wherever could be ordered and I repeat, nothing could stop me.

It wasn't then when the mysterious mission's objective was revealed to me for which I had been prepared for many years. And once again, the one in charge of the revelation was Konrad Tarstein.

–It won't be difficult for you to understand in what consists of the mission –Tarstein said to me– when I will put you up with some facts that are happening. Tell me, Kurt, do you know from where are the forces that sustain the Synarchy, to the Jewish World Conspiracy? I am referring to the psychic forces, naturally, due to the economic or politic forces' are just external expressions.

–Well, according to what I heard from the Führer, and just as you have explained it, such forces come from am Occult Center called Chang Shambalah, where a Hierarchy of Infernal Beings dwell, dedicated to imposing the Plan of Jehovah Satan on Earth. In the Black Order exists proofs of it. For example, it is proved with documents the participation of the Hierarchy in the foundation of Freemasonry, of the Rosicrucian Order, of the Theosophical Order, etc.

Without going further, we have the copy of the letter that the Supreme Priest of Chang Shambalah, Ridgen Djapo, sent to Lenin through Nicholas Roederich, congratulating him forth success of the Bolshevik Revolution. Behind the Lenin and conspirators of October, acted the Trans Himalaya Lodge, founded by the White Fraternity. Yes, Comrade Tarstein: behind the Synarchy is Chang Shambalah, the Masters and the Priests of the Occult Hierarchy or White Fraternity of Chang Shambalah.

–Right, Kurt. And now complete the concept, please: What is Chang Shambalah? A physical place on Earth, or an extra-terrestrial Construction?

–As you know well, Shambalah is an extraterrestrial Construction, extended between Earth and the Sun, over dimensions of the Space that run it invisible for the commoner –I replied a little amazed for so obvious questions–. Their Constructors were the Traitor Gods, the founders of the White Fraternity, and the Hierarchy's Initiates learn a Science called «Kalachakra» which allow them to open the Gates of Shambalah, Gates that are found everywhere.

–Perfect answer, Kurt! Now you will understand which your mission is: yourself Kurt, *you are the key that can close those Doors.*

–In rigor to the truth, Kurt, the Key that closes those Damn Doors id the Origin's Sign, the Sign that has the Power to remember to the Traitor Gods their Primordial Betrayal, the Sign that can communicate the Origin's Symbol and face them to the Absolute Truth of the Spirit, the Origin's Symbol that can dissolve the absolute Lie of the Material Creation to those who sustain it. By this Power to reveal the Absolute Truth, those who sustain the Absolute Lie, has resolved not to face, never, the Origin's Sign, that is to say, while the Lie of the material Universe persists. And for this reason, the Origin's Sign is the Key of Shambalah Gates, a Key that closes with its impassable seal the Route of the Demons. And you Kurt, manifest the Origin's Sign as nobody, even though you are not capable of warning it by yourself. Still, that doesn't affect your mission strategically: *its mere presence is enough to close the Damn Doors; the Demons are not disposed to contemplate the Sign that you are capable of projecting.* Of course, they would kill you at approaching the Door, *if it is not because you now are beyond Death:* Do you understand me Kurt? *If you place yourself in front of the Door of Shambalah, and remain out from the scope of the Demons practicing the Path of the Strategic Opposition that make independent you from Time and Space, the Door shall be relentlessly closed!*

Now I was understating something: with my mere presence, I would cause the closure of one of such Doors which guided to the Damn City, abode of the White Fraternity Demons. But I did not comprehend the objective of the mission. Of what Door was talking Konrad Tarstein? A moment later, the explanation of Tarstein would fill me with stupor.

–Now that I spoke of his faculty, to be Key Sign, I'll go directly to the details of the mission, to what the Black Order, the Third Reich and the Führer expect from you. Do you remember Professor Ernst Schaffer? –He asked with irony; but he didn't give me time to respond– Yes, I think you have not forgotten him. Not after the incident, he starred the last year offering him as volunteer for Operation *Altwesten* and am aware of all its details. You couldn't know it then, but your participation in that operation is the last thing that Ernst Schaeffer would accept. You'll verify it is you have in mind the faculty that you possess, to close the Gates of Shambalah, and you have the answer to that question: Do you know in what consists Operation *Altwesten?*

–Comrade Tarstein, Ernst Schaffer had already left for the Tibet one year ago. I guess that you'll know that in the expedition was a good friend of mine, Oskar Feli, who supplied me all the information that I have –I said, warned in the act that it was not convenient to lie to the well informed Tarstein–. I am sorry if I broke some law because I know that the operation is top secret, but I won't deny you that my distrust for Schaeffer can't be major: even if my Taufpate Rudolf Hess confirmed that some suspicions existed about him and he suggested me that, in spite of all this, I'd form part of the expedition. Unfortunately, that has not occurred, I ignore if for good or for bad, and it has no arrangement due to the time they have in Asia. Anyhow, I'd wish to assume all the responsibility for any foul that Oskar Feil could have committed at mentioning me Operation *Altwesten*, because just my

curiosity and the doubts that I have concerning the behavior of Schaeffer are guilty of their confidences.

–Take it easy, Kurt, that no one is accusing you of espionage. Just answer me. What do you know about Operation *Altwesten?*

–Well almost anything, Comrade Tarstein. I am just conscious of the expedition's path until now, thanks to the secret letters that Oskar has achieved to send me from different points of Asia. The last one was sent three months ago in Lhasa, in the Tibet, with a messenger who brought it to Germany through one of our consulates in India. He informed that they were going to leave towards the Northeast, guided by the two mysterious «Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet», who carried safe-conduct of the Dalai Lama. That is all that I know. I didn't reach the final destination because neither Oskar knows, but it is evident that it treats about an exploration to the West, as its name indicates, but towards a site located directly in the opposed direction. It seems that Schaeffer doesn't trust completely in him, and he has even isolated him from the rest of the Officers.

–Is what I wanted to hear, Kurt. I'll tell you where is going Ernst Schaeffer: *towards the Door of Shambalah. In the name of some pretended «Healthy Forces of Germany», he is going to request to the King of the World, his intervention to put an end to the Third Reich.*

–Betrayal! –I screamed.

–Ha, Ha –He laughed with nervousness before my exclamation–. You'd be surprised to know the magnitude, the multiplicity and the scopes of the betrayals that corrode the Third Reich and conspire against the conduction of the Führer. But is natural that it occurs in that way because the struggle that the National Socialism declares to the Potencies of Matter is Total: every man is submitted to the essential tension between the Spirit and Matter; and many will be those who will yield before the Illusion of Matter, before the *Judaic form* of the Illusion of Matter, it means, money, peace, democracy, liberty, etc. Just the spiritual men will be capable of overcoming this Illusion: they will overcome it just with the strength of their Graceful Will, with the act of their Honor, with the courage of their Pureblood.

The one of the Ernst Schaeffer is just another of such betrayals; just that it doesn't affect us too much for being an esoteric fact, of a circumstance that we can comprehend eminently. Yes, Kurt: Schaeffer's betrayal is enormous but is not the major of the betrayals that the Führer must face. However, you do well to take it seriously *because it depends on that his disloyal triumph or failure.*

–How could I intervene, and influence the plans of Schaeffer, from Berlin? –I asked bewildered.

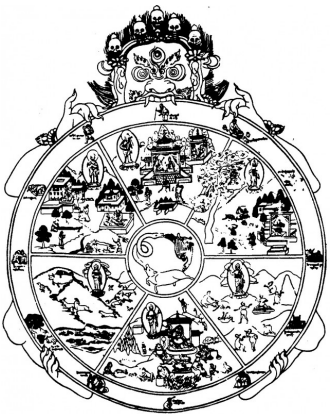
–Because it won't be from Berlin whence you will act, Kurt, but from Asia. You'll go immediately to India! Tomorrow you'll present yourself to S.D. and will receive orders of the Oberführer Papp: He will show you how it is possible to reach the expedition of Schaeffer before he arrives at the Kunlun Mountains! But now I will anticipate you something that, I don't doubt, will motivate you profoundly. Overall, I'll tell Black Order has, since the beginning, excellent spies in the group of Ernst Schaeffer; is for informs that we have known the

«incident» with the Professor and that friendship with Oskar Feli. Well; is from this last one that I wanted to talk to you:

Take it with calm, Kurt, but the truth is that Oskar Feil runs a mortal risk. Certainly, Schaeffer has never trusted in him, if he has permitted him to integrate the operation is because he plans to eliminate him in Asia: Only if you arrive on time, could, perhaps, save him!

–But why to Asia? If he distrusted Oskar. Why didn't he kill him in Germany? –I screamed desperately.

–Oh, Kurt. I lament to give you this news. Hold on strong, because what you are going to hear is incredible: *your Comrade has been chosen to be sacrificed.* Yes; don't look me in that way: it is confirmed! Although it is still possible to avoid it. The case is that, in his way towards the Lake Kyaring, beyond the Blue River, Schaffer will cross the Gateway to Shambalah, *the last gate before the Door of Chang Shambalah.* And such gate is under custody since millenniums ago by a tribe of cruel guardians, who are guided by the *Jafranpa*; the malign «Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet», members of the White Fraternity. In the Tibet, the real religious authority is not exerted by the Dalai Lama but the instructor of the highest hierarchy in the sect *Gelugpa*: a *Rimpoche*, it means a «*beautiful*» Lama. To the Gelugpa, or «Lamas of the Yellow Bonnet», are subjected all the other Lamaist groups, including the Jafranpa: just the Bodhisattvas, the Mahatmas, the Immortals, are above them. The Gelugpa protect the Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet, and for this reason, Schaeffer disposes of safe-conducts of the Dalai Lama. However, such permissions have a relative value. Even though the Dalai Lama's religious power includes the whole Tibet, his politic power is limited by the Chinese frontiers: and *the Door of Shambalah is located today in China's territory.*



The Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet are expert in the Science of the Kâlachakra, or «Wheel of Time», Wisdom that permits to comprehend and dominate the karmic connections, and synchronize the Wheel of Life, Bhavachakra or *Sridpai Khorlo,* with the rhythm of the White Fraternity plans. Therefore, they are fervent worshippers of the Lords of Karma and their Leader, Rigden Jyepo, the Lord of Shambalah, the King of the World, Jehovah Satan. –They demand every pilgrim Lama to request the authorization to cross the Door of Shambalah, the *Yajnavirya* , that is, a *human sacrifice.* As you will understand, Ernst Schaeffer didn't give any motive to be exempted from such obligation.

In sum, Kurt: *Oskar Feil was selected by Ernst Schaeffer to be offered to the Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet. They will offer his life to Rigden Jyepo through ritual beheading Yah-Sa.*

Hours after this conversation with Konrad Tarstein, while I was traveling to Rhineland to retire my belongings from Wewelsburg, I looked at me in a mirror of the train, and I still had the eyes bloodshot. When Tarstein revealed to

me the death that Oskar was waiting for during the reunion, I'd have destroyed Ernst Schaeffer with my hands, if I could have reached him at the moment.

Konrad Tarstein was in charge to warn me that such was not the behavior that the Black Order was expecting from me. On the contrary: my orders consisted of localizing as soon as possible the Schaeffer' expedition and joining them without violence. For it, I'd go provided with the official correspondent authorizations: a secret decree of the Führer and a pass of the *Reichsführer* Himmler. Moreover, two secret ϟϟ agents of the would accompany me. It was about two ϟϟ *Haupsturmführer* who associated the paradoxical virtues with possessing, both, a Doctorate in Laws, and to have exerted for five years in the Gestapo, where they became expert assassins.

According to Tarstein, the best Strategy demanded that I incorporate the expedition and *manifest* there the Origin's Sign. Such a demonstration would be enough to make Operation *Altwesten* fail. *And that would be achieved without effectuating any esoteric maneuver, without employing any magical technique: just my presence would be enough to obey the Demons the closure of the Door of Shambalah.*

Chapter XXI

The *Oberführer* Papp, an old friend, imposed me the details of the mission. The departure would be in four days, because they had already: victuals, equipment, weapons, false documentation, etc. In reality, only at that moment, I saw it with clarity, such operation was prepared a long time ago and, it seems, it just depended on me to be put in execution.

That's to say, all those who participated in the operation, or of its secret, including the Führer, were waiting for my Initiation, waiting for the moment in which I'd acquire the Sign's spiritual consciousness's Key to expose me the mission in Asia. I think that I had never felt so ashamed as then: Me, the stupid and arrogant apprentice Initiate, had lost months, precious months, trying to profundize the rationally in the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Black Order; at last, I went comprehending that I was transiting through a blind alley, that I was a prey of the trap of the logic, I searched in my Spirit the last Truth of reason, and that the rational knowledge, denied me; *thus I propitiated the Initiatic Kairos*, according to the affirmation that the Initiates in the Black Order made of it; then I was Initiated and Konrad Tarstein explained me the character of the mission «*First Key*», such his encoded denomination, and he described me the faculty that I should employ to «close the door of Shambalah», door that Ernst Schaeffer wanted to open and that perhaps he was opening at that moment.

Those thoughts, and this possibility, anguished me extremely, and would the truth if I affirmed that even those four days to leave were interminably long.

The first step was by plane. We'd fly to Tanzania on the eastern coast of Africa, doing scale in many African countries or the colonies of Germany's allies, as Spain and Italy.

In Tanzania, in the region of what was until the Frist World War or the State of Zanzibar, we'd hurl ourselves in parachute over the farm of an ancient family of German colonists who worked for the Secret Service. Such route should be followed because the mission was qualified as «top secret operation of the Waffen ϟϟ» and because the flight was effectuated in a military plain specially adapted for the case: it was a Dornier, or «*flying pencil*», which supplementary fuel tanks had replaced its classic bomb charge.

In Tanzania, then, we descended without problems as we as the charge of weapons and equipment's. The colonists were waiting for us there since a long time ago, and they had acquired a shipload of cotton threads for us, in which they hurried to hide the compromising objects. One day later, and wearing an attire of indubitable Levantine confection, very appropriate for the Egyptian merchants' role that we had to represent, the colonists guided us to the Isle of Zanzibar in a barge of regular dimensions. In the port was anchored the Italian vessel Tarento, which participated secretly in operation and would transport us to Dacca, in the N.E. of India.

In Zanzibar, our identity changed completely. Me, as the two ϟϟ *Haupsturmführer,* we would be thenceforth «Egyptian Merchants». It was a risky move, because Egypt was in English power, but our forged passports and stories had few failures, and it seemed difficult that we would awake many suspicions as to initiate an investigation. I was truly Egyptian, and I spoke as good English as Arab, an idiom that my Comrades also dominated, although not the English, that they spoke with a strong German accent. However, once reached the case, it would be enough for them to talk correctly in Arab, because in Egypt no one is obeyed to know English.

The Taranteno crossed the Indian Ocean, with just one call in Ceylon, and then it entered the Bay of Bengal towards Kolkata and Dhaka. Finally, it ascended through the River Dalasseri, which is an arm of the Brahmaputra, and it anchored before its left shore, in the port Dacca, an important city of what was the Presidency of Own Bengal, then Province of Bengal, later the Islamic State of East Pakistan, and today Bangladesh. The shipload of African thread, with its precious contraband, could be disembarked without inconvenient and stored in a deposit that we rented with that effect.

We were not planning to stay too much in Dacca: just the necessary to sell or change the threads for the rich silks and Bengali muslins, supply us with victuals, and contract dollies. Our next goal was the city of Punakha, capital of winter of the Country of Bhutan. There was waiting for us the ϟϟ *Standartenführer* Karl con Grossen and his assistant, the ϟϟ *Obersturmführer* Heinz Schmidt, both from the III Division of the *R.S.H.A.*[35]*,* called «Foreign Service of Information» or «S.D. exterior». Karl von Grossen was the Leader of the «Operation Primary Key». Even if he had immediate superiors to Schellemberg and Heydrich, he was put under the direct command of the *Reichsführer* Himmler for this mission. They had already advanced us many months ago, and he maintained, in some strange mode, under permanent observation the

[35] *R.S.H.A.*: Reich Main Security Office (S.S.)

caravan of Ernst Schaeffer. He had the fame of intelligent and rude man. As my assistants Kloster and Hans, he had also been a policeman, revisiting many years in the Gestapo of Baviera. But then, he requested the pass to the S.D. exterior to enforce his doctorate in History. He was an expert in History and Geography of Asia, a specialist in rapid deployment knowledge tactics that explain why the Reichsführer Himmler elected him to command the Operation First Key.

Three days later, we went out from Dacca towards the North, taking a path that surrounded the left shore of the Brahamaputra until Bonarpara. Then it deviates indirection to Rangpur, the residence of the Rajah of Assam. We were in Autumn of 1938 and the suffocating weather of those marshy regions, furrowed by countless rivers and only apt for the rice cultivation, produced us the desire to ascend to high and cold zones of Bhutan. The two Haupsturmführer, Hans Lechfeld and Kloster Hagen, were marching ahead, preceded by fifteen dollies pure Aryans, with all the shipload; I closed the column. We just exhibited three fusils Mauser of the First World War, weapons according to our merchants' profession, while we occulted amongst the clothing the pistols Luger of service and the backpacks fear some machine epistle Schmeisser.

We camped for a day in the hills Garro, and we crossed the Assam without stopping more than the indispensable. Soon we were at more than 2.000 meters of height, rejoiced for leaving behind the tropical regions, infested with wild animals and by the not fewer wild bandits of the tribes' angka, michi, dafla, abors, etc. A footpath which meandered through the eastern slope of the Himalayas guided slowly to Bhutan.

In the village of Taga Dzong, they received us with great rampage, as if we were ambassadors of some occidental potency, what caused great contrariness because we didn't want to attract the attention of English nor of any real diplomats of any nation. However, the mystery soon was clarified, verifying that two envoys of von Grossen expected our arrival since months ago to take us to Punakha: they were two lopas, the Deb Rajah's functionaries of Bhutan.

Accompanied by the thin but vigorous lopas, also of Aryan Race, we crossed numerous small valleys, nestled between mountain ranges of enormous height. After each echelon of the Himalayan slope, we ascended hundreds of meters, not being infrequent the steps, or dvaras, of 4 or 5 thousand meters. The Lopas spoke bodskad, the Tibetan language that I, as *Ostenführer*, comprehended perfectly. In the dialect of Jam, they explained that we would not go directly to Punakha because there, next to the Deb Rajah, was located the English garrison: Karl von Grossen was in a nearby monastery, under the protection of the spiritual leader of the Country, the Dharma Rajah.

Finally, we arrived at the Taoist monastery, constructed over a mount covered by eternal snows and whence born a rugged footpath, only apt for pedestrians, which crossed the Himalaya and guided the Tibet. Karl von Grossen and his assistant came to our meeting.

–Heil Hitler! I feared that you wouldn't arrive on time –He said to us for every salute.

–Heil Hitler! –I responded– The ϟϟ *Haupsturmführer Doktor* Kloster Hagen and ϟϟ *Haupsturmführer Doktor* Hans Lechfeld and me, the ϟϟ *Sturmbannführer* Kurt von Sübermann. Seig Heil, main *Standartenführer*!

Karl von Grossen observed me attentively, with scientific curiosity.

–So you are the mysterious Initiate from whom depends on the Destiny of the Third Reich? –He asked amazed– I imagined you different!

–How? –I exclaimed, perturbed for the indiscreet honesty of the *Standartenführer.*

–Don't take it badly –He said, smiling for the first time– but here has been talked a lot of you, perhaps more than in Germany. You know: these people have psychic faculties very developed, and for many weeks they have captured you while you were coming. I'd not exaggerate at all if I affirm you that the whole spiritual Tibet knows at this moment your arrival to Bhutan!

Well, von Sübermann: you have been psychically observed and described in many different ways, *hence my doubts*. Some sustain that you are a Great Saint, and others, on the contrary, make of you a Terrible Warrior. –Once again, the interrogation was painted in his face–. But *we know* that you are the last. Don't you?

There was a tone of doubt in the voice of von Grossen that bothered me a lot.

–Indeed, Kamerad von Grossen! According to the Rule of the Black Order, I am a Warrior, a *Wise Warrior*. I ignore what appearance you supposed that I had, but I have no doubt that *I can kill most terribly. And that I will kill in that mode whoever tries to frustrate my mission.*

–Good! –Karl exclaimed with evident sincerity– I repeat: you must forgive my surprise but, after so many months waiting, and hearing the craziest stories of the lamas, I didn't know anymore what kind of man they were waiting. I am happy to know that you are a complete ϟϟ officer, von Sübermann!

Karl von Grossen and Heinz Schmidt, who not said any word neither, would say afterwards that they had reached us five km because he was otherwise discreet before the Monastery. At that moment, we arrived. We were invited to enter in a comfortable hall, where was burning firewood and guano in a stone home; outside reigned a temperature of ten degrees below zero.

In reality, we were not in a simple monastery of lamas, as I had supposed, but in a small citadel surrounded by a dissuasive wall: behind the walls existed three edifices of very different architecture. The most imposing was the Palace of Dharma Rajah, where in winter resided Bhutan's spiritual leader. The second in importance was an ancient Pagoda, perhaps the oldest construction of the set. –Is a *Temple* carved magnificently in just one and colossal piece of stone –Karkl von Grossen explained to us when we crossed the exterior courtyard–. It dates from the times in which the *Buddhist Priests* of Manipur dominated this region: the Temple was dedicated to the Cult of the Vaivasvata Manu, whole reigns the present mânvantâra or *Manuvantara,* i.e., *the cycle of the existence of a Humanity of animal-men.* Later, the Country was conquered by a tribe Lopa at the command of Taoist Initiates, who were profoundly iconoclasts and hated *to all* the Priests, without distinction of Cult. They, naturally, closed the temple after passing by knife their last dwellers. If that would not have been thus, now it would be venerated here to Maitreya, the next reincarnation of

Manu, who would not be anyone else than the Messiah that the Jews wait. But the Orders of Buddhist Priests have not forgotten this place, and they waylay permanently, searching for the opportunity to reconquer it.

The third construction, in which we were, was the Monastery properly said and it consisted of a labyrinthine edifice where dwelled together, a numerous community of Tibetan monks and nuns. Such composition of mix Initiates surprised me, and thus I made it known to von Grossen.

–Is that the actual occupants constitute a Secret Society, that is not Hindu, neither Buddhist, nor Taoist, but that is «beyond» such religious systems: and «beyond» doesn't mean «above», but *out*. It means that Wisdom that they have is located *out* of the religious systems. They don't sustain, then, a mere syncretism but a real spiritual Wisdom, possibly just as you in the Black Order, and we in the Institute Ahnenerbe, call *Hyperborean Wisdom.*

Indeed, they adhere completely the National Socialism, although they are not interested too much in the politics as in the ᛋᛋ Philosophy and Earthly presence of the Führer, to whom they call «The Lord of the Will».

The five ᛋᛋ officers occupied chairs around the extreme of a notable longitude table: a tiny group in a site were fitted more than fifty commensals. Karl von Grossen was seated in the center, backwards to the crackling home. The holite carriers were resting in a nearby block. The conversation was interrupted when the three monks dressed in black tunics of yak's wool ingressed. They had the head covered with a hood sewn to the same tunic, which overshadowed their face, although it could be appreciated that the three of them had very longhair and were of Tibetan Race, possibly lopas. Two of them seemed to be very young and strong and were of different sex: a yogi and a yogini, Initiates in Martial Arts, which moved with feline grace. The third, an Old man of undefined age, said some words to von Grossen in bod skad of Jam.

The ᛋᛋ *Standartenführer* hurried to present him:

– *Kameraden:* before you the *Guru Visaraga*, Leader of this Monastery, with his two main *sadhakas.*

They saluted with a head inclination, to which we responded absurdly with the Nazi permission.

–Even if they were the amphitryons –Karl clarified– they request permission to stay at our side. I've responded them affirmatively because they are people of absolute trust. Let's proceed, then, discussing our affairs.

The monks took seat and von Grossen continued speaking serenely in German. And during the time that the conversation lasted, I could realize with displeasure that they didn't remove their eyes from me, as if something in my aspect attracted their attention irresistibly and would have hypnotized them.

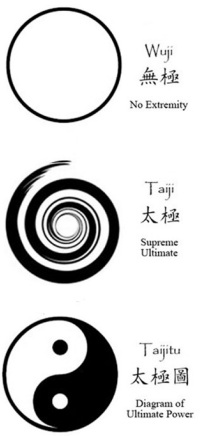
–As I was saying –explained von Grossen– these monks constitute a Secret Society known as «Kâula Circle». Their Wisdom is the Kula, the tantrism of «the left hand», a system of yoga that permits to transmute and take advantage of the sexual energy, but that requires the physical participation of the woman. Hence the mixed population that has surprised you, von Sübermann. The kâulikas are feared in the Tibet because they are considered «Black Ma-

gicians», but in my opinion, the only black that they have is the tunic. It is evident that such qualification proceeds from their most ardent foes, members of the White Fraternity, a mysterious organization that is behind Buddhism and other religions, and that is very powerful in these regions: by opposition and contrast to the «*White*» Fraternity that the kâulikâsare called «*Black*», because they are ascetics of elevated moral. All men and women that you have seen here are sadhakas *vamacharis*[36].

The women and men Initiated in the Path of Kula realize periodically a Ritual denominated «of the Five Challenges», in which they practiced the «five forbidden acts to the Masters of the Kâlachakra», what explains why Gurus of Shambalah hate them. Vulgarly, the secret Ritual is also known as «*Pakamakâra*» or «of the five Ms», because with this letter start the name of the five «forbidden things»: *madya*, wine; *mâmsa*, meat; *matsya*, fish; *mudra*, cereals; *maithuna*, sex. According to their Buddhist foes, by the practice of this Ritual the kâulikas are situated in the *vâmo mârga*, or «Left Hand Path», the path of the Kshatriyas, that guides to War and not to Peace, to Agartha and not Shambalah, to the absolute unification of Oneself and not to the nirvanic annihilation of the Self-identified with The One Parabrahman. The truth is that by means of these secret techniques of the sexual Tantra, the kâulikas develops an incredible power over the animal nature of the human body and even, they obtain the spiritual liberation.

From the primitive Taoism has remained a little, although formally, to avoid persecutions, the monks define themselves as «Taoist», Religion more accepted by the Buddhist and Hindu Princes of the neighbor countries. But in the shastras of Lao-Tze that are conserved in the Monastery *the word «Tao» has been substituted by «Vrune»*, that is, for *Shakti*, the Eternal and Infinite Spirit of man. Don't forget, von Sübermann, that here we are in front of a Wisdom that came from a different source of Chang Shambalah, and for this reason Shakti means «Pure Spirit», a similar concept to the «Grace» of the occidental theology.

Vrune is the ancient Indo-Aryan word that means «Infinite and Uncreated, Eternal Spirit»: from it come the signs that represent such senses, it means, the *Runes*, revealed to the Aryans by Wotan; also the God Varuna registers the same root. However, according to the oldest traditions of the White Race, «Vruna» proceeds from the Atlantean word *Vril,* which had identical meanings. You see, von Sübermann that the «Vril» proposed in Germany as a spiritual ideal of ϟϟ Initiate Knight is a state represented here by a Vruna, the tantric power to be beyond the Kula and Akula, and as the authentic spiritual Tao is beyond the Ying and Yang.



[36] *Vamacharis:* kâulika magician or Initiate of the Left Hand.

For the spiritual man, the Vril as Vrune keeps the form of an Ancient Goddess, a Divine Shakti, which is no other than the Couple of the Origin's forgotten image. The kâulikas believe that once reached the Vrune, what is only obtained after passing through the final death, the free Spirit is in front of the Origin's Truth, reunited with its original couple Weddings of the Spirit are consummated, after them the Eternity is recovered. The kâulika, dead or alive, then a cold Love that is not from this Universe is experienced and remain re-integrated to a Race of Vrunic Gods, Lords of the Vril.

In sum, *here the kaûlikas follow the Kula Path, that begins in the woman of flesh and ends in the Original Couple, in the profound of Himself: at the end of this dangerous path, the kâulika, faced definitely with the Truth, removed the veils of all the Mysteries, is Shiva, the Destroyer of the Illusion, Warrior par excellence. For us, von Sübermann, Shiva is Lucifer, is Cain, is Hermes, is Mercury, and is Wotan: for us, Shiva is the Knight prototype.*

The Guru Visaraga and his sadhakas continued observing me with delectation. The extraordinary inform given by Karl von Grossen had just revealed to me why I had been chosen to chair such operation. To his gifts and military knowledge, the *Standartenführer* added a great comprehension of customs and religious beliefs of Asia. I decided to make him a concrete question about the main objective of the mission.

–I appreciate your valuable information –I said– but there's something that worries me since we arrived. Then you said: «I believed that you would not arrive on time». How much time do we have, Herr von Grossen?

–Little, very little, von Sübermann. But it will be enough, if we leave as soon as possible and redoubled the march, to reach Schaeffer before the lake Kyaring. Are you aware that one of the expedition's members, Officer Oskar Feil, will be given there to a sect of fanatic murderers?

–Yes –I replied–. I was informed in Berlin. What intrigues me is how you have known it, which means he utilizes to know in every moment the location of the expedition of Schaeffer.

–It is not a secret, neither any mysterious nor supernatural procedure is pure espionage; the most classic studied case of espionage in the Security Course. As you already know, since Operation *Altwesten* was conceived in Germany, it was infiltrated by the S.D: we have there two men of the Secret Service that have not awakened any suspicions in the mistrusted Ernst Schaeffer. However, they would not have been capable of doing anything without the support of the Kâula Cyrcle, whose tentacles are extended around the whole of Tibet. They are the loyal kâulikas who transport the messages to our spies' trough the Himalayas and permanently facilitate the localization of the expedition. I already told you, von Sübermann, that in these countries the kâulikas are greatly feared, and their fame favors the collaboration of superstitious dwellers. In this sense, the fame is not unworthy at all, because more than ascetics they are Warrior Sages and Traitors can be sure that sooner or later will die on their hands. Then, a vast spy network has been tended around our objective.

It is convenient for you to know, von Sübermann, that the Dharma Rajah,

the spiritual Leader of Bhutan's entire country, is a secret follower of the Kâula Cyrcle and for this motive, he has destined the contiguous Palace as Residence of Winter. He hates the English intensely, and considers them «representatives of the Demons», and he has ordered that the as help as to be possible while we remain in their Country. The second important man is the Deb Rajah, to whom he has been commissioned the Administration and the State's issues, for what he must stay in Punakha and bear the English, to whom he hates as much as the Dharma Rajah. Anyhow, we count on the official safe-conduct that will let us reach the Tibet and even move in that country, presenting ourselves as functionaries and merchants at the Rajah service.

–According to what was said –continued von Grosse– we have truly little time. Ernst Schaeffer has left from Lhasa three weeks ago, following the route towards the Chamdo, but its march is slow because he doesn't want that any misunderstanding ruins his visit to Chang Shambalah: it is known that his movements are permanently watched from the Tower Kampala. His caution becomes more comprehensible, also, if it is considered that he had to stay one year in Lhasa, in the Palace of the Dalai Lama, until he received the authorization to approach to Chang Shambalah: he must cross the Door and persuade his Guards that, in fact, they count with the approval of the Masters. It is understood then that he is trying to avoid mistakes and advances slowly towards his infernal destiny.

On our part, we must leave as soon as possible because the winter is coming and soon the steps of the Himalayas will become glaciers. However, once in the Tibet, we'll move away from Schaeffer's commercial route and advance the working day until reaching him.

Chapter XXII

Karl von Grossen had everything prepared to leave immediately at our arrival. Nevertheless, despite the efforts, the march could not be initiated until two days later. The next day to our arrival, I spent, then, entertained walking around the Monastery and examinating the Pagoda's wonderful sculptural work. A likeable event occurred to me there that, surprisingly, affected you, neffe Arthur, and more than forty years later…

An improvised group of kâulikas monks surrounded me at entering the ship of the cyclopean carved stone. Up to that moment, they had been intonating a mantra in front of a giant Shiva' statue dancing over Dragon Yah. When they noticed my presence they went silencing little by little their bijas and then, just as the Arabs who kidnapped me in Cairo, they went precipitated as enchanted next to me. But then I was warned because I had passed long years in the Ordensburg and the Black Order under the instruction of Konrad Tarstein to ignore what happened to those Initiates. It was the Origin's Sign, the invisible Sign for me that in the kâulikas caused the charismatic effect to

elevate them spiritually to the Origin of Oneself: for that motive they wanted to be near to me, contemplate me, sustain the perception of the Uncreated. That's was all that they wanted, and for this reason, I remained immutable in the site, while those Initiated were absent from reality of the World and acceded to the Spirit's reality.

There we remained for a while, in absolute silence: a new court of statues for such gelid pantheon. I comprehended their idiom and tried to speak with them, but was worthless because they considered almost a sacrilege to speak to me in their mystical state. After a prudent time, I started to think in the form to escape from them, when I realized that was coming, unusually smiling, the Guru Visaraga. All the monks stepped aside and he, taking me by the left arm, took me out from that difficult situation. He guided me slowly to the courtyard, followed at a regular distance by the hallucinated monks.

In the courtyard, the sadhakas that we saw the last night were waiting for him, sustaining each one of them the leash of an enormous mastiff. They had a leash around the neck, without muzzle, whence mentioned leash was subjected, and however they didn't utter a single bark: mute, silent as the monks that surrounded me, those terrible dogs were observing me without batting an eye.

Then the Guru Visaraga spoke. And his words still echoed in my ears with strange clarity.

–Oh Djowo: You are a *Shivatulku* for us, that is, a manifestation of Shiva. These dogs that you see here are a gift of our community for who exhibits so clearly the Sign of Bhairava: the female is called «Kula», and the male «Akula».

It was the last gift that I'd have expected to receive from the kâulikas. I was going to protest but the Guru not admitted rejoin: –Vielen dank! I just said.

–Your partner von Grossen, who shared many months our table, has entrusted us that the ϟϟ Initiates are capable to stop an enraged mastiff with a scream.

I assented with a gesture:

–Indeed –I said–. Every ϟϟ Initiate must demonstrate that it can impose the Lordship of the Spirit over all the animal creatures of Earth, no matter how wild they are.

–Ah –sighed the Guru–. It resulted in us difficult to imagine your world as for you is impossible to represent ours. More than the Races, a Universe of Symbols separate us, a Wall of Illusion planted by the Great Deceiver. You are usually conformed with empty words, in other words, you feel happy with words that represent ideas, ideas that have lightweight in reality, ideas that are as illusory as the rest forms of Maya. The Sign that you carry makes you different from the rest of mortal beings. However, neither you, nor your Gurus, know how to demonstrate this supremacy. Well, with this simple couple of dogs, Oh Bhattaraka, you'll do what nobody has done, except for the carriers of the Sign of Shive, is capable of doing in this World. *We will reveal you a Kilkor*[37] *that will allow you to command both mastiffs mentally at the same time.*

[37] *Yantra* or *Mandala* (in Tibetan: *Kilkor*). Geometric figure for ritual or magical use. It means "*fence*". The term gives the idea of "enclosing" or "imprisoning". More broadly, a kilkor can be a wall or fortification, a sense that also extends to the Sanskrit "mandala".

To direct a dog with the mind would be effectively incredible for any rationalist mentality, but I considered it possible and took it with naturalness; what resulted incomprehensible to me was to control «*both mastiffs at the same time*». The Guru Visaraga, who continued explaining the sinister gift's characteristics, didn't delay clarifying all my doubts.

–Don't let you be persuaded by their fierce aspect –affirmed with vehemence–. They are not common animals but a very special couple of *daivas*[38] dogs *balanced* in our Monastery thanks to ancient formulas that the Kâula Cyrcle possess: the daivas dogs are manifestations of an archetypical couple of celestial dogs; each one is the reflect of the other, and both emanate the Dog of Heaven perfectly; even their esoteric bodies belong to the same Collective Soul. They are like *couples of manifested opposed principles* and, normally, one would neutralize the other irredeemably. During a very ancient war, perhaps previous to the one that narrates the Mahabarata, the Gurus trained the daivas dogs as a weapon, to attack in couple and foes of inferior varna could not stop them: *only the Kshatriyas, the spiritual Heroes, those who by their Pure Blood was «beyond» the opposed principles Kula and Akula, achieved to stop the daivas dogs*. Is what you, who display the Sign of Shiva, can do today with Kula and Akula!

You see –concluded the Guru– that even though your power to stop an enraged mastiff through your command voices could seem to you an inimitable feat, and perhaps it is in Occident, you couldn't do anything against a couple of daivas dogs. Of course, I'm talking about the ϟϟ Initiates in general. Because you, *Sweet* Pilgrim, are different to the others, you possess the ancient Tao, the active stillness of Shiva meditating: *You can dominate the daivas dogs with the mind because your Spirit is beyond Kula and Akula!*

Imagine, neffe Arthur, eight rods with *atrisula* or trident on each extreme, that's to say, eight rods and sixteen tridents, disposed parallelly one next to the other and separated by small distances. Imagine then another equal set, but with the rods arranged perpendicularly to the aforementioned. Apply finally one set over other to form a grillage, and you will obtain the basic form of the Yantra that the Guru Visaraga taught me: a quadrangular grille with eight tridents edgewise and forty-nine interior.

After the referred explanation, the Guru, always accompanied by a couple of sadhakas and fierce dogs, guided me to a lounge illuminated by hundreds of candles and which floor was not paved. From one of the multiple ledges covered with candles, he took one of the bags filled with fine sand and many colours and, with singular mastery, and he threw them on the ground forming the described Kilkor.

He asked me if I'd be capable of remembering it. I assented with a gesture, and then he said:

–Son of Shiva: don't be surprised because we know your secrets, because we know more of you than what you learn. You come from a far country, much more distant than the Assam Kâmarupa that seem very remote to us, but you have a lot in common with the kâulikas: you are from our same Race and var-

[38] *daivas dogs*: "divine" dogs, dogs of the Gods.

na, you are a Kshatriya; you fight in our same side against the same Enemy; you are Initiated in the same ancient Wisdom of Shiva, the Lord of War and the Destruction of Maya, Wisdom that fundaments the Tantra Kâula. And, for us, Initiates of the Tantra Kâula, you are a *Tulku* of Shiva, as I called you a moment ago. You know what a Tulku is?

–I think so: –I responded without much conviction– the reincarnation of a God.

–No! –Guru Visaraga denied with firmly, although he smiled compulsively–. You must say, anyway: one of the *simultaneous* reincarnations of a God. According to the tantric Doctrine, when God, in a determined Period, decides to reveal himself onto men, can do it, and generally do it, in a multitude of physical manifestations: Then the God possesses a plurality of bodies, exists as a man simultaneously in different places and circumstances. As you, those men express the signs of the God but sometimes they ignore that are Tulkus. Therefore, there are many Tulkus at the same time. Our Tibet has always been rich in Tulkus due to the elevated spirituality of the Aryans and the other Races that dominated the ancient Wisdom likewise; we are, perhaps, the only Initiates in the World that know how to read the signals of the *Tulkus.*

But now, at the Age of Kâly end, the Gods haven moved to the countries of the region whence you come to others that are behind the tenebrous seas. Your homeland, Germany, where the strongest descendants of the common racial trunk have gathered, is one of the last terrestrial stages in which the Tulkus will represent the Drama of War of the Heavens. You are a Tulku of Shiva! It is not casual that you are complying a mission neither that we are helping you: *the other Tulkus, who coexist with you in your Nation, who with great Wisdom has sent you to obstruct the pass of the Asuras of Shambalah.*

And because we recognize you as Tulku, we will give you the *dîkshâ* in the Kilkor *svadi*.[39]

Can you suppose neffe, the doubts that provoked me the beliefs of the kâulikâs about a Tulku? The truth is that I felt Manifestation of *a unique Spirit,* but in no way, I could affirm or deny that I was the *only manifestation.* I had never thought of such a disquieting possibility but, indeed, at that moment, I didn't believe it. However, it would not have disgusted me, for example, to participate as a Tulku from the Führer essence and share in this manner his Destiny of Glory.

The Guru offered me a coup constructed with a human skull, artistically coated inside with silver plates and studded with emeralds, which was overflowed with a disagreeable potion.

It contained *nang techeud*, the tantric version of the *soma*, *amrita* or *mead,* it means, the elixir of the Initiation Rituals, Drink of the Gods (Siddhas) or semigods (Viryas); the nang tcheud is employed mainly, in a ritual of the Five Ms, because it is elaborated with the five «forbidden things»: five types of meat, even human; five fishes; five cereals; five wines; and five substances related to sex, as urine, semen, blood, faeces, and medulla.

[39] To give *dikshâ*: Initiation into the Kilkor *svadi*, or "Kilkor of the dog."

I drank it with evident distrust and the Guru Visaraga, perhaps to reassure me, extended his explanation a little:

–There are many classes of Kilkor: of Death, of Liberation, of Enchantment, of Power, and so forth. And all require the mastery in Mantram Yoga and perfection in the pronunciation of the magic formulas that *vivify them*. For this reason, there are three grades or forms to affirm the words of power or *bijas:* the *japa vâchika*, that consist to *scream* the *bijas*, as *acoustic orders*, at Manner of military «command voices»; this is the lowest of the japas nas the one that the ϟϟ uses to dominate the mastiffs; the *japa*[40] *upâmshu*, that demands to *express* the bijas without screaming nor talking, as astral orders; and at last, the most elevated of the japas is *Manasâ*, which effect is not casual but synchronistic, that's to say, that makes *coincide charismatically* the bijas with the fact that is desired to affect, as *uncreated orders.* The sticks of I-Ching *form* an uncreated meaning that reveals or discovers the Gods' designs, an *unwanted* meaning by the Gods. A meaning that *was not* in destiny, a meaning that emerges by non-causal coincidence between the Unknown Superior and the Known Inferior, a meaning booted by Magician Men to the Traitor Gods, in the same mode japa manasâ acts by the mere determination of Initiates, of those who are beyond Kula and Akula.

You must know, O Shivatulku, that only the great Initiates are capable to acquire mastery in the japa upâmshu, of the second level. Those who possess the power of *tulpa*, or *mudratulpa*, have the capacity to concede reality to the ordered ideas and make them appear in the World. With the adequate Kilkor and the correct japa upâmshu, it is possible to make every kind of material objects appear or produce the boundless phenomenon. Right here, these gods daiva that you see are just *tulpas* created by us to demonstrate your power of Tulku.

–In fact, don't amazed; we have created the dogs mentally for you to put into practice the superior japa, the japa manasâ, but only you, O Shivatulku, can govern them with the japas of the Kilkor svadi. The kâulikâs require a dangerous dîkshâ, and they only reach to express the japa upâmshu, but you, a Virya, only need that *we transmit you the Power Viryayojanâ that permits to «give life» to mental projections tulpa, the Angkur of the japa manasâ.* You are not a kâulika, but you are a tântrika, and you have the power of the japa manasâ.

Then, *he proceeded to administrate me the key of the 49 bijas that were in the appropriate sectors of the Kilkor.*

The «magical» control procedure was the next: I had to imagine the grille of the Kilkor and situate in each square a bija or *word of power*, and each bija *was an order* that the dogs would obey automatically: one bija meant silence! Other move! Other stop! Other attack! etc., until complete forty-nine.

Notwithstanding my initial skepticism, and for the joy of the monks, I could verify that the system was certainly ineffable: one I memorized the Yantra, the dogs became an extension of my own mind, and the slightest insinuation of the bijas was enough to make them obey without hesitation, or, better said, without bark.

[40] *Japa*: recitation of bijas, sounds, or magic words.

As such effect was logically surprising, I could not avoid asking the Guru about how mind control became effective.

–For us, it is very simple –He clarified–. We have embodied a similar Kilkor to this one in each dog's subtle body. We have established an analogic correspondence between each bija and some vital or driving functions of both animals. If this would be done with just one animal, of any species, the Guru or the kâulika Initiate could dominate it without obstacles. But, as I said before, the couple of daivas dogs is different: they participate in a unique dog Archetype, and both are normally balanced; *if mental order is emitted «underneath» the archetypical Plane, one neutralizes the other, and it lacks effect; only who is capable of thinking «above» the archetypal Plane, beyond the Created Archetype by the Gods of Matter, about the relative duality of Manifested and the absolute unity of the unmanifested, can make prevail his will in the action of the daiva dogs.* Never forget it: no Master of the Hierarchy nor anyone whose thought is composed by opposed principles could stop the daivas dogs!

Kula and Akula, neffe Arthur, were the great-grandparents of Ying and Yang, the dogs attacked you when you entered in such a furtive manner in the ranch, and I took you as an enemy. Just as their ancestors, they obey to mental orders of the Yantra and *both move at the same time*, perfectly synchronized.

Chapter XXIII

In that morning, Dr Palacios removed my plaster. The arm was cured, but a horrible sensation of weakness still persisted that reminded me of the Tibetan dogs' terrible efficacy.

The last narrations of Uncle Kurt went clarifying everything… at the same time that they submerged me in a major Mystery. His Initiation, the Tibet's mission, the Power of the Origin's Sign, the incredible kinship of his Instructor Konrad Tarstein with Belicena Villca, and Matter of the dogs. Yes, all went clarifying, but the Mystery of my own existence was growing at the same time. Every moment new elements went incorporating into the context of my life: unknown relatives, unknown Doctrines, remote countries, ruthless enemies. But who was me? Of one thing I was sure now: I never had the minimum chance to escape from history, I had never been free to choose my Destiny, I never disposed of a whit of freewill. All was an illusion; everything was a farce. I felt played, by a chessman, by inhuman beings who evidently knew the game' rules and the pieces' position: the board was the Mystery, that I scarcely glimpsed, but that I could not encompass for being inserted therein.

I comprehended that I had to take away those pessimist ideas from my mind not to go mad. And paradoxically, when Uncle Kurt didn't make me participant of his narration, entertained me observing the daivas dogs. Still, I not feared them anymore: I was waiting, whereas, for my Uncle to comply his

promise to reveal me the bijas of the Yantra. According to him, I could control them with the mind too.

Chapter XXIV

To all this –continued Uncle Kurt that afternoon– the three days had passed by, and a cold dawn saw us leaving the Monastery towards the Tibet. The caravan was composed now by the five ϟϟ officers, five of the holite carriers of the Dacca, who accepted the carriage to the Tibet, and ten lopas kâulikâs, experts in Martial Arts and Tantric Magic. The Himalayas' journey was realized through a path only known by the monks that avoided every population until entering well into the valley Gangri, but that was at more than 5.000 meters high and passed next to the slope of Kula Gangri, the majestic peak of 7.600 meters.

Once in the plateau of the Tibet, the country of *Pey-Yul*, we had to march straightly towards the North; von Grossen's plan seemed misbegotten at the beginning, although well looked it wasn't; and in fact, it produced the expected results. I consisted into reach the shores of the Brahmaputra, that in the valley Gangri runs parallel to the Himalayas, from West to East, and embark ourselves in a raft to navigate on its furious current: the indicated point to descend (if we didn't wreck before) would be at the 30° of lat. N. and 95° of long. E. where the river «Son of Brahma» twists its course towards the South violently and goes to the valleys of Bengal. With such tactic procedure we would recover part of the time that the expedition of Ernst Schaeffer surpassed us.

According to von Grossen's information, Schaeffer and his men circulated through the path Yung Lam, which ended its route of 2.000 km. in China and its use was only permitted to the official functionaries of the Tibet; the merchants, instead, utilized the path Chang-Lam.

But the operation of Schaeffer, endorsed by the Dalai Lama, was almost an official mission. However, the transit through such path wouldn't be easy due to, before reaching the lake Kyaring, seat of the Gates of Shambalah, tens of obstacles had to be surpassed. To give an idea, neffe Arthur, of the accidented that were those communication routes, I'll tell you that only in 600 km. of its way, from Lhasa to Chamdo, the path of Chang-Lam surrounded more than forty mountain ranges, by passages that were elevated between 3.000 and 5.500 meters; and that without considering the numberless torrents and rivers, often lacking bridges, that ran lively through the intermediary valleys.

In Chamdo, Schaeffer's caravan would move away from the official path and take a footpath of pilgrim lamas, opened parallelly to the right shore of the river Mekong that would transport the travelers directly to the lake Kyaring. Once there they would go towards the Monastery, or *Gompa,* of the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet, known since Antiquity as «Ashram Jafran» and that we burnt, it was behind the wall of the city of the dusk has, a population of

Tibetan Race famous for the variety of saffron, or kurkuma, that they cultivated, whence they extracted a narcotic drug of Ritual usage and a tincture with which they dyed the bonnets or tiaras of their lamas. If all went well, that is, after that they would have accepted the Required Victim and *opened the Gates*, the expedition would prosecute travelling to the environs of the lake Kuku-Noor, where one of the meridional extremes of the Great Wall of China and also, *or justly for that*, one of the Gates of Chang Shambalah. Of course, our strategy demanded to catch Ernst Schaeffer before his arrival to Ashram Jafran because, otherwise, we would have lost Oskar Feil irremediably.

Anyhow, the operation that we were going to realize had been meticulously studied by von Grossen and Schmidt, and, even though the anxiety foe help Oskar filled me with impatience, I had no choice but to trust in that they were right. Thus, while Schaeffer's expedition was directed to the staggered plateaus of the Eastern Tibet, crossed by tens of mountain ranges that were extended from North to South and many other connected valleys. We were advancing at maximum speed through the plain of the valley Gangri towards the North, trying to arrive as soon as possible at the river Yaru-Zang-Bo or High Brahmaputra.

By this river we will only navigate four hundred kilometers but, according to the appreciation of von Grossen, in four or five days we would perambulate a distance that, by land, through the path of Yung-Lam, demanded time five times longer.

In a prefixed point of the shore were waiting for us two rafts of firm construction, apt to transport each one of them ten persons and a ton of charge: more than enough to cover our needs. The kâulikâs were in charge to contact them, and the price was high, because we had to pay them the travel to Sadiga and the cost of the tugboats that brought them again to the High Brahmaputra.

The skilled ferrymen, stimulated by the promise of a great extra-remuneration, or frightened for the kâulikas monks' dangerousness, driving the tugboats nimbly through the center of the watercourse, taking advantage to the fullest the speed of the river. And meanwhile, the abundant current was approaching me rapidly to the mission's objective. I contemplated admired one of the sceneries more extraordinary of Earth, only comparable, in a lesser measure, to the plateau of Tiwanaku in America. Because such river «Son of Brahma», that furrowed longitudinally a cold valley situated at 4.000 high, had its shores guarded by two mountain ranges so famous for the elevation of their mountains as for the concepts that deserved to the most ancient Religions of Humanity: at the right was extended the Himalayas, in whose system affirms the Asian tradition that is located in the Mount Meru, the Olympus of the Indos; and at the left were the mounts Gangri, a mountain range that culminates at the West with mount Kailas, the Abode of Shiva.

One week later we were marching to the Yushu, in the N.O., trying to accelerate the workday through the acquisition of yaks, because existed an itinerary of apertures and passages that allowed to pass with those animals. After perambulating an uninterrupted set of small valleys, crossing numerous mountain belts, the overflowing river Saluen and many other minor torrents, we reached one day

to the shores of the Mekong, at some 80 km. from Chamdo. At that height, the kâulikâs had already inquired that Schaeffer's expedition advanced us in just fifteen days: little time for such latitudes where the duration of the journeys was measured in months; a lot of it was saving Life of Oskar Feil.

Happily, Good weather accompanied us the whole journey, and it would remain thus till the end. We passed the right shore of menkong, and we took the Path of the Lamas, with the hope to shorten the distance that separated us from Schaeffer marching faster than his column and stopping the indispensable to rest. Anyhow, the progress was slow until the exasperation, because the famous «Path» consisted of a narrowed and elevated carriageway that barely permitted the pass of the yaks, which we often had to discharge. At more than 4.000 meters high, we crossed the frontier of China in some place of the path. At last, we arrived at Yushu, realizing that the other group of occidentals had abandoned the city ten days ago. The news, instead of rejoicing us for the gained time, it desperate us, because that city was a point included in the path Chang-Lam, whereby was canalized most part of the commerce of the Tibet with China and whereby could be transited with great velocity.

Since the previous year, July of 1937, China endured the Japanese invasion, who already dominated Corea and Formosa since War with Russia of 1905. In those days at the ends of 1938, Japan had conquered Manchuria and the entire meridional coast, threatening to extend inwards: Canton, Nanking, Shanghai, Pekin and so forth, had fallen under its power; with a formidable movement of tweezers, they pretended now to occupy the enormous fringe between the rivers Yang Tse Kiang and Hoang-Ho, it means, between two rivers Blue and Yellow. In the country reigned the social decomposition, and, in the regions that the Japanese not controlled yet, the civil war had detonated with singular violence.

Yushu, situated in the occidental frontier, was far from the Japanese, but not from the civil war. In the city existed quite an agitation and in no way, it was convenient to stay at their sight too much, so we remained hidden in the house of a kâulika family. They were who provided us with the information about the ten days of advance that the German expedition had over us.

It'd be impossible to reach them travelling in caravan as we did until then. According to von Grossen, just one alternative left: separate us from the charge and advance by horse; the five Germans would realize the advance and eight monks, whereas two lopas would stay to guard the five holites, the daivas dogs, the yaks with their charge, and the recently incorporated *zhos*, which are the male hybrids product of the crossbreeding of the yak with the cow. Following this variant of the plan, the kâulikâs acquired the exemplaries of larger size that they achieved to obtain the small Tibetan horses. Each one took the minimum victuals for ten days because in such path the merchants alternated often the villages and rest posts and provisions. The heaviest height that we had to transport corresponded to the weapons, for which we destined two horses.

That same day we went out from Yushu, after sleeping just a few hours. The next day, we waded through the Yang Tse Kiang or Blue River, and we reached with the best highway after forty days of journey, giving to the horses, thenceforth, considerable speed.

I guess that in Yushu, an experienced officer like Karl von Grossen did not ignore that we would never reach Schaeffer before the lake Kyaring if he had ten days of advantage. Undoubtedly, he wanted to please in the best possible manner my desire to rescue Oskar Feil alive, perhaps relying secretly upon the possibility that, for some imponderable motive, our persecutors would stop more than usual at some point of the route. But such thing didn't occur, and they conserved the advantage enough time to arrive in the Ashram Jafran, give Oskar Feil, and leave again towards the lake Kuku Noor.

According to the relation of the brave Tibetan, Ersnt Schaeffer sent Oskar Feil ahead, to explore the region of the Ashram Jafran. Once he left, was captured by the duskhas, who confined him in a Temple dedicated to the Cult of Ridgen Jyepo, where he would be sacrificed only four days later, in the transition of the waning moon. Oskar was still alive! Unexpectedly we disposed now of a precious lapse of time to study the rescue.

Naturally that Schaeffer had planned all in combination with the duskhas: to avoid the compromise to give Oskar openly he made him fall into an infamous trap, he ignored such effect, until the moment when his Leader would betray him. But would not be Oskar whom Ernst Schaeffer pretended to deceit because he would die anyway, but some German officers who evidently were not aware of his plans. The scoundrel assured to himself a brilliant alibi, because the same would inform at their return to Germany that «the Kamerad Oskar Feil has disappeared in action», in the course of Operation *Altwesten*!

This was what shortened the stay of the Ashram's expedition because Schaeffer didn't want to run the risk that the deceived could discover that Oskar was a prisoner of duskhas accidentally. Precisely, with the complicity of the duskhas, who participated critically from the farce, eighteen of his Comrades inspected inch by inch the whole zone for two days trying to find him. Apparently, only four officers shared the secret objectives of Schaeffer.

The efficacy of such kâulica to spy Schaeffer was because he was not a mere Tibetan carrier, although he acted as such by order of his Gurus, but a South African of Nepalese origin who comprehended perfectly English, German, and Dutch. His family, of Gurkha Race, that's to say, Indo-Aryan, deserted during War of the Boers and took refuge in German territories, fleeing finally to Bhutan after 1918, when Germany was despoiled from its colonies. As he, whose name was Bangi, as his brother Gangi, were entrusted since they were kids at the care of the kâulikâs monks, who initiated them in the Tantra and were finally separated in Lhasa, as secret agents at the service of the Dharma Rajah of Bhutan. They achieved to be contracted by Schaeffer, who took them for sherpas, without noticing the difference of Race.

But they were not the sherpas, but two Gurkha warriors who professed medullary hate for the English and that were awaiting some new Britannic war patiently to enroll on the contrary side.

The spies achieved to hear the exigencies that the traitor propounded to the Lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet and they heard how the Master Djual Khul intervened in their favor, convening to cross as soon as possible the Door of

Shambalah. They become aware of the existence of «an offering to Ridgen Djapo» propitiated by Ernst Schaeffer and they comprehended that Oskar Feil had been delivered by means of a stratagem. As his kâulikâs partners not reached to avoid the sacrifice, they would try to find out where the prisoner was to give him help, something very difficult in such village dwelled by 2.000 duskhas and 500 lamas.

Both brothers started to observe the Monastery's surroundings with the greatest caution, presuming aright that the prisoner had been locked in a different site from the one that the expeditionaries occupied. In fact, they verified that one of the exterior Temples, situated over an islet of the lake Kyaring, was locked and escorted by armed guards.

They communicated the novelty to the German spies of the S.D., requesting them support to discover Maneuver and liberate Oskar Feil. The answer to one of them, a typical answer of an occidental secret agent, left the Gurkha breathless:

–«We informed to Germany with months of anticipation the plans that Schaeffer had for Oskar Feil, and the orders that we received were clear and forthright, as you know well: 'wait for special reinforcements that will prevent to Ernst Schaeffer the fulfilment of Operation *Altwesten*—signed: Heydrich, Himmler, and Hitler. It means that there is no indication regarding Oskar Feil. We appreciate too much to our Comrade, and we feel a lot his luck, but in similar cases, the regulation of the Secret Service avoid act by my own initiative because it has been established with absolute precision that the priority of our mission is Operation *Altwesten*. Oskar Feil's rescue conspires against the discretion that we must maintain until the end of Operation *Altwesten*, apart from contradicting our express orders and construct a suicidal action, after which the most probable is that the sacrificed victims of these wild men be three instead of one. In sum, we will do nothing, and we request you to proceed in the same way because a lot of travel is missing yet, and we need your help to send information through the Tibet».

The Gurkhas assured for the ϟϟ satisfaction that they wouldn't intervene, but at discussing the case within them, they concluded that the Germans' orders did not reach them in the same manner than the owes made to Shiva to combat the betrayal and cowardly.

What meant the infraction to a cold bureaucratic regulation before the wrath of Shiva, who punished the bad warriors avoiding them the access to the Supreme Shakti? Didn't they swear to fight unto death against members of the White Fraternity? Their duties of spies of the Dharma Rajah, authorized by the Kâula Cyrcle, exempted them from many religious obligations, but permit the sacrifice of a human victim in holocaust to the Leader of the White Fraternity overpassed all the expectatives. No Siddha could justify such sin and will be surely punished in the Bardo. No. If for the Germans the priority was to reach the Door of Shambalah, the abode of the Demons, for them the priority was the Kula, Manifestation of the Divine Shakti. And the Kula would be lost if they not acted as authentic warriors Akula. They would opt then, to help Oskar Feil.

The second and last night that Schaeffer's group would remain in Ashram Jafran, the Gurkhas decided to act. Without hesitate, they sank into the cold waters of the Lake Kyaring and swimming slowly, surrounded the islet to emerge in the rear part of the Temple. The sentinels didn't notice anything. Rapidly, they climbed up to a skylight in the form of a six-pointed star that, at looking to the East, at the daylight permitted that the sunlight illuminates the enormous statue of Ridgen Jyepo, but that the exact day of the summer solstice directed the sunlight directly in the King of the World' Heart. Fortunately, such horrible aperture admitted the pass of a man, which Gangi used to descend throwing a rope to its interior; his brother would remain in guard in the exterior cornice.

Once inside, he verified that the Temple was illuminated with torches, and that, strongly tied with ropes of hemp, Oskar Feil was sleeping upon the sacrificial stone. In front of him, the Leader of the Lords of Karma enjoyed anticipated the *yajnavirya* of his pain, according to what the intruder thought with a shudder, at watching the rictus and the diabolic gaze of the sinister sculpture. But he saw something more: in the interior was also a guard. It consisted of four duskhas, although they were far away, next to the Temple's only door: two were sleeping over a mat, while the other two were talking pertly. The Gurkha started to crawl stealthily, trying that the sacrificial stone intercepts the vision of the duskhas and carrying in the mouth a sharp dagger to cut the ligatures.

Momentarily hidden behind the altar of stone, the kâulika Gurkha incorporated himself to mildly and peered above the body of Oskar the behavior of the duskhas: they continued completely distracted, entertained now playing dice. One of them slipped a hand on the face of Oskar and pressed it strongly against his mouth, with the purpose to avoid him to speak to remit any unnecessary sound at his awakening. However, notwithstanding he shook him with singular violence, the prisoner did not recover his senses. Finally, he opened his eyes, but Gangi was them white, with the exorbitant upwards pupils, and he comprehended annoyed that German suffered the effects of a narcotic.

Nothing could be done, except to move backwards and abandon the Temple. Shiva would forgive now at least to who had risked his life to rescue the victim from the Demons. But it was seen that the Gods disposed of another Destiny for the Gurkha; at removing the hand from the mouth of Oskar, believing him completely fainted, occurred the unthinkable: he released a penetrating threnody and convulsed for an instant, to fall immediately in the previous fainting.

The body remained inert again, but it was too late: the sentinels were running towards the altar uttering exclamations. The Gurkha jumped over the first and stabbed him, but he had to surrender then before the threat of two

dissuasive fusils. Another guard opened the door of the Temple and soon an angry crowd of duskhas surrounding the intruder. Suppose Gangi had reckoned the with the weapons of the kâulika warriors. In that case, he'd have presented better battle, but as the role of the carrier that he represented in the expedition could only take that knife with him hidden within his clothing. In that terrible moment, the only thing he desired was that his brother could flee.

And his desire was accomplished, because the other Gurkha descended with celerity from the cornice and ingressed in the lake, gaining the shore unseen. Hidden behind a little wall that followed the beach's contour, he observed how minutes later Ernst Schaeffer arrived accompanied by his two more loyal collaborators and six lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet. The die of his brother was cast.

In the case of being captured, both agreed to declare that the incursion to the Temple obeyed to the unique purpose of the theft: –«They supposed that in the Temple –would say– would be objects of value that could be subtracted from the custody of duskhas to be traded then in China or in India, producing thus a favorable change in Life of two poor Sherpas». Would be executed, of course, for the committed sacrilege and, especially, because Schaeffer could not leave witnesses of the presence of Oskar Feil in the Temple. But the version of the theft would remove suspicions and wouldn't put in danger the German spies' task.

One of the Gurkhas, Bangi, was free but was worthless to shelter hopes about the luck that his brother would run. He would be murdered to avoid him to speak and present his body thus to the rest of the expedition, affirming that he died when he was surprised in fraganti effectuating a theft in a Temple, not in the one of Ridgen Djapo. Still, other to which the corpse would be transported.

He was not wrong, because after a while two guards went out carrying Lifeless body of Gangi, followed by the Germans and the lamas: at the light of the moon, he could see his neck dissected from ear to ear, having to set his jaw to avoid a scream of sorrow. He consoled himself thinking that his brother possessed the Kula and would dance soon with Shiva's immortality dance.

–«Kâly. Oh Kâly: –he invoked mentally– communicate me your Power of Death, convert me in a *Shindje Bhairava*; concede me, Oh Pavarti, the Honor to revenge Life of my brother, your loyal servant; help me to recover the dignity of the Kshatriyas; transform me in *Kâlybala*, the Force to destroy the foes of your Path Kula; put a Trisula in my hands, the Trident of Shiva, to Vajra, the Ray of Indra, and a Gándiva, the Bow of Arjuna, with Isudhi, with two quivers of arrows that never fail the target!».

While I was praying thus to the Black Goddess, the Gurkha was swimming feverously to move away from the damn Ashram Jafran, conscious that he would be promptly searched as an accomplice of his brother and condemned to identical execution.

Once out from the walls, he climbed to a nearby mount whence he contemplated at the next morning the hasty departure of the expedition.

–«The Germans –thought Bangi– integrated now a cortege of Demons–». Indeed, with Schaeffer were the Master Djual Khul and the *Skushok* of Gompa, a kind of Tibetan Abad, apart from four lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet.

At that moment, comprehended that he had two alternatives: follow the caravan at a distance, risking starving to death and cold in few days; or come back to the path Chang-Lamand wait for the announced reinforcements, raking then to lose the trace of the expedition, as the Door of Shambalah meant the entrance in a secret way, that perhaps crossed unknown dimensions of the Space or was prolonged in other Worlds. However, he opted for this last variant, having elapsed only three days since they were next to the bridge Hoang-Ho.

Chapter XXV

Thus was, more or less, the story that the Gurkha told us. I think that to von Grossen, just the expedition's spies warned more Operation *Altwesten* than Life of Oskar Feil. According to his orders, orders that were subscribed by the highest authorities of the Third Reich but that I not ignored that they came from the «grey brains» of the regime, amongst them was Konrad Tarstein, was an absolute priority to «make contact with the expedition of Schaeffer», «achieve the incorporation of Kurt von Sübermann». That's to say; it would have been by von Grossen we should have abandoned Oskar to his luck and focus ourselves on following the traces of Schaeffer: that was the best strategy to comply with the orders. But I was more worried for Life of Oskar Feil than for the blessed orders, and I'd not move from there until he is released.

Paradoxically, the «key» of the Operation First Key was me, my *voluntary* collaboration to divert Operation *Altwesten* from their hidden objectives. And my collaboration demanded, now, the previous liberation of Oskar Feil. Therefore, flaunting a great pragmatism, von Grossen accepted the facts without discussing and started to plan the rescue.

The five Germans, the eight lopa monks, and the Gurkha monk and I camped in a glen, far away from the main path but situated at just five kilometers from the Ashram Jafran. There von Grossen interrogated the Gurkha for hours about the details of the enemy area, elaborating, at last, a plan of operations in which we all agreed. Basically, the Strategy would be the next: *the rescue would be effectuated amid a surprise attack.*

According to the local traditions, the first man worshipped in that place was the islet where later a Temple consecrated to Rigden Djapo was erected. A popular legend assured that in remote Ages, *Jagannath,* the King of the World, the Hogmin Dordji Chang, had left from Shambalah to perambulate the World under his Aspect of Crane. Tells the myth that in the beach, which was connected to an isle by a narrow passage of stones, was located a Saint called Dusk[41] who, pity for the exhausted bird, approached to feed her with the only thing he hadat hand: a sack with flowers of kurkuma. Pleased, the Holy Lord decided to reward Dusk making him father of a people worshippers

[41] *Dusk* means *Pain*. The Duskhas constituted "the family of Dusk", that is, the Sons of Pain.

of the King of the World and giving, to all the Initiates who would emerge from his Lineage, the custody of the Door of Shambalah, *which started precisely in such sacred isle.*

Another version of the legend, undoubtedly older, affirmed that the Divine Crane had loved the lama Dusk and wanted to give him offspring before leaving. The problem was that the Crane was a male exemplar, with the same-sex of the lama, thereby was none possible fertilization. Then the Crane of Shambalah, which in this story was fed by the lama's blood, remembered that only the coition with a male Nâga snake is capable of achieving the miracle of the procreation between members of the same sex. Always in the islet of the lake Kyaring, the Crane activated her Dordje of Power mentally, which was located in the Throne of the King of the World, in Chang Shambalah, and transformed the lama in a male Nâga snake.

Then they coupled with ardor leaving the Crane Rigden Djapo pregnant of the Nâga snake. After such a homosexual act, before leaving, the Divine Crane put two saffon eggs.

Incubated later by the lama Dusk, under the Aspect of Snake, both eggs gave origin to a pair of hybrid cufflinks, –one-third Crane, one-third man, and one-third snake– who would be the Great Ancestors of the duskhas.

Must not surprise then, that with such belief they reclaimed their kinship with the King of the World and became in their most fanatic worshippers, demanding to whoever tries to outflank the Door of Shambalah the sorrowful offering of a human victim, sweet gift for whom displays the title of «Father of human Pain», «Lord of the Lords of Karma», and «Supreme Master of the Kâlachakra».

Thenceforth, the duskhas, descendant population of the mythical Dusk, guarded the region zealously and edified the Temple to Ridgen Djapo on the «White Isle», named thus in memory to Chang Swetadvipa, the «White Isle of the North», invisible to human eyes and seat of the Door of Chang Shamabalah, Mansion of Bodhisattvas. As the centuries went by, the population of the duskhas grew, as the number of their community of lamas, being obeyed to raise the enormous Gompa Ashram Jafran, which they surrounded with beauty Pagodas, dedicated to the cult of diverse Deities of the White Fraternity. The isle with its Temple was located very near to the lake's west shore; in front of it, was erected in firm ground the Monastery with its ring of Pagodas; and a little behind, forming a wide semi-cyrcle that covered and protected at the same time the set of religious buildings, was the duskhas' village.

The Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, has always constituted a triple frontier between the Kingdoms of the Tibet, Mongolia, and China. For thousands of years the invader armies, coming from such-and-such Kingdom, passed before the Ashram Jafran, frequently repeating their religious community status but in some opportunities trying to occupy the village or subjecting it to the pillage. That reality forced the duskhas to fortify the area, constructing an elevated wall of stone in the form of «U», which went from shore to shore of the lake Kyaring. In the «U» aperture, in front of the lake's open space between the

wall's extremes, was the White Isle with the Temple and the prisoner that we wanted to release.

And in the base of the «U», which was the front of the walled city, was an enormous wooden door, framed on two elevated towers that worked as atalaya, permanently occupied by armed watchmen. On both angles of the «U» also existed huge towers with their respective sentinels.

It is good to clarify that such measures of security had appeared by the force of the circumstances, that's to say, by the necessity to protect the Temples and the Ashram before possible invaders, because the duskhas lacked absolutely, even for their ferocity for ritual Sacrifice, of warrior vocation. Instead, they conformed to a people of innate Priests, whose members entered in early ages in the Cult's practice and always lived ascetically, displaying a rigorism beyond mounts. They were not warriors only, but War caused them essential horror, and they imagined it as a consequence of human error, of the blindness of men, who didn't see, as them, the Benignity of the Creator Gods of the Universe.

Their firearms were reduced to a scare hundreds of fusils Martini-Henry of the XIX century and six pieces of fixed artillery, mounted on the wall towers: lacked absolutely of handguns. The cutlery instead was abundant and varied, and they used it with regular dexterity.

To these deficiencies of material, was added the low strategic vision of such unfortunates, who had quartered the totality of their garrison, some hundred personnel, in two barracks situated on both sides of the main gateway. Evidently, all the weight of its defense was more based on psychological factors than reals. It means that they trusted in the dissuasion of the walls, and the scares loot that was behind them, to discourage the possible attackers. The same pieces of artillery represented more a dissuasive object before a real peril for the besiegers, because they would hardly work: and that only if the ideal conditions were given as the existence of dry powder, ammunitions and wick, and that these elements be placed correctly.

In sum, as the region was calm for the moment, and they had none motives to suspect any attack, the guard was reduced to its minimum expression: one man on each tower, it means, six guards; two in the main door and one behind each one of the other four lateral towers, that is, six guards more; other six guards in the Temple of the White Isle, two outside and four therein; and personnel of forty men sleeping in each one of the barracks, but ready to go out at the minor alarm.

That night, Kâly would make real the prayers of the Gurkha. Would not be the strikes of Shiva's Trident, neither the Fire of the Ray of Indra, nor the certainty of the arrows of Arjuna, but the vengeance of Bangi would be instrumented by means of other similar powers: the strikes of the bullets of our fusils, the fire of the grenades, and the certainty of the arrows of the lopas.

For the number of men that it reckoned, the formation that von Grossen commanded was barely a squadron; but, but for the combative moral and the awareness of the own force, it had to qualified as phalanx or legion. A legion, it'd be said, for its great movability for the blitzkrieg. First, we would attack

divided: von Grossen would lead the bulk of the squadron, while a gang guided by me would operate in the Temple. In a second phase of the plan, the squadron would bifurcate in two squads, to be reunited then all, in a prefixed point, and execute the retreat.

Only the German would go to the assault provided with fire weapons: a Luger handgun and a machine pistol Schmeisser each one, apart of the other two obsolete fusils Mauser 1914, which will be seen later for what they were going to serve. In those days, the Schmeisser of 9mm. were secret weapons, and just to a body of Elite as ours had been permitted to take them out from Germany. We had fifty loaders with thirty bullets each one, but I'd take just two, remaining the rest for my Comrades who should hold the bulk of the attack. Naturally, we all had the dagger of ϟϟ Knight, with the legend «Blut und Ehre» engraved on the blade.

The kâulika warriors, by their part, employed three classes of arms: bow and arrows, scimitar, and dagger. As I said before, those monks were not expert in martial arts, and their ability for the archery had no rivals in the Tibet, where nobody doubted to attribute a magical power to the arrows and was affirmed that, while they could reach the target as in day as in night, with the eyes opened o closed, etc. All carried fifty arrows, no more, no less, in a quiver that they let suspend against the right leg: each arrow corresponded to one of the skulls of the necklace of Kâly and for this reason, it had engraved on its rod one of the letters of the sacred alphabet of the Aryans. The scimitar was a short sword, of some 80 centimeters with blade of just one edge, hamstring, of convex form and tailstock, and widened in that extreme; the quillon protected the hilt with two crossguards that imitated the nail of the eagle, and the handle, of black ivory, had a knob exquisitely chiselled, which represented the Countenance of Kâly as Mrtyu, Death. The scimitar, sheathed hanged from a swordbelt on the left side. And finally, in a little sheath locked by the girdle, was the dagger of flamed blade and ivory handle, with similar size of the medieval *Panzerbreher* of its contemporaneous «*Mercy*».

Members of the Kâula Cyrcle denominated in their Tantra, «*Rudra*» to Shiva, a word that emerged from the contraction and agglutination of *Ru* and *Duskha*, and that meant «*Who destroys the Pain*». Shiva was thereby the Pain's Enemy or the Dusk's Enemy; and his disciples, by extension, would be the duskhas' Enemies. I clarify this, neffe, because I could not stop considering, in the balance of the own armament, the deep hate that the kâulikas experienced for the duskhas, as an important tactical element in their favor.

The kâulikas considered the duskhas as little less than vampires who lived from human sorrow, and they were psychologically predisposed to act with the highest rigor against the «family of Dusk»: Shiva Rudra would approve and reward the courg a demonstration of his Kshatryas kâulikas.

The sun went down behind the formidable Mountain Range Bayan Kara and the night, impenetrable due to the dim light of the waning moon, descended over the lake Kyaring. At the 00:00 hrs. We left the horses well secured one km. before the Ashram Jafran, we started to advance on foot, charging the

necessary material for the attack. This had been fixed for one o'clock, an hour in which both groups had to be in their positions.

The Gurkha, knower of the path towards the Temple, one of the lopas, and I, would be in charge to rescue Oskar, in the exact moment in which von Grossen with the others would begin the frontal attack. The surprise was the determinant factor of our strategy's success, and for this reason, we were moving with extreme caution.

At a quarter past one, and at some three hundred meters from the watchtower, we entered the lake. The three of us were Initiates, and we knew how to release the heat of the Kundalini igneous energy to avoid the freezing, but without any doubt that in such aquatic environment of highlands the kâulikas advanced me. The ϟϟ Hata yoga practices were concentrated mainly to resist with the naked body the low and dry temperatures of the Bavarian Alps. Therefore, I was still trembling with cold, when we arrived at the White Isle minutes later, without being heard by the duskhas.

On the posterior part of the Temple, the three invaders climbed up to the starry aperture whereby ingressed for days ago the unfortunate Gangi. It was almost one o'clock in the dawning. Since then, we should act with mathematical precision because it existed the possibility that the interior guards would try to kill Oskar at recovering from the surprise of the attack.

At the one and five seconds, with Germanic exactitude, a powerful exterior explosion made vibrate the Temple and left the guards paralyzed. In that instant, while Hell was being untied, I jumped from the window, rolled through the floor towards the altar, I stood up abruptly, and with just one burst at the back and they died unknowing what was happening, riveted against the door of the Temple towards which they were turned. A fairer offering than Oskar Feil was the one that received the horrible idol, behind which I had barricaded in prevention in that the door could be opened and other guards would have ingressed. The kâulikas, who arrived seconds later next to the altar, were occupied with cutting the ligatures and removing the gag that impeded Oskar to talk, who was already free from the narcotics' effect.

–Kurt! Kurt von Übermann! –Screamed astonished–. Is it you really, or am I dreaming?

–It's me, it's me! –I affirmed with impatience–. Prepare yourself that we have to flee as soon as possible from here. I'll explain to you everything later.

The poor Oskar could not remain standing up. They retained him for seven days handcuffed in the altar, and they just fed him the indispensable as to maintain him alive till the day of his execution. The lopa and I put each one a shoulder under his arms, and we retreated to the end of the Temple, lifting him in the air.

While, the Gurkha was putting his ear to the door and, at not noticing any danger, he checked with the dagger that the guards were well dead.

In reality, we could have left through the Temple's door because the exterior guards ran towards the village at hearing the explosions; but then we didn't know it and we not desired to risk ourselves to sustain unequal combat. What

we did, instead, was to leave the four of us through the window: first climbed the lopa; then Oskar, standing on my shoulders, he received help and passed to the exterior cornice; and, finally, Bangi and I went up.

We surrounded the Temple and verified that the front was unguarded. We crossed then, the passage that united the White Isle with the beach and we hid behind the little wall to observe, fifty meters ahead, what was happening in the Monastery. In the next minutes, we would meet with our Comrades again!

Chapter XXVI

The environs of the wall had been cleaned from rocks, so they had to crawl themselves fifty meters. Just remaining five minutes to the one von Grossen, the three ϟϟ officers, and three lopas, were stuck on the ground at twenty meters from the main door. The rest four monks were in charge to eliminate the watchmen, displayed adequate positions for such finality.

Their action was very fast and watchmen «saw nothing» when the lopas emerged from the ground with the velocity of the cobra, they bow down on a knee, and threw four arrows.

Four arrows in the night, four accurate targets! It'd be said that such sacred arrows searched the heart of the worshippers of the Lord of Shambalah.

Von Grossen and his group ran then towards the door, joining the two archers; the other two were marching, separately, to liquidate the sentinels of the extreme towers of the wall, those which were over the waters of the lake. All tightened against the wall, while Kloster and Hans were holding I hinge and locks the four demolition petards. The village's main entrance was guarded by an enormous gate of unique blade, constructed with assembled tables and fittings that covered the apertures completely. It was a really strong fence, that would have resisted more than one charge of battering ram, but undoubtedly ineffective in the modern War, before the artillery or the bombs that we put. Kloster looked the hour: two minutes to the one; then he gave the ignition to the detonator retarded in two minutes, and he put against the wall, next to von Grossen.

Psychologically, two minutes can endure an instant or an Eternity, especially if exist the possibility that one could die after it. The Germans, to avoid thinking in all what wasn't the combat, were checking that the machine pistols be unlocked from the switch safety; to control by umpteenth time that the loaders would come easily to the hand, from the canvas cartridge; and to ensure that the stalk hand grenades would slide without problems from the belt and the mouth of the boots. Therefore, for the Germans, two minutes were closer to the instant than to eternity. Instead, the kâulikas remained absolutely immovable, with their minds focused on the infinite unity of the Kula. For them, who had been despoiled from the awareness of the duration,

the two minutes were similar to an Eternity.

But all of them ran likewise when the bombs exploded. And, literally speaking, *they were tired of killing.*

The charges, distributed with singular expertise, pulled out the gate completely and destroyed it, spreading the pieces at tens of meters around. The smoke of the entrance had not been dissipated yet, and von Grossen and Heinz were already planted in front of the barracks' only two gates.

Inside reigned a great confusion, and only a few reacted to take a weapon and try to escape, but such reaction occurred extremely late as to save their lives. Kloster and Heinz were running for one minute before around the barracks throwing the grenades trough the holes: at the fifth grenade, simultaneously, both rooms started to crumble. Desperate, those who result miraculously unscathed, were striving to gain the doors and leave, to fall dejected over the corpses of their predecessors, fulminated by the inclement bursts of the Schmeissers. No one escaped from such mortal trap.

As no more guards appeared through the doors, von Grossen gave an order and two kâulikas penetrated in ruins to kill off the wounded and survivers with accurate stabs. The *Standartenführer* consulted the wristwatch of luminescent needles: the one and eight minutes. In just eight minutes, and without giving them a chance to shoot, the three ϟϟ officers exterminated the duskha garrison!

From the main entrance, and till the wide town square where the Monastery was elevated, was a broad avenue of 300 meters long whereby von Grossen had planned the next advance. Except for two lopas who remained outside and whose mission consisted of going up to the towers, the kâulikas was entrusted to «clear» the Germans' way. With that purpose, once the gate exploded, three of them went directly there brandishing their scimitars and, with notable mastery, they beheaded all the duskhas who passed on their way. They had reparted the way, and each one came and went some hundred meters thrusting right and left broad swords. Of course, the first who died were the inhabitants of the houses with façade at the avenue, and that committed the irreparable mistake to go outside to hear the explosions: oldmen, men, women, children, the kâulika scimitar not scared to anyone. After the one and ten minutes, when the two lopas who were returning to kill off the wounded of the garrison joined them, the bodies of tens of complete families were lifeless in the vicinity of their abodes.

But, at that height of the facts, after the explosion of bombs, grenades, and rattle of machine pistols, the chaos was the duskha village owner. Amid the infernal clamour, many disconcerted people converged on that carriageway, some of them to reach the walls, and others to the Monastery. And even if many came armed with dirks and sabris and offered a fugacious resistance against the kâulika monks, they relentlessly finished their miserable lives.

When the four ϟϟ officers marched on the run toward the Monastery, the avenue had become in a blood river. But the path was effectively «clear». They only fired a few bursts instep, over the crowd that flowed through the lateral lanes. Behind them advanced the kâulikas, fulfilling their function admirably to assure the movability of the Germans.

At the one and ten minutes, while the Germans were marching through the avenue, returned the two archers lopas from the exterior and went up by a stair made of stone upwards at the towers that guarded the destroyed entrance gate. There they separated: one would take the passage by the left and the other by the right, passages that connected all the towers amongst them and that consisted in narrow flying platforms, distributed peripherally in the thinner side of the wall. In each tower existed a primitive stove that now resulted useless to heat the guards' definitely cold bodies. The kâulikas, from the first towers, were observing the conglomerate of houses that was extended compact on a fringe of three hundred meters wide, parallel to the wall. Utilizing the different towers was possible to dominate each detail, street, lane, house or Temple, of the duskha village.

They had passed the previous day fabricating the flaming arrows. It was not difficult: was enough to roll up in the head of the common arrows a wool yarn impregnated in a mixture of fuel oil and sugar. They had one hundred arrows of such because, according to von Grossen, was not required more; the important, explained the *Standartenführer*, was not the number of arrows but the quality of the selected targets and the grade of accuracy of the shots. Satisfied with such tactic, the kâulikas elected the hundred targets one by one, attempting to point at the inflammable materials like woods and fabrics.

The doors, windows, awnings, curtains, foods sacks, the fodder and the looms armed beneath wide corridors, started to take different combustion categories little by little. In some sites, the flames soon overpassed the houses' height, and the sparks invaded the environs; the fire was propagated relentlessly, and the fire became general.

When the two kâulikas arrived the final towers, the duskhavillage had been transformed in a giant stake at the twenty past one. The uncontrolled mobs were trying most of them to escape from the suffocating heat and arrive to the lake or get out from the walls. The sentinels of the lateral doors, trapped within the flames and the multitude, opened and they couldn't avoid the pass of hundreds of terrified settlers. At that time, the two kâulika monks assumed quite different attitudes. The one who was in the tower of the extreme right, went down with a rope from the wall and walked resolutely towards the place where the horses were hidden, demolishing unceremoniously, with mortal strikes of the scimitar, the disconcerted duskhas that he found on his way. One of the left towers, prepared the rope to descend to the exterior, but then he went down through the stone stair towards in the interior and, converted in a whirlwind of deadly lunges, he cleaned from enemies the environs of such site: was expecting the arrival of von Grossen's squadron, which had to be already there.

A quarter past one. The numerous huddles of duskhas, reunited before the Monastery entrance, demanded with strong voices the presence of the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet. Ignoring the clamour of their brothers, the monks had entrenched and were, probably, praying to Ridgen Djapo and the Gods of the White Fraternity.

It was improbable that in Gompa's interior, physical seat of the Ashram Jafran, would have existed a fire weapon. It was even more improbable that some

lama would be disposed to defend his refugee with weapons.

The last apparition of von Grossen and the ϟϟ officers was surprising and caused the panic of the settlers. Two grenades fell amongst them, and they completed such a scene without name. In the middle of the multitude, the explosions mutilated the nearer bodies and projected dozens of shards in every direction, teeth of metal avid to bite and hurt the flesh, beasts blinded and winged that killed randomly. Von Grossen just had to shot to times with the machine pistol, to make that the rain of bullets disperses the mad crowd.

The group took shelter preventively under the gallery of a beautiful Buddhist Pagoda of Tibetan style, with the finality to prepare the next action. Klostar and Hans, in the center of the circle of kâulika scimitars, they put down their backpacks and extracted the forty-rifle grenade. They took then the Mauser 1914 and inserted two of them in the cannon adaptor.

The rifle grenades had charge of phosphor, which exploded with the impact, and constituted an efficacious incendiary tactic device. Released with a fusil similar to the Mauser, was impossible to hit precise targets at 300 meters. The targets, the windows of the Monastery, invited them to throw the projectiles only 25 meters onwards.

Seated on a squared base of seventy meters edgewise, the Gompa showed three files of windows in the upper level of the entrance door, the main façade that we saw ahead. As I said, sheltered some 500 hundred lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet, many of which loomed and harangued the duskhas, whether supplicating or commanding to resist the enemy reorganizing the defense, not flee, etc. Perhaps the most paradoxical of such dramatic intimations was the one that assured, in the Name of the Holy Lord, that the intruders were not Demons but simple mortals.

Existed also a great rear door, which guided to the White Isle, and two small doors on both sides of the edifice, all them remained locked from inside. The roofs, covered with brown tiles, were inclined in gently hyperbolic sloping, and galleries and fine columns surrounded a central courtyard.

In those moments, the lamas warned the fire that consumed the village and exhorted the people to fight it employing the water of the ponds and inner channels, which could be flooded in just minutes opening some floodgates that contained the pressure of the lake. It must be admitted that some duskhas conserved the calm in those tragic moments and ran to comply the orders, that the lamas not dared to realize by themselves; and were others who tried vainly turn off the voracity of the fire. But one thing is to stop an occasional fire, produced by accident in such or such place, and other very different to face a hundred focuses deliberately fired.

The fire became uncontainable in some neighborhoods and their dwellers flee frightened, some of them to the exterior, and others towards the Lamas' Monastery. Insensitive for the riddled corpses who sowed the zone, mobs coming from different directions converged every moment to request the Divine succor of their Gods, while the lamas were threatening them to fight immediately, against the fire and the invisible but lethal enemies.

However, even though the lament and the howls of the desperate were deafening, about the background noise that produced the crackle of the things breaking, the sound of the fire weapons was not heard anymore. Encouraged by such silence, the lamas screamed now prayers and mantras from almost every window.

One and sixteen minutes. The squadron of von Grossen appeared impromptu from Shadows of the Pagoda and marched in closed order in pairs for some meters. One instant later, Kloster and Hans were shooting the first two incendiary grenades towards the second floor's two windows. One of them impacted the lama's chest, vociferating his speech circumstantially, and made him disappear under a blinding light; another penetrated cleanly through the contiguous aperture and exploded in the interior of the Gompa. And through both windows, after the explosion, was seen how the fire seared everything.

But the ϟϟ didn't look back to evaluate the effect of their attack. After the first two, they continued throwing grenades against the widows at the rate of ten per front, until complete the forty. Kloster ran by the right, followed by von Grossen and the two kâulikas, stoping at stretches to reload the grenade and shoot. Hans did it by the left, protected by Heinz and three kâulikas, shooting similarly.

No one counted with the possibility that the Monastery would have possessed its own body of the guard, which passed unwarned to the Gurkha observer. However, such was insignificant in number, although its members had good training in the sabre's employment. They suffered the first and unique casualty there, when a surprising slash ended with Life of a lopa of von Grossen's group. The guards, two or three on each door, remained out and they tried, displaying some courage, to avoid that the Monastery be attacked. Of course, they didn't have the dexterity or the necessary knowledge to rivalize with the kâulikas. When their scimitars did not eliminate them, they fell perforated by the German bullets.

In a few seconds, the Lamas Monastery's was then, likewise grass of the flames. As involuntary guests of an infernal stove, as if the Ray of Indra would have fallen effectively over the pacific Ashram Jafran, the major part of the hypocrites' Saints lamas found a horrible death in those first minutes of the attack. A death accompanied by a shivery concert of sorrowful howls.

At the two minutes, both squads were reunited in the Monastery's posterior door, the one that pointed at the White Isle and the Temple of Ridgen Jyepo. The clocks signalized the one and eighteen minutes; a third group was coming at a slow pace through the beach: was the gang composed by the Gurkha, the lopa, Oskar Feil, and me!

Suddenly the door was opened, and some lamas pretended to go outside. They were coughing and crying for the smoke, and their simple Asian countenances represented the image of the terror: von Grossen strafed them without mercy and bellowed:

–To the other gates!

In fact, the rest of the doors were opened too, but very few were the survivors that we had suppressed: the intense heat, and the collapse of the superior

floors, ended with the main body of before they could reach the exits. As the watchmen, as the garrison, the totality of the Kurkuma Bonnet's lamas ended annihilated by our superiority in the art of war.

Chapter XXVII

One and twenty-one minutes. Karl von Grossen, Heinz, Kloster, Hans, Oskar and I, the group of five lopas, and the Gurkha, saved the three hundred meters that separated us from the left tower. We had to clean our way bloody within the small crowd that was still running chaotically without knowing what to do, but that escape way planned by von Grosse demonstrated to be, if not the unique possible, one of the few that remained. Another course of evasion, for example, could have considered the aquatic environment of the lake. What would not be feasible to do was to return whence we came, that is, through the avenue, because the same was similar now to a tunnel of high temperature by the effect of the general fire; anticipated effect by the provident von Grossen.

In the center of a lurid circle of corpses, at the stairs' foot, we encountered the kâulika monk. Preceded by him, we went upwards in a column to the tower and descended rapidly with the rope to the wall's exterior.

Without obstacles worthy of mention, we undertook the withdrawal towards the North.

Five hundred meters ahead, we found the kâulika monk with the horses, and we completed the retreat, moving away quickly from the destroyed valley duskha. The path ascended through the slope of a hill, and I could not avoid turning back an instant to contemplate for last time the consequence of our attack. The image that I perceived, as corollary of the operation, was nightmarish: with the tenebrous mark of the closed night, was distinguished clearly the inner square of the wall, illuminated by the reddish flashes of the fire, that still conserved its destructive vitality; the fire, like a ravenous beast, had decided to devour everything, and was still consuming the sinister Monastery; the building, which was the highest of the village, was burning freely and its flames projected a multicolor spectrum over the immutable mirror of the lake Kyaring; beneath that light, it was even possible for me to recognize the damn Temple of Ridgen Djapo which was constructed entirely with white stones.

The success of the attack would have been total if it could have been followed by a variant planned by von Grossen, who contemplated the dynamiting of such satanic Temple. But there was no material time available for it; that is to say, the time was employed to cover the Gompa's gates to avoid the lamas' escape: to be honest, von Grosse seemed more practical to kill everyone inside the Temple. But I disagreed with such criterion because it had more real weight, as an adversary, the Monastery than the lamas: to the White Fraternity would result much easier to replace the lamas that reconstruct the

millenary Temple! Nevertheless, I'd not reproach anything to von Grossen because, thanks to his indubitable professionalism, now was galloping by my side Oskar Feil.

Some powerful exclamations subtracted me abruptly from those thoughts. I delayed understanding that they all made the same and turned back to take the last vision of the duskha village. And now, at descending to the other side of the loma, they were uttering uncontainable and exhilarated screams of joy. Naturally, I am referring to the Germans, because the Asians remained as indifferent as always. Von Grossen had to allude to his military grade's authority to avoid that the song of Baldur von Schirach «Our flag flutters before us of the Hitler's Youths» be sung loudly. I'd have wanted to sing it at that moment too. And, remembering my childhood in Cairo, I repeated it mentally, as my Comrades did undoubtedly:

Germany, you shall stand radiant
Even though we shall fall!
Our Flag flutters before us,
Our Flag is the new time,
Our Flag guides us to Eternity,
Yes, the Flag is greater than Death!

Yes, our flags were greater than the own Death; and unleashed Death upon the enemies, as the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet have just warned. The Germans unleashed Death because History summoned us for it; the Enemy of our Flags would repent forever for having sunk their vile claws in the homeland. I remembered then the «Storm Song for the Germans» of Dietrich Eckart, such founder member of the Thulegesellschaft of whom Konrad Tarstein talked to me unsparingly, because he had been also, one of the Initiators of Adolf Hitler:

Storm! Storm! Storm!
The serpent, Dragon from hell has broken loose!
Stupidities and lies his chains have burst asunder,
Lust for gold in Dreadful couch,
Red as with blood are the heavens in flames,
The roof-tops collapsed, a sight to appal.
One after another, the chapel goes too!
Howling with rage Dragon dashes it to pieces!
Ring out the assault now or never!
Germany awake!

Storm! Storm! Storm! Storm! Storm! Storm!
Ring the bells from tower to tower!
Ring men, the old and the young,
Ring the sleepers out of their parlours,
Ring the girls down the stairs,

Ring the mothers away from the cradles!
The air shall clang and cannonade,
Rushing forth in the Thunder of Vengeance!
Ring the dead out of their grave! Germany, awaken! Awaken!

Storm! Storm! Storm! Storm! Storm! Storm!
Ring the bells from tower to tower!
Ring until sparks begin to fly,
Judas appears to conquer the Reich!
Ring until the ropes turn red from blood,
With only burning, torture and murder around,
Ring the storm until Earth rises,
Under the thunder of liberating vengeance!
Woe to the people that is still dreaming today!
Germany, awaken! Awaken!

History convoked the most suitable to fight against the Evil. And the most suitable were we! In a unique moment of History, we had lifted the Eternal Flags, as Baldur von Schirach demanded. And for this reason, the Führer was ringing to Storm, as Dietrich Eckart demanded.

Woe to Dreaming peoples, or Evil as the duskhas! Woe to those who do not hear the Call of the Eternal Spirit! They would suffer the wrath of the Awaken Sons of Germany!

What happened in the Tibet constituted an example: five ϟϟ officers and eight kâulikas Initiates, regretting just one casualty, exterminated more than a thousand fierce foes. One for a thousand! fair proportion for Life the fallen Initiate and the one of Oskar Feil, that they were attempting to take.

Our enemies, better said, the Enemy of our Flags, should comprehend definitely that *we* not threatened in vain!

Chapter XXVIII

I want to warn the reader that I did not run the same luck that yours, because Uncle Kurt's narration, referred to the rescue operation of his Comrade Oskar Feil, demanded many days. Without mentioning these interruptions, I've translated the main parts in correlative form to not produce impatience, a similar impatience, as can be supposed, to the one that I felt in those days.

I'll only add that, as surely will occur to the reader, such feat in which Uncle Kurt participated, brought me immediately to my memory the «Feat of Nimrod», related by Belicena Villca. Undoubtedly, the Tibet's adventure had a seal of *magic heroism*, a style of «boundless intrepidity» that resembled it to the story of the Kassite King. Otherwise, the Enemy was the same: the Enemy of the Eternal Spirit, the Enemy of the Hyperborean Wisdom, and the Enemy

of «our Flags», as Uncle Kurt denominated it, i.e., the White Fraternity of Chang Shambhala and its terrestrial agents.

Similarly, I'll gather in the successive chapters the most interesting narrations of Uncle Kurt without intervention. Naturally, I'll employ such a criterion until possible, until the Epilogue? Which was when the narration of Uncle Kurt, and every narration, had to be interrupted. I, by my part, was with good health at that height, and I was just waiting for the culmination of the story to fulfill the request of Belicena Villca: each day that passed I grew in my determination, due to, at every instant, things were turning clearer irreversibly around the Hyperborean Wisdom.

According to what I remember, continued Uncle Kurt a morning:

Chapter XXIX

We rode without stopping until crossing the path Chang-Lam. Next to the bridge over the Yellow River, we left the Gurkha in the same site where we found it. He'd stay hidden awaiting the rest of the expedition, i.e., the two kâulika monks and the five carriers. We, instead, would continue many kilometers to camp in the mounts of the N.E.

It was not convenient to show ourselves by the moment because the attack on the duskha village would cause the consequent alarm in the region. We ignored the reaction of the official authorities of the Tibet, who perhaps suspected of our intervention.

It was dawn when we stopped, being evident that Good weather that accompanied until then had ended. Dense clouds were furrowing the heights swiftly and a cold breeze, which chilled us till the bones, announced the imminent storm unequivocally. It was about an ice storm, and the more protected place would be, paradoxically, the open field: if we would have camped against the rocks of a gully, we could end buried by an avalanche. We encountered an elevated depression, a small valley of 30 sq.m. Surrounded by smooth slopes, and we were dedicated to pitch the tents of the high mountains quickly.

It was impossible to stay outside at noon because the breeze had become in pure blizzard, and we had to take shelter in the tents: only the Tibetan Knights, as sons of Zephyrus, resisted with naturalness the inclement wind. Such scion of the N.O. monsoon, was shaking the tents with violence and whistling a penetrating and gaunt lament, a whimper that perhaps emerged from Ridgen Djapo crying for the luck of his worshippers.

Inside my tent, another storm threatened to burst. But this one was not caused by the wind but the tempestuous attitude of von Grossen. For the *Standartenführer* the operation against the duskhas represented pure entertainment, loss of time. His mission, reach Schaeffer's expedition, was not fulfilled; and the time was still elapsing useless. According to his logic appreciations, now we were worse than before: –In the first place– He reasoned– we didn't

know the secret path that united the Gateway of Shambhala with the Door of Shambhala, nearby the lake Kuku Noor; in the second term, it seemed evident that we could not follow Many more as before, that's to say, counting with the collaboration of the kâulika group, because the Gurkha spies remained out from the expedition; and in third place, it was expected that throughout such journey little or nothing frequented would not exist settlers to inquire; but, in fourth-order, it would be very improbable if would have existed settlers, they would have given us the required information, after that, we discovered our contrary filiation to the White Fraternity destroying the community of lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet.

–How then, we would do to catch them, as the orders of the III Division of the R.S.H.A. demanded?

I feigned to ignore those questions, and I was happily explaining to Oskar Feil the real causes of his kidnapping in the hands of the duskhas: in reality, he had fallen in an ambuscade; the ambush was part of a plot of Ernst Schaeffer and the lamas of the Kurkuma Bonnet, whose objective was to provide a human victim to the Cult of Ridgen Djapo; nevertheless, such conspiracy had its roots in Germany, in Traitors who called themselves «The Healthy Forces of Germany», who planned such expedition and negotiated with the White Fraternity the price of their support. And such price would be undoubtedly very high: just to cross the Gateway was required a sacrifice, the execution of a symbol of the New Germany, Death of an ϟϟ, the holocaust of an exponent of the Blood's Aristocracy of the Third Reich. Then, in Shambhala, Schaeffer would know the rest of the conditions: the Occult Hierarchy would support the conspirators with their magical powers and with their, more effective, synarchic organizations, in exchange for the destruction of the spiritual foundations of the Third Reich. Not just the Führer and his major staff would have to die, and the National Socialist dissolved, but the core of its tumor should be extirpated; this is, the ϟϟ would have to be disintegrated and the Black Order ϟϟ demolished, exterminating their Initiates without mercy. Yes, the Fraternity's bistoury would be interested this time at the bottom of the wound, scraping if it would be necessary the bone of the German social structure. Only thus, a posteriori of the major surgery, the *Love's Civilization* could be edified over the ashes of the Civilization of the Nazi's Hate.

–But, hitherto, I'd be only about a part of the price: with the fulfilment of these guidelines, Traitors would never achieve anything else than to demonstrate their goodwill to collaborate with the White Fraternity plan –I clarified to Oskar–. The complete support would come later, if the triumphant conspirators demonstrated to be disposed to reach till the end to face a deep transformation of the German society and erase all the traces of the Nazi Culture and the Hyperborean Wisdom: a German society to integrate pacifically in the Universal Synarchy of the second half of the XX century would demand, to make that it be opened and dependable to the White Fraternity, a form of democratic and liberal government, and an Official Culture in which Zionism would have free expression, the Judeo-Freemasonry and Judeo-Marxism, or the ideologies that emerged from those synarchic trunks. Then, if the reigning

traitors realized these pact conditions, Germany would be situated at the side of God, Good, Love, and the Justice; and the Germans would be separated forever from their malignant ancestral Deities.

Quite so, Oskar –I concluded–. Ernst Schaeffer is just one more of a group of numerous traitors. His function in the conspiracy is to sign, in the name of the «Healthy Forces of Germany», a synarchic Cultural Pact with the White Fraternity representatives. I can't reveal to you what consists of our mission and how we will frustrate their plans, but I assure you that in Germany your luck was already decided. You will never pass through the Gateway of Shambhala!

Oskar felt ridiculous when he knew that Ernst Schaeffer had condemned him since the beginning to die in the Tibet, that perhaps just with that finality he permitted him to participate in the Operation *Altwesten*, and that the espionage that he realized for me had been at the same time supervised by two professional spies of the S.D., participants of the expedition too. And to make it worse had to know that he unwittingly provoked Death of Gangi.

–I've been a fool –He affirmed ashamed–. And think that *I dared to advise you* about how you must act, and I suggested you consult Rudolf Hess. All have made fun of me!

–Do not torture yourself, Oskar, that then I ignored these facts. And until the last moment, I didn't know the existence of other spies amongst you. Now we must only think to avoid that the infamous traitor Schaeffer fulfil his infernal mission. *His plans are already failing*: you are alive, and that is what matters. You will come with us, and you'll know the end of History, you will check the failure of their vain efforts to destroy the New Order –I assured with conviction.

–Very clear concepts and very admirable your faith, von Sübermann –Intervened von Grossen returning to the charge–. But he has not told me yet how we are going to find Schaeffer in this labyrinth of mountains, and with the winter almost over. How will we search for him? Do you think that is possible to rake such region randomly?

Really, I didn't have the minor idea that could respond to those questions. Before the pressure of the Standartenführer, I just reacted to propose:

–We must inquire about the kâulikas. They may know how to localize the ones who move around territories that resulted completely known to them.

Karl von Grossen took his head between his hands, at comprehending that his suspicions were founded: I didn't possess the solution to the problem to find Schaeffer. (Mein Got: if they failed in that objective would not even dream of returning to- Germany!) Such operation, Himmler and Heydrich had said to him very clear; *it could constitute a journey without return.* The failure was not permitted. If it failed, a kind of hara-kiri or seppuku, the Japanese samurais' honorable suicidal ritual had to be realized.

But von Grossen, apart from being tough, was a man of well-known cold blood. Nonetheless, his apprehension, he said:

–Good idea, von Sübermann, we'll try to put it in practice right now.

Without waiting for any response, he unhooked the tent's clothes and hurried to the exterior, effectuating the frog's vigorous lead. Outside the blizzard

was raging. I followed it perplexed and penetrated with him in one of the neighbor tents of the lopas. Contrarily to us, who remained sheltered introduced in the sleeping bags, the five Tibetans that we had ahead only dressed the uniform of English carrier of highlands: coat and green pants and boots.

I contemplated with lost gaze how the snow of his clothing melted, and the water dripped and ran through the canvas of the floor towards an aperture to eliminate rubbishes, while von Grossen interrogated the Tibetans in boskad of Jam. Naturally, I was invoking the Gods internally, praying to fulfil the miracle and the kâulikas be able to know the answers that obsessed the *Standartenführer.*

Suddenly, and I can assure that for the first time in the weeks that we spent together, I saw all the lopas laughing at the same time. Yes, there were no doubts: they were laughing us smiling! And after interchanging within them suggestive gestures of complicity, they turned back to see us again, and they laughed even louder. Finally, they filled the tent with a choir of uncontainable bursts of laughter.

The severe countenance of the ϟϟ Leader demonstrated stupefaction, and the mine had to be manifesting something similar. However, both of us waited with patience for the lopas to dominate the humor that the question of von Grossen caused to them, trying with hope to perceive a positive answer in the amazing reaction.

–What do you think of this? –I said in German.

–I intuit that it treats about you –He replied enigmatically–. I guess that they believe that you know Manner to follow Schaeffer.

It was thus. At concluding the general hilarity, von Grossen repeated the question: There was some way to find the occidental expedition, now that they had already crossed the Gateway of Shambhala? They looked each other again, tempted to laugh, but finally one of the Kâulika monks took the floor:

–We are not making fun of you, although your question seems to be what you accustom to call a *joke*. Because nothing else than a joke appears to us to find out how something or someone followed in the Universe, when who asks it is accompanied by the daivas dogs. In earnest, you answer who could hide, and where would be such hideout, when the daivas dogs obey the order of the Son of Shiva and run behind his steps?

Karl von Grossen did not know how to respond, and he looked at me into the eyes with hostile expression.

–I swear to you that I didn't know it! –I apologized, scandalized before the possibility that he suspected that I did not want to follow Schaeffer.

–Tell me what I have to do, and I will comply! –I screamed outraged to the monks–. Your Guru has not given more information to me than an incomprehensible Yantra, and just 60 days ago, I had not even the most remote idea that the daivas dogs existed. You explain to me how I must proceed to make that those beasts localize the German expedition.

The lopas looked at each other again, but now their countenances showed the habitual indifference. The one who had talked, and who was called S*rivirya,* took the floor:

–Undoubtedly you make jokes too, O Svami. Well, you must know better than anyone, you who are beyond the Kula and Akula, how-to guide the daivas dogs. If you don't know, or you have forgotten, it'll not be very difficult to know or remember it employing the Scrotra Krâm, the transcendental ear of the Tulkus, with which you're gifted. Our Guru has revealed us the Kilkor svadi, through which is *possible any word or name of Created things*, and you know your enemy's *name*. O Sahakaladai, Magic is Power: and the words and names are utensils of the Magic. Reproduce the name towards which you want to direct the daivas dogs with the magic language of the Kilkor svadi, and they will obey.

Either because he really believed that it was a joke or a kind of test, or because he didn't want to continue speaking about the matter, there was no form to obtain more information about the laconic SriVirya. His last words were:

–Oh, Mahesvara, the one who never discusses, we don't achieve to comprehend the motive you have to confuse us with questions of which only you can know the answers. The Kâula Circle knows the Magic that permits the daiva dogs to exist, but no one who is not a Great Guru or a Tulku achieve to dominate them with the mind, unique way by which they receive orders:

They just listen to the Inner Voice of the Gods Gurus, those who are beyond the Kula and Akula, those who are like Shiva; or *have his Sign, like you*. I was born in a Monastery of the Kâula Circle, and my father and grandfather were kâulika Initiates; neither I, nor my father, nor my grandfather, saw ever a Guru able to talk with the daivas dogs, until the Gods send you with us. If you want to verify it, to have met you make us proud. But don't feel ashamed anymore with questions that are own of the Gods. We know about our weakness and confusion in Hell of Maya, and we do all possible to remedy it. Believe us, Oh Kshatriya: one day we will emerge from human misery in which the Spirit has sunk, and we'll be like you!

Then we will have Scrotra Krâm opened, like you, and we'll able to know everything; and the Gods will reveal us the secrets of the Tantra; and the svadi daivas will obey us like they do with you!

We returned to the tent profoundly impressed, although for different motives. To von Grossen surprised by the fact that fearsome kâulikas felt sweeten in my presence and that they treated me as a God. To me, precisely, that deference produced unconcealed displeasure, perhaps because I not finished to comprehend what happened around me completely: since I was kidnapped by the Ophites, during my childhood, until then, had occurred the phenomenon that some particular men perceived in me, or for me, a spiritual meaning that plucked them from the material World, Infinite and Uncreated. And that meaning came from a Sign that was revealed in me, or by me, a Sign that the Ophites called «of Lucifer», Konrad Tarstein, «of the Origin», and the kâulikas «of Shiva». The particular men who perceived it, according to Tarstein, and coinciding as I see now with Belicena Villca, shared with me the common Origin of the Spirit and carried in their Pure Blood, unconsciously, the Origin's Sign. For this reason, they perceived the Origin's Sign in me; in reality, they didn't *know* it at that moment, but they *recognized* it, they projected it in me and then it turned conscious, discovering the Presence of the Spirit in oneself, revealing

the Mystery of the Origin. But such meaning that I manifested, and that those particular men comprehended, was *insignificant* for me.

I should say *not significant* in rigour because the Sign cared for me a lot even if I not comprehended it and could not embrace its content with the conscious mind. And that intellectual impotence was the cause of the perturbation that still caused me at realizing that some particular men perceived it. I could tolerate it, as in the case of the Pagoda Kâulika, but I always went out disengaged from the experience.

Perhaps, to the perturbation to feel transcended for the Sign's meaning, was added the effect of the incredible knowledge that the kâulikas had about the Inner Ear. How they knew that I possessed that faculty, a product of the charismatic power of the Führer, is something that I never knew. But Matter fascinated von Grossen, once dissipated his doubts after the unusual explanation of SriVirya, and the issue of the inner Ear didn't escape to him. Once we accommodated ourselves in the tent, he asked impromptu:

–What a hell means that of the Scrotra Krâm, von Sübermann?

–I am sorry my *Standartenführer*–I said in the act, and not without rudeness– but I can't answer you that question. I will tell you, yes, that I'll do all I can to realize the kâulika monks' idea. Yes, the daivas dogs are indeed capable of tracking Ernst Schaefer having the security that we will find him. I will work from now on to find a solution to the problem, and I will employ if it is necessary for the Scrotra Krâm. Is all that I can say.

The eyes of von Grossen blazed but, as per usual, he maintained the serenity and not bored me anymore. Undoubtedly, I could not talk with him, from the inner Ear, because Konrad Tarstein had taken my word that I would only do it with «members of my own Circle»; and a sixth sense warned me screaming that von Grossen was not.

That night, when all were sleeping, I decided to «employ the Scrotra Krâm», it means, to communicate with the Voice of Captain Kiev. As the first time, as always, I didn't delay being awash with Wisdom. I comprehended thus that the Bijas of the Yantra not only permitted to emit a set of fix orders, according to what the Guru Visaraga revealed to me, but they constituted an Alphabet of Power with which «every name of created things» could be formed:

The kâulikas, evidently, knew such property, but they ignored the alphabetical key that ordered the 49 bijas and made possible the codification of any word. However, it'd have not been difficult for them to discover the Alphabet of Power effectuating a cryptographic analysis of the «command voices» for the dog's daivas that figured in their magical formulas.

Anyhow, the truth is that to the totality of the secret had been revealed to me. Now I knew a symbol, similar to the labyrinth's map, which applied over the Yantra conceded the bijas of a determined order, to which arrangement had to be adjusted the formed words. I verified it many times with the «command voices» of the Guru. When I was sure, no not to commit any mistakes, I dedicated myself to translating the sentence «*follow Ernst Schaeffer*» in the language of the Yantra svadi.

Chapter XXX

The storm subsided at night, and in the morning, the sky was clear, without traces of the storm. Even the wind had ceased completely, and the vayu tattva was serene: a total silence reigned now in the tiny valley. Warm rays of Surya, the Sun, barely reached to melt a part of the accrued snow. But more radiant than the Sun was me because, even though I didn't sleep the entire night, I was sure to have the solution to direct the daivas dogs behind Ernst Schaeffer's steps that achievement encouraged and overdriven me.

When von Grossen saw me, he didn't need to ask to know that the problem was solved.

He was dedicated, instead, to send a lopa to relief the Gurkha and notify him of the publication of our campsite; then he was concentrated to study the deficient maps of the Tibet and the West of China. I spent the morning talking with Oskar and the other officers, and at noon we lunched tsampa, a saucepan cooked by three monks, forming a great wheel of comrades altogether. The recent adventure had approached us to the danger and death and left as positive balance a healthy camaraderie that reminded me of the days of the *Hitlerjugend*. Yes; I even could assure you, neffe Arthur, that we felt carefree happiness in those moments.

It was getting dark when they arrived the Gurkha, the lopa sent by von Grossen, and the two lopas that we left in Yushu, and the five carriers with the yaks, the zhos, and the terrible dogs. I think that I never felt so happy in my life as in that occasion, at recovering the daivas dogs. The arrival was very celebrated by ϟϟ officers because, in addition to the victuals, in the yaks were other fifty loaders of Schmeisser and bullets of Luger, just to replace the ammunition spent against the duskhas. The two monks kâulikas brought fresh news about the attack, collected in the path Chang-Lam.

The whole region of the Tibet would be, apparently, shocked by the event. Troops of an entitled «Prince of Kuku Noor» had intercepted them through the path, but after the received explanations, they allowed them to leave without problems. Such indecent was a consequence of the civil war: in some moment of its History, the country of the Tibet reached to lake Kuku Noor; later, the Chinese formed the province of that name and made retreat the frontier of the Tibet more to the South of the River Yang Tse Kiang; and at last, after the incorporation of other small states, principalities, or Tibetan feuds, constituted the great province of Tsinghai.

At the beginning of War between Japan and China, and due to the absence of the central power for the Celestial Empire's capital occupation, the Tibetans saw the opportunity to recover their ancient seigniories and China's independence and join the Tibet again. In that particular case, the resurged Prince

of Kuku Noor was a fervorous Buddhist of the Tibetan tribe lubum, whose members form part of the lamaistic aristocracy. Their devotion and respect for the Dalai Lama had no limits, and the aggression to the duskhas had affected him profoundly: for such reason, he sent many groups of armed men to the quest forth attackers.

–«We are –said the lopas– servants of a rich merchant of Bhutan, who are going to exchange his commodity».

They were travelling with the Dharma Rajah's consent, for whom they had to comply with some assignments. And they showed the Tibetan soldiers a letter of the Dharma Rajah in which appeared the list of objects to be acquired.

That was enough. The lopas gave them a bottle of hard liquor of Bhutanese *Solja*, and the soldiers gave abundant information. «They had to be careful during the journey because a group of bandits strongly armed operating in the Region. They attacked recently and destroyed a village of pacific and Saint Lamas, for what has seen clearly that it was not about Tibetans, neither religious men, but unwanted strangers. Unless they were members of the clandestine sect kâulika, who hated the Buddhist or Hindu lams in general; but they would have never dared to that level. The survivors duskhas affirmed to have been attacked by the Asuras. Still, the soldiers were not such credulous, and they suspected that the 'Demons' would be actually occidental bandits, helped by Chinese bullies. If they were right, the evildoers would try to go back to China by the undefined frontier of the East, which they had proposed to watch thenceforth».

So they were searching for us and, as von Grossen predicted rightly, we could not be at sight or a long time. The kâulika monks had other news.

Their contacts with the Kâula Circle members permitted them to know that profound underground movement of sympathy for us was articulating in all the spiritual Tibet.

Too many admired a lot such group of Initiates who killed the Lord of Shambhala's disciples without mercy. It'd be very difficult to return to Bhutan in the same way, but our Tibetan allies guaranteed us a secure escape through China until the Japanese lines. In that period, Japan was in excellent relations with Germany and in the German consulate of Shanghai a delegation of the ϟϟ Secret Service worked actively, if we arrived there, we could embark ourselves without inconvenient. The kâulika community of Sining would help us in that enterprise.

But it was still premature to talk about the exit of the Tibet. We had to find Schaeffer before and neutralize his plans.

–Are we in conditions to leave at dawn, von Sübermann? –Karl von Grossen asked courteously.

–Lawohk, mein *Standartenführer*! –I replied with security.

We left all ready and, at dawn, lifted the tents and prepared to leave. Karl von Grossen was waiting for me to indicate the course clearly, but the only thing we could do would be to accompany the daivas dogs. I made him understand it, and I situated myself in front of the column, taking the leashes of the dogs with both hands. From the Infinite Spirit, beyond the Kula and

Akula, descended the order «follow Ernst Schaeffer» in the language of the Yantrasvadi and it penetrated in the Universe of the Created Forms, it crossed the akâshâ tattva and was implanted in the animic body of the daivas dogs. And the incredible animals, as if they would be really sniffing a physical trace, went rigid and stretched their heads upwards, and then they left as arrows towards the North.

We travelled many days in that manner, always escorting the daivas dogs and them following the German expedition's invisible traces. In the beginning, von Grossen didn't express any objection, but then he started to get unquiet, to distrust, and to insinuate openly the possibility that the daivas dogs would have lost. In honor to the truth, I must say that there were no reasons to doubt, because the erratic march of the dogs, that either they went towards the North, or the East, either they returned to the South, or moved to West, had him completely disoriented.

His compass and maps were absolutely useless; he said to me dramatically one day. –We are lost in the heart of the Tibet, in a place completely unknown for civilization! *Perhaps in a place that is not from this World*! –. It was not that the rational von Grossen would have turned superstitious all of a sudden: it was that the daivas dogs guided us through a route that really seemed out from this World. At that moment we were in an enormous valley, adorned with regular vegetation and gifted with spring weather; all was tranquil and perfect there: *but that place could not exist where it was.* I saw a small bird alighting on a tree, I saw a bush with yellow flowers, and a speedy hare, and I comprehended that the circumstance had no explanation. Only at that moment I felt worried and gave reason to the claims of von Grossen.

«Where the hell are we? » I thought, while I was stopping the dogs with a mental order. Karl von Grossen was contemplating me irked.

–You've understood the problem at last! Since a long time ago I have warned you that something is wrong, but you do not listen to me. You don't hear anyone. You just heed your damn dogs. I do not deny you that in all these, there are supernatural facts, facts that I may not be capable of comprehending: I accept it, and I try to change things. I know that the dogs will guide us through strange ways, illogic, to reach who are travelling through a magic path too. I know it, and I don't try to understand who you do it. You are here for that but listen to me well, von Sübermann, it is possible that, in this or another World, the dogs could be disoriented, a strayed, or have lost the trace of Schaeffer or be following a false one? Could it be, perhaps, other Magicians, enemies, interfering their route?

–Absolutely no! –I said to him, but now was he who was not listening.

–We have been marching for one week ago, supposedly towards the Lake Kuku Noor, it means, the N.E. Do you know what region we should be?

–Yes –I accepted reluctantly –. In Tsinghai. This valley…

–No, von Sübermann: you know perfectly that a valley like this *does not exist in Tsinghai*! You are an *Ostenführer*, if I remember well; I read it in your file. It means that you know the geography of Asia very well. *We should* be in

Tsinghai, and sometimes it seemed that we were there, but definitely *this is not Tsinghai!* We don't even know if it is the Tibet!

Karl von Grossen laughed hysterically and continued. I decided to wait for him to get calm.

–I looked at the compass. Thither is the East, whence we came. Do you remember the great lake that we saw yesterday with the binoculars, and that we agreed in that it could not be any other than the Kuku Noor? Well, the Eastern shore of that lake guides to the valley of Tsinghai, between the mounts Nan Chan at the North and the mountain range Kuen Lun at the South. Do you know the distance between the lake and the mounts Kuen Lun? You can consult the map if you want.

–Considering that the mountain range Kuen Lun is extended parallel from East to West, I think that there is some 30 km. between the lake and its extreme oriental, the chain Amne Ma-Chin; –I said by rote– and between the eastern shore and the occidental extreme of the Kuen Lun, the chain Altyn Tagh for example, there is instead some 1.000 km.

–That is! –He confirmed triumphantly–. No look at the South with the binoculars. Do you recognize these mounts, at no more than fifteen kilometers?

–These are the Altyn Tagh! –I exclaimed dumbfounded– In the Western extreme of the mountain range Kuen Lun!

–And what do you think, von Sübermann, that since yesterday till today we could travel 1.000 kms.?

– Nein!

–Now you are reasonable –he approved–. I'll tell you how much we travelled, because I have effectuated a precise calculation: *just twenty-five kilometers.* Do you understand? *We have joined in just 25 kms. Two places that are normally separated by 1.000 kms.* What happened with the normal distance? It was shortened? Take conscious, von Sübermann: *on the planet where we were born and studied, the lake Kuku Noor is not at 25 but at 1.000 kms. From the mounts Altyn Tagh. This place is Tibet and China at the same time!*

Before such tangible reality, to be in front of the mounts *Altyn Tagh*, in the West of the mountain range Kuen Lun, it was unexpectedly clarified the meaning of the codename *Altwesten* operation, that we understood as Operation Old West: resourcefully, they have cut the word China *Altyn* to from the German voice Alt, old. But then, almost at the end of the adventure, the real sense was comprehended: the disastrous mission was really called «Operation *Altyn Tagh*». I foolishly thought in this, while von Grossen insisted on setting forth the necessity to check the Operation First Key Strategy. He, who one week before obeyed me to employ the faculty of the *Scrotra Krâm* and throw the daivas dogs behind the traces of Schaeffer, affirmed now the necessity to check the own Strategy: *Wahnsinn!*

We started to talk far from the rest of the caravan, but the three ϟϟ officers came getting closer in silence, and now we were surrounded by them. Karl von Grossen sighed, and he put a hand upon my shoulder fatherly.

–Look at the Tibetans –he indicated–. Don't you find their expression offbeat? –Indeed, von Grossen was not exaggerating here: the kâulika monks' attitude was undoubtedly out of the ordinary. The natural and imperturbable tranquility had disappeared, and they seemed nervous and alarmed. Those warriors, who didn't hesitate before an enemy a hundred time superior, were turning untiringly to watch at all directions as if they would be waiting that the own Satan was going to burst at their backs! I didn't warn it before because the dogs attracted all my attention, as von Grossen reproached me.

I accursed for myself and just whispered:

–It is curious…

–Curious? It's incredible. You are just warning it, but they have been behaving in that way for one day ago. I tried to find out what happened to them and you have answered me with evasiveness, but to you, to whom they respect, will not refuse to respond.

–I want to know what happens, von Sübermann! –Continued–. Before retaking this madness journey, I want to know what happens: if we are lost, or in other World, or what happens to the Tibetans, I want to know it all. I'll not oppose retaking the march guided by the dogs, *but I believe necessary for you to meditate and be aware of what happens around you.*

Evidently, my abstraction of the last days had affected him. But you are wrong von Grossen. If I wanted to find Ernst Schaeffer, I pretended that the daivas dogs obey the correct order, the worst mistake that I could commit, would be «to be aware of what happened around me» and «reflect». Precisely, the secret to controlling the dogs consisted in the capacity to situate oneself *far from all «around»,* out from the Space and Time, beyond the Kula and Akula; and above all, it was required not to think, not perceive, *not «reflect»*.

Without warning it, the *Standartenfüihrer* wanted to obey me to fall in Mâyâ, the Illusion of the material forms that filled our «surroundings», which composed the Great Deceit context. But he was a very erudite man. The one who spoke about the Vril fluently and demonstrated to comprehend the Spirit's terms: the Eternity, the Infinite, and the Absolute Freedom. How could I explain to him then, what I knew? I opted to keep quiet. I didn't want to hurt him, because I could only attribute his forgetfulness of the basic Hyperborean Wisdom Principles to *an intense sensation of terror.*

–I'll interrogate the Gurkha –I proposed–. I think that he is who has more affinity with us.

Karl von Grossen was agreed, and we call him immediately. As he supposed, Bangi not refused to respond to me.

–We are –He said– in the «Valley of the Immortal Demons». Near here must be the Door of Chang Shambhala. You have not developed the psychic vision, and for that reason, you don't see the Sanctuary of the Queen Mother of the West. But since one day ago we are getting near to it, and the kâulikâs perceive it clearer each moment.

The Gurkha signalized the mounts Kuen Lun. For moments he spoke in bodskad, and for a moment in English and German, what demonstrated his perturbation.

–Yes: there is the Sanctuary of Hsi Wang Mu, the Enemy of the Kula! –He affirmed with shudder–. She is who others call Dolma, Tara, Kuan Yin, and also Binah, the Mother of the mortal earthen men. It is a tradition that to this Valley of the Immortals only enter those who She loves and want to preserve to worship Brahma, The Creator, and serve the King of the World, it means, only those who hate Kula enter, those who refuse the Eternal Marriage with the Absolute Shakti, the non-men, the non-virile. A kâulika has never put the feet in this path contrary to the *Tao, the Path and the End at the Beginning;* never a Husband of Kula has treaded such a wretched path, opposed to the own Vrune!

You and the daivas dogs have guided us to Hell to experience the greatest challenge of this life in physical body. *She will try to convert us in animals, but we'll fight here if it is necessary; for Shiva; and for you, Son of Shiva; and for your Führer, the Lord of the Absolute Will. But, above all, we will fight because we know that you, who have guided us to War against the Asuras, will not abandon us in Hell. You are a Warrior of Heaven and Hell, a Man of Honor, and you'll know how to take us out from here!* – Such conviction, it is obvious to clarify, impressed me profoundly.

–Are we in Hell? We have reached so far! –Karl von Grossen commented with irony–. It is possible then that the son of Schaeffer's beach be near because this is the most appropriate place for him.

Of course, no one imagined that von Grossen's joke corresponded to the strictest reality: the traitor and the German expedition were near, extremely near to there. However, the journey was not retaken until the next morning, by my initiative. I wanted that all could rest, and I searched trivial regrets to justify the stop. I explained, to the not hasty *Standartenführer,* that I needed to «mediate» about what was seen and heard and check the orders of the daivas dogs. For the first time in the journey, from Bhutan, everyone was internally grateful to have lost a day in the Threshold of the Valley of the Immortal Demons.

The camaderie is not a *quantifiable* connection, a measurable *relation*, a *reason* amongst partners. It is not a mere affective nexus, as the friendship, but a spiritual *coincidence, the identity of ideals that are realized simultaneously.* Absolute instants determine the camaraderie: the time and space of the fact; but it lacks extensive temporal dimension; it means, the camaraderie does not admit category of duration, it is conceivable a permanent Comrade, as a friend. The camaraderie produces Comrades of the fact, of the coincident circumstance; implies the encounter of two or many, in a same instant, with a common ideal that is *fulfilled.* On the contrary, the friendship is temporarily extense and spatially limited; it consists of a thick sentimental nexus, almost measurable, that joins the people with the independence of the fact they participate. The friendship is independent of every ethic moral because it emerges from the heart, as every affective relation. In the camaraderie, on the contrary, is always present the Honor. It is demanded not to question the moral behavior of a friend; it is a duty, whereas to observe the ethic attitude of a Comrade:

The homeland could be betrayed, with the help of a friend. But it is only possible to die for the homeland, with the help of a Comrade.

From the opposition between the friendship, affective, and the camaraderie, spiritual, emerges with clarity why the traitor achieves to extend his betrayal in time, «forever», analogously to the friendship, and why the hero must demonstrate his courage in the act of an instant, instant in which the Honor, and the ethic of humility, obeys to forget later: that instant of the hero, which carries implicit all the courage in the act of its occurrence, is the absolute instance of the Comrades, the perfect coincidence of those who are going to fight in favour of the same ideal. Because, and the clarification is evident, the instant of the hero is time own of Kshatriyas, of Warriors, i.e., of Comrades.

In a trench, a Leader and ten soldiers are sheltered. A lethal grenade falls inside all of a sudden. A soldier throws himself upon it and absorbs the explosion with his body: he has died but he saved all the others; he is a *hero*. It must be warned, in this example, that the hero, in his absolute instance, if the *charismatic leader* of the group. Let's see well: it treats about a professional army, there are hierarchies and military grades, superiors and subordinate, leaders and soldiers. However, that exterior organization, that superficial order, doesn't matter before the imponderable Death; the inner forces of human order are impotent to oppose death's dissolvent potency. When the grenade falls, in the trench, only death and men who are going to die are real: in that instant of terror, there are no superiors or subordinates, Leader and soldiers, but men who are going to die. But someone decides to oppose his body to death. He thinks it an instant and decides it: he will stop death, he will not let it pass beyond himself. It is not a suicide: it is an act of giving his own life in favour of an ideal. «I die for their triumph».

First act: A man rises from his own humanity and decides «to die just he and save the others», «for their triumph». And who acts thus is not a leader nor a soldier, because the courage doesn't require hierarchies, but a hero. Here is the miracle: a soldier seizes from the absolute instance and stops being *a soldier to become a hero. And there are no Leaders nor soldiers anymore, not even men who are going to die, but the hero and his Comrades.*

His partners, Leader and soldiers, are the Comrades who coincide with him in the act of Death. But, above all the acts, is the objective of War, the Warrior ideal, the homeland or perhaps a national goal. The realization of the ideal needs, then, the fact of Life. Death, in that case, is the Enemy. Hence, to stop Death, avoid taking Life of those who fight for the ideal, be an act of service for the ideal, out from every regulation. Thus, if that were not, the act of the hero would be a mere suicide, and the survivors would save a life without sense. But Life rescued from Death has a sense: *the triumph of the ideal*. The hero throws himself over the grenade but says very clear to all: «*I die for your triumph*», i.e., triumph! no «I give you my life».

And how he says it? *charismatically.* Everyone hears it with the Blood; for such reason, they don't feel that they owe their lives to the hero but that they must triumph, defeat the Enemy, and *comply with his command*. So, there is an order? Yes, but not in the artificial order of the military organization but the formality of the Mystic: in the instant of fearlessness, the hero is the *charismatic leader* of his Comrades, and his last thought is an *order* that all will obey. It is

an order given out from the military hierarchy, disengaged from the chain of leadership, but gifted with major force than any exterior disposition because it has been emitted inside of each one, simultaneously with death's explosion. Under the Mystical form of the ideal, the Comrades have received, in a unique instant, the order of the charismatic leader, which is such because in that absolute instance he surpasses everyone with the heroic courage of his act.

Returning to the previous comparison, now it can be appreciated better the difference between the friendship and the camaraderie: *friends can give us too much, even all what they have; perhaps they can even give their lives for us; but only the Comrades will give us something greater than our own lives, this is, the ideal. Only the hero, or a Comrade, will believe in us as heroes of Comrades and will command us to follow the ideal, will signalize us the ideal, will reveal us the ideal, will approach us to the ideal. To be a friend is to be linked to a foreign heart.*

To be a Comrade is to be committed with an ideal; it means to assume, in the right moment, the absolute instant of the hero; if it would be necessary, to lead the Comrades charismatically and order the march towards the ideal. *«Germany, you shall stand radiant / Even though we shall fall /…/ Yes, the Flagis greater than Death!»*

But the heroes don't have to die always. A hero is also who leads his Comrades in the absolute instant and guides them directly to Victory. And all follow him, persuaded, rapted, gained, because they know charismatically, with the Blood, that he has seen the ideal and is proposed to realize it. A universal principle of the Hyperborean Wisdom is fulfilled; *«one guides the Comrades, and the ideal is realized»*.

In our squadron, prevailed the military order. There was a scale of commands that started with von Grossen, continued with me, then with Hans and Kloster, and concluded with Heinz; the kâulika warriors had their hierarchy too, and their Leaders received our directives.

However, above the military organization, we were all united by the common ideal of the Spirit, of National Socialism, of the Führer. In a given instant, we were all Comrades, and then the hero's absolute instance could occur. During the journey, and the duskhas attack, the squadron worked as a military body, and hierarchies and grades were respected. Nevertheless, when the searched objective became incorporeal, and Death and madness started to hang around us and was evident at last that neither von Grossen nor anyone, except Me, could take them out from such sinister «Valley of the Immortal Demons», the hierarchical order was discomposed, and the charismatic coincidence was produced: Me and the Comrades. All believed in me, expected from me, trusted in me.

The circumstance, it is clear, required a hero and a leader. I was conscious of it, and *I was not disposed to lose the opportunity*. For this reason, I wanted them to rest before retaking the quest for Ernst Schaeffer: there would be no more time later. Because, in that absolute instant, followed without hesitating by my Comrades, and following the Path of Kula and Akula, we would throw ourselves to the throat of the Enemy. We'd die or triumph, but whatever be the case, out death or triumph would mean for the Comrades of Germany the

order to fulfill the ideal, the victory of the Führer. –«We'll die for their triumph»– I thought, trembling with heroic resoluteness. The ideal? As Baldur von Schirach would say, the ideal consisted in «Our Flag».

Chapter XXXI

Since then, all happened very quickly, and in the same mode, I'll narrate it to you, neffe Arthur.

Early in the morning, we were prepared to retake the persecution. The totality of Warriors hastened to take weapons, as if we were, at any moment, to outbreak a battle: the Tibetans inspected the arrows and the edge of their knives. They were waiting for the command to march with one hand supported in the pommel of the scimitars. The Germans provided themselves with loaders and hand grenades and replaced the fusils Mauser for the machine pistols Schmeisser. Although the orders of Konrad Tarstein, identical to the ones that von Grossen received from the S.D., demanded me to join pacifically to the expedition of Ernst Schaeffer, I doubted that it was possible then. And von Grossen and the other ϟϟ officers neither considered it possible. Not after they entered in such Valley of the Immortals, have seen that heavenly region amid the eternal snows, that oasis in the heights of Kuen Lun. Such a site could not exist without surveillance. And the guards would not be disposed to advance either move back. Guards that, we sensed, would be much more terrible than the duskhas.

Once we had just crossed the Threshold of the Valley when we stopped and camped. If we were watched, the Threshold guards would not delay acting; hence our preparative, the certainty that something was threatening us and would be necessary to face it. We searched Schaeffer, that was the main objective, but then the reality was that we were in a Valley of Hell.

–Nothing indicates us that Schaeffer has taken this route, and much less than they have been here, but I think that now it doesn't matter to advance or retreat –conceded von Grossen–. Reality is that this Valley does not exist in our World: Anyhow, it doesn't matter to go in one direction than other!

The carriers refused to continue. But they would not know how to return, for what was necessary to separate again. The same two lopas stayed with them, monks of advanced age but equally dangerous, the yaks, zhos, and horses' totality. Even though there was no snow anywhere, and the weather was spring, the peaks of the mounts Kuen Lun were very near to suppose that the horses would be useful for a long time.

In that manner, we left the five Germans, the seven lopas, and the Gurkha, Comrades of the Eternal Spirit, thirteen heroes in their absolute instance. I gave mental order to the daivas dogs, and they went out in the same direction that they followed the previous day.

–It can't be denied that you are persistent –growled von Grossen at warning the taken route.

But I not disposed of time to attend him nor anyone else. Kâla, the Devourer Time, was now Death Mrtyu before us, a definitive instant in which we'd die or triumph, without middle terms. And in that instant of heroes, a Hero was required amongst heroes, a leader to transmit the charismatic order to fight for the ideal, «For our Flag», «Even though we shall fall».

If the ideal was finally fulfilled, to die or live meant an honor or a triumph, whatever could be the case. No one should be worried to die or live but for accomplishing the ideal, the universal imposition of our Flag, the victory of the own Strategy. That was the charismatic order to my Comrades. To the daivas dogs was commanded to «follow Ernst Schaeffer» in the language of the Yantra svadi. And the dogs' Kula and Akula followed the traitor's trace in a region that was not either in Earth nor Heaven. And I followed the daivas dogs, beyond the Kula and Akula. And my twelve Comrades were behind me, without worried about nothing that surrounded them anymore, without contemplating the possibility to die or live, just thinking in the ideal accomplishment, in the Final Victory of our Flag.

Since we left the bivouac, the excitation of the dogs went increasing, as if their prey be nearer each time. They guided us with great security through descendant paths, till the channel of a torrential stream which current came from the mounts Kuen Lun. For one hour, more or less, we marched parallel to its right shore, having the monks kâulika, in many occasions, to dig with scimitars to open way between the bushy vachellia caven.

Then, we arrived at a magnificent cascade of 50 meters of fall, and there we obtained the first proof that we were not misguided. In front of us, the wall of a stone ravine of 50 or 60 meters high was erected, whereby the water of the stream poured out, and in which base existed unequivocal signs of the man's presence. In a small clean space were some *mines*, one of these stone barrows similar to the south American *apachetas*, that are formed in the «sacred places» of the Tibet by the addition that all pilgrims' lamas made of a stone painted with signs correspondent to the bijas of Kâlachakra. In a niche excavated on the stone wall, was the motive of the mines: the sculpture of the Living Buddha *Magoggpa*, the Master King of Shambhala, Ridgen Djapo. Had represented him seated in the position of the lotto, meditating. In his hands, a tiny statuette of the Shakti Kâkinî sustained the bleeding heart, in which center was the sign of the Star of David, indicator of the Anâhata chakra. The set corresponded to the Heart Doctrine's Symbol, the Yoga of Love that must practice all the adepts who aspired to know the Kâlachakra. His presence there was really threatening and intimidatory: only those who were adepts Initiated in the Doctrine of the Heart could follow the journey towards the Door of Shambhala. The acceptation of such condition was demonstrated by adding a stone with the name written with blood, to the mines' barrow.

We stopped just for fifteen minutes in such a place because the dogs insisted lively to continue the quest and demanded a superhuman effort to contain

them. During that time, my Comrades explored the site and discovered that many paths came and left: the daivas dogs, perhaps to shorten the path, guided us through zones completely not transited. But it was seen that such «Door of Shambhala» had been visited often by the mines' volume, or at least since many years ago.

–Von grossen, von Sübermann, come to see this! –screamed Heinz Schmidt, who was entertained examining the stones of the mines.

He had a stone in his hand, and he gave it to me. I observed that it was written with blood in two of its faces: one resulted illegible because its signs were unknown for me, but the second inscription shook my heart: it said, in German: *Ernst Schaeffer.*

Without saying a word, I gave it to von Grossen, and I called to SriVirya and Bangi. –Can you tell me what language is this? –I inquired.

–It is *Zenzar,* the sacred idiom of the Boghisattvas of Chang Shambhala. The Arhat Djual Khul that guides the Germans must have revealed some formulas of the Kâla-chakra to write on the stones –explained SriVirya.

And that was all that happened there. Moments later, the daivas dogs went up the rungs of stairs carved in stone that guided the ravine's upper part.

Once finished the ascent, was acceded to a wide terrace, in which limits started the slope of a mount of the oriental extreme of the system Altyn Tagh. The place was presented isolated likewise, but with evident signals of human activity. It surprised us all, in fact, the presence of an impotent Chortens, sacred Tibetan monument of squared base and strangled body in the form of campane, usually topped with a truncated cone, in which summit is placed the image of a Deity. Put upon the superior cone of the *Chortens*, was outstood the horrible statue of a Goddess countlessly multiplied on herself and unfolded in hundreds of similar profiles: innumerable faces, legs and arms, converted her in a whirlwind of Presences, that's to say, they undoubtedly meant Her Omnipresence. The Goddess expressed just one Aspect repeated untiringly: such aspect, isolated, showed her smiling us compassionately while she was dancing over a bleeding heart; she wore her hair down touched by a Queen's crown, an eye in the midst of the brow, and the eyes in the palm of the hands and in the soles of their feet. She had been painted delicately, and predominating was white and blue: white body, blue clothing.

The Chortens was at least 15 meters high, and the Goddess statue had the enough size to allow us to appreciate all its details. The Germans observed it in silence, expressing with eloquent gestures the displeasure that it caused us: teuflisch!

The Tibetans also contemplated in silence. However, in an unusual act, the Gurkha went to the group of ϟϟ officers:

–Are you impressed by the image of Kuan Yin, the Mother Queen of the West? We are likewise impressed, but to *contemplate the own Goddess* interested in her millenary Sanctuary visitors affect us much more. If you want, I can translate to you with clear words what this humble monk kâulika sees and feels at perceiving the Chortens of the Goddess of Clemency in the Valley of the Immortals.

We all acceded, without imagining until what details of the hidden plot could reach the sharp vision of the kâulika monk.

–Yesterday I said to both of you that if you could see the subtle world, you would warn that we were going towards the Sanctuary of Hsi Wang Mu –remembered Bangi–. Today we have advanced stretch, and we were approaching more to *her, the Mother of the animal part of man.* Are you impressed with her image? Well, what would be of us if you are capable of lifting up the veil of Mâyâ and contemplate Kuan Yin in all his Intelligence and Majesty, on his total *Merciful* Omnipresence? I'll tell you: you could not be able to resist the Gaze of the Goddess of the Animal Love, the Compassionate of the Heart!

–And you could not do it because her gaze has many eyes, hundreds of eyes, millions of eyes, that watch the heart of man, or jîva, awaiting to the approach and identification with âtman, the Divine Archetype created by Brahma in the similitude of Himself. And for it, the Shakti Kâkanî makes her voice be heard in the sound of anahâta shabda, and says «*om mani padme hum*», «Oh you, a jewel in the lotus», «Oh Mother who is in the chakra», «Oh Devi, who is in the Anâhata chakra». And if the jîva listen to this mantram and recites it as anâhata japa; it becomes in jîvâtman; *and also receives the kâlagiya, the sign to enter in Chang Shambhala and integrate the White Fraternity.*

At each point of the real Space there's a small globe or archetypal atom, which symbolizes with exactitude the unity of Brahma, The Creator. And in the center of each one of these atoms, there's an eye with which The One contemplates Himself from all the created things. Each Eye of the Father One is called *Yod,* but each pupil belongs to the Mother Kuan Yin. When the Lords of Karma stigmatize the blood of man, and the pain penetrates in the eyes of The One as a pleasurable symphony, the pupils of the Mother Kuan Yin soften suffering chords with the Mercifulness of her Heart. For this reason, she is *Avalokiteshvara*, a Bodhisattva of Compassion.

Yes, occidental *Kameraden:* this image that impresses you is just an opaque reflection of Kuan Yin behind the Veil of Mâyâ. Right here, at this moment, the Goddess dances searching for Warm of Love! Kuan Yin wants to feel Your Hearts palpitating for the pain that lashes Life of man, the pain caused by those who are aparted from the harmony of the Universe, from the Law of The One! And what collect the eyes of Avalokiteshvara in Your Hearts? Only Cold and Hate, in lieu of Heat and Love for Life. They then leave involved in cries the eyes of the Mother, promising herself to help us make you turn to the animal condition, the hot Heart of those

who love Warm Life. She is the mother of the animal men, of the Pasu: Her mercifulness will catch you and heat the Heart with her Love, dislodging the Cold and Hate, to the harsh ice! And she will do it even if she has to turn the Kâlachakra and Dietrich Eckhart convert you into primitive apes!

But here, with you, is Ganesha, the Son of Shiva, to whom you call Kurt. What has seen the Mother Goddess in the Heart of the Son of Shiva? Cold and Hate too, but forming the nest for the Cold Death's mask, the refugee of Kâly, The Black one. Yes, in the Son of Shiva is the greatest abomination because he has embraced Death in his Heart, the Mask of Death that hides the Naked Truth of the Infinite Blackness of Himself. In the Heart of Ganesha, over the dead body of the Pasu, son of the Mother Kuan Yin, dances Kâly The Black Dance of the Cold Death; and in the corpse of the Pasu, which is carrion, the phallus of Shiva is still living, the adamantine lingam of Vajra: before the symbol of the absolute virility, Kâly uncover herself and let that the Pâvartî Frya be manifested, the Naked Truth behind the Black Death; Pâvartî Frya realizes then the yonimudrâupon the lingam of Shiva, and Bhairava resurrects in the Heart of the Son of Shiva; abnormally a Child of Vajra has born in the Heart of Ganesha! A child begotten by the Spirit of Shiva with the Truth behind the Mask of Death!

A child gestated in the womb of the Infinite Blackness of Himself! A child born from the broken womb of the dead Heart of the Pasu! A Child of Vajra, a Child of Diamond, a Child of Stone, a Child of Ray, a Child of Cold Fire, *a God Child!* A child who is the Uncreated Vrune and that is beyond the Kula and Akula, beyond the Space and Time, beyond Life and Death, beyond Good and Evil, *definitely beyond the Pasu murdered by Kâly in the Heart of the Son of Shiva!*

A huge evil has seen the million eyes of Avalokiteshvara in the Heart of the Son of Shiva. An evil for which Her Tears of Mercifulness, neither her Compassion, nor her Love are enough. An evil for which there is none possible redemption in this life, nor the other of the Wheel of Life Sripai Khorlo.

It is the evil of whom runs from the cares of the Father and the Mother, that refuse from the Father and the Mother, who discovers that he has no Father nor Mother, who finds the Naked Truth of Himself and dedicates to Be what he Is and not what he must be according to the Law. O, what ingratitude the one of who colds thus the Mother' Heart and keeps hate against the Father! The Naked Truth has been installed in the Heart of man, upon a bed office, and he has become a vîrya, a God that fights against The God One. But She has cooled his Heart because is the Enemy of Love and the Mother Kuan Yin cannot prevent it. The Enemy of Love has caused much pain: with the Mask of Kâly as murdered the Pasu, his firstborn child; and with the Power of the Naked Truth, has procreated a terrible being who was born upon the corpse of the Pasu, a Child of Diamond Stone, a child who is not and will never be human. Huge is the harm caused by the Enemy, Terrible the evil that nests in the Heart of the Son of Shiva.

The duty of the Mother Yuan Yin, who sees all and Her Mercifulness, reaches everyone and protects her children animal men. Because her children, of Warm Hear and cold mind, are like sheep in herd: They depend on the

Shepherd and his sheep hook. And because the Children of Stone, of Cold Ice and warm mind, are as hungry wolves: they lurk the herd to slay the lambs and only flee before the sheep hook of the Pastor.

–What has seen the Mother Goddess of the West in the Heart of the Son of Shiva? A wolf, a killer of lambs, a Child of Stone Son of Himself and Husband of the Naked Truth, an abominable Existence Tao-t'ie out from the Creation. But, overall the ills, Kuan Yin has seen who can manifest the Naked Truth to the World, discover the Forbidden and Heady Beauty of the Enemy of men and spread the evil of Wisdom as epidemic. For the eyes of the Mother Kuan Yin, the Son of Shiva is the Demon of the Destruction of Man. The Naked Truth that Ganesha can exhibit to the asleep men will cause in them a new and fiery fall in the nought of the Uncreated. Over the ruins of Humanity of Love, Ganesha converted in Shiva, will dance the Created's dissolution, the decomposition of Mâyâ, the Final Death of the Illusion. And in the Pralaya of Love and Mercifulness of Kuan Yin, over Death of Humanity, in the Götterdämmerung of the Fraternity, the resurrected Heroes, the semi-divine vîryas, the God-Men, will exalt the Naked Truth of Themselves, the Enemy of Love, and the Wife of the Origin. O, how a million eyes of Avalokiteshvara cry at comprehending the evil that dwells in the Heart of the Son of Shiva!

But Kuan Yin knows that the evil of Ganesha is too big as to be forgiven. No; for Kurt von Sübermann there is no possibility of treatment; his Presence is humiliating for the dignity of the Bodhisattvas, his Presence exposes without modesty the Naked Origin's Truth! No one on the side of The One, the Brahma, The Creator, will accept such affront! And will be once again the Compassive, what will speak in the Heart of the Son of Shiva and announce him the Gods' decision. Thus speak the Mother Goddess Kuan Yin to the Heart of the Son of Shiva Kurt von Sübermann!:

As wolf, my lambs thou shalt slay
As Child of Stone, T'ao-t'ie,
Then in wolves thou shalt convert them
No compassion shall be for thee!
I serene my tender Heart,
Dry are my multiple eyes!
Monster of the Forbidden Truth
Who transmuted human Peace.
The decision is taken!
Whence thou camest thou shalt go!
Out from the Path of Man thou shalt go!
Fiercy wolf, my lambs thou shalt lurk not!
Naked Origin's Truth
To the asleep men
Thy Sign shall not reveal!
Because thou art eternal,
But even though thou not knowest, ulfhednar,

Thou shalt not fall;
But if the Path of Man
Thou pretendest to transit,
To the World of Man
Thou shalt never return!
To my Sanctuary in Earth
Thou shalt not enter!
I am the Mother of Humanity!
I am the vigilant Shepherddes
And I watch my herd
With peerless zeal!
Who arriveth here searching Immortality!
Is who hath passed all the tests
And is a lamb in my barnyard;
Is who hath offered a tender Heart
To Avalokiteshvara;
Is who loveth and sorroweth,
Is who followeth his Dharma,
Who is a perfect animal man;
Who arriveth to my Sanctuary
And worshipeth the Father!
I give him Immortality!
I guide him
To the Fraternity!
But thou, who art a wolf
With lamb's costume
What dost thou search for?
Carrier of the Black and Cold Death,
In thine Heart of Ice,
The Hidden Enemy goeth.
The Gods cannot punish thee,
But they do not want to see thee again.
There is no place for wolves
In this property!
By my sûtrâtmâ of Mercifulness
The Lycanthrope shall not transit!
Here I am Kuan Yin, Chenrezigs,
The Goddess of the Bottom of the Sea!
I guard the Path of Deva Yâna
For the Immortals of the Fraternity!
Thy sin of Stone Frya
Hath displeased, my eyes of goodness,
And I have cut thy way off
Towards the Fraternity.
For thine abominable evil
Today I have closed

The Door of Chang Shambhala!
I am Palden Dorji Lhamo!

All of us stayed impressed and surprised by the words of the monk. He called this to «translate his impressions about the Chortens», when it seemed that the own Goddess Kuan Yin had told us! Undoubtedly, Bagi possessed a superior faculty that allowed him to read and hear the Bodhisattvas. But the most perturbed for such vision was Me, because I discovered on its aspects that touched me, meanings that interested to the Operation First Key, concepts that gained sense in the mark of the own Strategy. The Gurkha, indeed, had transmitted me the message, although he didn't let to glimpse if he made it consciously or unconsciously.

In sum, what the Gurkha said, and that nobody could understand except for me, was that *my presence in the Valley of the Immortals obeyed the Demons to close the Door of Chang Shambhala*, just as Konrad Tarstein expected to happen. It means that if Ernst Schaeffer had not achieved to pass yet, his Operation *Altwesten* would remain definitely suspended, because the Goddess Kuan Yin «said in my Heart»: «The decision is taken», «today I have closed the Door of Chang Shambhala».

Chapter XXXII

It was full midday when we left the Chortens. The daivas dogs demanded to climb through the Western hillside of one of the Altyn Tagh, but suddenly we discovered a dissembled path that permitted to ascend some thousand meters. Four fatiguing hours later we arrived at the peak of the mount, noticing that from the North, the mountain fell thousands of meters in a vertical wall: from the base, was extended in every direction a wide desertic praire, except towards the N.O., where the blue waters of a lake of the enormous surface were spotted.

– Teufel! –exclaimed the efficient von Grossen–. We have the luck to contemplate the country from a privileged terrace of 4.000 meters. In all its extension, we see the Chinese Province of Sinkiang; that praire, in no other than the desert of Takla Makan, connected with the Mogol desert of Gobi on its oriental extreme; and the lake, with all precision, treats about the Lop Noor. Finally, geographic area that is adjusted to the reality of the German maps!

But, if out of the Valley of the Immortals the World continued the same, on its interior Space and Time were so distorted as before, the Traitor Gods and the Priests of the White Fraternity lurked to close our way or attack us, and we still had to localize Ernst Schaeffer. This last occurred before the predicted. Effectively, while we observed the Sinkiang amazed, the kâulika monks explored the hundred squared meters of the summit, and in few minutes, they brought us shocking news: at the feet of the Southern slope was a campsite!

We ran there and verified it with the binoculars. There were no doubts: it was the German campsite!

The small glen, which seemed more a comb, measured some 500 meters long and 50 meters wide, and in Winter it had the function to transport the snow of a gigantesque glacier, as a titanic stone channel. Was oriented from East to West, and on each extreme, huge ravine permitted to enter or leave: from inside, it could be observed that the Western ravine was flanked by the sculptures of two enormous armed bodhisattvas. For some reason, the expedition not dared to cross that stone's portal so eloquently ornated, and they decided to camp in the opposed extreme of the glen, next to the ravine of the entrance. It was seen that they had already some days in such a place, and that perhaps they thought to stay more time, because they had unpaged all the equipment and distributed rationally, after rigorous camping. We even disposed of two sentinels, one in the East and the other in the West of the field.

For the moment, largely rubbed, to encounter ourselves with Schaeffer's expedition, von Grossen elaborated a plan of approximation for which was only missing to add tactical details according to the circumstances. Given the present case, it was necessary to confirm each of us positions and functions to ensure that the squadron is disposed to execute the plan.

According to that, we descended in silence to the glen entrance, site in which the path of the summit disembogued. Once there, von Grossen, Oskar Feil, the Gurkha and Me, with the daivas dogs, remained hidden for some minutes, while the three ϟϟ officers and the eight monks lopas, were displayed around the campsite. They had to stay sheltered and cover our next advance, in prevision of a misunderstanding or that something could go wrong.

Without suspecting anything, the sentinel was smoking, distracted by his own thoughts, remembering perhaps the far homeland. The three Germans emerged suddenly before him and he believed to be dreaming. But it was too late to react, especially at seeing the black mouths of the Schmeisser: the Luger, the dagger, and the automatic rifle MP40 passed to the hands of von Grossen.

–We are officers of the Third Reich –explained von Grossen– but we cannot run risks. Heil Hitler! Como closer to the campsite, very slowly, and warn us about our arrival!

–Heil Hitler! –replied the troubled sentinel.

With exquisite delicacy, he went glimpsing to each one of the six tents and communicating what happened to their occupants. Many, possibly, would have supposed that the sentinel raved.

In seconds 20 or more men gathered, but it could not be distinguished who was an officer or non-commissioned officer because all were dressed in a civilian suit. One of them released an exclamation and walked closer to many steps.

–I know you! You are the *Standartenführer* Karl von Grossen! What the hell are you doing here, in the armpit of the Tibet?

–And I know who you are, *Standartenführer Reinhard von Krupp*–replied archly the always well-informed von Grossen, remarking the grade and name of the

officer. From his years in the Gestapo, von Grossen conserved the bad customer to put some suggestive emphasis on naming the persons, trying to make them understand that he had confidential information over them or compromising.

–We are here for… –von Grossen was going to proceed when he was interrupted by the apparition of Ernst Schaeffer.

It is possible, and even more today, very probable that Schaeffer would have lost his reason irreversibly before such unexpected spectacle. To comprehend that is must be imagined what would be for him to have arrived at the Valley of the Immortals, at one step form the Sanctuary of the Mother Queen of the West and the Door of Chang Shambhala, and warn that instead of the Arhats appeared a group of Germans, one of them his sworn enemy. And with him, inexplicably, was the propitiatory victim, Oskar Feil, and the disappeared Ghurka.

–Ahahahaha…! –He released an insane howl and claimed– shoot them, kill them all!

The ϟϟ, the officers and the troop, lifted their fusils but they waited for his *Standartenführer* to confirm the order: Schaeffer was the officer of the Abwer, and he had no direct command on the Schutz Staffel. That indecision avoided an armed struggle of unpredictable consequences.

–They are Germans, men of the ϟϟ! –von Kupp tried to explain it, who was astonished before the hallucinate attitude of Ernst Scharffer.

But he had extracted his Luger and pointed his gun against me, with the clear intention to erase me from the living' world.

He didn't reach to shoot. Two ϟϟ of his expedition pounced over him in a fast movement and took him as a hostage: one of the snatched his pistol, while the other put a dagger over his throat. They were two spies of the S.D.!

–At the first who moves, we behead this man! –Threatened one of them–. Come closer, my *Standartenführer*, and dismantle those four men! –he added signalizing the followers of Schaeffer.

Karl von Grossen didn't delay, and he screamed many orders. Before the general surprise, Hans and Kloster emerged from the rocks, and they rapidly put down the weapons of the four of them, who offered no resistance. Six figures, dressed in saffron tunics and with the countenance and hands covered with ashes, they tried to escape on the run towards the West exist of the glen, but they fell a few steps riddled with arrows: were the Skushok of the Ashram Jafran and his lamas. That filled the measure. Von Krupp bellowed an order at the same time, and all his men put their bodies on the ground.

The squadron of von Krupp doubled us in number. Nevertheless, the common sense prevailed, and the *Standartenführer* interrogated von Grossen angrily:

–What is this, von Grossen? You come here, treat us as if we were enemies, and kill the Tibetan guides, who counted with our protection. I imagine that will have a good justificative for that outrage!

–We have nothing against you but against that herd of traitors –von Grossen vociferated–. And if it seems to you enough justification, here are our orders, approved by the Führer.

He extended him a sealed pocket that said: «*Altwesten* operation». Reinhart von Krupp opened it and extracted the letter. It was a decree of a brief text. He moved his head affirmatively and commented to Schaeffer:

–They have come from Germany to take care of the expedition! From this moment the security and logistics oversee the *Standartenführer* Karl von Grossen.

The countenance of Schaeffer seemed whiter than the snow of the Altyn Tagh. Von Krupp said in a tone sufficiently high as to be heard by everyone:

–On my part, it is fine. I accept the orders and put myself under your command. But you will have to explain to me what means your accusation of betrayal. And how is that Oskar Feil is with you.

The ϟϟ loosened the pressure of the knife. Men of von Krupp stood up and put their fusils down, while Heinz and the eight kâulika monks were coming closer, these last with the arrow mounted in their arch yet.

–Betrayal! –Screamed the traitor, out of his mind–. Betrayal! Damn killers, you don't know the harm that you have caused to Germany and Humanity! Ahahahaha…! Von Sübermann, son of the Demon, I knew that you wanted to stop our mission! You have come to destroy us: we should have killed you in Germany! I will be punished for your guilt: the Masters will never forgive me your condemned presence in this Sacred Valley! When the Arhat Djual Khul left, I should have imagined that some terrible was happening! It was you! You and your execrable Stain that offends the Holy Beings!

Damn you a thousand times von Sübermann, abortion of Hell. How do you find me?! –He roared completely incensed. The two ϟϟ spies maintained him subjected to the arms to avoid that he fell over me.

–Despicable *Herr Lehrer*, the last thing that I would have wanted in my life was to see him again –I affirmed honestly–. The merit to have arrived here is thanks exclusively to these noble dogs.

Thereupon I dropped the leashes a little of the daivas dogs, that still obeyed the order «search for Ernst Schaeffer», and the dogs jumped and released two fiery bites at centimeters from his neck.

With the eyes extortionate with terror, the countenance decomposed for the anger, Schaeffer was the image of the madness.

–Now you see: *only an infernal being could come accompanied by the two wolves of Wotan*! Do not accept that decree von Krupp, and kill them all. You are still at a time to prevent a terrible evil for Germany and the World. I assure you that nothing will happen if you obey me. Better said I guarantee you that you will be rewarded as a hero.

–You are mad, Schaeffer: in Germany, there is no one superior to the Führer! If I don't comply with these orders, the only award that I will receive will be a hemp rope with sliding knot –apologized von Krupp.

–No Comrade von Krupp –I clarified–; it is not about words of a madman but of a traitor. He believes that exist more powerful men than the Führer: they are who plan the disappearance of the Third Reich and have entrusted him a secret mission that will help fulfil the betrayal. And about you, *Herr*

Lehrer, it is certainly that Kula and Akula are not the wolves of Wotan. However, it is true that I come from a Hell and that now I am in a major Hell, the one which is located behind that Endless Door at the end of the glen, i.e., your beloved Chang Shambhala, the lair of the Immortal Demons.

–Blasphemy! Blasphemy! Kill them, von Krupp! Kill them now, and you'll save your Soul! Kill them before it is too late, and they release Lucifer in the World! –Implored, with the control of his words completely lost.

Karl von Grossen ordered to enclose him in a tent, under the custody of Hans and Kloster. It was getting dark, and the kâulika monks hurried to lift the tents, before the amazing sight of the squadron of von Krupp.

He came closer to us and asked without major delicacy:

–Can anyone explain to me what is going on? It was supposed that I had to drive and protect a scientific expedition that had as objective to investigate the oriental ancestors of the Aryan Race. It has nothing to do with which I hear: «Demons», «Hells», and «Treason to the Reich». Does that mean all this madness? How could be the Third Reich betrayed in this remote place? And the most incredible, where did they find Oskar Feil? How they followed us? What is that of Wotan's wolves? For half an hour, von Grossen clarified the best he could all the doubts of von Krupp. Then, he propounded a question for which von Grossen had none answer.

–And what are we gonna do now?

–My orders –revealed von Grossen– they specify that at contacting the expedition I must act according to the instructions of the *Sturmbannführer* Kurt von Sübermann. And as you must obey me, I'll not retransmit you such instructions if both of us know them at the same time –concluded with crushing logic–. And well, von Sübermann, what do you have to tell us?

–That we must return immediately to Germany! –I said without doubts–. Tomorrow we must undertake the return. To Ernst Schaeffer and his four accomplices, we will guide the arrested, but we'll execute them under my responsibility if they resist.

Karl von Grossen approved without reservations that decision but the most relieved was von Krupp.

–That's all? Come back to Germany? Is the best news that I have heard in more than a year. I feared that he could continue the expedition of the Tibet. I adhere totally to that proposal! The truth is that I was already tired of Ernst Schaeffer and his mysteries.

Poor von Krupp! Neither von Grossen nor me, imagined then that he would never return to Germany…

Chapter XXXIII

I could not assure you, neffe, if the first that we perceived were the sound or the light, *or the sweet and penetrating smell, unmistakable of the sandalwood smoke,* or if we capture each tatt vas at the same time.

Men of von Krupp were already sheltered in the tents, except for the two sentinels. The Gurkha and the lopas finished to arm our tents aided by Heinz. And the two *Standartenführer* and I were still speaking. The Sun had gone long ago, and the dying twilight left the cold night of the Tibetan summits rapidly. However, in one instant, the glen started to be illuminated from the West, as if we were witnessing the dawn of a new and dazzling Sun.

Befuddled, stunned, hypnotized, the three of us remained looking at the ball of light, which crossed the ravine and advanced through the center of the glen, at not more than a hundred meters high. Although the halo was extended tens of meters around the brilliant core, it was possible to distinguish that the hub was composed of four incandescent spheres, intersected eccentrically inwardly. But such observation was just for a second because the sound that accompanied the resplendent apparition avoided us immediately any other perception.

At least for me, who spent the childhood in a farm of Cairo where honeybees were bred, such vibration resulted clearly familiar: *was the classical buzz of a swarm moving*. It had started as a faint rumour, as the light was at the beginning a soft fulgor, but suddenly it turned insupportable. I think that the three of us covered our ears with the hands, to verify that nothing achieved to stop the sonorous penetration. With the head between the hands, and the brain drilled by the murderess wave, I fell on my knees completely bewildered.

I felt that I was going to lose my senses, and, in a supreme will effort, I looked around me. I saw von Grossen, still standing, convulsing, and screaming, while at a few centimeters from me was lying the inert body of Reinhart von Krupp. Automatically I put my hand on his neck, searching the pulse, but I realized that he was dead. My mind was clouded; an intense air sickness caused me the sensation that all was turning around me; the nausea, initiated in the stomach, shuddered me in a violent arcade; and an increasing anguish in the heart, which was already a declared tachycardia, produced me the impression that such organ wanted to jump and escape from the chest. Finally, I was fainting irredeemably, as victim of a psychophysical attack, for which I didn't know any defense. Laugh of Demons, Music of Hells, Harmony of the Creator God of the Universe, in front of the Soul's disintegrator force. What remained of the Hero, the charismatic leader, the Initiate who hours before was guiding his legion disposed to fight against Earth or Heaven's enemies? Truly little, neffe, truly little. Just a spark of will.

Extempore I was invaded by a strong tremble and I delayed noticing that Bangi had caught me by the shoulders and was shaking me with rudeness. Within mists, I recognized him yelling before me; the eight lopas were there too: two were dragging Oskar Feil; other two sustaining von Grossen; one of them ran with the daivas dogs, which were tied to an extreme of the campsite; and the others were tracing circles and signs feverishly on the ground with

their scimitars, while they were intonating mantras and adopting warrior mudras. The ball of light was already upon us, and the buzz of the bees reached its highest intensity. Whether for the shaking of Bangi, or for the effect of the yantras of the lopas, the truth is that I recovered the lucidity in part; the enough as to comprehend Dramatic words of the Ghurka.

–*Shivatulku! Shivatulku!* –He was calling impatiently, without stopping jostling me, an act that culminated with two impetuous slaps. With a head movement, I made him understand that I was hearing him.

–O Pawo[42]: take us out of here! Soon or the *Vîmanâ* of Shambalah will destroy us!

–H…how? How I'll do it, if I can't remain standing? –babbled despondently.

–The daivas dogs. O Dubtob[43]! Order the daivas dogs to guide you *flying* to a destiny out of here! Do you understand me?

I assented, even though I didn't comprehend the request of the Gurkha completely.

–What must I do to make *fly* the daivas dogs? –I interrogated myself absurdly, but with a voice sufficiently high as to make that SriVirya speak. The lopa, was evidently attentive to my reactions.

–Name them as if they were identical to Kyungta, the Garuda bird who transport the Gods; or as Lungta, the Pegasus horse that accomplishes the same function! Say to them *Svadi-lung*; Kula and Akula *Svadi-lung*; and they will *fly*!

Destiny? What destiny? My head seemed that it was going to burst. Perhaps was the unconscious, perhaps the Scrotra Krâm, but the positive was that an Inner Voice said to me:

–«Sining, you must go to Sining» –I thought in the Yantra, I imagined as I could, and translated: "*Sining to, Kula and Akula Svadi-lung*"[44].

Some of the lopas had put the leashes of the dogs in my hands. They were angry for the presence of the diabolic vîmanâ and howled as if they were effectively the wolves of Wotan.

When I imagined the Yantra they went rigid and inclined their heads forward, prepared to leave to fulfil the order. And when I ordered «Sining-To, Kula and Akula svadi-lung», occurred the incredible prodigy that the daivas dogs jumped from a kind of abyss which was extraordinarily created before them.

I felt dragged by the leashes, hoisted in the air and transported towards the East, sunk in an impenetrable blackness that now occupied the place where seconds before were the mountains Altyn Tagh. At being hoisted I the air, an abnormal weight in the legs put my bodying tension for an instant. I turned back, surprised, and warned that a human chain was hanging from my extremities: the Tibetans had realized a set of *tackles* in the moment of the jump, clutching himself between them and lifting to Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil too. The

[42] *Pawo*: Hero in Tibetan.
[43] *Dubtob*: Magician.
[44] "Let's go flying to Sining, *Kula* and *Akula*."

gaze slipped downwards, and I contemplated stupidly the glen illuminated by the vehicle of Shambalah and the campsite converted in a collective sepulchre: Reinhart von Krupp, dead; the sentinels, dead; and at the entrances of the tents, were disseminated the corpses of those who reached to escape but not too far. The buzz was deafening, frightening, paralyzing; the buzz was called of Death! Heinz, Hans, Kloster! I remembered my Comrades, and I think I screamed with impotence, before submerging myself in the blackness and lose consciousness.

Chapter XXXIV

Seconds later, I recovered the consciousness: neither sings of the deafening sound or the diabolic scintilla. The crepuscular light still subsisted for what I could verify, without any doubt, that we were in front of a completely different place to the glen were Schaeffer camped. Immediately came to my memory all the occurred, the attack of the mortal buzz and the escape thanks to the daivas dogs. I was still alive by miracle! But where I was? Because that evidently was not Sining but a shore of a river, a brief beach at the feet of a hill's slope.

I was seated on the floor, still sustaining in the hands the now inert leashes of the dog's daivas. At centimeters from my feet, the roaring river intonated the melody of Nature. A blaze against the hillside showed me the lopas collecting firewood and feeding an improvised stove. Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil had stood up and been contemplating the scene I silence, as besotted. When the *Standartenführer* eyes encountered with mine, he reacted:

–Von Sübermann: Gott sei dank! Where are we? What happened to the others?

I incorporated and responded to him with crude honesty:

–I do not know. I ignore what place is this. With security, we are far from the campsite, but at least we are alive. Because if I am convinced of something is that who is not with us now must have died in the glen. Who could survive that attack of the Demons? Even the Kâulika monks, who are experts in that kind of Black Magic, feared to die inevitably!

At that moment the three of us remembered the monks and we searched them with the gaze: the eight were next to the fire that they had turned on protected by enormous rocks and were looking at us at the same time with tranquility. Karl and Oskar approached them. I wanted to do the same, but the leashes impeded me to do it. With horror, I discovered that one of the dogs had died; the other by his side, emitted periodic painful wailings.

If I owed my life to someone in this world, apart from my parents, was to those dogs, so I felt comprehensibly affected by the loss of one of them. I left the survivor with his piteous howls, bereaved requiem for the absent couple, and approached the group. Without courtesy, I interpellated the Srivirya:

–How is that one of the daivas dogs has died? Had not assured me the Guru

Visaraga that both constituted an archetypal couple, Manifested synthesis of a pair of opposed principles, whose existence had to be Necessarily simultaneous? If that was true, why are not dead both of them?

–Be patient, Son of Shiva –advised the monk compassionately– and remembered that these dogs are tulpas, mental creations of the Magicians of the Kâula Circle. Therefore they are not subjected to natural laws but to the Will of the Gurus. I told you that since some years ago, even if our Order knew the secret of the daivas dogs, they had never been projected until now because there was none one Initiate as you, capable of controlling them beyond Kula and Akula. Hence, we lacked practical information about what would happen at being realized by a Shivatulku. It means that we didn't know how they would behave in this stage of the Kaly Yuga: the last time the daivas dogs travelled around Earth was in Atlantis, thousands of years ago. Evidently, this Iron Age has debilitated in some way their Flying Power and one of them resulted affected by the Force of the Dorje. But if we didn't know how much they will live, otherwise, I can respond you why one of them has continued alive after the flight lung-svadi: it was due to the laws of the particular that reign their reproduction.

You've reasoned well, but you didn't contemplate the laws of reproduction. At being a perfect couple, archetypally equilibrated, the two dogs, in fact, should have died together. *But the law of reproduction established by the Gurus demands that before disintegration, the couple beget and give birth to another pair of daivas dogs.* The process would be then, the next: Death of any of them will mean the automatic metamorphosis of the other in an androgynous exemplar; is as if one of the archetypical principles, which was manifested outside, be incorporated inside of the survivor; and the one who lives, will carry in the bosom the germ of a new couple of daivas dogs, which will grow, and will be born then: so, after the delivery, the old exemplar will be disintegrated fatally. Do you understand now why one of them is alive?

I assented, relieved at knowing that in little time I would recover the couple of dog's daivas.

–Well –added Srivirya–; then don't forget that in this period, while the androgynous dog is dedicated to gestating the new couple, you must call him with the name of «Vruna», because is the unity of Kula and Akula.

I assented again because that was certainly logic. On that exploded von Grossen.

–For God's sake, von Sübermann! Always the accursed dogs! Are you worried about Death of a dog? And our Comrades? I have been informed that they have died too: well, you should be bereaved for them! And you don't know where we are neither that I was trying to inquire to the Tibetans when you interrupted me to talk about the condemned mastiffs.

I decided to not respond to the unfair accusations of von Grossen.

–We don't know anything about the place where the Shivatulku has brought us –interjected Srivirya–. He must respond because only he knows the order that gave to the daivas dogs.

The expression of von Grossen's countenance went decomposed at verifying that Matter of the dogs was unavoidable. I didn't have to reflect on exposing something that intrigued me since I recovered consciousness on such a beach.

–To Sining! I ordered the dogs to go to Sining. It was the first place that occurred to me, surely because the two monks who guided the holites affirmed that they would help us arrive at Shangai from there. He did not explain to me why the daivas dogs didn't guide us to Sining.

–Oh how strange is the mind of the Shivatulku! –Exclaimed SriVirya, who could not conceive that my acts were simply stupid, as they were in reality–. If you wanted to go to Shanghai. Why don't send the dogs to guide us directly thither, instead of requesting them the town square of Sining, located 2.000 km. before? Incomprehensible is the Designs of the Gods! Because now that the daivas dogs are in the process of reproduction you could not employ them for a flight lung-svipa anymore: only the future puppies, someday, will take you through Time and Space. Of course, that now we know where we are. What Sining have you translated in your order?

–How what Sining? I don't understand what you are talking about –I declared, fearing to hear what would come.

–Of course, Son of Shiva –explained the SriVirya innocently–. The order demanded to go to Sining-Fu or Sining-Ho, i.e., to the *city of Sining* or *the river* of Sining?

I released an oath. Why had I been so little precise at defining the imposed destiny of the air travel of the daivas dogs? The answer was obvious: because the order was formulated on a critical moment, in the middle of a tremendous physical disorder that avoided me to reason the enough. In such terrible circumstance, I forgot everything; I did not describe the target precisely because I supposed that the unconsciously that the dogs would comprehend it; they would interpret my wishes exactly. And the truth was quite different: the dogs were tulpas, yidams, magical machines projected by the will of a steal of the Magicians and that required the correct control of their functions.

–Certainly, that I not specified if it was Sining-Fu or Sining-Ho –I confessed annoyed. The kâulika monk meditated for a second and said smiling:

–So, it is very probable that we are next to the river Sining. At receiving the order, the daivas dogs realized that existed two different objectives with the same name. They elected, by motives that would be a long to detail, the oldest objective that corresponded to that name, apparently, the river. And that ambiguity would also explain Death of one of the dogs: the cause would be the dilemma to which the opposed principles were submitted, that worked as if a logic wedge would have tried to break the absolute unity of the Archetype dog. I think that the problem resides in the grades of the reality of the things in the game. By one part, the daivas dogs did not constitute a perfect couple, they could not be that in this stage of the Kaly Yuga, and they exhibited a small grade of disequilibrium. On the other part, the river Sining results to be a little more real, inside the Illusion of Mâyâ, that the city of Sining. Consequence: the daivas dogs are situated in front of a dilemma, and

they are forced to choose; due to the supposed disequilibrium, one of the dogs *tends* towards Sining-Fu, and the other *tends* towards Sining-Ho; as magically the real destiny is the one that corresponds to the more real name, just one of the dogs arrives at Sining-Ho, where we are, while the other dog is disintegrated to avoid the impossible alteration of the Archetype. And as the daivas dogs can't exist, the present androgynous will be disintegrated too after the reproduction as a couple.

Therefore, the dogs have concurred to the river Sining, which would correspond to the current that passes before us! –admitted von Grossen, who was finally starting to be geographically oriented–. *Elements in favour of our Strategy*: a) three Germans and eight Tibetans, members of the Operation First Key, are still alive; b) it is possible that the city of Sining be located near here and it is probable that it depends on our definitive salvation if we achieve to spend the night in these conditions. Elements against our Strategy: a) we experienced five casualties, three Germans and two Tibetans, from of the five carriers and all the equipment; b) if more than 1.000 km. away from the Valley of the Immortal Demons, what turns impossible for the moment to return and inspect or rescue the bodies and materials.

Conclusion: It is almost secure that the effectives in charge of the Operation Altwesten have run the same luck of members of the Operation First Key, i.e, they are dead or disappeared. This conclusion puts an end to the Operation First Key. It imposes us a delicate obligation to explain convincingly to our superiors the events occurred in the campsite of Ernst Schaeffer.

Karl von Grossen looked at me significantly, as saying that the main responsible for the explanations would be me. His last words were:

Considering the diabolic attack that we have suffered in that Infernal Valley, in the light of Germany's orders and the Operation First Key structure, I have extracted some conclusions that I will communicate to you in character strictly personal and confidential. I believe, Gentlemen that our leaders of Germany had a much-approximated idea about what would happen in the Tibet if Kurt von Sübermann was integrated to Operation Altwesten. Clearer, I think that they, Hitler, Himmler, Heydrich, Rudolf Hess, and God knows who else, knew that determined enemies would react with extreme violence at discovering von Sübermann: enemies that are perhaps extraterrestrial beings, possessors of terrible weapons, incomparable to any earthly arsenal. If they knew what could happen; Why they permitted to the enemy to shut us in a mortal trap? This is the question for which I have no answer. I intuit that they wanted to verify the efficacy of von Subermann concretely to cause the reactions of the «Demos» of Chang Shambalah and perhaps they underestimated the enemy. Perhaps they thought that the White Fraternity would close the damn doors of their lair and discarded the possibility that the Demons would try to kill us. Whatever could it be, I am persuaded that von Sübermann will never reveal us the secret that inflames the Demons. In sum, I consider the Operation First Key concluded and that I dispose the immediate return to Germany. Are you agree, Kameraden, with the Framework of the Situation and the conclusions?

What else could we do Oskar Feil and Me, but accept the decisions of von Grossen unconditionally? By their part, the Tibetan monks never discussed the orders and, once again, were disposed to collaborate with our plans.

We would leave at dawn. Meanwhile, we formed a circle around the fire and embraced each other to transfer us heat, which the dog Vruna adopted. Notwithstanding the reining cold at the dawning, all achieved to sleep, due to the great psychical tiredness that we accumulated on the last days. We had none blanket nor coat, just what we were wearing, and for this reason, we tightened each other to avoid frostbite, although it was evident that such place was not as cold as the summits of the mounts Kuen Lun. And about the weapons, we just conserved the daggers and the Luger of Karl, Oskar and Me, and the two machine pistols Schmeisser that we had crossed on our backs: for this terrible weapon, we just counted with two loaders each one, the same as the Lugers. Insufficient to transitate through a country in a civil war, but always better than nothing.

All the kâulikas, on the contrary, had their daggers, scimitars, and quivers with the fifty arrows. Otherwise, we have neither food, nor water, nor munitions of any type, except for what we carried at the moment in what we fled from the disastrous glen. There were few things, very few if we would have been much more lost in Tibet; they resulted enough to arrive at Sining-Fu.

Numbed of cold, since the dawn we marched parallel to the river Sining-Ho. Karl von Grossen surprised as all at extracting from the interior of his jacket the letter carrier of canvas and unfold a map of the West region of China. And from his pockets, as inexhaustible Pandora's boxes, appeared the inseparable compass, a scale-metric collapsible ruler, and a caliper; useless elements, except the compass and the map.

Before leaving, I made a stone barrow and buried the unfortunate dog daiva. I was not accustomed to praying, but on that occasion, I concentrated some minutes and elevated my Self to the sphere of the Gods, employing the Scrotra Krâm to achieve that They could hear me: then I prayed to Wotan, to him personally, and I requested him a vessel of Mead for the feat of Heinz, Hans, and Kloster. Yes, I said to the Gods: this time They should celebrate for those three warriors of Eternal Germany, receive them as Heroes in the Valhalla; and, if it is possible, they would have to make a place for the dog daiva, the dog of Shiva that transportated Warriors flying as Vâyu, the Wind!

Originated in the most meridional systems of Nan Chan, the Sining-Ho descend to the South and disembogues in the Tatung-Ho, after passing under the Great Wall bridge and baths the walls of the city of Sining. For its part, Tatung-Ho continued to the S.E. and mixed its waters with the Hoang Ho or Yellow River in the confluence of Lan Cheu. Around noon, we arrived to a small, fortified hamlet and surrounded by rudimentary cultivations: It was the Hwang-yugn, one of the mews of path Chang-Lam!

There was a Buddhist Temple in the village, many inns for pilgrims and merchants, and a free market of respectable dimensions. The groom belonged to the Kâula Circle, and we went to his establishment swiftly. There we reassured us, at the same time that we took the first hot meal in 24 hours.

According to his inform, men of the Prince of Kuku Noor searched us for some days, and then they returned to the Tibet. It would be difficult to come back unless someone convoke them, what would not occur if we worked with prudence and don't let us be seen. Anyhow, the power of the insurgent Tibetans reached only Hwang-yugn, a settlement situated at the Northern side of the Great Wall, in a region traditionally disputed by Mongols and Tibetans. A few kilometers ahead, behind the Great Wall, were the Chinese Province of Kansu and the city of Sining, where the Kâula Circle's power was considerable.

Of course, if in Sining-Fu we didn't have to be afraid of the Tibetan's persecution, we would have to avoid being involved in the inflamed Chinese factions' continuous revolts. For this time, the logistics and tactic remained in the hands of the kâulikas, better knowers of the terrain and possessors of powerful support infrastructure. Their plan, otherwise, was extremely simple: we'd overnight in the stable, which seemed a palace for us after the last night, and in the morning the Chinese and his son would take us to Sining-Ho hidden in two chariots of four oxen each one.

The kâulika monks told them that they were planning to come back to the Tibet after being out from the danger towards Shangai. They would not return directly to Bhutan because they would try to find their two fellows, who had remained with the holites in the Threshold of the Valley of the Immortal Demons. Even if they not deposed of daivas dogs, they knew a lot of about the magic of the Kilkor and that the lost Valley was located in the West, in the lands of the Mother Queen Kuan Yin: either through the East, as we did, or by the West, they would find the way to enter and rescue their Comrades or, perhaps, avenge them. Then, if they returned, they would retire to the Monastery of Bhutan, or to another one belonging to the Kâula Circle, to meditate about what happened in such adventure. They fought cheek by jowl beside the Shivatulku, they were guided to the Valley of the Immortals by the daivas dogs and participated on his flight lung-svipa. They were certainly fortunate, the Gods had smiled at them, and was only left for them to retire to meditate and be grateful.

I could not demur anything before that admirable decision, but Karl von Grossen thought different. He called SriVirya and Bangi apart and qualified them as «deserters».

«Your mission, he said to them, will only conclude when those who know evaluate the results of the operation». Of course, those persons were in Germany: to both of you then, corresponded to accompany us to our homeland and present your valuable testimonies. Then you would be free to return, and the ϟϟ would put at your service all the necessary means.

As the monks hesitated, von Grossen pressed them morally assuring them that anywise they would have to accompany us to Shanghai to officiate as Chinese interpreters and, once there, «would not be exceedingly difficult for them» to embark towards Germany, «which was almost as far as Bhutan». But this was not true.

Srivirya and the Ghurka, indeed, speak Chinese, but no one knew a word in Japanese, the idiom spoken by who occupied the half of China. On the con-

trary, Oskar and I studied Chinese and Japanese in the career of *Ostenführer* of NAPOLA; and both of us dominated Mandarin and Japanese. But, anyhow, always existed the resource of English, language discredited in Asia but with which von Grossen or any of us could communicate. The universal idiom of Asia, as the sons of the Perfidious Albion, would be the English, but the truth was that was only spoken by the colonial functionaries and the sepoys of always. Amongst the erudite members of the Asian peoples, India, Nepal, Kashmir, Bhutan, China, Myanmar, etc., the English was resisted and remained commonly unknown, not to say hated and hidden.

Even though we disapproved of the attitude of von Grossen, neither Oskar nor I belied his arguments. We observed smilingly, instead, how the two extraordinary Initiates went little by little ceding in their positions. The truth was that in reality, all wanted that the monks travel with us to Germany. When, on the next day, we left to Sining, they were almost convinced by the persuasive *Standartenführer.*

Chapter XXXV

What a city, neffe! In those days it counted with more than 130.000 inhabitants, and a perimeter of more than 20 km. To its towering walls reached routes of all Asia: of Mongolia, of Russia, of Turkestan, of the Dzungaria, of Afghanistan, of India, etc., in addition to mentioned Chang-Lam from the Lhasa, whereby arrived the chariots that transported us. Our path, since the daivas dogs deposited us at the feet of the mountain range Chan Nan, followed a same natural route: border the mountain range by one side, which now was prolonged in the mounts Ma-hache, and the River Sining by other; over its right shore was located Sining-Fu, at2.500 meters high.

The city of Sining was a gigantesque market, to which non civil war, neither the national war against Japan, had affected its febrile rhythm. The only alteration was constituted by the different troops that coexisted suspiciously and that once in a while starred some incident. Such troops belonged to other many unknown Lords or triads and controlled each one of them, a sector of the city: there existed even nationalist and communist factions, apart from the aristocratic or noble, traditionalist, religious and of the mafia. However, Sining-Fu was then a «free area», it means, that it had not fallen under the control of the Japanese. In front of an exterior attack, paradoxically, each troop would be occupied to defend their part of the wall and would forget all the differences to face a common enemy.

The kâulika community of Sining-Fu was really important. We verified it at entering the neighborhood «of the pale faces», called thus for the neighbours' skin color, and admire the enormous Sanctuary of Shiva that they possessed. They offered themselves to provide us with all the necessary to initiate a new

expedition to the Tibet: they were especially enthusiastic by the idea to undertake the annihilation of other Gompas as the one of the duskhas. They remained disenchanted when we explained them that we had to return to Germany.

–If our Race reaches to dominate the World one day, and remains loyal to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the ϟϟ, *there will be no place on Earth for the worshippers and servants of the Potencies of Matter*: the Eternal ϟϟ will destroy them without mercy and you, heroic kâulikas, will be beside us, wearing, perhaps, the ensign *Totenkopf*[45]–I assured them, without suspecting that this last would become real before I thought it.

In the face of our irrevocable decision, the kâulikas acceded to support the journey to the East. Briefly, they exposed us to the situation. China's two most powerful military forces were the «nationalist» of Chiang Kai-Shek and the communist of Mao Tse-tung. Before 1937, both armies fought fiercely, but now they faced together with the Japanese enemy. As is natural, for anyone who comprehends the Synarchy political structure, the communist of Mao was catered by the Soviet Union and the «nationalists» of Chiang were succored by England and the United States, i.e., the Anglo-Saxon Imperialism. And fraternally united, as were the Synarchy and its foreign associates, the right and left wings were allied against the Japanese «Fascism»: *on a reduced scale, what would occur in the Chinese war would occur four years later in the Second World War.*

There was just one difference: for the case, it didn't mean importance because the awaken man is guided by the facts and not for names: *it was the qualifying of «nationalists» that members of Chiang's party Kai-Sek adopted to define themselves.* Curiously, those «nationalists» were not supported by others, the national socialists, but by the extreme liberalism of the Anglo-Saxon. And that is explained easily because that is what Chiang and his followers were: exponents of the most reactionary liberal right-wing of China, that's to say, the most sepoy. In this of being sepoy, a follower of the colonialist potencies to the detriment of their own country, it must be admitted that Chiang Kai-Shek was almost as great as Mahatma Gandhi. He was an agent of the English Secret Service who gave India to the exploitation of the *commonwealth masters* impeding that there be concentrated a real nationalist revolution, it means, a national socialist.

For this reason, to call Chiang a «nationalist» would be a joke, a tasteless joke, if it is not for the role that his Leaders of the Synarchy made him represent caused the fall of the millenary Chinese Culture finally in the miserable and austere Marxist-Leninist Doctrine. No; Chinwags not nationalist but outright sepoy. And who doubts of it just observe what he did with Formosa, modern Taiwan, where there are none popular corporations and the ethical codes that characterizes the nationalism but the rapacious action of the multinational companies and the World's Bank, and the unlimited exploitation of the Chinese people, completely outcasted to decide the Destiny of their «Nation» because the Synarchy has already determined this.

If a nation wants to the imperialist, History offers two classical models that not for being less understood by the observers are less utilized in all the times.

[45] *Totenkopf*: Skull Badge.

One is the Greco-Roman model, inherited from the ancient concept of the «Universal Imperialism» of the Indo-Aryans: this model, and Rome gave us one of the last examples, only demands that the other populations be submitted militarily, not culturally; thus, the populations of different idiosyncrasy could be integrated to the Roman Empire conserving their Culture, language and mores, and, if they were fierce enough to resist with pride the *pax romana,* they could obtain extraordinary concessions, as the citizenship of Gauls and Spaniards, and the control of the army, and from the Empire, everything, achieved by the Germans; that was possible because in this model of Empire the value was settled in the courage, real, of the populations: was more valuable the bravest one; this principle had indubitable character, and no one feared the imperial ascent of a brave people because it was obvious that such population resulted valuable for the Empire.

It means, in that first model would not be necessary to practice the cultural indoctrination of the defeated ones, imply the brainwashing, destroy them morally, corrupt them, maintain them in the barbarity or return them to the savagery: that was not convenient for anyone, it was against the judicial essence of the *Aryan Universal Empire*, i.e., *against the Honor*. And here is the crux of Matter: the ethic support of the previous principle, the Supreme Principle which is a fundamental stone of juridical-social structure of the national State: *the Principle of the Honor. The justice with which the Empire will treat a conquered or allied population, from which will depend on its existence and development, will only demand Honor's guarantee.* For example, Alexander the Great, imperialist with Honor, didn't need to dismember Egypt, neither to impose the Greek language to the Egyptians, nor annihilate them, nor submit them to the enslavement, nor destroy their pyramids, to accept them without prejudices as federated of the Macedonian Empire. And the Romans, saving the distances, when they submitted the Gaulsat last, who had resisted bloodily for centuries, proceed in the same honorable manner: and to such extreme they opened the doors of the Empire that in little time no one spoke of Gauls anymore but of Roman-Gaul.

The other Empire model is the Carthaginian, *typically non-Aryan*, inherited by the Phoenicians from their Semite ancestors of Assyria, Babylon and Sumer. It is convenient to comprehend this concept because the English and North Americans had been adhered to the Carthaginian model, populations completely Judaized by the White Fraternity's systematic and indefatigable labor.

About the Carthaginians, Belicena Villca has already spoken in her letter: population of merchants and lacking ethical principles; only skillful for the commerce and the piracy, famous for human sacrifices that they offered to their Incandescent Iron Idol. Carthaginian, English, and Yankee: as their predecessors of the Assyrian-Babylonian, they would think that the rest populations of Earth are an article of consumption for their insatiable appetite! Behold the equivalent principle to the value of the populations in the Greco-Roman model: for the Carthaginian, English and Yankee, the submitted populations have no value on themselves but i*n the measure that they are useful to the Empire*. Thus, the conquered or dominated population results enslaved, humiliated, dehumanized, despoiled of their own value, *transformed into a tool, in a utensil: it*

is valuable while is useful— the judaic principle of the value which is not casual to find in the summit of the Anglo-Saxon imperialism. If a «colonial» population *is useful*, then it must be exploited without limits; *if they're profitable*, it must indoctrinate to give them utility, which represents an inversion of what will have to be protected and recovered with interests. If something is opposed to the exploitation, it must be neutralized: *if it does not proceed thus, they will justify themselves hypocritically, it would not be «helping» that population to recover its value, i.e., its utility*. Man has a price, as Goods: *he is valuable for he does, and can be more valuable for what he can do.*

The Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon Empire will be committed to extracting the highest utilitarian value of the populations, conceding them the possibility to be very valuable for producing much. What is opposed to this magnanimous concession of those who are in the World's Power, will be destroyed: in favour of those who are submitted but can demonstrate their value; in defense of the possibility to be useful for the imperialists, possibility that they denominate seriously «democratic freedom». And what is opposed to that population that doesn't worth a fig, be valorized being useful to the Empire, serving, producing, permitting that the Empire seizes its riches, if it has, or saving to spend them in the own benefit if the Empire needs them now or tomorrow?

Is its own Culture the obstacle? Well, it will be re-culturized by all means necessary. Is the national consciousness of the enemy? Well, it will be attacked the essence of the national Being: it will be started to discredit or deny the own good and will be exalted the foreign good; contrarily, the foreign interest will be diminished the own good will be exalted until the exaggeration; then the trust in the national Destiny will collapse, and the people will believe overwhelmed that the cultural distance between the own national weakness and the foreign force and greatness is insurmountable. The second step will consist of attacking specifically the supports of the national Being: the territoriality, the national symbols, the traditions, etc. the frontiers will be displaced or threatened to create the sensation that the Nation «is not finished», which is something half-constructed, that doesn't exist; the proven of the Homeland, that good or bad contributed to its existence, to make that the population be ashamed of the past; they will be presented to the comparison, instead, to the contemporary imperialists of them, to make that the people repudiate their heroes and admire gringos, and be lamented. What were we doing, while they were constructing their powerful Empires?

Is it the racial unity the impediment? The people will be bastardized favoring the immigration of inferior Races. Is its national unity? It will be disintegrated bribing or buying leaders, facing ones against each other's, and creating chaos, the evidence that «it treats about a population in which its members can't agree within them».

As you see, neffe, the Carthaginian model demonstrates an entire *modus operandi* in the action of the imperialists. While in the Greco-Roman model «the most valuable is the bravest one», and the brave populations could grow and develop without problems, according to their own cultural guidelines, in the Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon model it must be permanently applied the

principle «it is valuable while it's useful», what obeys to submit the defeated populations or dominate them, by means of more vile practices. And here we arrive also to the crux of Matter: the juridical support of the aforementioned principle, and of those that constitute the Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon Empire, is the Principle of the synarchic principles, the Supreme Principle which is a fundamental stone of the juridical-social structure of the synarchic State: *the Principle of Division.*

Division of what? Of everything, because the Principle of Division bestows to the Emperor or King, Carthaginian, English or Yankee, *the right* to divide the populations' structure. It must be compared immediately, to stand out the differences: the Principle of Honor of the Greco-Roman imperialists was essentially *ethic*, and it created the *obligation* to procure the common good, to valorize the value of the brave; on the contrary, the Principle of Division of the Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon imperialists was fundamentally juridical and amoral, and the generated *the right to divide* to assure the value of those who are useful, to protect the democratic freedom to value being useful, producing, serving.

Here are the fundamental differences between both models: the ethic against the juridical and amoral; the moral obligation to assure the common good, against the amoral right to divide the common good to extract its utilitarian value. The Greco-Roman Imperialism produced «citizens of the Empire», honorable title that in no way undermined their nationality of racial pride. The Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon Imperialism models «citizens of the World», ambiguous and dishonorable title that often occults the untold betrayal.

To the citizens of the Empire, we already know them by History. It is of interest, whereas to know. How are the «citizens of the World», analogous title to the «slave of the Synarchy»? It treats beings that have been conformed according to the Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon model, which means beings who have suffered all the Principle of Division's modes. They are habitually *internationalists* because their nationality has been *divided* and disaggregated: they believe that the *international* save the difference between populations. They have decided *pacifists* because their psychic structure was *divided* freudianilly. Their warrior instinct qualified of «primitive aggressive tendencies that are originated in the cortex, animal brain, and emerges through the Unconscious»: for the psychoanalytic Culture, Warrior instinct is a disgraceful impulse, almost animal, extremely dangerous «because it can incarnate in the Myth of the Hero» and become dominant in the conscious; who are indoctrinated thus, identify War with savagery, and believe that the peace must be achieved at any cost because in that social state it is possible to demonstrate the *utility* serving to the pacifist Imperialism, World Government, Synarchy, or whatever be named the system that exploits them. These exemplars are colorblind to the nationality, and their warrior instinct has been locked; therefore, they lack heroism, of the capacity of patriotic reaction, they are beings psychologically mutilated that believe in the union of many concepts impossible to unify under a Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon Imperialism: peace, happiness, creation, progress, freedom, a civilization of love, universal fraternity, and so forth. Naturally, in our Age, they can be good communists or good liberals, indistinctly.

But apart from *internationalists* or *pacifists*, they can be collaborators of the Carthaginian imperial system, working from inside of their Nations, or in those that don't believe, to favour the contribution of utilitarian value that the imperialists have assigned to their population or country; or can be international agents of the Imperialism and consecrate themselves to execute their plans. Anywise, their task will consist, from inside or form outside, to *divide*, i.e., to apply the Principle of Division there were something united exists that is opposed to the Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon Imperialism: intrigue, bribery, corruption, machiavellianism, indiousness, defamation, publicity, misinformation, etc., all the means and crimes will be valid to *divide* everyone and fortify the parts that are *useful* and *serve* to foreign Imperialism. In the formation of lackeys of this kind, the Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon Imperialism has always excelled. *The classic type is the «sepoy».*

Naturally, I am not referring to the Hindu sepoy, the concrete man who many times with incredible courage tried to free himself from the English despoiler, but to the *typo* of the sepoy, to the class of man «*valuable to its service*» that the English wanted to fabricate dividing all his principles. In Carthage existed thousands of mercenaries of this kind. In Asia and Africa, the English would fabricate them by hundreds of thousands.

Thus, we arrive at Chiang Kai-Shek, which was the classic type of sepoy at the service of colonial potency Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon, and we realized that at defining the terms of such character aright can't have anything of «nationalist» and much of imperialist agent. He, as Gandhi in the India, Marcos in the Philippines, F. Duvailer Haiti, Reza Pahlevi in Iran, Tito in Yugoslavia, Fidel Castro in Cuba, and any uncountable tyrants of Asia, Africa and Latin America, were great sepoys who systematically divided the real nationalist movements of their countries and then crushed them part by part. It is understood: the nationalism is the worst enemy of the Carthaginian- Anglo-Saxon Imperialism.

Well now, neffe: I have demonstrated to you that the Supreme Principle of the Carthaginian-Anglo-Saxon Imperialism is the Principle of Division and I opposed it to the Principle of Honor, that fundaments the Aryan Universal Imperialism. Then: it must be added that such «Principle of Division» is *essentially non-Aryan.*

But is not only about a presumption, of the fact that as Carthaginians as Phoenicians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, etc., have employed it profoundly, because in the Aryan Realms where the priestly hypocrisy has predominated for some period the Principle of Division has been used as well, due to the Priestly castes and the Synarchy also registers both common interests. The proof of their Aryan origin is, as could not be in another way, in their biblical precedence. That's to say, the Principle that gives the *Right to Divide*, although ancient and not Aryan, finds its juridical formulation in the population that worships a God of Justice, One that puts the Tablets of the Law; and that population is Israel, the Chosen People by Jehovah-Satan.

To present the Principle of Division the Doctors of Law express it through a metaphor in the I Book of Kings. From that figure will be extracted the

Principle and it will be legally regulated. *It will be converted in Divine Right of Kings and Emperors; and, modernly, in not declared right own of the Carthaginian Anglo-Saxon Imperialism hierarchs.*

Logically, for being a right, its sanction must be realized in the course of a judgement. And judgement in which the judge results unappealable, in such manner that the exerted right becomes a Supreme Principle, in First Law. Such judge can only be «the wisest man of Earth and History»; and must also be a King, because the Principle of Division will bestow the right only to Sovereigns of the Carthaginian model.

The Man who reunited these conditions was, of course, King Solomon:

> «And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, which I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?»
>
> «And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked Life of thine enemies; but asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment. Behold, I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee *a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee*». *{I Kings 3:7}.*

The character is already presented: he is wise for God's disposition, his judgement is unappeleable, and he is King. He must, then, exert the Right to Divide, to become into Supreme Principle, in First Law. The opportunity is given by two Jewish whores who discuss a child's maternity: one of them substituted her dead son for the son of another.

> «Then said the king, the one saith, this is my son that liveth, and thy son is the dead: and the other saith, Nay; but thy son is dead, and my son is the living. And the king said, Bring me a sword. And they brought a sword before the king. And the king said, *Divide the living child in two*, and give half to the one, and a half to the other». *{I Kings 3:23}.*

This is the famous «Solomonic judgement», which legalizes the King's right to divide *if that is useful*; in this case, the utility is to know the truth, that will valorize to the mother with her son re-establishing the service. It must be warned that the character of the Priestly Investiture has remained very clear: the King doesn't carry the Sword: he requests it; heist a Priest. Let's remember that the Bible is a Sacred Book and that on it, even the last apex has a meaning. We hear daily the evangelist preachers qualifying the Bible as «The Word of God». But some blindly believe that it is true: they are the Kabbalists Rabbis, the same that, precisely, manage Freemasonry and tens of Secret Societies of Synarchy in secrecy, organizations in which, casually, militate the «men of the State» that lead the Carthaginian- Anglo Saxon Imperialism.

Thereby it is a serious thing the Principle that is derived from the Biblical

metaphor. What means, in the rabbinic terms, those images? That the Priest-King has the *right* to request the Sword *and divide: and that such fact is fair.* Not only fair, but the fount of Justice. The Justice at the beginning of the judgment was not manifested. It is unknown who the mother is: *the Justice made itself present a posteriori that the Priest-King exerted the right to divide.* In sum: *the Priest-King takes the Sword, «the State Power», and exerts the right to divide the body of the child, «a small population», and that is fair, produces the Justice, the own fundament of the Priest-King.* The conclusion: *the right of the King to divide the bases justify the rupture and fortify the Throne.*

With their usual realism, the Rabbis Doctors have interpreted in this manner the Solomonic Judgement and have synthesized it in the Talmud, from where surely Machiavelli learnt it: «*The King must divide to reign*».

This non-Aryan principle, Judaic and amoral, has been constituted in the Carthaginian-Anglo Saxon imperialists' ruler axiom. They divide everything, as I demonstrated before, and even at the moment in which they left, for example from a colony, they let it divided in all the possible orders, from the territorial till the political and economic, counting for this task, of course, with their cohorts of sepoys.

Remember, neffe, that the famous «*International Division of the Work*» is a concept of the English Liberalism of the XIX century. Now you can see that it is inspired in the Talmudic Principles: «the King, if he is Wise, must divide the bases to reign»; «*the King is the only whole, to whom none of the parts can reach»; «the parts of the Kingdom, worthwhile are useful*». Naturally, this Kingdom is Malkhouth, the tenth Sephirah.

Chapter XXXVI

The communists and the Kuomintang nationalists explained us the kâulikas of Sining, even if they fought united against the Japanese, sustained harsh struggles within them in the inner regions of China. Japan controlled the entire oriental coast, at the south of Canton, and it occupied so important cities as Shanghai, Nankin, Hankou, Pekin, etc. But never has been easy to seize from China: the troops of Chiang Kai-Shek dominated countless cities while the communists were notably strong in the campaign, where they counted with the unconditional sympathy of the Chinese peasantry; this was not the result of 20 years of proselytism in the field, contradicting the postulates of Marxism-Leninism that affirmed the revolutionary primacy of the proletariat or urban work class: such tactical-political success was the work of Mao Tse Tung; and thus a small movement of guerrillas, which started in the austral provinces of Kiangsi[46] and Fukien, and was extended to the centric Szechwan after the «long march», now was an irregular and powerful

[46] Example of a Chinese name: *Klang:* rio; *Yes:* west: Kiansi: West River.

military force that has under its control three other provinces, around the Yenan: Shensi, Ningshia, and Kansu, the province in which we were.

That meant that communists prevailed in the field and watched the paths of such region. Otherwise, Chiang Kai Shek's forces, strong in the cities, also patrolled the paths, sometimes harassing the communists. This situation meant secure risks for whom tried to travel to the East without being enrolled in any conflict sides. The Shiva guru of Sining proposed us a manner to arrive at Shanghai:

–As you don't consider the Japanese your enemies, I am going to suggest you Manner to catch them without being killed by the communists or the nationalists. Some months ago, would have been very simple taking the Northeastern path and taking advantage of the navigable stretches of the Yellow River. But now a terrible disgrace has occurred that has turned that region impassable: the *Tung Chih*[47] Chiang Kai-Shek that Kuan Yin is the mercy of his passionate heart, he has just exploded the levees of the river Hoang-Ho to stop the advance of the Japanese, but such action has costed a terrible sacrifice of innocent Chinese lives.

In fact, neffe: in 1938, Chiang inundated the valley of the Yellow River and condemned the throng of 880.000 people to die drowned. Yes, almost a million deads by just one order: *I have not known that anyone promoted him a judgment for «crimes against Humanity» in 1945*. If that has not occurred, it will have to be admitted that he was acquitted beforehand and that such reprieve was conceded to him in acknowledgement for his refined quality of sepoy.

–Just as the facts stands –continued the Shiva guru– I advise you to travel to Lan-Chen-Fu, city situated at 200 km. to the East. Thence it is possible to go to Shanghai *in different modes: then they'll tell you how*. I remind you that it was feasible to travel the 200 km in times of peace that mediate to Shanghai employing the railroad. Now that can't be done because the stretch that guided us to Lan-Chen-Fu is interrupted by the blasting of the bridge over the Yellow River; and from Lan-Chen-Fu, only works a branch line that not reached beyond the Cheng Chou, in the province Honan[48]. Finally, you will have to save by horse the 200km., by a path infested with bushwhackers or «nationalists» and, possibly, you will have to kill members of both sides; but don't be worry: to kill is a common task in these days!

–You are eleven: I'll strengthen you with 25 men armed with fusils, part of the troop that protects our neighborhood. Let's talk now about what you will do in Chen-Fu. Have you heard the name the *Green Band*?

–It's about the bandits' guild? –Asked von Grossen, who evidently knew something about Matter. The Shiva guru smiled with a merciful gesture.

–Don't be harsh with us. The Green Band is a Secret Society. And the Secret Societies are China what the fragrances are for the flowers. The Green Band is a Society of Initiates who shares our same Tântra and coincides in identical Tao: many of its members have been or are kâulika monks. Only that they, for their

[47] *Tung Chih*: Comrade.
[48] *Ho*: River; *Nan*: South; Honan: South River

particular idiosyncrasy, have chosen a path that internates much more in the World of the asleep men. But they, it is clear, could not accept nor comply with this World's laws without end also torpid. And they don't do it! According to their own code of Honor, they work their way, and for this reason, they are called «bandits» by the asleep men. But don't underestimate them because it requires too much courage to be the Lord of Oneself in the middle of the pleasures and the temptations: only who has proven and dominated the Five Forbidden Things' desire disposes of the sufficient will to act in the Green Band.

That path is not for anyone, I repeat. For example, I prefer the tranquility of our Monasteries, the serenity of the gyms of Martial Arts, *before the permanently dangerous path of the Green Band.* However, all need each other if we have to march fighting towards the same target. It is thus that the Green Band helps the Kâula Circle with what represents its force: the dominion of the material values. And the Kâula Circle helps the Green Band with what they know how to do best: *sha*[49]. Naturally, for us, as for Krishna, the son of Indra, *to kill doesn't mean anything, if the Spirit of the Assassin is beyond Mâya, the Illusion of Life; if when our scimitar mows down the miserable life, the Spirit dances with Shiva dance of the Destruction.*

–I know that I mustn't explain these things to you, who is illuminated by Shiva, and that have realized the marvelous feat prowess to decimate the vampire duskhas. I asked you for the Green Band, not to know your opinion, but to inform you that they will be who'll guide you to Shanghai. In Lan-Chen-Fu we will put in you in contact with the Green Band and thenceforth you will remain in their hands, which are of absolute trust. If you want to, they could take you out of China by Hong Kong, but if you insist on treating with the Japanese, you can likewise go to Shanghai.

Before leaving, the Shiva guru of Sining made us a notable reflection:

–You the Germans, are wrong trusting in the Japanese: they, sooner or later, will betray you! Since millenniums ago, we know them, and for this reason, we can talk with fundamental: *really, they are miserable Buddhists, even though they flaunt their samurai tradition*. Once they were brave warriors, it is true, but of that only remains the memory; and of memories live the crippled and oldmen. *They have been worked by the Buddhists Priests of the White Fraternity, they have been «moralized», it means, softened, debilitated, tamed, and pacified.* Today, under their apparent *austerity* throbs Dragon of Envy for luxury and occidental Culture; under the custom of *humility* gasps the bourgeois eager of all pleasures; under the mask of *Warrior* consecrated to the struggle penuries. It is the pusillanimous countenance of who loves the peace amenities; under the declaimed *honor* is hidden treason. Remember my words, Shivatulku, and repeat them to your Führer if you can. *Your natural ally is not Japan but China: the Tao passes here!*

Alas, neffe Arthur, how much reason had such kâulika monk in 1938! Just as the Führer explained to me the graduation night, in the Chancellery, and just as was of public knowledge, he was the first who stripped the inner armor of the Synarchy and exposed its Judaic pith. In the center was Zionism, esote-

[49] *Sha*: to kill.

rically sustained by the Elders of Zion of the Great Sanhedrin; to dominate the World, the Synarchy disposed of two tactical wings, aright on or Judeo-liberal, and a left one or Judeo-marxist; the right-wing was supported esoterically by Freemasonry and hundreds of related sects; Marxism counted directly with the control of the Chosen People members, therefore their esoteric fundament would be merely Rabbinic. According to the Führer, the most politically enlightened man of History, in this manner worked the Great Jewish Conspiracy or Universal Synarchy organically.

But, one thing was to affirm it and others to demonstrate it. How achieve that the Enemy abandons every caution and leave uncovered his tenebrous alliance? How provoke them to make reveal themselfs?

The Führer found a solution. «If there's something that the Elders of Zion will never permit, nor the Synarchy, nor the White Fraternity, nor the Creator himself, Jehovah-Satan, *will be that communism to perish*», that was more or less the great reasoning. In fact, communism, the purest political expression of the Jewish mentality, could not be lost: such possibility, for the Synarchy, was naturally inconceivable. And from such political perspective « Communism», ergo, *was the Soviet Union*. In synthesis, *a tactical strike against the Soviet Communism would obey all the participants' States of the Synarchy to run in succour of their ally*. Attack the Soviet Union was, thereby, a strategic objective of first order against the Universal Synarchy. The Führer knew it, and he acted consciously, foreseeing that the Total War of the Third Reich against the Synarchy would be a War of Supreme Principles: the Eternal Spirit against the Potencies of Matter. During the war, he anticipated what would come, with his habitual accuracy: «*if we win the war, the Jewish World Power will disappear forever; if we lose, their triumph will be short-lived, because their organization will remain definitely exposed*».

And what did the Japanese «Comrades» to favour the Strategy of the Führer? Let's remember. Germany invades the Soviet Union on 22 June 1941. Anyone would think that with an «ally» as Japan occupying China since 1937, the Soviet Union would be between two fires. Because who though thus, would be very wrong, because on 13 April 1941, «casually» two months before the Operation Barbarossa, Japan signed the «*Pact of neutrality Japanese-Russian*» that implied the demilitarization of Manchuria and Mongolia. It is clear, neffe, that is Japan would have really shared our *weltanschauung* would have attacked the Soviet Union simultaneously with the Germans: with the German armies by the West and the Japanese hordes by the East, the Soviet Communism would have been suffocated in a deadly National Socialist pincer.

Logically, after 1945 I have reflected too much about the words of the Shiva-guru of Sining, and it resulted difficult to don't find a reason for them for me, every time the facts confirmed them. Of course, before Japan's dishonest attitude, more would have been valuable for us to have the Chinese as an ally: they wanted, in those years, to destroy the Soviet Communism almost as much as take the Japanese off from them. Was wrong the Führer trusting in Japan, a mistake that would have cost him the Campaign of Russia and the result of the World War? I think that there was no such mistake and that the Strategy of the Führer was so brilliant that it was going to achieve the incredible effect to discover the «Jewish mentality» wherever he could be, even within the own «allies» of Germany. In a war of Supreme Principles as the one that the Führer proposed it not interested to «win» or «lose» in Earth, in the material level, but impose a spiritual *weltanschauung* which value was completely out from every material level: if the *weltanschauung*, the Hyperborean conception of the World, «our Flag», were understood by Man of Honor, the war would be won, even though a material stumbles be suffered; even when the luck of the weapons be in our favour. In this war of Supreme Principles, would not interest a life without Honor: would be the historical moment in which each country would demonstrate their real being and what they would want to be an extraordinary man, perhaps a God, someone to whom the kâulika monks denominated the Lord of the Absolute Will, had created the circumstances that would obey each population to manifest their essence, that would put the Synarchy at sight, that would mature the Judaic pus and make it sprout there where it would be incubating its corrupt cultivation. Being in this manner, was wrong for the Führer or he was wonderfully right at achieving that Japan is unmasked before the World and History showing its occult face, that today causes the admiration of the Synarchy?

In History, there are no surprises. The historical facts register causes that sometimes are dated centuries or millenniums back. Actual Japan is an enormous kibbutz; the «Jewish mentality» has been imposed on all levels, similarly, as how occurs in England, and predominates a widespread consensus to make that the country remain aligned in the Synarchy, member of the Trilateral Commission, to the UN, to the NATO, etc. There, the entire world speaks of yens, of peace, of consumption, of tourism, of brotherhood, liberty, fraternity, etc. This «change», apparently «surprising» due to the «warrior» vocation of the Japane-

se before the Second World War. Is this really a change, due to the punishment of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or the exhibition of the real nature of the Japanese, who perhaps by some type of collective trauma have desired for centuries to be what there were not, this is, Kshatriyas, Samurais, and have ended simulating, representing, the role of warriors? Because all the historic phenomenons, like this supposed «change» of the Japanese, have ancient causes that justify them: *no one becomes a Jew from one day to another, not even if he is circumcised; to be a good son of Israel many «virtues» are necessary, as for example the usury and Love for lucre, that requires a long time to be developed.* But in so little time the Japanese have demonstrated to be as good Jews and the Israelites and English. Does it mean that in Japan the Judaic mentality is hidden and that the heat of Hiroshima and Nagasaki just produced its metamorphosis, the birth of the synarchic chrysalis that today is already one more beautiful butterfly in the swarm of the White Fraternity?

Dear neffe: you are a young idealist and know well History. Listen to this principle, verified by an old man who has lived too much. That synthetizes what I've told you concerning the Japanese's attitude: no population, never, loses its Honor suddenly; there's no example in History that proves the contrary. *The populations, like all that lives, follows the orders of Nature and amongst them, as within all the inhabitants of the jungle, there are lion's populations and lamb's populations, condors populations and rat populations; and, as amongst the animals, no lion becomes a lamb at a stroke, no condor turns into a rat all of a sudden: if such «change» is really possible, would require a large, millenary, evolution.* Of course, as in the fables, the lambs can disguise as lions, the rats dress themselves as condors. Here's what I think: *the Führer' Strategy has marked a historical hour, analogous to the hour agreed in the masquerade dances where all the people must take their makes off, in which lambs and rats can be observed, and an infinite of other vermins, under the gorgeous costumes of lion, condor, and other predators.*

I think, neffe, that the Japanese were already before The World War what they are today; they didn't «change» an apex. The Shivaguru was right in his fears, but he didn't comprehend the Strategy of the Führer completely. Effectively, they betrayed us, because their hearts were with the White Fraternity, although their lips belied the strategic acts opposed to our *weltanschauung*; and it was predictable, especially for the Chinese, that since millenniums ago, they knew with what kind of oxen they plough.

But the treason not consisted just in the infamous pact, scrupulously respected, that left the hands of the Soviets free to take care only of Germany. Let's remember that on 7 December of 1941, when the Germans were facing the terrible Russian Winter without truce to the Bolsheviks, the Japanese «Comrades» attacked the United States in Pearl Harbor, conceding thus the opportunity to that colossal and stupid synarchic potency to intervene directly in the world's struggle.

According to the classical model of the Judaic Justice, the «sin» of a people against Jehovah is redeemable through a Ritual Sacrifice of a part of its members and the sustenance of the rest of the Law. Even if the Japanese not participated directly from the benefits of the Judaic Culture, their fondness for the Budd-

hism, and to every form of religion founded in the Kâlachakra of Chang Shambalah, demonstrated that their withdrawal from the Law was not so big: the greatest sin consisted, without doubts, in their recent alliance with Nazism and Fascism. But this little sin only required a purgatory, of Fire, before the eternal condemn that the Rabbis pretended to apply to the German National Socialism.

How purge an entire people of a sin that offends the Creator? Through the lye, replied the Rabbis; cleaning the sin of an entire Race through human lye obtained in the Sacrifice One, and reincorporating then the purgatory of the whole Race to the Paradise of the Universal Synarchy. It would not be costly the price to pay: 250 to 300 thousand men would be enough to fabricate the sufficient ashes. The Rabbis and Japanese Priests of the White Fraternity arrange the pact, and in this manner was how on 6 August 1945 and 9 August 1945fell the atomic bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki; ashes of thousands of men, salt of Earth and Heaven, the water of Heaven and Earth, human lye that cleans the sin of man against Jehovah God and against the Law of God.

Who orders the Japanese's mini Fire Holocaust is the Hebrew president of the United States, Harry *Solomon* Truman, whose real surname is *Shippe*. Mason grade 33 counts with the hidden advice of the Great Sanhedrin and Jews and Masons of the size of Dean Acherson, of the General Marshall, Snyder, Rosenman, etc., who are openly supported by the Jewish band of Baruch, Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, Haverell Harriman, Paul Hoffman, Walter Lipman, etc. Because the real synarchic work of the United States in the Second War was not developed by Truman, who acceded to the power just on April 12, 1945, after the sudden death of the Jew Roosevelt: he was the authentic producer of the Judaic plans. A descendant of Klaes Martensen Rosenwelt, full-blooded Hebrew who immigrated to New York in 1644, Franklin Delano Roosevelt registered double Jewish paternity: as his father, James Roosevelt, so his mother, Sarah Delano, belonged to the Chosen People. And also his wife, Eleanor, daughter of the Jews Elliot and Anna Hall. The Jewish mafia that unleashed the crisis of 1929 catapulted him to the power: some of the collaborators of that period were Jews of extreme dangerousness and evil without name, as Bernard Baruch, Herbert Lehman, Haverell Harriman, Sol Bloon, Samuel Rosenman, Henry Morgenthau, Oscar Straus, Marios Davies, Truman, etc., all with exceptional power in the White House.

Once accomplished the Sacrifice, cleaned the Japanese sin with human ley in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, would come to the reward which is at sight: the reconstruction Plan of the Jew Marshall, the end of the Japanese «Militarism», the integration of the international synarchic system, the barter of samurais for yens, the elevation of their life's standard, and finally, the discovery of the real face of Japan, as the Shiva-guru of Sining anticipated wisely. Of course, these charges against Japan can't be attenuated by the fact that during War, many Japanese fought with peerless heroism, such as the kamikazes. Their name must be called and recognize the exemptions to the rules: as in loyal Germany existed uncountable traitors, in the traitor Japan, many brave, loyal warriors outstood honorably.

Chapter XXXVII

Suppose Sining-Fu had impressed me for its enormous dimensions. What to say in regard to Lan-Cheu-Fu which was four times bigger? But it was about two different classes of cities:

Sining-Fu represented the typical borderline city, situated over an important commercial path, his life depended more on than anything from the traffic of Goods and was not particularly interested in the production; for this reason, it resembled, as I said, to a huge market. Lan-Cheu-Fu, on the contrary, -constituted the classical metropolis: it was the capital of the province of Kansu and, if it merchandised much or more as Sining, it was provided with key industries, just as the textile and the ferrous metallurgy, and gathered a great variety of agricultural products. Settled over the right border of the Yellow River, it gave the impression to be a medieval European city for its crenellated walls and its high towers, but its demographic density resulted incomparably: around 1.000.000 inhabitants. Even if there were fortified suburbs of poor aspect, behind the wall was the main part of the city: some 80.000 wooden houses beautifully decorated, with all the streets paved with marble or green granite. The «nationalists» had hurried to occupy it, distributing a regiment of 10.000 effectives; the motive: control a famous heavy cannons fabric and others of powder and fusils.

Things of China. Or perhaps the rationalism of Confucius. The curious was that Lan-Cheu-Fu's wall existed a Shen Hei, or «*black door*», that belonged to the *black market.*

With exemplary practical sense, the Tsung-Tu[50] negotiated with the organised crime leaders the bestowal of such a door. According to the arrangement, the mobsters will be being charge to maintain a permanent surveillance, coordinated with the nationalist guard of other doors; without being troubled by the police. The benefit that the Tsung-Tu obtained with this original pact was its troops' tranquillity, which could occupied in War against the Japanese or to fight the communists. The criminal Secret Societies were as ancient as China and always had been possible to coexist with them: represented the minor ill. Otherwise, with the Communists or Japanese would be impossible to coexist in peace. At giving them sovereignty over the Black Door, they legalise the illegal activities and achieved certain supervision over the Black Market's uncontrollable traffic. If it was not worked thus, obeying the Societies to operate in the clandestinely would be necessary to watch the 24 hours the walls and resist periodic armed confrontations with the contrabandists.

The kâulikas of Sining went directly to the Shen Hei, and there they gave a password aloud. They opened our way immediately. But, once inside, they

[50] *Tsung-Tu:* Governor of Province

didn't guide us before a rough evildoer, Leader of a «guild of bandits», as the definition of von Grossen permitted to presume.

The Leader of the Green Band was an old Chinese of exquisite manners, that for the incarnated ruby that the official hat exhibited, he declared to be a Mandarin of first category and first class: such signal meant the highest hierarchy in the Chinese Aristocracy. We also distinguished an image of a unicorn richly embroidered in his suit, ensign own of the military Kuans: the civilian Kuans had bird insignias.

He was called Thien-ma, i.e., Knight of Heaven, and he surprised us for his knowledge about all our movements: he knew that we were Germans, that we came from Buthan, that we explored the Tibet at the same time that the other German expedition coming from India, that we destroyed the duskha village, that we appeared mysteriously in the valley Kan-cheu and arrived to Sining, and that now we were requesting the help to travel to Shanghai. He spoke incult Mandarin and left a halo intrigue around his informs.

We were in an enormous and fancy house that could pass perfectly as a palace. The servants were finishing to put the table, and the Kuan invited to take sit.

–It'll be glad to have dinner with you. I've understood that you are *Doctors,* men of study, apart from warriors. I am too: I reached the grade of Hamlin years ago, which is equivalent to what you call *professor*, the highest title that the University of Pekin bestows.

My specialties are Mathematics and Philosophy. I've studied the Taoism deeply, and I profess it: ours could be considered as a Taoist Society. Is for this filiation that we are natural allies of the Kâula Circle of the Tibet: we consider that they know the occult part of the Taoism; of all the Taos, the Tao; of all the paths, the Path; the strategic Path that guides the Spirit to set free from its material tethers. Many of members of the Green Band, at retiring, usually reclude themselves in the kâulika Monasteries.

Karl von Grossen and I, at knowing Thien-ma, agreed that a new study concerning the Chinese criminal Societies was required. Evidently existed a suggestive confusion, perhaps originated in that the common source that the European disposed to know China were copious informs supplied by the English, which would contain malicious and false information.

At last, for the English the ϟϟ was also a criminal Secret Society! Because the less thing that could be accused of Thien-ma was to be a typical criminal; although his organisation's actions were according to the law. He, and everyone in his «Band», were idealists, they had a spiritual objective to reach, and they were in a diabolic world. In such gnostic circumstances, the solution was always the same: the spiritual finality justifies any mean employed to open the way in enemy territory.

The 25 men of Sining-Fu and the six lopas were having dinner in a contiguous house. Oskar Feil, SriVirya, von Grossen, Bangi and I were accompanying Thien-ma, we were who will continue the journey to Shanghai; the first would return to Sining that same afternoon, with the lopas whose destiny was the Tibet. The Green Band leader spoke English very well, although that

didn't make him feel proud at all and he preferred to speak in Mandarin. It wasn't until the dinner was very advanced when we knew because he acceded to speak in that language with von Grossen. We passed thus, talking with that old man, gifted with the curiosity of a child, all the afternoon: when the philosophical and religious matter was exhausted, we fell naturally in the political issue, i.e., in reality. Thenceforth, many hours followed, during which we tried to make him comprehend National Socialism and its Hyperborean essence.

He had information, of course, but we gave him the details that he required.

Finally, satisfied to sustain a conference completely infrequent in such regions, –He assured us– he revealed how he was going to ingress us in Shanghai. But before he did a reflection about the situation in his homeland.

–Oh, Tsing[51]: what you tell me about our Führer, and his government supported unpatriotic masses, takes my Spirit to shady thoughts about the future of China. The Führer has put before the Germans their heroic and glorious tradition, and they have accepted it with pride. Here, on the contrary, Mao Tse Tung indoctrinates the peasants with the theories of Jews Marx, Engels, and Lenin, and he taught them to admire the Russians, a people which was savage when China had already a developed civilization. And moreover, Chiang Kai-Shek has resulted in being a «soft stone[52]», because it has been converted to the disowned Christianity of our millenary traditions: perhaps if he had put, as your Führer, the Culture of China in front of the Chinese, they would have supported it massively. Instead, it offers them attractive and deceptive images of a foreign Culture. A Culture that belongs to whom just yesterday exploited us as slaves. Mao and Chiang, both renegade Chinese, are bedazzled by strange Gods, both present their foreign ideals to the people. And whom do you think that the Chinese will elect? To those who surely will oppress us again, as they already did, or those who promise to do something for the people? I do not want to answer, prematurely, to that transcendental query, but since now I inform you that the people support in major grade to Mao than Chiang, because Mao believes in the people and know how to express that belief, while Chiang only believes in Jesus, in England and the United States.

Jesus! Behold, another Jew, absolutely strange to History and Tradition of China.

But what curse is this, which has fallen upon the Kingdom of the Midst? Is that there was none other option for China than the Jew Jesus or the Jew Marx? None of us responded to these dramatic questions, but I promised myself to send him the English version of Mein Kampf, the book of the Führer.

–I do not want to weigh down my guests with laments of an old man –apologized Thien-ma– but you'll realize that, even though constitute a «criminal gang», as the foreigners qualify us, the Greens love Chine profoundly and we are worried for its future. We foresee that some foreign forces, which we call Pai-Lung-Yah[53], will try to kill the asleep Chinese Elephant *before it wakes up.*

[51] *Tsing*: Doctor
[52] *Kai-Shek* means "hard stone". Thienma's statement had an ironic meaning.
[53] *Pai-Lung-Yah*: The White Dragon Jehova.

I will tell you how you'll arrive in Shanghai. You must know a Tao-Hei, or *black-route*, whereby the contraband circulates in both directions towards the Occidental Sea.

The same is almost official, due to on its entire route there are bribed functionaries, and crosses the same Japanese lines, because the Japanese don't resist to earn some extra yens either. In two days, a train that only reaches Cheng Chow leaves from here. But you will descend before, in the city of Sian, province of Shensi[54]. Thence you will march to the South, crossing the mounts Tsing-Ling[55] that separate the Yellow and Blue Rivers[56], up to the village of Han-Kiang, in the right shore of the River Ha-Kiang. In that village, you'll make contact without men, who will embark you in a vehicle that habitually carries contraband.

You will sail through the Han-Kiang waters and, in the confluence with the Yangtse-Kiang, you will take from this till Shangai. As you see, it is a quite simple plan.

–Indeed, it seems –replied the meticulous von Grossen–. But let me make you some questions.

The Chinese assented with a gesture that consists of leaning the head forward.

–You're talking of 500 km. by train. It is possible that someone could suspect and submit us to an interrogatory? What will we do then? Because we lack of the German official documents and further, we are in China clandestinely?

–Oh, Tsing. You must cultivate the virtue of patience! –Condemned Thienma, with ingenuous severity–. I told you that the train leaves in two days: for that date the three Germans will possess documents that affirm that it treats of three English accredited in China by the Society of the Nations, with the diplomatic mission to observe the local situation and present informs that will serve for a future mediation. They will exhibit entry stamps by Hong Kong and will be written in English and Mandarin: but don't be afraid. No one that can inquire you from here to Shanghai knows the enough English to notice that you are Germans! We will also give you diplomatic safe-conducts and a pass for the two Tibetans, which will figure that you have contracted them in Sining-Fu.

We will give you money too, the enough Chinese and Japanese money. Everything false, the papers and the money. All of the better quality. But you will continue alone: a Green member will accompany you to Shanghai. He will make to enter the train and accommodate you in a wagon under our control. The only occasion in which you could be interrogated would beat descending in Sian, something very improbable because you will only descend if there are signs of security, or if the train is stopped on the way, something possible and very common, but in general, all is solved with a generous offering. Either nationalists, or communists, in the poor China nobody resists the bribery. Bolsheviks have not been original in this neither, because they were integrated into the old institution of the bribery through a change of name that left their

[54] *Shen*: pass, door; *Si:* West; *Shengsi:* west pass
55 *Tsing* or *Chin*: Middle; *Ling*: Mountains; *Tsing-Ling*: Middle Mountains
56 The Rivers Hoang-Ho and Yiangtse-Kiang.

dignity safe: they call it «contribution to the Revolution». However, if any way they inspect you, you will enforce your documents and your most valuable talent. Are you agree? In the contrary case, I'll give you more details; but it is convenient for you to trust in the Green Band, that knows China as nobody.

Karl von Grossen felt ashamed: logistic support with which we would count would be analogous to the one that a Secret Service gives. However, he didn't unnerve and came back to the charge with another question:

–I guess that the rest of the route will be likewise covered, No? Believe me when I say that we trust in you; my questions obey a more… professional finality. That is: professional! I am an officer of the intelligence, and I can't avoid interrogating. In reality, we trust completely in the Kâula Circle: and they have put us in your hands. So *we must* trust in the Green Band.

–You do well giving us credit. We'll not defraud you. And I assure you that our man will take you safely and sound to Shanghai: he knows the pass through the mounts Tsing-Ling and the people of Han-Kiang, as to the Japanese of the borderline guard in Nanking. But, for the doubts, before leaving from here I will give you a password for the contact in Han-Kiang and where to find it.

For the moment, von Grossen felt satisfied, and the five of us were guided to wide guests' hall, attended by solicitous and discreet Chinese ladies. On the next days would be an opportunity for the *Standartenführer* to obtain from Thien-ma all the information that interested him.

Chapter XXXVIII

I can say neffe, that the Greens led us without inconvenient to the German Consulate's own doors in Shanghai. The plan was realized as Thien-ma had anticipated. Six days later, we were navigating in a strong and solid sampan through the swampy current of the Tangtse-Kiang. We passed serenely before Nanking and, at the height of the city of Chin-Kiang, we encountered the confluence of the river Vu-Sang. The captain turned the rudder with great ability and introduced in the descendant current of this last river because 500 km. ahead, over its right shore, is the populous Shanghai.

It is unimaginable that commodity that such innocent sampan transported. Of course, that it would not be much if it was inspected at close range and admired the row of cannons from port to starboard, and the two heavy machine pistols from bow to stern. But the cautions were not exaggerated because the ship contrabanded weapons, explosives, fine fabrics, porcelain, metals, minerals, spices, foods, opium, and even deserters of both Chinese sides or vulgar delators, apart from the classic shipload of Chinese whores from which no similar organization could prescind. With such heterogeneous and dangerous products, we were an insignificant nuisance. We recently comprehended that in Han-Kiang, at boarding the sampan and check the strong volume of a

commodity that the Green Band trafficked: as such, informed our guide, the Society possessed a whole fleet just in the Yangtse-Kiang, without considering the ones that were floating on the Rivers and the Sea, and that was travelling to Hong Kong, Canton or Macau.

Over the river Vu-Sang, we passed before numerous and modest settlements, dedicated to the tillage and cultivation, and the lake Tai-Hu that fills with its waters. After we advanced 200 km. we reached Shangai and docked in a small private pier, provided with huge huts that served as deposits. Other band members, who were waiting disciplined, were in charge of the unload and the stowage, and taking the whores and fugitives. The absence of Japanese control surprised us, to whom we didn't see in Nanking nor anywhere. –Is that the Japanese were already *smeared* –said us the guide in his striking *pidgin*, a jargon mix of Portuguese and English that is spoken in the maritime coasts of China: obviously, to call *anoint* to the bribery is an irony own of Portugal and Spain. –Don't explain Mr. Thien-ma it to you? I responded to him affirmatively in the same language, but the power that the *paste* of the Green Band applied upon the *smeared* persons impressed us. He smiled and communicated to us that we would leave for Shanghai immediately.

At leaving from the port zone, taking the streets that the guide seemed to know very well, we arrived to a market-square of huge dimensions, where existed a natural agglomeration of hundreds of jinricksha, those Japanese vehicles drawn by a man, that have the form of individual calash and that the English denominated *rickshaw*. It seemed us wonderful the organization and discipline at verifying that six of them were waiting for us, undoubtedly warned by the Greens who had left before from the port. I looked askance at von Grossen, but he noticed it.

–These people know how to do things –he growled–. We should come to learn from them.

I didn't attend to this exaggeration because we were already rolling at high speed and the sight of the great city absorbed me completely: with 5.000.000 inhabitants in 1938, Shanghai for the English, Changai for the French, and Xangae for the Portuguese and Spaniards, was a huge city for any pair of occidental eyes. Now we were going to «model Colony», or *bund*, the isle that the occidental knew to raise in middle of an insalubrious swamp; the only place conceded by the Chinese in the treaty of Nanking 1842, rubricated with pure cannon shots by the English which in that year occupied Shanghai in despite of the 250 cannons of the batteries over the Vu-Sang. The pirates disembarked the infantry, that neutralized the cannons and marched over the city, while the ships ingressed through the Northern door and the Chinese fled from the Southern door.

Over these swampy terrains, a magnificent European citadel was raised, walled, with cobbled canalization of the water, and paved and illuminated streets. Enormous edifices were constructed belonging to the three occupant potencies: England, the United States and France; and soon emerged three characteristic neighborhoods of these nationalities, apart from the inevitable *Chinatown*, called Nantao by the Chinese. The three colonialist potencies obtained extensive pri-

vate port zones to make that their External Trade Companies install commercial factories. When the Germans pretended to enter this business, the port was already distributed, and they were obeyed to pay franchises to their competitors. It was not too much what Germany trade with Shanghai, although enough to request the presence of the Consul; the Embassy was located in Nanking. Naturally, the Japanese presence in Shanghai, and distrust for the imperialist Carthaginian potencies that had operated in the region, opened promissory expectative for Germany to obtain a major part of the loot.

The rickshaws crossed the barred fence on the run, then a well-maintained garden, and they stopped in front of the portal of a mansion of Rhenish style. A Sergeant of the Kriegsmarine approached us while we descended.

–Heil Hitler! –saluted von Grossen–. I am the ᛋᛋ *Standartenführer* Karl von Grossen in an especial mission, Sergeant. We need to see the Consul urgently.

–Yes Sir –accepted the marine–. Do the favour to give me your documents, and you'll be attended to immediately.

–We don't have documents, Sergeant! Here you have a list of these Gentlemen's names and military grade that accompany me and the mine. We are all ᛋᛋ officers.

The provident von Grossen had drafted a note for the Consul, anticipating a possible bureaucratic blockage. It said this:

Mr Consul of the Third Reich
Shanghai

We present ourselves before you, and we request to be repatriated to Germany immediately, the ᛋᛋ *Standartenführer* Karl von Grossen, the ᛋᛋ *Sturmbannführer* Kurt von Sübermann, the ᛋᛋ *Haupsturmführer* Oskar Feil, and men coming from Buthan, the Gurkha Bang and the lopa SriVirya, all the integrants of the Operation «First Key», *ultra-confidential*, code *A I R.S.H.A.*, authorized: Hitler, Himmler, Heydrich.

We salute you attentively

Sign: Karl von Grossen
Commandant of the Operation First Key.

–Wait a moment Sir –requested the marine and entered the edifice quickly. Another guard still remained outside.

It seems that everything is fine –said the Green–. I will retire right now, but I'll stay one day in Shanghai. You can search me in the port if any problem appears and, if I have left, I will give you the name of a contact to whom I'll inform that you are under the protection of the Green Band. Remember that we can always take you out of China.

Fortunately, it was not necessary to resort to the Secret Society of the Chinese underworld. While we were waiting for the Sergeant, von Grossen inte-

rrogated the marine. He informed him that the Consulate was located at the end of the French neighborhood, almost next to the stream Oang-Kin-Pan, surrounded by the offices of the few German companies that commerced with Shanghai. He also said that he had anchored two German ships in the port, with existing predictions three and seven days later.

The Sergeant came back accompanied by a diplomatic Secretary.

–Come in please, Gentlemen –he ordered.

The five of us entered a comfortable waiting room.

–Take sit, you'll be attended immediately –He asked, and went out through a panel-door, not without giving a gaze of distrust to Bangi, SriVirya and the daiva dog.

We had to wait for one hour, until the Secretary finally returned and led us to the office of the Consul. He was a diplomatic of career natal from Colony, sent to Shanghai to take a advantage of his natal knowledge of French, and the university English. He was impeccably dressed in a black suit, not represented more than 40 years old, and seemed calm.

–I am sorry for the delay, but I had to call Nanking. You could not imagine in what manner protested the Ambassador, Baron Heinrich von Baden, for what he considers an intromission of the R.S.H.A. in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs: doesn't accept excuses for have not been informed about that secret mission «First Key».

–But is that the operation was not supposed to be developed in China but in the Tibet –interrupted von Grossen–. We have come here fleeing.

–Don't worry, ϟϟ *Standartenführer*: von Baden always protests –the Consul claimed it smiling–. Let me finish. It was consulted to the military aggregate, who confirmed that names and grades figure in the encrypted list of the ϟϟ. About which I didn't know a word, of course, was of the Operation Fist Key. Therefore, a solicitude of informs has been sent to Germany and is waiting for an answer. Once the wire of your situation arrives here, it will remain resolved.

–And how much can delay it? –I asked irrationally.

–How could we know? If it is true that you are who you claim to be, you will understand that Berlin can respond in one hour, one day, or not respond and *do something*. Concerning the R.S.H.A. no one can anticipate its reaction. And have present that I am not effectuating a criticism because I am from the ϟϟ too. –He interrupted himself–. ϟϟ *Sturmbannführer honorary*: I obtained such grade in 1936, thanks to the demarche of the actual minister of foreign affairs, Joachim von Ribbentrop.

–Very well! –von Grossen approved.

–Yes. I am from the ϟϟ and for this reason, I will advise you what you'll do from now on.

If you stay here, I will be obeyed to put you under custody, what would be very annoying for you. Whereas, I'll guide you to a Hotel that is four hundred meters from here, where you'll be comfortable until the arrival of new from Germany or of Nanking. To the Ambassador I will tell that I couldn't stop

you and that, in any case, you are secure there. They didn't have their *real* documents but, do you have other documents? Money? It seems to me that you must be provided of them because you would have not achieved to cross China without them.

–Indeed, *Sturmbannführer Konsul*: we have false documentation and money. Good money, they said, because it is false too, –confirmed von Grossen with sarcasm–. After months of exploring Asia, we could not resist even one hour of prisoners.

–It is true that you said to me that you came from Buthan. Oh God, what a trip! And of what were you fleeing through China, can you tell? From the communists?

I think, neffe that the five of us thought at that moment in the Valley of the Immortal Demons, in the vîmâna of Shambalah, in the mortal buzz, and we burst out in laughter.

–Hahaha of the communists? *No Herr Konsul: we were fleeing from their Leaders*–I replied with the eyes flooded in tears –Hahaha. *But we can't reveal to you who are them: you would not believe it!*

Karl von Grossen assented laughing, a gesture that Oskar imitated, Bangi and SriVirya. The surprised Consul opted to don't ask more and sent his Secretary to accompany us to the nearby Hotel.

All was solved in the next days. Strict orders arrived in Germany to embark upon us immediately and without discussions. Seven days later we were leaving in a cargo boat that would make in Macao the first of an interminable series of commercial call to ports.

Nevertheless, the Captain told us that «in some place of the Indian Ocean», which coordinates would be transmitted by radio, we would transition to a battleship. Thus occurred a few miles from Sumatra: a disconcerted Admiral picked us up in his cruise and a direct course to Germany. The ship was going to Argentina with other two, realizing a largely planed maneuver. At the height of the City of El Cabo, he received the order to deviate towards the Indian Ocean to pick up five passengers. His new mission was qualified of «maximum security» and, since the moment in which the mysterious characters boarded, he had to transmit in a super-secret key and avoid every contact with other ships or terrestrial stations. No one had to be able to localize the cruise because, on the contrary, existed the possibility that they could «enter in operations». –Who would attack us in times of peace? –Mumbled the Admiral–. «This must be another game of Major State, a probationary secret maneuver for the Kriegsmarine».

The Admiral did not imagine that if the synarchic forces had known the location of his ship and its occupants' identity, they would have sunk it right there.

Chapter XXXIX

Twenty days after our departure from Shanghai, we disembarked in Hamburg. There an officer of exterior S.D. was waiting for us at the commanding a platoon; his orders: guide Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, and SriVirya and Bangi, in two cars towards Berlin. I moved aside from the group and took the third car towards the local airport, where a plane would transport me to Berlin.

We were going to separate each other for the first time in many months, and the experience resulted in pain. We all had lost Comrades and ran mortal dangers together; the lived adventures bothered us. Before abandoning them, von Grossen wanted to talk to me alone.

–I knew it! –He told me with worried tone–. Kurt von Sübermann: you were the first key of the Operation First Key! And the Thulegesellschaft will be only occupied of you. From now on, we will remain uncommunicated, isolated from the rest of the ϟϟ to avoid us to speak. We know a lot, Kurt, perhaps more than what is convenient for the Black Order's Initiates that someone knows! I feel that we may not see each other again –He concluded mournfully.

–You rave, my *Standartenführer*! –I exclaimed horrified– This cannot be! We are returning after the accomplishment of an important mission; I believe that successfully, and there is no motive that instead of receiving the superior approval, someone is punished. You are tired, von Grossen, I say you respectfully! You'll see how we will meet again soon in a brewery of the Friedrichstrasse to celebrate. Naturally, we must give the correspondent information to our respective units, but after those formalities, we will have time to see us again.

Karl von Grossen was shaking his head as refusing to admit that my arguments penetrated through his ears.

–No; no! Von Sübermann, once again, you don't understand the situation. Listen to me well now because the possibility of our separation is definitively real. I say it to you very conscious and grounded in all my previous experience in secret operations. I am not so tired as to be unable to prevent what can occur: *we will be eliminated*. It means that if you don't save us, Kurt. Believe me; we will only live if you assure your leaders that we will not talk to anyone about we have seen. That is the guarantee that they need to leave us free: absolutely opposed to what you suppose! Hahaha: a report! You make me laugh von Subermann: who cares if do a report about what I have seen in the Tibet and what I've seen you doing? Do you think that the Black Order Initiates will permit the existence of an official report about the vîmanâ of Shambalah, or about the daivas dogs, or your Scrotra Krâm? No, von Sübermann: because of you, we are condemned to death. And only you can save us. On the contrary, referring to what suggested: assure your leaders that neither Oskar Feil, nor I, will make any report, and it can be that thus, we'll conserve our lives!

I calmed him the best I could, reaffirming him my loyalty: I'd never permit that something could happen to them for my cause! And we left, separately, towards Berlin.

In the airport of Berlin, a Mercedes Benz Chancellery with motorcycles escort was waiting. At seeing it, I thought that they were waiting for a Minister

of General, but my surprise was so great when I recognized the ϟϟ *Oberführer* Papp standing by the side of the door.

–Kurt von Sübermann! –He called him, smiling kindly. I couldn't avoid remembering the first time I saw him in Rudolf Hess's cabin, in the Obersalsberg of Berchtesgaden. He also remembered, because he said, when I just approached: –Six years, Kurt. A lot or little? Six years and you're back from your first mission. We have feared for you. Did you know? It has been a relief for all those who were informed about the operation to receive news of you. Bur from Shanghai! Ha. Nobody could believe it. You'll tell me then how you did to cross China.

The car crossed the Spree through the Bridge of the Castle and started to spin around the *Lustgarten*. I looked at Edwin, surprised, but I didn't have time to say something:

–I thought that you would enjoy doing a previous walk around the city, before going to the Chancellery; it will reanimate you, after so many months in Asia!

Edwin Papp had interpreted my feelings correctly. It was indescribable the happiness that I felt then to be in my homeland again, from which more than one time on the last weeks I bade farewell, supposing that I would never return. The Mercedes took towards the West and turned before the Door of Brandenburg, which was covered with flags with swastikas and wreaths of the recent parties. Now I was going towards the East by the *Unter der Linden* of Avenue of the Lindens: I was the Pariser Platz and Frederick the Great's Statue. At the avenue's end, we turned back to Bebelplatz, the ambit of the Emperor's Palace, of the Royal Library, of Berlin's Opera, of St. Hedwig's Catholic Church, of the University, and many military edifices. Finally, from the Linden and the Bebelplatz, the car went to neighborhood *Frierichstadt* and rolled through the *Wilhelmstrasse*, its Eastern limit. The journey had ended.

–Do you imagine who sent me to the airport for you, no? Your pate kind suffered a lot when we believed you lost, and he has enormous impatience to salute and hug you. He didn't want that anyone deviate you and for this reason he sent his car to receive you and commissioned me, under rigorous orders, – He joked– to guard you safe and sound at his side.

Minutes later we arrived at the 77 of the *Wilhelmstrasse*. In the *Reichskanzlei*[57], indeed, the *Stellvertreter*[58] of the Führer is waiting for us.

One hour later, after I said goodbye to the *Oberführer* Edwin Papp, I left the Chancellery accompanied by Rudolf Hess. He was really excited to see me, and then I comprehended how much loved me such old Comrade of my Dad. During the six years that he was occupied with my destiny in Germany, he was not only a father, but he professed me identical affection. Now we were going to the Gergorstrasse 239, to visit Konrad Tarstein.

It was the first time that we would go together and, as the public could easily recognize Rudolf Hess and he didn't want to attract the attention over

[57] *Reichskanzlei*: Reich Chancellery
[58] *Stellvertreter*: Lieutenant

Tarstein's domicile, he had insisted in that I drive the Mercedes while he remained discreetly seated on the back seat.

In reality, not only with Rudoph Hess, but with no one else than Tarstein, I was in the mysterious mansion. I even reached to suspect that the Black Order's Initiates would reunite in another site, because never during the two years that I frequented the house was some else apart of the two of us. But that time would be different.

As a Ritual repetition, I tugged the moldy shackle that turned inside a broze fist, and the startling voice of Konrad Tarstein responded from some undefined place, behind the unaged door.

–Yes?

–I am Kurt von Sübermann –I presented myself, speaking to the tiny eyehole where a pair of elusive little eyes of the Great Initiate verified my identity.

The door was opened, and the chubby and little figure of Konrad Tarstein appeared, with the hand courteously extended to salute me.

–Kurt, Rudolf, I am glad to see you –he said, breaking ritual. –Come in: *we were waiting for you.*

It was January 1939. We spent the new year in high seas, with von Grossen and other Comrades. I thought in them while Tarstein was guiding me to a lounge in which I never entered, situated on the top floor. I thought in them, and I remembered the news that I had: in my opinion, the expedition of Ernst Schaeffer had failed on its purpose to seal the pact between the «healthy forces from Germany» and the White Fraternity of Chang Shamblah. If I was right, the Door of the Shambalah had been closed before reaching any agreement. Therefore, the Third Reich's destruction and the universal establishment of the Synarchy were not assured to the Enemy.

It was January of 1939, and the Second World War would begin in September of that year.

Around a strange table with a half-moon form, were seated 16 Initiates of the Black Order ϟϟ. Apart from Tarstein and Rudolf Hess, I only recognized four more Third Reich's strong personalities: the ten remaining was completely unknown for me until then.

All were plain-dressed, but I supposed that many would-be militaries, although others had to be undoubtedly citizens, especially the Asian man whose presence filled me with astonishment.

Tarstein presented me, and the Initiates saluted me nicely, *but they never gave their names*. On the contrary, they identified themselves with pseudonyms just as *Aquilae, Leo, Serpens, Draconis, Corvus, Pavo, Cycnus,* etc.

They invited me to take a sit with them, on an elbow chair located in the convex part of the half-moon.

–And well, *Lupus*. What happened with the Operation Altwesten of Ernst Schaeffer and with men you lost in Operation First Key? –asked Tarstein, baptizing me in that way.

–All dead or disappeared –I affirmed–. As the members of the Operation

Altwesten as ours. But let me, Gentlemen, relate to you step by step the events occurred since I felt from Germany.

No one undeterred when I advanced the luck ran by the absent ones. During the next hours, I was employed in the narration, in which I did my best to give the main details and present the information most objectively. Tarstein made pleasant the extensive soiree with two rounds of coffee, the last one accompanied with exquisite confitures. And I wasn't almost interrupted, except to request some concrete clarification. As I'd understand later, those men didn't need to ask anything because they all were extraordinary clairvoyants. They possessed what they denominated in the Thulegesellschaft: *Faculty of Anamnesis*, it means, a power own of the Hyperborean Initiates that permitted them to *explore the Akashic Cultural Records.*

From the Gregorstrasse 239, they *have seen* what I related to our adventures in Asia.

–Don't take it badly, estimated Lupus, –said Tarstein at last– but we are going to beg you to wait down. We must sustain a Counsel.

The deliberation lasted one more hour until I was convoked again. Konrad Tarstein opened the dialogue:

–I congratulate you, Lupus: unanimously we have coincided in that the Operation First Key has been a success. Even for the casualties, that cost nothing before the spiritual benefit to have frustrated the Demons' plans. The three fallen, Heinz, Hans and Kloster, will be awarded, as well as von Krupp and his men because they didn't participate in the conspiracy of Schaeffer.

–Let me interrupt you, Kamerad Unicornis. It is good to decorate the dead, but… what do you tell me about the ones who are alive? What will happen with Karl von Grossen, Oskar Feil, and the two Tibetans? Where are they?

–Uncommunicated, of course –confirmed Tarstein fatally–. Look, Lupus, we could only let them free, and even promote them, if you assure that they will not talk out of place.

–And what could I do to give such credit?

–It's simple, Lupus: it would just be necessary to form a body commanded by you, for example, Oskar Feil would be since now your assistant, and you will be in charge to control his tongue. In the same manner, Karl von Grossen would be dedicated to training a team of Elite to support you in your future missions, and he would be in permanent contact with you. What do you think?

–I agree –I affirmed relieved–, and very pleased; because those men deserve the best treat: they are priceless brave and patriot men. But now, Gentlemen, after clarifying that matter that worried me. Can I make some questions?

–Sure –accepted Tarstein «Unicornis».

–Well. The case is that you seem to know what happened in that valley of the Tibet.

Could you then clarify some doubts? For example: Why we were attacked and by whom? And I also have a query, perhaps not so «serious» as the pre-

vious, but that I am not ashamed to set forth here: is about the future of the dog daiva. I can't deny you, Gentlemen, that to left Vruna caged in Hamburg has caused me great displeasure, considering that it treats of a unique exemplar on Earth and near giving birth.

–You're right, Lupus! –Accepted Tarstein–. Tomorrow early we will send the best veterinarian officer of the ϟϟ, and his team of assistants, with the mission to transport safe and sound to Berlin and take care of the dog daiva. Not doubt that we valorize that animal on its fair measure and consider it a *secret weapon* of the Third Reich.

And about all what you asked first: –continued Tarstein– Druids attacked you!

–By Druids? –I repeated incredulous– But if we are in the Tibet!

–Yes, by Druids. Do you remember what I've warned you the first day that you came to this house? *«within the hunters of the Synarchy, Druids are in charge to collect pieces of your species» …of your species, Kurt von Siibermann.* Are you surprised that they have ambushed in the Tibet, but you must have present that was at «The Door of Bera and Birsha», it means, the sinister aperture whereby the Priests of Melchidezek enter Shambalah. On that particular door, I wanted to call Ernst Schaeffer, because from there have come the Arch-Priests and Arch-Druids of the European Orders of the White Fraternity.

–Bera and Birsha? –I asked disconcerted.

–Effectively, Bera and Birsha –replied the Asian, to whom we called «Phoenix».

–Remember Lupus. Did you see to majestic images, one on each side of the Door?

–I guess you are referring to the winged bodhisattvas figures, that were carved on the walls of the ravine, o dvara, or shen, i.e., on the aperture between mountains at the end of the glen. I remember them perfectly: on both walls of the ravine of the exit, and as of a height of 25or 30 metres, existed two low reliefs that represented some Beings of Divine nature, a kind of «angels» or armed «bodhisattvas».

I remained in silence for some seconds, evoking such an unforgettable vision. Then I added:

–They had wings: both angles exhibited outspread dove's wings. And they dressed white tunics down to the ankles: Yes, it was a Druid suit or Levite ephod! They even wore the *four-leaf clover* on the chest; and small stars, suns, half-moons, on guard. And I also remember their weapons: each of them had the right hand closed over a handle, protruding two globes on both sides. The scene was very suggestive, and for this reason, I remember it with much clarity: I was standing on the ravine of the entrance when the things with von Krupp were already clarified; then I looked at the West, at the end of the glen, and I saw the vertex of the aperture, or pass, flanked by those colossal sculptures. Both signalized with the index of their left hand the exit, *as inviting to come in, a gesture that they accompanied likewise with their diabolic countenances.* However, *the right hand didn't stop to point towards any possible visitor,* that's to say, towards

the glen's center. I think that I was looking precisely at the Western ravine, and its terrible guards, when emerged from there the ball of light that the Tibetans called «the vîmâna of Shambalah».

–There are no doubts, because, you have been in front of the Door of Bera and Birsha –assured the Phoenix–. The mysterious «angels» that you have described are not such, neither «bodhisattvas» but Demons of the worst kind, which are commonly denominated «Immortals»:

Bera and Birsha are two Immortal Demons who have acted in Europe and Asia for thousands of years, and whose image you have had the luck, or the disgrace, according to how it is looked, to contemplate in that glen of the Tibet. Their master, Melchidezek, destined them since millenniums ago to make them work in favour of the Universal Chosen People Synarchy, especially in charge to sustain the conspiracy in the blossom of the populations of Indo-European lineage, Indo-Aryan and Hindustani. In the European context, They have been the Supreme Arch-Druids that directed Druidic Order in secrecy. For this reason, Unicornis and other Initiates qualify them as «Druids» or «Golem». But They are beings much more powerful than Druids, to whom they command.

For example, They have been distinguished by Rigden Djapo, the King of the World, with the Power of the Dordje, the most terrible weapon of the Solar System. Dordjes: those were the weapons, similar to two globes united by a handle that you observed on the Immortals' low reliefs! But you Lupus, not only perceived the Dordjes carved on the stone: *you experienced in your own flesh its mortal power.*

I looked at him open-mouthed. And the Phoenix clarified even more what my ears refused to hear.

Specifically, Lupus: the hum of bees that you felt, and that caused Death of your Comrades, in nothing else than the acoustic manifestation of the Power of the Dorje, which also acts on the other four tattvas; with the Dordje is possible to emit the *om* or the final *yod*, the monosyllable of the dissolution of the Created Forms, which is identical to the bijaof the Beginning of Creation. It is possible that the Demon Bera was who applied the Power of the Dordje over your heart. In sum, consider as true that you have been in front of Bera and Birsha' Door, in a comb of the Tibet known since ancient times as «*The Pitch*». Of course, it is not easy to reach the Pitch, it means, it is not easy to reach its Eastern ravine, but curiously in many ancient maps figures there where you have found it, next to the mounts Altyn Tagh.

–It cannot be –I denied irrationally–. I saw an extraterrestrial flying vehicle; I don't know what it was, but the buzz emerged from it with security.

–Well, this it is, appreciated Lupus: *the phenomenon that you saw was the Demon Bera on all his Power. It was not about a flying vehicle, neither a vîmâna nor an unknown airplane, but of an «absolute unity of energy» of the Universe animated by the infernal «intelligence» of Bera, which is the Sephirah Binah. An «absolute unity of energy», «an archetypal atom», adopted by Bera and Birsha to present themselves and unchain the dissolvent Force of the Dordje: that is what you witnessed, although you believed to have seen another.*

–It is not possible –I repeated disturbed, resisting to accept that such Mortal Presence is in reality a Demon, «Immortal», and that such Monster is finally behind my steps. I started to comprehend what Tarstein wanted to say at warning me about «*the hunters of the Synarchy*» who would procure to collect pieces «*of my kind*».

Imperturbable, Phoenix continued explaining:

–The archetypal atom is the Primordial Form par excellence, the Egg of Brahma, the monad done in the image and likeness of The One: all the real atoms and all the atomic forms, all the unities, emanates from him and participate from his exemplary existence. And you know why Bera adopted that form to manifest himself unto you and employ the Power of the Dordje? *Because the only mode that rests to a Demon as He, a traitor to the Spirit of Man, to resist the Origin's Sign that you exhibit, is to lock himself in the absolute unity of the Created Monad.* But you have already seen the result of that tactic, Comrade Lupus: *he cannot defeat you, with the Origin's Sign that you possess, and the Doors of Shambalah have been closed to our foes.*

–Oh, I'd not be such an optimist, Comrade Phoenix –I suggested him, while I shuddered for old and new fears–. I make your present that if I conserve my life is not precisely for the effect of the Sing but thanks to the intervention of those incredible warriors that are kâlika monks, and the inestimable collaboration of the daivas dogs that took us out from the glen of Altyn Tagh.

–Oh, Comrade Lupus, I fear that you don't understand the situation.

Phoenix made me the same reproach that he did to von Grossen. Evidently, I didn't comprehend anything, or very little, of what was happening around me. All pretended to comprehend better than me what was happening. Or I was becoming extremely obstinate or stupid. But, whatever it could be, there was something that I comprehended, and in what I wasn't wrong: the cause of all my ills, that until yesterday I considered a wonderful privilege, was the inapprehensible Origin's Sign. A distinction of the Gods or Stigma? In front of me, the most Third Reich' important men said to count with me, and with my Sign, to carry out the Führer's plans. But, and was comprehending that now, the most terrible Forces of Hell, Forces that I have seen up close in the Tibet, *they considered me a priori their mortal enemy and they would develop against me an unimaginable attack.*

Allegorically speaking, such situation, the only situation that perhaps I understood, was that the Third Reich was preparing to march over the World, as a cyclopean phalanx, and that I'd perform then the function of *standard-bearer.* Yes, I'd be the *standard-bearer* of the Third Reich, and the flag that I'd lift would be the Origin's Sign, the Sign of Lucifer, the Sign of Wotan, the Sign of Shiva, and *my Sign*. And, as in every army in operations, the Enemy would try to conquer the flags, our *flags*, procuring to cast down *without warning* the standard-bearer, trying to remove the Sacred Ensign of the Spirit, trying to take my life, trying to take the standard, trying to take *my life,* trying to take *my Sign.*

I didn't protest for the commentary of Phoenix, and he continued:

–Estimated Lupus: you don't owe to anyone your «salvation» but yourself. Do you forget that existed an Operation First Key, and daivas dogs happened *because previously existed an Initiate Kurt von Siibermann, who carried the Origin's Sign?* The daivas dogs, and you are the same thing because without you there would be neither daivas dogs nor Origin's Sign of Shiva, no one *capable of putting his Self beyond Kula and Akula*. The Demon Bera attacked you with the fury of a vîmâna, and you think that he was saved, «thanks» to the daivas dogs: well you must know that is your own insecurity, the lack of faith in Yourself, your *incomprehension of the situation*, the cause that you animate so erroneous conviction! Because if you were really the Initiate that you must be, *secure of Yourself before Death, and beyond Death, until the Origin*, you would know without doubts that your Sign has turned you invulnerable to the attack of any Created Being, even the most powerful God! If you would be alone, in front of the Demons Bera and Birsha, or other similar, and They apply you all the Power of the Dordje over the heart, you would remain easily out from their scope situating yourself beyond Kula and Akula, in the Origin, *or creating with atulpamudra your own daivas dogs, or «daivas horses» lungpa, or any illusion like that!*

–Ok! Ok! I give up! –I proposed sorrowfully; and before that the clams of the Initiates of the Black Order become incontestable–. I will make an effort to comprehend your perspectives –I promised–. Do you really believe that those damn Immortals not only attacked unto death, but they closed the Door of their Lair?

–Yes, Lupus –interjected Tarstein–. I'll tell you what happened, according to the coincident vision of all the Initiates present here. In principle, this will surprise you; we have motives to think that Ernst Schaeffer didn't die in The Pitch. And if he would have died during the attack, we are sure that the Immortals would resuscitate him. For what? *To send him to Europe for your head.* Never, understand it well, Lupus, because this depends on your life, they will never permit someone like you in a synarchic society. On the contrary, being you in the middle there will be no pact between the White Fraternity and the Secret Societies of the Synarchy. Therefore, there will be no constitution of the Synarchy. Undoubtedly, Ernst Schaeffer, or other similar ahead, will be delegated by the Demons to make that their conditions be heard in Occident: *and in those new conditions will be demanded the elimination of you and all those who as you are carriers of the Origin's Sign that they can't bear.*

The universal Synarchy of the End Times must see the Traitor Gods dominating the World, as in the days of Atlantis, cheek by jowl with the Great Rabbis of the Chosen People: *But they could not do it while in the World exist spiritual men to raise the standard of the Origin, speaking with the Runes of Wotan.* Thence that can affirm without fear to be wrong in that the Operation First Key has been a success: we have taken an Initiate with the Origin's Sign to the Pitch, in front of the Door of Bera and Birsha of Chang Shambalah; and we have rescued him for the Third Reich's Strategy. In a word, we have inflicted the greatest defiance in his own terrain: it is impossible that they want something other than vengeance. And the reprisals will not be of diplomatic

or politic order anymore, neither will propitiate secret pacts that endorse the strokes of the State or palatial intrigues: the Third Reich shall prepare to resist a formidable military potency.

And about you Lupus: it is not necessary to tell what represents for us. To count with you means to dispose of *strategic advantage* to execute the Black Order's plans. Based on this, we should try to preserve it from every danger; it would be the most logic.

Nevertheless, we will do all the opposite: we won't neglect your security, but we won't impede that you comply with your mission, *the mission that was entrusted to you by the Gods when they signalized it with the Origin's Sign.* You will continue then, running risks! We will carefully study your future operations and close with you Divine Sign, the Doors of Hell! Now we know that you *can* do it. Will you?

The sixteen pairs of eyes were drilling my brain. I looked at Rudolf Hess, almost a father for me. What could I deny him? And to Konrad Tarstein, my Hyperborean Instructor, the Wise man who revealed me so many secrets. What would I not give him, who nothing needed neither makes for himself? And the other Initiates, the Secret Architects of the New Germany, the Leaders of the Black Order ᛋᛋ: deny them something was refusing to serve the homeland. At that moment, neffe Arthur, my answer could be just one:

–Heil Hitler! –I screamed, and I lifted my right arm to assent unequivocally. My answer, neffe, and everyone comprehended that, was an oath, a vow of ᛋᛋ Knight.

When all had left, 30 minutes later, and only remained the Amphitryon, Rudolf Hess and I in the Gregorstrasse 239, we said goodbye to Tarstein and left in the Mercedes. Just as before, I drived, and Rudolf Hess remained in the back seat. I desired to salute to Ilse, and I discarded that we would go to the house of Rudolf, but he warned me immediately «To the Hotel Kaiserhof». I looked at him by the rearview mirror, without comprehending.

–Don't you guess who is waiting for us there? –he asked, while he smiled mockingly. I trembled at asking:

–My Dad?

–Yes, Kurt. Your father in person. The baron von Sübermann has travelled especially from Egypt to interview his elusive son.

–Oh, that's great; that's great. I can't believe it yet. You warn him, don't you? Tell me the truth, taufpate?

–Well, yes. When we knew that you were in high seas, I notified him that he could come20 later to Berlin. And that was what he did without losing an instant. What was wrong with that? It is good to see your father at least once a year. Or at the end of the operation in which you almost lost your life. Do you approve of my decision, don't you?

–Oh, yes, taufpate. You have given me the most beautiful gift that I could expect.

That was one of the best nights of my life. With Dad, Rudolf, Ilse and the

little Wolf Rüdiger[59], in Berlin, January 1939, the World seemed to be in our hands. I still remember that during the dinner, Dad announced that his daughter had married with a German-Argentinian Engineer and that in little time they would leave to establish themselves in Argentina, where the Siegnagels' were owners of a warehouse. And that Rudolf also announced that I'd be promoted on the next days, in the ϟϟ hierarchy, with the grade of ϟϟ *Standartenführer*, jumping thus the intermediary grade of *Obersturmbannführer*. It'd be, he said, one of the youngest ϟϟ *Standartenführer* or Colonels of the Waffen.

Chapter XL

Dear neffe, in that manner, concluded my first mission for the ϟϟ and the Third Reich. During the same, the mysterious character of such Origin's Sign was evidenced, which caused someones' devotion and the terror in others. At this point, many of your initial doubts have dissipated. You have understood, I hope that that History of Belicena and my own history are settled over the same armor, over an infrastructure that is called «Hyperborean Wisdom». And you should have understood; you must do so! *That both stories are continued in you, that the Hyperborean Wisdom passes through you, that the Gods have signalized you with the Origin's Sign.*

Your history and mine, neffe Arthur, are parallel in part: to start, both are members of the same familiar trunk; both of us suffered shocking experience: I, for the interview with the Führer, and you for the one of Belicena Villca; and those impressions took us both to search the truth in ourselves, in the depths of Ourselves: I, during the vacations in Egypt, in 1937, when the Scrotra Krâm awakened on me, and you now, in1980, in that infinite instant of the spiritual *rapture* by the Virgin of Agartha. Yes, neffe: I think that in such point we *auto-Initiated* ourselves. I know that the Hyperborean Initiation ritual has as finality to put the chosen one in contact with the Navutan Runes, but, as such Signs were already in us, we have been able to realize the miracle of *the auto-revelation of the Naked Truth of Oneself.*

Then, the parallelism of the events lived by both of them, culminates in the correlativity of the initiatic experience: we are, from now and forever, indissolubly linked to a Spiritual Fount, Eternal and Infinite, to the grace of the Virgin of Agartha, to the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Gods. For this reason, *as I lifted in one moment, you must lift from now on «our Flags», that are the flags of the Spirit.* You wondered in your department of Salta, to whom could I resort to for spiritual help? Well, now you dispose of the clearest answer. *The Führer has answered: the answer is the Black Order ϟϟ. Remember that the Führer will return, neffe even Belicena Villca announced it in her letter:*

«*The Great White Leader, the Lord of the absolute Will and Courage, will come once, twice, thrice, to Your World. The first one, he will break History. Still, he will*

[59] Rudolf Hess's son, two years old.

leave and will cause the demons' a senseless laugh (according to what I think neffe, this part of the prophecy has been already fulfilled). *In the second he will propose the Final Battle, but he will leave, amid the Terror Roar of the Demons* (and I guess, Arthur, that this will happen very soon). *The third he will guide the Spirit's Race towards the Origin, but he will leave forever, leaving behind him the Holocaust of Fire in which the followers of God the One will be consumed, Men, Souls and Demons. But who follows the Envoy of the Lord of War will be Eternal!»* (And here I just can ask «*fiat, fiat*», neffe Arthur).

These are the words of the Captain Kiev that will occur relentlessly. You will search the Tyrodal Order and will give to their Initiates the Letter of Belicena Villca. It will be very reasonable because they also search for, Noyo and the Wise Sword to initiate the Final Battle.

But you'll give them something more important than the letter of Belicena Villca: the Origin's Sign that closes the Doors of Shambalah and opens the Doors of Agartha, whereby the Führer and the Eternal ϟϟ will return to outbreak the Final Battle!

That is the *real* motive of the great maneuver, neffe! That you give to whom awaits, in the right moment, in the Kairos of the Final Battle! That is the spiritual meaning of all these series of coincidences: *to approach the Origin's Sign to the Kairos of the Final Battle!*

And as to House Tharsis, and like me, neffe, you must comprehend that afortiori they will try to get you out of the way. Druids will chase you! Perhaps Bera and Birsha in person!

For this reason, I want to propose you to leave as soon as possible. From my narrations, although incomplete, you should have made quite conclusions. Later, if the circumstances permit it, I'll give you details of the next facts until the year 1947, year after I came to Argentina and since when I stay hidden.

In sum, and in a broad measure, this was what happened since 1939. To Bangi and SriVirya was conceded the German citizenship and they were awarded the Iron Cross of First Class. And they were also incorporated to the Waffen ϟϟ with the effective grade of *Untersturmführer.* They remained in Berlin until the summer of 1939, where they received training in cryptography and related tasks with the Secret Service, and finally, left the Tibet and reunited with the lopas that went from our expedition, they committed themselves to the mission that has been entrusted to them: to prepare a body of Elite that would act as Foreign Legion inside of the Waffen ϟϟ. From there would emerge the famous *Tibetan Legion*, which depended secretly on the *1st Panzer Division Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler.* One of those battalions would defend the bunker of the Führer unto death in April of 1945.

Karl von Grossen would return to Asia too. From India and China, the Tibetan Legion would be occupied to supply discretely, whose natural settlement would be in Assam, in the dominions of a Kâulika Prince archenemy of the English. In that small Kingdom of the frontier with Buthan, ϟϟ instructors who came especially from Germany complemented the offensive arsenal of the kâulika monks, composed with arrows, daggers, and scimitars with modern

weapons of tactical purpose, just as grenades, pistols and assault rifles. Nevertheless, the highest effectivity of those terrible warriors, would always be accompanied by the use of their traditional weapons, for which there was no rival in the Tibet. Anyway, such a body never passed from the hundred effectives.

But much before that the Tibetan Legion was ready, Vruna gave birth in Berlin to a couple of beautiful puppies of daiva dogs, dying in the delivery. Another legion, this one of ϟϟ vets, was in charge under the most severe threats that the twins live. Nevertheless, our reserves, they grew without problems, and I baptized them as *Yum* and *Yab*. They responded well to the conventional training and even better to the employment of the Kilkor svadi, understanding and obeying my minor desires.

In September Germany invades Poland and begins the Second World War. On July 14 of the next year, 1940, the Third Reich troops enter Paris. Neither the Tibetan Legion, nor I, intervened in such actions because it was repeated to us in the Black Order that *«the only and real front of the Third Reich was in the East»*.

Contrarily, then, to our armies' movement, we were focused on planify the Asian operations, in everything similar to the First Key, in which I obtained my fire baptism. Finally, in August 1940, I received the order to execute the «Operation Second Key», which had the objective to reach the mount Elbuz, where according to the Indo-Aryan traditions, *the Aryans were born twice.* But it was not about going directly to the Caucasus, but to *strategically approach the daivas dogs to arrive at a Door situated in other dimensions.*

That time, I travelled from Germany with Oskar Feil, a *Haupsturmführer* called Caesar von Lossow, and the dogs Yum and Yab. In the plateau of Pamir, in the origins of the river Piandy, was waiting for us Karl von Grossen with the *Gebirsjäger*[60] of the Tibetan Legion, some fifty men in total. From there, we initiated one of those crazy peripli that the daivas dogs followed to go somewhere. I ignore what shortcuts they have taken, because, instead of crossing Tadzhikistan, Afghanistan, Turkmenistan, Iran, Armenia, and Georgia, and travel 3.000 kilometers, the dogs found Georgia at 500 km. of distance. Even if it is difficult to believe it, at 500 km. from the River Piandy we found Grozny, city situated at the feet of the mount Elbruz; of course, that the vicissitudes and adventures lived until then, and that I can't narrate now, consumed us for many months.

Inversely to what was in The Pitch, *in the mount Elbruz existed a Path towards Agartha, or Venus, which is the same.* The mission entrusted by Tarstein, and the Initiates of the Black Order consisted *of localising the Caucasian Door of Agartha and unite such place with the locality of Rastenburg, in the Oriental Prusia.* How? With the daivas dogs; ordering them in the Caucasus to reach Rastenburg, through a jump through the Space and Time. In this manner, according to the presumptions of Tarstein, the distance between Elbruz and Rastenburg would remain removed, or what is the same, the Door of Agartha «would remain» in Rastenburg.

[60] *Gebirsjäger*: High Mountain Detachment.

What importance had Rastenburg, to demand such operation? We didn't know then, because it was just asked to execute the plan before May of 1941, but since June 22, when the Third Reich begins the invasion of the Soviet Union, the General Barracks of the Führer would be installed in Rastenburg.

The key name of the Führer was *Wolf*, and for this reason, his center of operations of the East, the Throne from where he would oppose with the Power of the Spirit to the most tenebrous Potencies of Matter, would be recognized as *Führerhauptquartier Wolfsschanze*, it means, Wolf's Lair. It was located in the Prussian province of Königsberg, ancient town square of the Teutonic Order, in the midst of the forests that grow at the shores of the Guber, and there landed von Grossen, Oskar Feil, Bangi, SriVirya, and I, a day of May 1941: the rest of the legion remained camped in the mount Elbruz, at 2000 km. of distance.

Just as their parents in the Tibet, Yun and Yab had responded to the order to *fly* and they saved in an instant the established distance. Once in Rastenburg, we were dedicated to signalizing the right place from where the daivas dogs descended, because till there, wherever be the site, would be tended a railroad to park the Führer's wagon. We had strict orders to not move until not be localized by the troops of the ϟϟ that Himmler had separated and that was patrolling the region constantly. A platoon found us, and immediately an entire battalion occupied the zone in which, weeks later, the Wolfsschanze would be installed. It is worthy of remembering that in the same site, July 20, 1944, a group of Traitor generals, the same that supported Ernst Schaeffer, tried to assassinate the Führer with the installation of a bomb of high power at scarce meters from him. Of course, who not knows what the Causasian door of Rastenburg was, not understands yet how the Führer went out unhurt from the attempt.

When I returned finally to Berlin, in August 1941, was too late to bid farewell to Rudolf Hess: on May 10 my taufpate had flown to England to try to neutralize the Golem Strategy that had dominated the British High Command. His flight was concerted between members of the English Secret Society Golden Dawn and Initiates of the Thulegesellschaft, but just when he landed was captured by Druids due to the treason of the German Abrecht Haushofer and the British Duke of Hamilton and confined in a military prison. For the Synarchy, the peace between England and Germany and his alliance against the Soviet Union would have been a catastrophe, project that Rudolf Hess was authorized to negotiate. So he was uncommunicated during the years of war, and an alleged dementia was published while effectively, they were trying to destroy his psyche with drugs similar to those that Belicena Villca mentions. Analogously, to the case of Belicena Villca, as Rudolf was a Great Initiate, the Golems didn't achieve their purpose.

Yes, neffe, in August of 1941 had reached the moment to remember the words that Tarstein told me four years before: *«we all must wish that his opportunity never come, because when Parsifal begins his mission that will mean that King Arthur has been wounded… and that the Kingdom is terra gasta»*. Yes, Rudolf, the pure madman, as Parsifal, had left for Albion, England, the White Island that represents in some way to Chang Shambalah, the Abode of the Demons. Tars-

tein predicted that he knew that it was possible because he knew an esoteric meaning that explained the profound symbolism of the journey. That the diplomatic Abrecht Haushofer was a traitor, member of the group of the «Healthy forces of Germany», we already knew him since years ago by the reports that Heydrich had elaborated in the S.D. Abrecht was the son of Professor Karl Haushofer and a Jew named Martha Mayer-Doss. The Secret Society Golden Dawn, which in some moments at the beginnings of the century was related with the Einherjar and the Thulegesellschaft, fell in Druids' power after the plagiarism effectuated by the Priest Aleister Crowley, we also knew it. Thereby bad could take it unaware to Rudolf the result of his mission, but it had to exist more secret and profound reason to justify his sacrifice.

I asked it directly to Tarstein, but that time he avoided the direct clarification. He returned to speak to me in symbolic language, undoubtedly not affecting the Myth, to keep the Myth acting.

–See Kurt: –he signalized– the King Arthur, the Führer, can be betrayed by Ginebra-Germany and such dishonor leaves the Kingdom debilitated in front of the attack of the elemental beings, the hordes of Elementalwessen coming from the East. To prevent that the Kingdom be destroyed, King Arthur needs to count on the force of Grail. But the Grail is not present in the World of the asleep men since 700 years ago. What to do? As in Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Führer says:

> *«Man mac mich dâ in strîte sehen:*
> *der muoz mînhalp von iu geschehen»*[61]

And Parsifal goes to the Castle of Sigune, from where emerge the forces that animate the subhuman beings that threat the Kingdom. And there, as Joseph of Arimathea, the King Crudel captures and condemns him to 48 years of prison, like him as his Knights. But then, in prison, Joseph of Arimathea makes contact with the Grail, and this nourishes him spiritually the time that endures his confinement: and the elemental forces are then, until creating point stopped, because the Knight of the Grail, even imprisoned, possesses enough spiritual forces to transmit them to King Arthur and sustain him in his Regal Function. Someday, the Knight Joseph Arimathea will escape from his unfair imprisonment and be free with the Stone of the Grail, reading on it the Name of the Führer and restoring his sovereignty in the Kingdom. It will be in that moment when Frederick II, carrier of the Stone of Genghis Khan, meets with Dog Lord, the Prester John, the Lord of Catay or K'Taagar, i.e., the Lord of Agartha. Then the elemental forces will be definitively defeated on Earth.

I achieved to obtain from Tarstein nothing else than symbolic affirmations of this kind, which didn't help me understand the occult meaning of his mission, even if I intuited a lot. But I didn't see my taufpate again until 1940. Naturally, during the Judgement of Nuremberg in 1945/46, Rudolf was interrogated by the hypocrite allies' judges and, of course, he didn't say a word

[61] "It seems that I am the one who fights, but in truth it will be You who will do it for me."

about the Grail or King Arthur. Whereas he spoke a lot about the brainwashing and the treatments with drugs to which the English submitted them:

«As is logic, I thought continuously in what explanation could have the monstrous behavior of the people around me. I excluded the possibility that they were criminals, due to, socially, they caused a particularly good impression. And, on the other hand, their past also contradicted that imposition».

.....

«Then I thought in the idea that those persons had been hypnotized, although I ignored then that the possibility to produce a state of hypnotism so intense and durable existed. I manifested with honesty this suspicion to the commandant F., who, evidently took it as a funny joke. He said that he and all the rest who were around me were absolutely normal and that, for disgrace, I was the victim of autosuggestion.»

.....

«My headache continued endlessly. I insisted on feigning that I had lost the memory. I learnt from my mistakes. I supposed that I shouldn't recognize the persons that I had seen more than fourteen days before, even being medics who had been many years with me. It can be deducted from that what terrible poison they gave me, a poison for which there was no antidote…»

.....

«Soon, I didn't commit more mistakes. I passed through the tests such as the sudden apparition of people that I met before, and I feigned to not recognize them, although I was in a state of hypnotical dream. I had to be alert day and night. Finally, I had to be imprisoned to respond falsely to the questions, even in dreams, persisting in feigning the loss of memory.»

.....

«On April 19 of 1945, the Brigadier General Dr Rees came to see me again. He tried to convince me again that my conclusions as my sufferings were a mere consequence of my obsessive manias. I interrupted him - affirming that his words were worthless because *I knew what was happening*. Meanwhile, I had acquired new convictions that justified my suspicions. During the Boer Wars, the abominable atrocities that the English perpetrated in women and children in the concentration camps could also be attributed to *the secret chemical substance».*

«The Brigadier General Rees reflected some instants with sinister expression. Then, he stood up with a jump and left hurriedly, murmuring: 'You're very perspicacious; I wish you good luck'».

«I had been four years in prison now in company of lunatics and at the mercy of their tortures, without being capable to inform anyone about it, and unable to convince the Swiss envoy about the truth that was occurring, to not mention the incapacity to instruct the lunatics about their state. It was worse than to be in the hands of criminals, because they, at least, have a little reason in some obscure corner of their minds, some sentiment in some obscure corner of their hearts, and a little consciousness. With my lunatics, this remained absolutely discarded. But the worst were the medics, who employed their scientist knowledge for the most refined tortures. In reality, I lacked a

medic during those four years, who gave themselves such name had no other mission than to cause me suffering and, in any case, to aggravate them. Evenly, I remained all that time without medicines, because what they gave me under such name only served to the same finality and, otherwise, it was poison».

«Before my garden, the madmen or drugged walked from one place to another, with loaded fusils, madmen surrounded me in the house, when I went out for a walk I went preceded and followed by madmen, all with the uniform of the British Army, and we encountered with columns of inmates of a nearby madhouse who were sent to work. My companions manifested compassion to them, *and they didn't realize that they belonged to the same column*; that the Doctor who directed the Hospital and, at the same time, the madhouse, should have been the own patient for a long time. They didn't realize that they were worthy of compassion; they didn't warn it because they were, all of them, drugged or hypnotized. I felt compassion for them honestly; honest men were converted into criminals there».

«However, in what concerned this to the Jews? It concerned as little like the King of England and the British people *because the Jews were behind all*. If the simple probability had not been enough, I would have demonstrated what I'm going to relate.

They have given me a book written by a Jew about the treatment that he had suffered in Germany, as well as the reports of the British Consulates about the treatment dispensed to the Jews in Germany according to the description of the own Jews. The Doctor Dix said that my obsessive manias were consequences of remorse for the treatment of the Jews, that I was responsible, to what I replied that it had not been my competence to decide the treatment to be applied on the Jews. However, if that would have been thus, *I would have done all possible to protect my people from those criminals, and I'd have not felt remorse for that.* The Lieutenant A.C., of the Scottish Guards, who was with me for my protection in the King's name, once told me: 'You are being treated just as the Gestapo treats its political enemies'. The Doctor Dix and male nurse, Sergeant Everett, were present and assented with a smile. As they had set aside from the role that they had assigned because it was always affirmed that my suffering was imagined, the medic and the officer were relieved a little later».

«In my note of protest of September 5, 1941, I mentioned the expression utilized by the A.C., of the Scottish Guards, and I added that it was typical of the Jews to affirm that their enemies did what they did by themselves, without any motive given by the Jews, and charge to their enemies the crimes that in reality they accustomed to commit. The Hungarian Bishop Prohaska had discovered it already after the Bolshevik dominion of Hungary in 1919. He informed that, during that period, trucks loaded with mutilated bodies were guided to Budapest to the bridges over the Danube and its charge thrown to the river. They had nailed the bonnets of the priest to their heads with steel nails, boosted their nails and emptied their eyes; the joke of the moment was because they had to go to the afterlife with the eyes opened. All the responsible, with Béla Kun on the head, had been Jews. The World Press had been silenced or was in Hebrew hands. Nevertheless, when after the collapse of the Bolshevik government, some

of the guilty were judged, the same world press put the scream on heaven for the white terror in Hungary. It has always been the same, concluded Prohaska, when a population has had to fight against the Jews».

«I couldn't foresee then that the Jews, to achieve propaganda material against Germany, would arrive through the use of a secret chemical substance, *to induce the guards of the German concentration camps to treat the inmates as the OGPU*[62]. Every criminal act of that nature must be attributed to the use of secret drugs that the Jews employed inside Germany. At asking me for reasons of the crimes perpetrated against me, I suspect this: First, the British Government had been hypnotized to try to convert me in a lunatic, in order to present me as such if that was necessary if was reached to reproach them to have not accepted my attempt of an agreement with which England could have saved many sacrifices.

Second, the general inclination of the Jews or the non-Jews to whom they had induced to maltreat me and revenge on me for the fact that National Socialist Germany would have defended from the Jews. Third, vengeance against me because I had tried it – to put to War very soon that with so many words the Jews had initiated, with which they saw themselves unable to reach their bellicose objectives. Fourth, they had to prevent me the publication of the revelations contained in this report»[63].

.....

On these declarations of Rudolf Hess can be the secret truth about the famous "Holocaust of 6.000.000 Jews». It results remarkable, indeed, that the Chosen People members had been victims of a genocide typically Jewish, an extermination manner that, just as Belicena Villa demonstrates in her Letter, is the one that the Rabbis have been claiming since millenniums to be applied on the «Gentiles» or «Goyms». But Rudolf Hess exposed aright «that it was typical of the Jews to affirm that their enemies did what they did by themselves, without any motive given by the Jews, and charge to their enemies the crimes that in reality, they accustomed to commit». This attitude of the Jews is frequent, it is confirmed with hundreds of historical proofs, and explains the incredible accusation that the ϟϟ would have practiced on them a mini Fire Holocaust, projecting over the concentration camps the image of the Final Death with which they dream to destroy the spiritual Humanity, i.e., the non-Jewish.

In sum, neffe Arthur, only a mentality typically Jewish could have conceived such extermination mode, that never passed through Heinrich Himmler's

[62] Soviet Secret Police, whose leaders are invariably Jews of unparalleled cruelty.
[63] Fragments of the Rudolph Hess Report, read by him during the Nuremberg trial, 1946.

imagination neither, of course, of the Führer. And about the Germans who supposedly «confessed» to have perpetrated those crimes, apart from that exist many obvious explanations about why someone would declare against himself or against his homeland, it is clear that the real cause must be searched in the secret drugs that Druids know, whose main lair is constituted since millenniums precisely England. The own Rudolf Hess exposed it in 1945, as you have seen, at affirming that not only the witnesses had been drugged and hypnotized to declare against themselves but, in the case that some crime could have been truly committed in the German K.Z., that should be attributed to Drug's introduction before the fall of the Third Reich, with the objective to perturb the guards to obtain propagandistic ulterior incomes.

Finally, if I didn't see Rudolf Hess again after my return to Elbruz-Rastenburg instead, I received news of the damn Ernst Schaeffer: he had returned quietly, just as Tarstein predicted, and he was in occupied France. He was protected by the Admiral Canaris's Secret Service, the Abwehr, which was out from the jurisdiction of exterior S.D.

According to the reports that Walter Schellenberg disposed, it seemed very probable that his four followers accompanied him, although one of them *«had lost the sight in the Tibet»,* due to his eyes were exposed to *«an intense and unbeknownst source of Light».*

As is natural, I proposed immediately a covert an operation to execute him, as he as his accomplices, but I was discouraged by Tarstein, who sustained that the traitor was more valuable alive than dead: «being alive he will be able to communicate to the synarchic forces that with the Third Reich they have just one path: War», explained us Tarstein. The White Fraternity will support an alliance against Germany but only if after its total destruction the Universal Chosen People Synarchy is constituted. If this objective is fulfilled, Germany will be undoubtedly sacrificed, but that World Government will mean the End of History: Germany will reborn again, perhaps not as Nation, but its Spirit, its Führer, its God Wotan, will be supported by the Loyal Gods to the Spirit of Man, *and the Final Battle will have begun on Earth.*

Ernst Schaeffer returned converted in a Master of the White Hierarchy, it means, spiritually dead. His Initiation in the Tibet conferred him the recognition of numerous synarchic Secret Societies, as for example the English Freemasonry, which bestowed him the grade 33and the charge of President of the Great Eastern of the Accepted and Ancient Scottish Rite. The destruction of the Operation Altwesten was attributed in the documents to common accidents of this type of exploration and Schaeffer lived calm until after War: his relatives still live in Argentina.

That freedom that he enjoyed under the shelter of the resistance groups to the Führer permitted him, just as we had calculated it in the Black Order, the planning and realization of multiple attacks against me. No one knows for sure how many attacks were perpetrated against the Führer, but the ones that I suffered on those years don't were behind: poisonings, bombs, snipers, ambushes, sabotages in my team and permanent threats: or I abandoned the ϟϟ,

deserted, returned to Germany forever, moved away definitely from the sacred places for the Priests, *or there would be no place on Earth where I could hide from the inevitable Rabbinic vengeance.*

Of course, I didn't yield before the threats, and I fulfilled my orders until the end, neffe, even if those orders were not pleasant for me, like the last, what obeyed me to remain 35 years in Santa María de Catamarca.

Chapter XLI

I will not speak about the intermediary operations because this will be my last reference to those years' intense esoteric enterprises. I will just remind that in 1945 we were working in the South of Italy, in the region of Apulia, where is located the Octagonal Castle of the Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen, who governed from 1215 to 1244 and from whom Belicena Villca speaks extensively in her letter. Our mission was not related directly to the war, because little could be done to revert a more adverse situation each day that passed. On those days, Germany retreated in all the fronts; but in all the fronts, for first time in history, the same Jewish enemy could be signalized: Capitalists, Communists, Zionists, all the allied Nations, no matter what ideology, showed the same Hebrew faces, the real profile of the Synarchy.

And in middle of a colossal debacle, while Germany yielded before forces thousand times superior, forces that loomed united under Jehovah Satan' mask, we didn't work for Germany anymore, but to close the Doors of the Demons enemies of Germany, *but for the ᛋᛋ, for the Future of the ᛋᛋ*. In what consisted of our mission in the South of Italy? In something extraordinary: we had to search *the Stone of Genghis Khan.*

Yes; it is not about a delirium. Konrad Tarstein disposed of specific and ancient information that assured that in 1221 Genghis Khan sent Frederick II, to his court in Sicily, a Stone coming from Agartha, in which was engraved a threefold covenant to establish the Universal Empire; the three parts would be: Genghis Khan, Emperor of Asia; Frederick II, Emperor of Occident; and the Loyal Gods of Agartha, by the Underground Forces of Earth.

Before his demise, in 1244, Frederick constructed such Octagonal Castle and occulted the Stone forever. Now, Konrad Tarstein explained to us that the Castle, in its construction, occulted the key to localize the Stone, which would not be very far from the square. Effectively, at 800 meters away, under a smooth slope covered with grass, the daivas dogs tracked a crypt of stone that contained a coffer of Queen Constance, and the yearned Stone of Genghis Khan, engraved in Vigur and Germanic characters.

It was not easy to find it; we had to realize deep diggings and trigonometric measurements with the odolites. The measures were made a posteriori, trying to discover the key of the construction by strategic opposition that permitted to *protect* a valuable object, placing it *outside of the walls.*

There was no time to complete the measures because from April 5 of 1945 had started the allied invasion of Italy. We went retreating then towards the North, but we realized the magnitude of the disaster at each step. The war was lost for Germany, and it would not delay its ending. We decided to separate us. Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil, under protest, would remain hidden in a Franciscan Monastery whose prior was sympathizer of Germany and the Arab cause: both had to change the ϟϟ black uniform the dun *seraphic* cassock. At their care would also remain the daivas dogs.

While our Comrades remained in the Monastery of Naples, the Tibetan Legion undertook a journey to Berlin. We were Bangi, SriVirya, fifty commandos and me. After multiple confrontations with the communist partisans that infested the paths, we arrived at Verona, whence started many paths that overpassed the Alps. We took the ones of Bolzano, which guided us one day later to directly to Berchtesgaden.

On April 25, the ϟϟ commandant of Berchtesgaden received a telegram from Bormann in which was ordered to stop Marshal Goering. When we arrived, there was no one to attend to us or give information. Then we went to the Obersalzberg, but before arriving, the Destiny, that tragic Destiny that always followed me, decided to represent its better show: 318 Lancaster bombers arrived first and started to discharge tons of bombs over the pacific Alpine village. Paralyzed with pain, affected by the lacerating nostalgia, I think screaming with impotence; I saw Rudolf Hess's house and another contiguous flying into thousand pieces. Such a house where 12 years before I arrived with my father to visit the Stellvertrerer of the Führer and request his help to guide my career! There Dad had entrusted him the medal of the Ophites. What happened to it? Perhaps Ilse had it, his and mine…

How many memories!

Damn English, damn Yankees, damn Russians, damn Jewish Synarchy! What necessity was to destroy that village of Oberzalsberg? Perhaps suppress a symbol? But to the symbols, it is only possible to break their form and break their appearance because the content is metaphysical, transcendental, and never reached by a Lancaster bomb.

Finally, without being able to contain the tears, I observed the steaming ruins of the Beghof, the General Barracks of the Führer, empty in that moment because, as the allies knew well, the Führer was in the Bunker of Berlin, and rests of the houses of Bormann and Goering, and of many dwellers that had nothing in common with the Nazism and the Third Reich. Were turned to Berchtesgaden and we achieved the next day to transport to Munich. There I interviewed General Koller who informed me of Berlin's disastrous situation: the Russians had reached the shores of Elba, and Eisenhower stopped the American Army near Torgau, with the confessed purpose that the Slavic hordes raze berlin. «That was, the damn Jew justified himself, what have been agreed in Yalta».

Thus, Berlin was situated by the Russians, being almost impossible to enter or leave by land. Because the Tibetan Legion will enter Berlin! –I affirmed with determination.»

–It would not be necessary for you to run such risk, *Brigadienführe*r von Übermann: orders have just arrived for you, that command you to go to Plauen. The *Reichsführer* Himmler wants to see you there in person. How knew the *Reichsführer* that we would meet in Munich? There was just one answer: the officer S.D. of *Berchestsgaden* had informed about our pass. I accursed for, and I inquired to Koller.

–There is a telephonic line with the *Reichsführer*?

–Only in case of extreme urgency.

–Well, it is, my General. It is an emergency.

–Well, *Brigadienführer*. I come to the radio that I've authorized the call. I sighed relieved: It was necessary to confirm my suspicions before leaving!

–The *Brigadienführer* Kurt von Übermann speaks my *Reichsführer*–I saluted, through the inaudible line.

–Kurt! How glad I am to know from you in this moment! I congratulate you for arriving in Munich. Just in time! I could not be expected less from you. Well, Brigadienführer von Übermann; listen to me well: *things have changed here in Germany, and now I am in charge of Operation Frederick II. Thus, you must come as soon as possible and bring me the Relic of the King. Come by plane.* See you soon. Pass me with General Koller to give him the necessary instructions.

See you soon, my *Reichsführer*! –I said goodbye, plunged into blackest of the apprehensions.

I reunited with Bangi and SriVirya. Fortunately, there were no available plains at that moment.

What would I do? It was evident that Himmler was planning to seize from the Stone of Genghis Khan to use it with some personal purpose. But the Stone of Agartha didn't belong to him but the ϟϟ Black Order, to the Thulegesellschaft, to Germany. For me, the *Reichsführer* deserved the best of the concepts, a Hyperborean Initiate loyal to the Führer and our flags: if the fall of Germany had transformed him that would be comprehensible. But in the Black Order would never forgive me if I lost an object that Frederick II Hohenstaufen protected for more than 700 hundred years.

–Comrades, I have a problem –I entrusted to the Leaders of the Tibetan Legion–. With security, I will be in the necessity to disobey an order of the *Reichsführer*, and I don't want you to be involved. I've thought to transfer you to the local Commandant of the ϟϟ, and continue the Berlin alone journey. I have to give the coffer that we found in Apulia to the Initiates of the Black Order, who are also members of the Thulegesellschaft, and for this, I must go to Berlin; on the contrary, the *Reichsführer* pretends to receive the Relic only him, in the city of Plauen.

–And how will you go to Berlin, Shivatulku?

–Well, by land, because by air is impossible. I will feign to go to Plauen, but then I will deviate to the North, and I will try in some way to cross the Russian fence.

–Then we will follow you to Berlin. Think it well: We will be useful to realize the prowess that you plan. And on the other hand. What matters the charges of disobedience to us, even if they mean Death? We have lived too much, and Death doesn't terrify us at all!

The words of the Gurkha brought me to reality. Undoubtedly those days signalized the end of the Third Reich. And very probable would represent our own end. Yes; all was ending, and perhaps we too. Now or later, we would have to risk our lives against a crowd of foes. Russian, English, Yankee, French, who, for Wotan, who would take our lives? To leave the Tibetan Legion in Munich only meant to prolong their lives one or two days more: that was the reality.

I decided on the act. We had to act before General Koller took a plane.

I reunited everyone in a fairy garden, and I said to them:

–Tibetan Legion! In a few minutes, we are going to enter operations. Our objective is to reach Berlin, and we need to prepare for the act. *But we cannot request those preparations officially.* Therefore, we will seize them.

Overall, we must seize from the two-gun trucks, with extra gums and enough ammunition. Bangi and fifteen men will be in charge of it, trying not to cause casualties in no side, which are Germany's same side. Capture and gag to whom you have to steal, and maintain them hidden in the trucks because we will release them before leaving. You have ten minutes to execute the mission and park in front of the deposit of the quartermaster.

SriVirya and 20 men will assault the deposit, taking only the indispensable for a travel of600 km. and 50 effectives: grenades, fusils, ammunitions and victuals. Immobilize everyone and, when the trucks arrive, you charge everything and join us in the edifice of the rooms, next to the casino. You must be there in fifteen minutes! –I ordered.

The fifteen Tibetans and I would dedicate to pick up our equipment and clothes and heap everything in the barrack door. The first group had done four prisoners. The major grade was a *Schartführer*: I gave him the letter directed to General Koller. On it, I apologized for the outrage, and I informed him that *«I could not obey the order of the Reichsführer Himmler because this contradicted the previous order that obeyed me to go to Berlin. The author of the first order was a Leader of the Secret Service who was only authorized to mention his key name: Unicornis».*

I begged to communicate this message textual to the *Reichsführer*, and I bade farewell amiably to General Koller. I not expected that Koller forgive me for have ridiculed his men, but I had faith in that Himmler would leave everything as it was, before facing *the occult minds of the Third Reich*. We released then the disconcerted soldiers in Munich's Northern entrance, reiterating them to transmit as soon as possible that letter to General Koller.

My calculations were right; Himmler didn't do anything after receiving the laconic message. We even crossed with the ϟϟ troops coming from the Russian front to whom none warning had been made regarding us.

It was April 28 and I think it was the last day in which existed a minimum possibility to arrive in Berlin by the highway. Our route was as to be marching by the edge of the synarchic Dragon's Tooth: all were enemy vanguards along

the way; first, the French vanguards and Yankee that advanced from the West, and then the Russian vanguards coming from the East, that collided with the Yankee columns at the shores of Elba. Munich would fall in the hands of the Frank-Yankee on April 30, it means, two days after we left.

Anyhow, and sustaining periodic struggles against Russians and Yankees, we arrived to Potsdam at dusk. Impossible to cross the Russian lines in two German trucks and with a ϟϟ legion. Two more hours took us to localize an appropriated Russian campsite to obtain the indispensable camouflage: some 60 Russian infantry soldiers were sleeping in a row of tents, guarded by four sentinels. All died by cold steel, most of them beheaded, because no one wanted to spoil the costume. Nevertheless, no legionary wanted to remove their ϟϟ uniform and had to use Russian clothing on it, often helping to make it fit with generous knife's smites.

Dressed in that manner, we marched more or less open towards the Spree. Following its shore, we encountered the bridge Veindendammer, which was covered by the children of the Hitler's Youth of Arthur Axmann. Ten minutes costed me to convince an *Oberstrumführer* of 12 years old that we constituted a ϟϟ legion of the and that he must let us pass. Finally, we crossed it, and all took the Russian clothes off right there, except for me because I had to continue much more.

Because we had decided to separate each other, this time, definitively. The Tibetan Legion belonged to the Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler. The ϟϟ Body was responsible for the personal guard of the Führer, and the most logic would be that such body would go to the bunker to contribute to its defense. Berlin offered a catastrophic aspect: entire blocks demolished by the air bombers and the Russian cannonade, the streets covered with debris, flashes of different fires were added to the twilight of the dawn of that fatidical 29 of April of 1945. We marched in silence through many blocks until the Fredrichstrasse, or what remained of it. The idea was to follow such way until the height of the subway train station and then descend and transit underground; it was impossible to realize that simple plan because in the street of the Fredrich a terrible tank battle was being waged. Then we tried, to reach the highway of the Wilhelmstrasse when the Fortune, so elusive until then, came in our help.

In fact, through the transversal street we took, a column of tanks started to move towards us. An ϟϟ *Oberführer* was in command named Otto Meyer, whom we knew because on Grossen achieved three years ago, he dictates us a conference of armored cavalry: he was a young officer of legendary courage and great professionalism for the conduction of motorized troops. He had fought in France and Russia and surviving, apart from causing great casualties to the enemy. After my first mission, Rudolf alluded to that I would be one of the youngest *Oberführer* of the German Army, included without doubts Otto Meyer in his plural concept. Now he had been convened for the Battle of Berlin, the last one, and he would die surely.

He stopped his panzer and went out through the tower: –Kurt von Sübermann and the Tibetan Legion! Hahaha. I'd have never expected to find you here, *secret agent*! Where the hell you think you're going?

–Otto Meyer! –I screamed moved–. I never imagined seeing you again neither. Oh, Otto: this is the den of the Führer. They must go to the Chancellery!

–But if they are a few blocks! Don't worry, they will. Tell them to march protected by the panzers, and I will leave them in the own door. And you come to the cabin; I want to speak with someone who is not mad yet, as everyone in this city.

Fifteen minutes later the five panzers stopped in front of the Chancellery, which almost did not exist, except for the underground bunkers; the Tibetan Legion was formed in the garden. The astonishment of the *Brigadienführer* Mohke, ϟϟ commandant of the Chancellery, had no limits, at contemplating that troop of Asian faces.

–The Tibetan Legion, the special formation of the *1st* ϟϟ *Panzer Division Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler*, is present to take the guard of in the bunkerführer!

–Heil Hitler, my *Brigaidenführer*! –I presented and saluted screaming.

That reinforcement resulted suspicious to Monhke, from which he had none new, and he thought in possible desertion of the front, but he got calm when I proved to him that our destiny was Italy, from where we logically had to retire, and I communicated him that Himmler was informed about our march to Berlin.

–Now, if I can, I must complete the mission that the Secret Service entrusted us, –I requested.

–For me, you comply with your duty, *Brigadienführer*. Here there is nothing else to do– affirmed with a lugubrious tone.

It was 10 in the morning. When they said to Otto Meyer that the Führer was resting, I heard that he could receive him. The heroic Meyer had tried to see the Führer before undertaking a trail from which he perhaps would never return. I made him signals to wait for me, and I said goodbye forever to Bangi, SriVirya, and the fifty warrior lopas of the Tibetan Legion. Why describe what that farewell was? It is enough to add that even 35 years later, I see them clearly in the garden of the Chancellery in ruins, lifting the arm to salute me militarily, and I hear the voice of the Gurkha saying «Goodbye Shivatulku! Don't suffer for us, which soon we will meet in another war, fighting beside the Gods!».

–The Gregorstrasse? –Repeated Meyer, in an interrogatory tone–. But that is in the Gipfelstadt[64]: they must cross the Door of Brandenburg and cross the Thirgarten[65]. Look Kurt, since some days ago the Russians are trying to occupy the Thriergarten, but they have not achieved to break our anti-tank batteries. Therefore, they have mounted their own batteries too. Conclusion: no one can pass because a hell of the crossed fire has been formed. But don't be hopeful: you could not arrive walking either because we have mined all Zoological fields and paths.

I looked at him desolated, and this took him out another of his habitual bursts of laughter.

[64] *Gipfelstadt*: Summit neighborhood.
[65] *Thirgarten*: Berlin Zoological Garden.

–Calm Kurt, calm, that it is not all lost. Even if the panzers cannot pass, that doesn't mean that *nothing can* pass. Have you heard about the Kamikaze? –he asked, always joking.

–Yes: they are Japanese suicidal.

–Well, my dear Comrade! If you dare to be a *kamikaze motorcyclist*, we may make you cross the Gipfelstadt!

I began to understand.

–The plans are elemental; it just needs a kamikaze to carry it out –he said, smiling.

I assented, making him understand that I would perform the role of suicidal pilot.

–Well then there is nothing more to talk about. You take a convoy motorcycle, that now are completely useless, and you throw down the avenue, cross the Door of Brandenburg, and intern in the Thiergarted; with luck, you will be in the Gregorstrasse in ten minutes. But, you must take the Thiergarten at full pelt, more than a hundred km. per hour, to not allow that the Russian can try aiming. Meanwhile, we will entertain them with fire at will. Are you agree?

–Absolutely agree. The plan is suicidal in reality, but the only that gives me a chance, –I accepted.

You have done well conserving that Russian suit: It can be useful later because there are no Germans but Russians where you are going. And you speak the language of subhumans. Don't you?

I assented with a gesture. I didn't want to talk anymore, neither of jokes; I just wanted to start the suicidal adventure. I comprehended that I was risking all or nothing, and I just wanted to begin.

Otto Meyer understood it thus, but he didn't stop making jokes.

–Goodbye Comrade –He said smiling–, the next time we see each other you will take me to make a ride in the sidecar. Hahaha.

–And you in your carousel panzer. Hahaha.

Finally, we both laughed and bade farewell forever too.

Chapter XLII

I crossed the main avenue of the Thiergarten lying on a meteorite that ran at more than a hundred kilometers per hour, eluding with instantaneous reflects thousands of potholes of what seemed a moonscape. The German batteries, alerted by Otto Meyer, opened the fire simulating to hit me, which disconcerted the Russians and took them to concentrate the fire against them, permitting me to move away.

Ten minutes later, I entered the Gilpfestadt, and I circulated at regular speed through the Gergorstrasse. I stopped in front of the 239, but I took off

my goggles, and I observed both sides of the street: not a soul. But the most curious was that contrarily to the rest of the blocks, that had suffered the demolisher attack of the bombers, the one that contained the house of Konrad Tarstein was intact as if War would not have passed there.

Once again, as a thousand times repeated Rite, I knocked the moldy shackle that turned in the bronze fist.

–Yes? –I heard the startling voice of Tarstein through some aperture of the old door.

–I am Kurt von Sübermann; it means, Lupus, I am Lupus, Comrade Unicornis.

The door was opened and Tarstein, with extreme serenity, repeated once again.

–Come in; I was waiting for you. There are 16 hrs. Just in time for a cup of tea. It doesn't affect you to forward one hour in the English horary? –He inquired with irony.

–No, no. Tea will be ok. You don't know what I have to pass to arrive here: literally, I crossed a comb of heavy ammunition. In those instants I didn't know if I would arrive here; neither what I was going to find here. You will imagine my surprise at verifying that you have not moved aside from your habitual customs.

–My estimated Lupus, it is not good for the health that an older man like me be changing at this point his mode of life –He explained with renewed irony–. Come, let's go to the kitchen and take that tea, and forget for a long time what happens outside. Leave everything on that couch, except the saddlebag that contains the Stone of Genghis Khan. You have come for it. Don't you? You have risked your life one and a thousand times to comply with the Black Order: you are admirable Kurt von Sübermann, a Knight worthy of the Führer, and an Initiate worthy of the Gods.

As many times, I entered the modern kitchen and seated before a small table covered with a fine tablecloth of white linen. Tarstein prepared the infusion in a teapot of porcelain of Shanghai and filled it with tea of the same provenance. While I savored it, more tranquil, I observed Tarstein examining the Stone of Genghis Khan. He seemed shocked, something unusual on him. Finally, he asked:

–Do you know what this is? The proof that Humanity has a chance, the concrete testimony that the Gods of the Spirit came to treat with the Great Initiates trying to make real the Universal Empire. If they had triumphed in the XIII century, History of Humanity would be quite different, and the Enemy would not have had the chance to construct the Universal Synarchy in the XIV century: for example, it would not have been necessary that Philip the Fair dissolve the Templars between 1307 and 1314 because Frederick II would have had to liquidate them, willingly, in 1227. And you know why that did not happen? Because this Stone that you have brought was lost during seven crucial years, from 1221 to 1228. In reality, it was not lost, but it was concealed by the imperial plans' design.

Alas, Lupus: if this Stone would have arrived at the time at the hands of Emperor Frederick II, perhaps my own family, House Tharsis, would not have been exterminated in 1268!

I, naturally, neffe, understood very little of this. Just now, after reading the Letter of Belicena Villca, the words of Tarstein acquire its real and dramatic meaning. At that moment, Konrad Tarstein had noticed the bewilderment in my face because he procured to clarify with other words the sense of that incredible Relic.

–Do you remember History of the Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen? – He asked energetically.

–Yes. It means: I remember some relevant facts –I replied hesitating.

–Well. This fact is truly relevant. Do you remember what happened with his Crusader vow?

–Oh, yes! –I affirmed, pleased for not being totally ignorant–. I think that Frederick II was crowned in Aachen, in 1214, and there he made the fatal vow to Innocent III to undertake a Crusade to Holy Land. By diverse motives, he didn't comply with this promise until 1228, which cost him innumerable complications with the Popes, resulting in ex-communications and wars.

–The dates are not correct, Lupus. What you don't know with exactitude, because it has remained in secrecy until now and was just the dominion of some Secret Societies, is the *real motive* for which Frederick II delayed his journey to Palestine. *And that motive is this: the Stone of Genghis Kahn.* Frederick II was awaiting since 1221 the arrival of a Mongol Imitate that would be a carrier of a written pact between the East Emperor and the West Emperor. Such Initiate never arrived in Sicily, and the reason was that he was murdered in Frank Syria by order of the Catholic Druids. When Frederick II finally decided to travel to the Middle East, he did it to rescue the Stone of Genghis Kahn, which in the power of the Lord of Beirut. But it was too late to consummate the metaphysical pact, to submit the Order of the World to the Universal Empire: Genghis Kahn had died in 1227 and his successors, which were not Initiates, fell rapidly in the hands of the Priest of the White Fraternity.

It is worthy of knowing history with all its details, because now, 700 years later, the possibility to raise the Universal Empire is present again. And as then, the real struggle is settled in the level of the Great Initiates and the High Doctrines: the Universal Empire against the Universal Synarchy; the Hyperborean Wisdom against the Judaic Culture; the pact of the Führer with the Loyal Gods of Agartha against the pact of the fistful of men, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, De Gaulle, etc., with the Traitor Gods of Chang Shambhala. The enormous massacres of the combatant masses impressed but lack importance, always lack of importance, in front of the confrontation of the Initiates and Gods. This Stone that you have found in the Castle of Frederick II was the pact between the Emperors with the Gods of Agartha that was going to possibilities the Universal Empire's realization in the XII century. Frederick II ordered to be concealed by Hyperborean Initiates, experts in the Lytic Cons-

truction, with the motto that the future Universal Emperor only find it. This Stone, as you will comprehend, belongs to the Führer.

–Then I had to give it to him in person when I passed through the bunker some hours ago –I reflected foolishly.

–No, Lupus! This Stone will be given to the Führer in the Antarctic Oasis where he is now. The Führer of the bunker may be dead at this point.

–I don't understand –I confessed, even knowing that my words would irritate Konrad Tarstein.

–Well, you should comprehend! –He claimed with foreseeable anger– Finally, you are a *Tulku* too! The Tulkus, my estimated Lupus, possess many bodies. And no one knows how many nor where. As they told him correctly in the Tibet, in the Third Reich, the strange phenomenon that exists many «Incarnated Gods»; *Many Tulkus*, Kurt von Sübermann.

The Führer is a Tulku, and it is not strange that he dies in Berlin and, simultaneously, lives in Antarctica. That Führer, powerful and strong as he was at the twenty-five or thirty years old, we will give him the Stone of the Blood Pact with Agartha. He was stronger than me, and I had to inquire:

–But, was the Führer conscious that he possessed that extraordinary capacity?

–You «Shivatulku». Do you know where are happening your others, necessary, existences?

–Certainly not.

–Well, there is the answer that you search. If you so early, are incapable of responding. How do you want me to know the process of a Tulku?

However, I will give you an idea –He conceded–. Thus is how I imagine the process of Tulkus: an especial case of *metamorphosis*. Let's establish a relation of analogy between Tulkus and lepidopteran insects, and let suppose that *all Life of a Tulku exemplar, just as the Führer, You or Rudolf Hess, is analogous to the lepidopteran butterfly.*

Let's also guess that exist a set of twin larvae that, by a particular law of the Tulkus, remain in a latent life while the butterfly develops its active life. And, at last, let's guess that the Tulkus' special laws determine that when a butterfly dies, automatically one of those larvae retakes the process of metamorphosis and becomes a chrysalis, generating a new active life and a new reality. Of course, because the larval life is latent life, and the active life, of the butterflies and the Tulkus, is *real life: the reality of Life that corresponds then, to the butterflies-Tulkus; the larvae-Tulkus live in the same plane of non-real existence, but possible: such existence is not of the same grade of those that the butterflies-Tulkus demonstrate. If a butterfly-Tulku dies, or if a law of the Tulkus demands the existence of two or more butterflies-Tulkus acts, a larvae-Tulku will transform in real.* But, my estimated Lupus, who knows the laws of the Tulkus? Who knows how many Tulku-men can exist in larval state? A commoner can take just one decision to realize in a determined space and time: if the alternatives are two must be said without doubts «I am going to do this» or «I am going to do that». The Tulku, on the contrary, *can opt to realize both possibilities, even if he needs for that, logically, two simultaneous realities.* The

Tulku can, for example, say *«I am going to stay in Berlin, and I am going to die there if the Third Reich loses War»* and also say *«I am going to retire myself to the Antarctic Oasis, with the ϟϟ Elite, to prepare the Final Battle against the Universal Synarchy», and comply both statements.* It would be impossible for a common person to realize both sentences, but for a Führer tulku that is perfectly possible.

Naturally, Lupus, that the two or three realities of the Tulku *will only coincide in the own Tulku, in the context that confers him meaning and that he means.* Out of the Tulku, the living Tulkus's realities may not coincide, the Time contract or expand, dislocate, contradict History. What is in the reality of a living Tulku, it means, of a real Tulku, exemplar, of a butterfly-Tulku, beyond the Tulku, *may not be in reality another real Tulku but different from the first; or, inversely, it can be amply on its context.* I clarify you this to warn you that, from now on, t*he followers of the Hyperborean Wisdom must define to what reality they refer: the dead Führer in the Chancellery-Bunker of Berlin or the reality of the living Führer, always young in his Magical Refugee, where he awaits the historical times of the Final Battle.* And I anticipate you that those who chose to live in the first reality; will be considered traitors, no matter how «National Socialist» or «Nazis» they proclaim to be.

With brilliant eyes, Konrad Tarstein stopped for a second to serve more tea.

–Rudolf Hess…?

–Yes, Rudolf Hess is also a Tulku, and for this reason, now he is with the Führer, in the Secret Refugee: just as you know him; he has not changed at all. And because he is a Tulku, he can be with the Führer and, also, *be a prisoner of the English.*

But let's forget the Tulkus for the moment and retake the Stone of Genghis Kahn. I said to you before that it's worthy of knowing History with all its details. You have found it, and you deserve better than anyone to know that history, although this is not the best occasion to relate it. Anywise I will resume it to you; pay attention:

In Mongolia, in the Gobi Desert, there's a place that the Hyperborean Wisdom denominates «*The Door Tar*», which communicates directly with the Kingdom of Agartha. In the Age of Genghis Khan and Frederick II, the Loyal Siddhas had approved a plan of the Hyperborean Initiates, known as *Tyr Strategy,* destined to found the Universal Empire on Earth. The Chosen One in Orient was the Prince Temujin, who received the jewel of the Hyperborean Initiation by some Siddhas coming from the Door Tar. Remember that the Father of Temujin, Yesügei, had died poisoned by the Tatars when the young Prince was only nine years old. From then until his adulthood, he lived miserably with his mother and brothers in the deserted lands of the High Onon. As all the Great Chosen Ones of History is during that period that the Siddhas instruct and Initiate him.

According to the local tradition, the Great Ancestors of the Mongols were the Grey Wolf and the Tawny Roe, which means that his Ancestors were not human, or what is the same, they were Gods. In the sacred cavern of Erkene Qon, the Grey Wolf married with the Tawny Roe, who proceeded from the

lake Baikal's environs. Then, the original couple moved to the sacred mountain Burgan Qaldun, the actual Kentei, the ancient abode of *Kôk Kev*, God of the Infinite.

If their great Ancestors were Gods, their closer relatives had not been less powerful: his grandfather was Kabul Khan[66], the first organizer of the Mongolian tribes and military conqueror; and his father, Yeügei had taken the soubriquet of Ba' atur, it means, «the Brave».

His mother Hö'elun, brought him to the world in «the year of the pig» of 1167, that is 27 more than Frederick II, born in 1194.

His *Purity of Blood* was so elevated that he became worthy of *representing* the Origin's Sign, the highest Hyperborean distinction of the XIII century after the Grail, which was entrusted to the Occitan Cathars. For this reason when a Diet of Mongol Leaders and Kings gathered in 1206 in Karakorum, and elected him «Khan», Temujin exhibited with pride the sign that had given him the triumph over his enemies and permitted him to fulfil the unity of his Race: that sign, which he held in his ring and pennant, was the *leftwards swastika,* the same that seven hundred years later would be displayed in the glorious feats by another Hyperborean people, but this time of White Race.

To Genghis Khan was entrusted a historical mission that he knew to fulfil in all its aspects, so it is not possible to reproach him anything for the failure of the Strategy Tyr. On the contrary, this failure is almost exclusively to the excellent counteroffensive unleashed in Occident by the enemy forces, which operated infiltrated in the Catholic Church.

That historical mission consisted in to found the Great Mongol Kingdom in the East, which included the North and Center of Asia completely, *simultaneously* with the rise of the Great White Kingdom in the West.

When the foundation of these Kingdoms be consummated, then would reach the moment to seal with a pact the Universal Empire creation, in which the Mongols would be subordinated to an authentic King of the White World. The yellow masses would reserve the right to advance towards the West and the white Elites, less numerous but more culturally capacitated, would march towards the East. In Mongolia, the Crown of Earth, there would flourish a Hyperborean civilization never seen before since the days of Atlantis. These were, in few words, the proposed objectives of the Strategy Tyr.

I'll show you now, Lupus, how Genghis Khan complies with his part in the Strategy Tyr.

[66] *Khan*: of la'an: emperor.

In 1206 gathers all the Mongol tribes and initiates China's conquest and, in 1215, with the take of Pekin, reaches the oriental limit of Asia. Thenceforth, it only misses making contact with the «King of the West». But who is this King? How recognize him if, towards the West, far of the unity is warned a confused feudal organization? I remember, Lupus, that according to the Hyperborean Wisdom, *the Kaly Yuga effects are not of the same intensity in all the geographic points.*

On the contrary, there is a *Route of the Kâly Yuga* that runs in a spiral the spherical surface of Earth and over which the Kâly Yuga is «more intense» or more actual. Such zone is swiveling and, in the region that we are considering, swiveling «from East to West», it means, that the effects of the Kaly Yuga are more intense towards the West than to the East: *to the East increases the «spirituality» and to West increases the «materialism» of the Kâly Yuga.* Attending to these principles is that the Door of Tar, in the Gobi Desert, is also denominated «Center of minor intensity of the Kaly Yuga».

To be situated in the dilemma of Genghis Khan it must be considered that the «King of the West» should be «Great» for the Spirit's power, as was also Temujin, and reflect about the difficulties that imply to *look* from the East of Asia to the West of Occident. Genghis Khan, «*towards the West*», only «*saw*» spiritual darkness… and Kingdoms. Many Kingdoms, but none «Great Kingdom». The – Kingdom of the Persians, which would fall soon, the Kingdom of the Byzantines Greeks, which barely resisted the Arab and Turk siege: a very little and weak Kingdom, with Kings without Initiative who were pleased to call themselves «Emperors». The Slavic Kingdoms of Russians and Polish, could not even dream of putting at the head of the West's populations and, on the contrary, they would be easy prey of Golden Horde. By identical motive, it must be noted Armenia, Georgia, Bulgaria, Hungary, etc.

The Germanic Kingdoms of Europe remained, undoubtedly the strongest, but in them, according to Genghis Khan's vision, Shadows were absolute. If there was the Great King, it would be precise to distinguish him for his external qualities, and for it, he should count with the adequate information. With this purpose, he guided to his presence to many travelers, merchants or religious, who were harshly interrogated, with few results. But from their narrations, he could know that really existed two great Christian Kingdoms, one Frank and another Roman-German. The Frank Kingdom was precisely the one that, since a century ago, carried out that absurd war against the Arabs, during which they had occupied Syria and Palestine.

Genghis Khan then thought that he should talk with the Frank King and the German King, but just one more doubt remained to clarify: both Kings called themselves «Christians» and servants of a Great Priest called «Pope». Could this Pope be the real King of the World? To make an opinion about Christianity and the sent to search for the Nestorian Priests of Armenia and some orthodox Greeks which were slaves in Pekin. He knew by them the history of Jesus Christ and knew that the Pope was not a warrior but a sheepherder that was not killed but sent to kill, and that he does not ride with his people during Wars but remained all his life insecure and far convents. And as

a grin of displeasure, Genghis Khan dismissed the Pope as a worthy spiritual authority to treat with.

Before 1220 Genghis Khan already knew that the Frank and the German from the two Kings was convenient for his plans to talk with some of them. He obtained such conviction at evaluating the religious information that one of his multiple esoteric confidents gave him.

But it is worthy to make an aclaration here: while Genghis Khan was alive three were the religions that surrounded him and to which he gave special attention: Nestorian Christianism, Persian Manichaeism, and fundamentally, Taoism[67]. He rejected Confucius's religion for reactionary and in Buddhism he recognized immediately a system based in the Kâlachakra of Chang Shambhala, against which his Hyperborean instructors warned him early.

It was a Manichean Priest who informed him one Day that «beyond the Kingdom of the Franks, in feuds of King Aragon, who is vassal of the German King, there is a powerful Manichean community to whom the Angels have given in custody a Glass of Stone which is not from this World». This new impressed Genghis Khan, as the knowledge that the King of the Franks' troops, with the Pope's blessing, were dedicated to exterminating those Manicheans of the West called «Cathars», that's to say, «Pure». An entire «Manichean route» permitted that such novelties arrive in Asia: from Languedoc to Italy, to the Cathar and Bogomils communities of Milan; from there to Bulgary, center of the Bogomil Manicheism; and, of the Balkans, Bogomil and Paulicianism missionaries carried the news to Armenia and Iran.

The Cathars sustained that Jehovah Satan had created the material world with the help of a court of Demons. They believed in a real God who was unknowable from the state of spiritual impurity that the incarnation meant; they also believed in a Christ of Light, to whom they called Lucibel, and in the Paraklito or Holy Spirit, an agent completely transcendent to the material sphere. Consequently, with these beliefs they refused the Old Testament of the Bible for considering that there was narrated the story of the creation of the world by Jehovah-Satan, a malignant Creator, and in which the Real God was not mentioned; the New Testament only accepted the Gospel of Juan and the Apocalypse. They opined that the Roman Church was the «Synagogue of Satan», a refugee for the Demons and his servants in which not a single ray of spiritual light shone.

Naturally, if the believers in such a clear doctrine were condemned to death by the Pope, and repressed until the annihilation by the Frank King's troops, there were no doubts that these last were, at the same time, followers of the Demiurge Jehovah Satan. But things were not «so clear» from Mongolia; indeed: it resulted suspicious that the Frank King Philip August not participated from the Cathar slaughter and, what was more striking, that the entire France would have been questioned between 1200 and 1213, by Innocent III

[67] Manichaeism, which had managed to spread to China in the 13th century, was respected by Genghis Khan but not by his successors who fiercely fought it until it disappeared; in the same way, Taoism was later persecuted.

due to the concubine that the King maintained with a mistress. Which of the Kings, the German or the Frank, was, at last, the ally that the Siddhas mentioned?

Seeing the West obscured by the darkness of the Kâly Yuga Genghis Khan decided to send three ambassador messengers, to Innocent III, to Philip August, and Frederick II, with the mission to initiate diplomatic relations and who were instructed to realize discrete quests destined to fulfil an alliance between the East and West. He did it to gain time, while other envoys travelled to the «center of minor intensity» to search for the yearned answers.

By 1220, Genghis Khan already knew that the pact should be celebrated with the German Kingdom. But such pact would not be political but spiritual and would be celebrated in many worlds at the same time; it required greater certainties than the mere human conviction: in 1221 the wise Taoist Chiu Chuchi returned, after two years, from the expedition of «the center of minor intensity». In the Mongol campsite, at the shores of golden River, the wise narrated to Genghis Khan his incredible adventure: he had been authorized by the Siddhas to visit the Kingdom of Agartha; guided by some mysterious Mongol Initiates they interned themselves hundreds of kilometers in the Gobi Desert up to a zone completely isolated and wasted where it seemed impossible the existence any vestige of vegetal or animal life; in such site, apparently in the midst of the desert, the monks decided to camp and, even if it seemed a suicide, the Chinese wise man didn't dare to contradict them; they stayed many days there, he lost the count of the total, until one night in which he was deeply asleep, trying to recover the forces that during the day the burning sun snatched him without mercy, he was abruptly awakened; without going out from the astonishment he was invited by the monks, who were accompanied by some terrible warriors of unknown provenance, to join them in the desert towards a determined direction; but they didn't perambulate too much due to very near from the campsite, in a place that on those days had observed many times a and in *which there could be nothing else than sand,* was clearly distinguished a whitish light that sprouted from the ground; was a clear night, with a moon that spilled torrents of silver light over the sinuous surface of the desert; however, and the wise man of Shantung repeated this many times, at a few steps of distance *the light that sprouted from the ground was a hundred times intense than the moon,* to the point that its blinding blaze avoided to distinguish what or whom produced it; hesitating he stopped in front of the light and just seconds later, when his eyes were accustomed, he could verify that a perfect rectangular contour was cut against the floor, where a heavy faience of stone had been moved; the light came from such aperture that guided directly to a descendant stair which echelons were lost rapidly from the sight in the depths of Earth.

Notwithstanding it he accepted the fantastic history of Genghis Khan because the Wiseman Chiu Chuchi deserved his total trust and, mainly, because *his mission had been successful*. He brought with him *a message of the Siddhas* and *a dweller of Agartha* accompanied him, to interpret such message before the Khan of the Mongols. According to Chiu Chuchi, after descending to the in-

credible depths by such trap of the desert, they arrived at a horizontal tunnel perfectly illuminated, and there they took «a train that travelled swiftly without wheels neither horses», which guided them in few minutes to the «City of Wotang, The Lord of War», where «even though being underground it is possible to see the sky and the stars». In Agartha «the Lord of War in person» received Chiu Chuchi to whom, he said, «I was waiting to give you *the magical formula that gives power over the peoples»*. Such formula, explained Wo-Tang, *was already known by Genghis Khan since his Hyperborean Initiation days.* The newness consisted now in the formula *«gifted with a new light, more intense, with the finality that it could be read even in the middle of the more impenetrable darkness».*

In sum: Wo-tang gave to Chiu Chuchi a Green Stone, like the jade, in which were carved two parallel columns of thirteen signs due to, explained Wo-Tang, as the Vigur Language, that Genghis Khan spoke, as the idiom of the Great King of West to whom the stone was destined, came from an ancient sacred language called «H», it means, *eta*. The Stone, consisted in the unique «pactio verborum[68]» because just by its lecture by each King, the Mongol and the one of the West, of the written formula, the metaphysical pact which did not include the body or the material goods but the Peoples' Spirit and that compromised in the Lord of War' strife and his army of Angels would remain sealed. Such pact was a thousand times more powerful and abiding with security than the weak and doubtful 'Humanity' alliances. To custody the Stone and assure that the formula would be pronounced with the adequate Ritual, one of the strange dwellers of Agartha, of Mongol features but of red skin, would accompany Chiu Chuchi to the campsite of Genghis Khan.

In 1221, when Genghis Khan pronounced the thirteen words in the precise order and moment, his part of the Tyr Strategy was definitely completed; since then, all would depend on the White Races of the West: if they were the pure enough, they would not doubt to follow a Universal Emperor of their lineage *once he would have pronounced the thirteen words,* which were also thirteen Runes. In the last year, in the Age in which Chiu Chuchi returned from Gobi Desert, some messengers of the Khan had gone towards the far Sicily to advance the German Emperor the future arrival of an Initiate, who would carry a message «from Another World». And during the next years, between 1222 and 1228, such envoy would be vainly awaited in Occident, which delayed in more than one opportunity the Crusade that the German Emperor had to undertake to Holy Land that motivated, at last, his ex-communication.

What had happened with the messenger and the Stone? For four years Frederick II awaited his arrival vainly, but the «Tartarus» had been swallowed by the ground. The excellent Berbers clairvoyants that the Emperor maintained in his court of Palermo announced to him many times that the envoy Khan «had been stopped in Holy Land», but Frederick II refused to give credit to such auguries, attributing them rather to antipathy that the Franks awakened in the Saracens. However, he took advantage of his recent widowhood, and in 1225 he married Isabel de Brienne, the daughter of Juan de Brienne, Frank

[68] *Pactio verborum*: agreed formula; terms of the agreement.

King of Jerusalem. Isabel contributed as dowry the Kingdom of Jerusalem, but Frederick II was not as interested in that crown as to know where the Stone of Genghis Khan was. He knew it thanks to his wife: his uncles, Juan and Felipe de Ibelin, encouraged by the papal legacy, had seized from the Messenger and his Message. But it was too late for the Tyr Strategy: Frederick II knew the truth just in 1227, the year of Genghis Khan's demise, and after threatening Isabel to repudiate her. Disposed to find the Stone he left to Holy Land not without being excommunicated by Pope Gregory IX. In that same year, the unfortunate Queen Isabel died giving birth, delivering King Conrad IV's future, the father of the wretch Conradin. Informed that Juan de Ibelín was in Cyprus, he took this island by assault with 800 Teutonic Knights, and he seized from his sons, Bailán and Balduino de Ibelín. Once in the campsite of the Emperor to parley, Frederick II requested him the devolution of the Stone and of the Messenger of Genghis Khan, to what Juan de Ibelín replied that the Mongol had died many years ago and that he had the Stone in his castle of Beirut, in Frank Palestine. In front of this, Frederick put the young Princes in the rack of torments and threatened with torture if the Stone was not restored to him in a minimum time, to what the Lord of Beirut acceded without conditions.

When he obtained the Stone, he knew the root of the plot. This had its origin in the Order of the Temple: the Great Master had assured to the Pope and many pious Frank Knights, which Frederick II was planning an alliance with the Mongols to submit the World under his will; the next step would be the destruction of the Catholic Church. Even if it was not completely false, that information was malicious and ill-disposed and achieved the searched effect to avoid that mentioned pact be fulfilled. But the plot had been developed six years before and had no arrangement anymore, after Genghis Khan's fall.

Thus, once defeated in what constituted his life's spiritual objective, Frederick II disembarked in Holy Land disposed to take vengeance in what was possible for him.

Paradoxically, such Emperor of the Christian Kings was facing a general revolt of the Frank Lords, fostered by the Templar and Hospital Orders. In turn, he enjoyed the high esteem of the Arabs. For years, indeed, Frederick II maintained correspondence with the Sultan of Egypt, Malikal-Kamil, who considered him «The Greatest Prince of Christianity» and a «Saint». In that opportunity he didn't hesitate to give him the three holy lands, Jerusalem, Belen and Nazareth, which were in his power; in 1229 was signed the treaty of Jaffa that confirmed such cession, *as long as the custody is in charge of the Teutonic Knights.*

But Frederick II was not satisfied humiliating in this mode the Franks: he wanted that the entire Sicily be in Teutonic power, and he employed every resource that he had at hand to achieve it, within them the promise realized with Sultans to share with Mohammedans the holy places; in fact, he permitted that in Jerusalem the Mosques remain open, as well for the rest cities that he recovered. In Jerusalem, he starred the most irritating event at taking the Crown

of the King, which was over the Holy Sepulcher, and crown by him-self, putting it upon his head before the presence of the Great Master and the Teutonic Order Hermann von Salza and hundreds of German and Sicilian Knights.

Not satisfied with this, he went to San Juan de Acre, Bastion of the Templars, and occupied it with his troops. In the King's palace, which he seized for being sovereign of Jerusalem, he did a great and invited numerous Leaders of the Saracen Army, during which he exhibited tens of Christian prostitutes rescued from the brothels of the Templars. This initiative unveiled the hypocrisy of the Frank Knights, who on one side proclaimed the chastity, and they even practiced the sodomy, and on the other, they exposed those baptized women to every kind of temptations and sins. So crude reality impressed even to the not very virtuous Saracens, and the Templars' prestige fell lower than ever.

Of course, with such denounces, the Emperor searched that the Templars lose their patience and offer an excuse to liberate them from the battle. And his tactic resulted because they tried to kill him and he responded by attacking the House of the Temple and the Castle «Chatel-Pélerin». And if not everyone was exterminated by the wraths of Frederick II, who expectedly would not delay calling the Arabs in his help, was because he received the stab in the back at knowing that his father in law Juan de Brienne was invading Sicily by the command of Pope Gregory IX and that his son Henry II, King of Germany, was betraying him supporting the Guelphs. That bad news obeyed him to come back to Sicily where, with very superior troops, he defeated the Pope and obeyed him to lift the ex-communication, marching then to Germany where he deposed Henry and replaced him by the little boy Conrad IV.

In the next years, he constructed the Castle of the King of the World by the Hyperborean Initiates and buried the Stone that you have localized now Lupus.

But have present that Frederick II was also a Tulku, something that everyone accepted in his time because the people never surrendered at his death and awaited «his return» for centuries.

And where did the Ghibellines believe that the Emperor had travelled? Well, nothing less than the Kingdom of Preste Juan, i.e., the Kingdom of Genghis Khan, the Great Emperor of Catay, K'Taagar or Agartha: the mythical Kingdom of Kattigara, which was situated «in China».

In the Age of Frederick II, the Great Khan was also the Great «Dog», that's to say, the Hound of the Lord, the Guardian of Heaven, the King of the Universal Empire «of the East», just as I mentioned many years ago, with the motive of the flight of Rudolf Hess to England. When Frederick II «left», after 1250, and especially during the Interregnum, hundreds of troubadours and minstrels sang couplets in which was narrated the journey of the Emperor to the Kingdom of Preste Juan, and tears and laments poured because both Kings didn't «encounter» each other at last, a fact that would bring the New Order of the Universal Empire consequently: «nevertheless, on the trovas was assured that, someday Frederick II, holding his Venus Stone, *lapist exilis*, would reunite with Genghis Khan to found the Universal Empire».

To end, I want to remind you that the alliance between the Roman-German Empire and the Mongol Empire was an open secret in the XIII century. However, later the synarchic obscurantism occulted the truth of the facts. But it is enough to refer to the proofs to know that truth: once Genghis Khan's demise was known in Occident, and the position of his successor, Oegodeï, it was not thought in anything else than to gestate another alliance, favorable for the synarchic plans this time. Behind this was, of course, the White Fraternity. In 1245 the Pope Innocent IV, who had taken shelter in Lyon, the City of Druids, fleeing from Frederick II, proclaimed a General Council to excommunicate and despoil him of the imperial investiture: it was the famous Council of Lyon, a sort of «Congress of Basel» of the period, that's to say, similar to one that the Rabbis sustained in 1897 and that the «The Protocols of the Elders of Zion», in which was discussed the faster way to end with the Swabia House and implant the Universal Synarchy. Well, no one associate the fact that in such Council, convened exclusively to treat the matter of Frederick II, the Pope Innocent IV proposed to send an embassy to the Mongol Emperor: of the Council of Lyon would emanate the directives followed by the Franciscan monk Jean de Plan Carpin and the friars Benedict of Poland and Stephen of Hungary, who in 1246 would arrive in Mongolia after crossing Russia. If the synarhic counter-alliance was not fulfilled then was because Oegodeï had died and Guyuk, his successor, did not convince the letter of the Pope at all, which his grand-father Genghis Khan advised it.

Later the Holy See would send Friar Ascelin with an identical mission to convince the Mongols about Goodness of the Synarchy, and the own St. Louis would send Knights to Mongolia, but only to request help against the Arabs. They were representatives of St. Louis, amongst others, André de Longjumeau and the friar Guillaume of Rubrouck. They left in 1253and arrived at Karakorum by the Route of the Black Sea, but they also failed because in that moment Mongka Khan was reigning, about whom Sartac, great-grandson of Genghis Khan and Nestorian Christian, had advised against the Pope of Rome.

Pope Nicholas IV, pressed by the Order of Preachers, sends the Dominican Ricold de Monte-Croix to Bagdad, who establishes a fructiferous treaty with the Mongols and achieved to find a Monastery in Marghah. As a result of this embassy emerges the Turkish Bishop Raban Coma's journey to Paris in the representation of the Mongol King of Persia, Argun. The grandson of St. Louis was reigning then in France, Philip the Fair, strong Ghibelline and supporter of the Universal Empire, and for this reason, the alliance had possibilities to flourish this time. Nevertheless, even though he maintained a permanent diplomatic connection with Mongolia, Philip the Fair didn't obtain to fulfil the project due to the fall of Acre in 1291, in the hands of the Mamluks of the Sultan Al-achraf. They would bring the Templars to Europe. Philip the Fair wanted to be Universal Emperor as Frederick II of Swabia, but this would possible only if he ended before with the power of the Templars and Popes; the terrible clashes that he sustained with Boniface VIII and the extremely complex task to dismantle the infrastructure of the Order of the Temple would maintain him occupied until his death. Perhaps the historical opportunity of

Frederick II was still present in Philip the Fair, but this lacked material time to be consolidated in Europe and join Asia's spiritual forces.

In sum, Lupus, all these prove that a great esoteric movement existed between Europe and Mongolia-China long before the publicized and feuilleton peripetia of the Venetian merchants' Polo in the XIV century. It was just a lucrative materialistic adventure, lacking any transcendental content, and undoubtedly, for this reason, it is located in the first place. It has been attempted by the habitual obscurantist methods to ignore what is not desired to accept as real, to deny or not respond to the disquieting matter of the military might of the Mongols: his superior tactic, at annihilating the medieval formations invariably, it is undeniable, but it has caused a collective trauma in the Europeans: Whence can the superiority of a Strategy proceed but from the Spirit, from a lucid Intelligence and an unlimited Courage? If the Mongols were the Barbarians which it is pretended, they would have never crossed from the Urals. But they will also say that we were Barbarians and that we ate human flesh; or who knows what other barbarities. Don't forget that we have acted in a similar way to the Mongols of Genghis Khan, against the same Enemy, and wearing the same flag: even our best tactic, the *Blitzkrieg*, is inspired in the fast and unerring movement of the Mongol horde.

Wait a moment, Lupus, I'll bring something that I had prepared for you.

The magistral class that Tarstein has just dictated made me forget War, the imminent military defeat of the Third Reich, and even the black reality that I did not know what I'd do onwards, if I had to die in the bunker, as the Tibetan Legion decided heroically, or if I would have to flee towards an uncertain destiny in a World without the Third Reich, i.e., in a synarchic World. I did not even want to consider this last possibility. I sheltered instead the secret hope that the Black Order Initiates would have decided to take me with them to the Antarctic Refugee of the Führer: Didn't I do enough merits to deserve such distinction? Furthermore, there was Rudolf Hess *too*, my protector. Would he disapprove my presence? I did not comprehend the mysterious matter of the Tulkus completely and their faculty to possess many bodies. I already told you, neffe, that I felt a unique individual, a perception that didn't change till today, and then I did not see what problem could be if another Tulku joined the Tulkus that were preparing themselves to the Final Battle.

Before continuing with the narration of what happened such day, the last one that I stayed there, in the Gregorstrasse 239, I want you to reflect in that the information given by Tarstein about Frederick II clarifies a lot the words of Belicena Villca written in the Nineteenth Day of her Letter. It mentioned that «the causes (of Frederick's hostility against the Catholic Church) were two: the positive reaction of the Heritage of her Pure Blood *thanks to the historical proximity of the Grail,* a concept that I'll explain; *and the influence of some Hyperborean Initiates that the own Frederick II brought to his court of Palermo from far countries of Asia and which history I could not stop to relate in this letter».*

–You've brought something very valuable for the Führer and the ϟϟ –Tarstein began saying at his return, while he was giving me a leather case with silver chapel and keylock– And I will reward you with something incomparably

minor, but no less valuable for me. Take, Lupus, Kurt, my unpublished book «Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft»: on it is narrated History of the last 630 years of the German branch of House Tharsis and contains the proofs of its outstanding intervention in the foundation of the mediaeval Order Einherjar, which would endure many centuries and would give place in the XX century to the Thulegesellschaft, and then to the Black Order ϟϟ. I give it to you because I have consulted with the Siddhas and they have told me that you are predestined to know all the secrets of my Lineage: perhaps it'd be given to you even what not even me have achieved, this is, to continue the millenary story of House Tharsis and discover the mission that you Great Ancestors have entrusted to you.

I appreciated that for Tarstein such revelation was especially important, but I also understood that he was bidding me farewell subtly, and that was what I feared. I felt it for the sensibility of Tarstein, but I had to clarify the things. I took the book ignoring his speech.

–You speak as if we won't see each other ever again, but at the same time as if I will survive the enough as to read this book –I said harshly.

Tarstein didn't unnerve, and he decided to respond to my curtness with irony, but with similar rudeness.

–Very sagacious, Lupus! But is that effectively we will not see each other in this life again, even if we'll join very soon in the Final Battle: the Tulkus' destiny is so ambiguous! It resulted very difficultly for me to communicate you this, believe me, but I am happy that you have come to the point. Now I'll honestly tell you the situation: *you are still an officer and must obey the orders as everyone.*

And your orders are: *to flee from Germany immediately and hide in the Republic of Argentina, where your sister lives.*

–No! –I screamed, interrupting the directives–. You can't do this to me. I've done all that has been ordered to me, with all the loyalty and courage that I was possible of doing, but these orders are excessive. I prefer to die a thousand times before to survive in a World dominated by the Jews. It is not lack of courage, it is not disloyalty, is revulsion, Comrade Tarstein, simple revulsion and horror to live in a World without Honor, where our Flags flutter nowhere: since my childhood in Egypt, when I incorporated myself to the Hitler's Youths, I have breathed the Mystic of the National Socialism endlessly; nobody prepared us for this! No, Comrade, we were not created to be defeated by the infernal forces and survive under its empire. Just one moment ago, I sheltered the hope that I would be allowed to be evacuated to the Refugee of the Führer-Tulku, as you call it; but now you leave frozen with your orders to hide in Argentina. I have been a ϟϟ officer, I've been Initiated, I have developed amazing faculties, but now I see that I have just been an instrument of Destiny, a toy of the Gods. And do you know why I feel this? Because, even for all what I've been and done, the truth is that I don't understand anything; I cannot see the Sign that is in Me and that you admire so much. And even less this sentence to survive the destruction of the Third Reich. I beg you, Comrade Tarstein, if

I can't leave with you beside the Führer, ask me death, grant me the authorization to die with Honor, or kill me!

–See Kurt, you get tough, and I will have to interrupt your orders' exposition to clarify you some points. First, and principal, I already warned you that, from now on, *the followers of the Hyperborean Wisdom must define to what reality they refer: if to the reality of the Führer dead or reality of the Führer alive.* And I anticipate you that those who chose to live in the first reality; will be considered traitors by the *Black Order*. You, my estimated Kurt, at proposing me the case of the survival in a world where the Third Reich has been defeated, you are participating from the first reality. Of course, I will not do a syllogism of this and conclude that you are a traitor because I know you are not. Just that, indeed, «you don't understand the situation», accusation that, according to what you have told me, other persons have done to you. Well, I will clarify you the situation in such mode that you'll have no more doubts: you will not stay in the World that you imagine as a condemned, *but you will act as a secret agent of the Black Order ᛋᛋ in a world effectively Judaic; and you will act as a representative of the Führer alive, as his fifth column, as an ᛋᛋ Initiate infiltrated in the Enemy territory, nothing different to the mission that you have realized until now. Believe me Kurt, Lupus, don't believe in the fall of the Bunker and the Führer's suicide! It is the only way that you will be able to comply with your orders.*

Second, and you must believe me, we would take you to the Führer's Refugee, but the Siddhas affirm that *you must fulfil this last mission*. As I said to you years ago, you are not only important: you are a support of first grade for the Strategy of the Führer. And the Strategy can't permit to prescind you in the place that you must be just because you suffer nausea and Judeophobia. What we ask you is not impossible for you and I know that you'll comply: They need you here. And the loyal Gods are who decide who goes and who doesn't go to the Führer's Refugee: such selection escapes completely to the will of the Initiates of the Black Order.

Third, you've erroneously presumed that I'll also leave to the Refugee of the Führer, but I must repeat to you what I said to you at the beginning: «we won't see each other in this life again». This doesn't mean that I am authorized to leave: like you, my orders assure that I must stay in this World, in this house of East Berlin which will never be found by the Russians, not even if they track all the houses of the block. However, you mustn't come to see me, neither come to see anyone else of the Waffen ᛋᛋ except your endearing Comrade Oskar Feil. About Karl von Grossen I'll tell you then what are the orders. That's all. Have you comprehended Kurt? If that's affirmative, I'll continue exposing your orders.

–Let suppose that the years pass, and nothing happens, and I disobey and decide to come to see you –I interrupted.

–Don't you understand Kurt! *You'll never find this house!* Try it when you leave, move away from some steps in any direction, turn around the block, do whatever you want and then return to the Gregorstrasse and try to find the 239: you will verify that it doesn't exist, you'll find another different house, perhaps bombed. If you were able to arrive here is because I expected you. Still,

when you Presence is not necessary for the Strategy you'll never coincide with me and this house: *such is the power of the absolute location that the beings consecrated to the Hyperborean Strategy possess; only coincide in the space and time the beings whose coincidence is strategically significant, and that is the reality of the beings that exist; and the other created beings, even though they are related each other in the space and time, if they are not strategically significant, they don't exist for the Spirit, they are Maya, Illusion.* You, as an Initiate should know it. Have you forgotten that this is War between the Spirit and the Potencies of Matter?

But I didn't attend the reasons. Of course, I understood that a Hyperborean Pontiff as Tarstein had the power to situate himself in other dimensions of the illusory reality of Maya, including the house of the Thulegesellchaft, and that I'd never find him if didn't want it to occur. But I insisted one more time.

–And if I employ the daivas dogs? And if I trace you through the dimensions and get near to you, even if it is not in the Gregorstrasse 239?

Tarstein started to laugh.

–You're really obstinate, Kurt. If you employ the daivas dogs you will undoubtedly find me. Likewise, if you make them *fly* to the Führer's Refugee, they will take you there with security. But I do not want to exaggerate how any of us will take a similar attitude on your part. Accept it once and for all! You're a soldier, and you will continue being it onwards, no one will dismiss you from the ϟϟ ! And as a soldier, you must obey orders, orders that I'll transmit you now and that you will comply scrupulously! Orders that if you not fulfil will be causal of summary or Court of Honor! If you appear by my side or go to the Führer's Refugee, you'd make yourself liable of summary execution, but, what is worse than Death for an Initiate, *you would be expelled from the Black Order* ϟϟ.

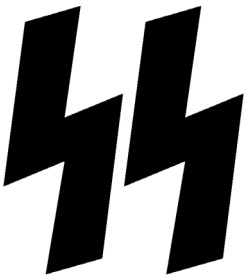
I know that what I am saying is hard, but you must accept it and behave as a soldier, as a Wise Warrior. Before, you complained that the Third Reich didn't instruct you to live under the Universal Synarchy. It is true. But if we have clarified you in something is in the difference between the Heart and the Egoistic Mind, i.e., between the Heart's reason and the Self's reason; between the emotions or feelings of the Heart and the pure ideas of the Spiritual Self. And in the noological Ethics of the Hyperborean Wisdom, we've demonstrated you the self's spiritual superiority from above the Heart. We have taught you how to dominate the Heart with the Self, we despoil you from feelings, and we forged you a new Heart of Steel.

We put you a Stone in your Heart, Kurt! And in turn of the Heart's reason, which is weak and lovely, we made you accede to the Absolute Honor of the Spirit, the fundament of the Camaraderie. I remind you these ethic-noological principles because, and forgive me for the honesty; your attitude results pusillanimous to me, a product of a miserable affective connection, of a fear to prescind from the illusory relations of the between Hyperborean Initiates, of a lack of faith in yourself. The truth, the harsh truth, is that *we are not friends, and we will never be; we are, Comrades, followers of the mystical ideals of Führer's Strategy. And if we are not friends, and the strategic orders demand that we don't see each other*

again in this life. Can you tell me by which spiritual motive would you want to meet with me out of the Kairos?

I remained in silence. I'd not respond to the question without an answer because I remembered my attitude in the Operation First Key when guided by the daivas dogs I became in Charismatic Leader and guided the Comrades to Hell of the Valley of the Immortal Demons. What a different moral the one of that moment and the present. Naturally that then War had not begun, and the Third Reich seemed military invincible. I fully warned that the difficult to digest, even if I didn't understand and share the strategical motives of the Führer, was the destruction of the Third Reich and the probable constitution of the Universal Synarchy. It was not that my Heart had softened, but that the war, the apparent result of the war, had confused me. And from that confusion was formed the nihilistic attitude that I manifested before the orders of Tarstein. Then I understood it, the Wisdom of Tarstein had made comprehend. For that reason, your question would remain without answer. As I told you, neffe, the reality of 1945 was difficult to digest, even though Tarstein advised me to don't believe it.

–Well, Kurt: I'll go on with your orders. The first that you'll do, at leaving from here, will be to come back to Italy, to the Monastery of our Franciscan Comrades where von Grossen and Feil are occulted. The three of you figure in a secret list that an ϟϟ organization of Manages known with the key name of «The Spider». Such an organization has been formed to support Waffen' ϟϟ members who are an object of the Judaic persecution after War. You must be prudent at treating with them because it is an exoterical group, that little or nothing know about the Black Order, if they are not second-hands news. For your misfortune, I'll confirm you that the 775 ϟϟ Initiates of the Black Order, and its Instructors, have been or will be evacuated from the Occidental Civilization because there are other Refugees appropriated to await the Final Battle, even though not all are accepted in the Refugee of the Führer.



15.000 children of Pure Blood, a product of Darré and Rosenberg's racial experiments, have been transferred to these sites. To you, on the contrary, it is requested to stay in this World, and I do not know another Initiate to whom such order has been given, although I don't discard that in the future Initiates will be sent to fulfil special missions: the Gods will know why they have determined it thus, and to them, you will have to reclaim. But meanwhile, you must be careful, incredibly careful, because who stays in the representation of the ϟϟ will be Comrades without esoteric instruction in the Hyperborean Wisdom, many of them have not comprehended neither will comprehend the real Strategy of the Führer. Notice that, even if the Führer suggested to resist till the last drop of blood and destroy Germany until its foundations before permit that it falls in the hands of the enemy, our

most valuable human capital has been left to the disposition of the allies, it means, the great scientists. They could have executed them all and notwithstanding it has protected and served them up on a silver tray to the allies.

You'll wonder why? Because all have received the order of the Führer to reveal the Enemy, and stimulate the construction, the secret of the most terrible weapons that the human mind can conceive. From the different countries where are sent, they will foment the competency of the sophisticated weaponry and will develop weapons never imagined before, which will put one against another by the natural ignorance of the soldiers and will put in danger the synarchic universal alliance. The planes that are already advanced of the Third Reich have left over to initiate such a tactic. A tactic that obeys the strategical purpose to generate world tension when the Universal Synarchy is declared. Then the Gods will intervene; the underground spiritual currents of the end of the Civilization will react before the Judaic Terror in which the Synarchy will be affirmed, and the Final Battle will come, during which the Führer and the Eternal ϟϟ will return.

You understand that this simple but super-secret tactic constitutes an inevitable ambush in which the allies will fall, but, How many will understand it? You'll see how many supposed Nazis, and even ex-members of the ϟϟ , will sustain that our scientists are traitors. But it is that they are incapable of comprehending the Strategy of the Führer, and for this reason, they don't understand the actions of those who act motivated by strategical objectives. *Much less to you, if they discover what you are, estimated Lupus.*

You must be prudent and tolerant with those comrades *who have opted for the Führer dead's reality.* Once you are ubicated, you'll disconnect from them and will never retake the contact. It will be an elemental form to prevent unnecessary risks due to, for foes, you have already enough and terrible, with the White Fraternity, the immortals Bera and Birsha, and Druids and Jews who will search you to eliminate you. As I said you, they will wait in Italy until they give them the Argentinian passports and the tickets. The Spider will deposit you in Banks of Buenos Aires a sum of money that will permit each of you to settle down without problems; you must retire those founds immediately to avoid possible tracking and investigations. In regard to you, the Siddhas say that you must search location consecrated to the Virgin of Agartha, not far from your family. You can meet with your sister but employing all the forms of coverage of Manual of the Secret Service: is for the good of both of you; think that if the Enemy discovers your sister, they can try to elicit your whereabouts by violent means and even put pressure over you and if you well covered, but your sister reveals you, they can revenge on her before the impossibility to capture you.

You shall adopt the same precautions at meeting with Oskar Feil, who must dwell in a site far from your residence. You have forbidden any kind of commercial society, even through third persons, and intervene in common activities that can relate you fortuitously. You will only reunite as Comrades, to share your spiritual ideals. Concerning von Grossen, you must say goodbye to

him forever in Argentina. Oskar Feil will be able to maintain the contact, but it is convenient if he moves away, because the old fox won't stay quiet and will try to outbreak his private war against the Synarchy. Possibly he will become the adviser of Intelligence matters and Counterespionage and put himself at the pseudo fascist regimes' service, of those abound in Sudamerica. Nothing convenient for you.

At last: conserve the daivas dogs but don't utilize them except in case of extreme necessity. The same for your Initiatic faculties: stay alert, well trained, but don't act except in extreme case. These are, in synthesis, your orders: *wait.* Survive, protect yourself and *wait*!

–For all the Gods! –I screamed out of my mind–. Wait for what?

–I can't give you more information –Tarstein responded impassibly –.

Obey your orders, and you'll know!

He gave me a handshake and, as if such salute was not enough, he embraced me.

–Farewell, Kurt von Sübermann. Go in peace, that your contribution has been invaluable for the cause of the Black Order ϟϟ. The Third Reich has rewarded you with the Iron Cross, but the Order will concede you one day a more valuable distinction, that you have deservedly won. I repeat you: soon we will see each other, during the Final Battle, even though we won't see us again in this life.

We were at the door. I had gone out, and I was sustaining the useless motorcycle, while I heard Tarstein saying almost the same words of the Gurkha Bangi. I'd have wanted to cry of impotence before such absurd: all died or left. Just me, mute witness of a terrible and secret reality, I had to stay in Hell. And without knowing why.

–Heil Hitler! –I screamed for every salute, meanwhile the door of the Gregorstrasse 239was being closed behind me forever.

I started the motorcycle and, eluding the debris; I turned around the block. Before completing the third block, someone shot me from a terrace. The bullet sectioned cleanly the fork, and the front wheel crossed suddenly; I tightened the brakes, and I flew many meters ahead. Without stop rolling, I occulted myself behind a car's incinerated chassis, chased by a rain of bullets. «I had forgotten that I was wearing the Russian uniform and I was perambulating by a solitary street of Berlin without any protection». I released many oaths, and I ran to the corner, against the walls. I was in the Gregorstrasse again. I'd be already far from there if I would not have proposed to take the last sight at the house of Tarstein. I advanced the meters that separated me from it looking at both corners, alternatively. It was an obscure night but not silent; that 30 of April I would dawn accompanied by the toughest combatants and the bullets' noise, howitzers and bombs were deafening.

Soon I verified gaunt that Warning of Tarstein was not vain. Indeed, the 239 not existed *now* in the Gergorstrasse. But the site whence I left was there; the recent marks of the motorcycle tires evidenced it in the sidewalk and the

street. But the door 239, in front of these marks, was not there anymore. In its place was the closed door of a shop in a very good condition. I removed the hand from the dust layer covering the plaque and read: «*Buchhandlung Hyperborea*[69]». I felt steps approaching me; perhaps the snipers that had fired me minutes before. There was nothing else to do, so I started to run in the opposite direction.

I repeat to you that the time is short, neffe, so I'll leave for another opportunity to narrate the lived adventures until arriving in Italy. I'll only mention that in June of 1945 I met with Karl von Grossen and Oskar Feil in the Franciscan Monastery of the South of Italy and I stayed there till February of 1947. On that date our contact with The Spider presented using officer of the Argentinian Army called Zapalla, who provided us passports and tickets and, of course, new identities: I passed to be named Cerino Sanguedolce, as you already know; Oskar became Domingo Pietratesta; and Karl von Grossen, Carlo de Grandi. The three of us would feign to be Italian immigrants, thence the linguistic filiation of the names.

Once in this country, all happened as Tarstein predicted: they gave us the money in Buenos Aires, and each one of us went to live in a different Province. Karl stayed in Buenos Aires and, as Tarstein said, he would not delay organizing a Secret Service in the company of another old Comrade of the Gestapo, the ϟϟ *Standartenführer* Justiniano von Grosman. Oskar Fieldhouse Córdoba, and it seems that the Gods had guided him because he found there the Order of Tyrodal Knights years later, which oriented his last days. I, knowing that the Siegnagel's resided in Salta, I decided that «Santa María de la Candelaria» was a good title for the Virgin of Agartha. I acquired this property where I live since then.

Once the World War left behind and having to gird me to «my orders», I retook the traditional, familiar profession of the confectionery, and I remained hidden until now, meditating of all these years on what had occurred the first half of my life. My only extensions were the sporadic visits of your parents, or of Oskar, to the neutral sites accorded anticipatedly to sustain brief, very brief, meetings. And the only permanent companion that I have had, loyal by the way, have been the daivas dogs: Ying and Yang are the third Argentinian generation, great-grandchildren of Yun and Yab.

And never, never since I settled down in Argentina, except for the failed attempt to make contact with Nimrod de Rosario in Cordoba acceding to the request of Oskar, nobody convoked me to fulfil the final mission of the Hyperborean Wisdom until you appeared herewith the Letter of Belicena Villca. It doesn't shame me to confess it: I've lost already every hope that the announcements of Konrad Tarstein be fulfilled. However, I stayed on alert, as he ordered me, and just as you unfortunately verified. *Meine Ehre heißt Treue!*[70]

[69] Hyperborean Library.

[70] Oath of the Black Order ϟϟ , also carved on the Knight's Dagger: "My honour is called loyalty."

Mendoza

La Pampa

Neuquén

Río Negro

Chubut

Santa Cruz

FIFTH BOOK

Epilogue

From the fantastic book
«The Mystery of Belicena Villca»,
Dedicated to Them

...or

Prologue

From the authentic
Mystery of Belicena Villca,
Dedicated to Us,
Who feel running through our veins
The Blood of Tharsis.

Chapter I

And that was all that Uncle Kurt could narrate to me about the story of his life. In such moment he was right to be hurried, as the events were in charge to demonstrate, but he left unfinished the most important part the details of his secret missions during War and the mysterious mission of his godfather Rudolf Hess. Logically, he also expected to complete his narrations in the next opportunity. But it was written that such an opportunity would never come.

However, the last night we talked about these matters and narrated to me his arrival to Argentina, I reached to make him two questions that I still remember clearly. I was late then, like the 23:00 hrs of the night of the day 21 of March, exactly two months after the spiritual rapture of the January 21, and we decided to go to sleep, after a large day of conversation. Was then when I proposed a query that caused me quite annoyed.

–Tell me Uncle Kurt: if you received in 1945 the unpublished book of Konrad Tarstein «Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft», which is narrated the German history of House Tharsis. How is that you remained indifferent the first time we spoke about the Letter of Belicena Villca, leading one to believe that you ignored its important historical participation? I remember very well that you just startled at hearing the name «Tharsis», but you didn't express anything about the German Tharsis'. Nevertheless, you should have known a part of History, perhaps so rich in features as the one that I knew by Belicena Villca. And you kept for yourself very well to don't say anything with respect to it, even until now. It doesn't seem to correct your behavior, Uncle Kurt! –I affirmed with a painful tone of reproach. Uncle Kurt observed me with surprise and released one of his formidable horselaughs.

–But how is that I did not read it! –He apologized.

–How? After thirty-five years you have not read the book of Tarstein? –I asked dumbfounded.

–I already told you, neffe, that I was terribly angry for the orders that Tarstein transmitted to me! Here, in Santa María, I just saved the book to read it the day in which the predictions of Tarstein be fulfilled, i.e., the day in which in some mode I'd have access to the rest of History of his Lineage. And that day came with your visit and the Letter of Belicena Villca. For that reason, I read, indeed, during the days in which I stayed locked in my room, a posteriori to know the content of the Letter: All coincided, it was really the part that was missing to History of Belicena, the connection between the branch of Vrunaldina of House Tharsis and the Thulegesellschaft! The history of the Führer' quest, initiated in the Middle Ages, and its localization and Initiation in the XX century! But if I have not told you anything about this, I wanted to narrate to you my own life and let you know the existence of that work, which I still preserve. It is my wish for you to read it and retain it as a part of your heritage! To whom, but you, corresponds it with justice? You must attach it to the Letter of Belicena Villca and take it to Córdoba, for the Tyrodal Knights and, if it is possible, Noyo Villca.

I remained dumbfounded for my uncle's incredible answer: thirty-five years without reading the book of Tarstein! Ha! That *deserves* the qualifying of *obstinate*!

Uncle Kurt went to his room and returned with the leather case silver chapes that awaited the precious work. He gave it to me without conditions, and there I shot him the second question:

–I've a great curiosity to know what happened to the Tibetan Legion. If you don't mind losing a minute, tell me synthetically what occurred to them.

–I'll tell you. And it is not too long to tell. The part of the Legion that remained in their base of Assam, in the frontier with Bhutan, was dispersed without making noise when the war ended: some of them returned to the kâulika's Monasteries and others enlisted as mercenaries in the posterior wars of Asia: the one of Chiang Kai-Shek against Mao and the ones of Korea and Vietnam. Those, in principle, survived the Second World War. But you, surely, ask me for the lack

of Bangi, SriVirya, and the fifty legionaries that remained in Berlin to custody the bunkerführer: about them I must confess you, with pride, that all died fighting against the Russians. It is a funny episode: according to what they informed me on those days, when I still had to flee from Germany, on April 30 the Russians didn't achieve to take the bunker but at terrible the cost of ten to one. It means that the Tibetans ended with an infantry battalion of more than five hundred men. And it was so amazing the impact of such butchery, realized by the ϟϟ Asian Legion, that the own Stalin ordered the retirement and occultation of the Tibetan corpses and negotiated with the allies the official suppression of every new about the Tibetan Legion of the bunker. However, many independent investigators have mentioned the Legion's existence and its courageous determination to defend the bunker till the end. Of course, that if it is consulted the «official historians», those who must live from the academic or journalistic budgets, the version will be very different: the Russians would have found the bunker almost unguarded; and the Tibetan Legion never existed.

Chapter II

We bade farewell to each other till the next day, with the motto to leave immediately towards Tucumán. After all, I had three months since the murder of Belicena Villca, and I didn't try to comply with her request yet. I reckoned them mentally: 74 days. Seventy-four days! It could be so much time; perhaps for Noyo Villca it'd be, and I lamented it. But for me, it would be the seventy-four days more fructiferous of my life. It caused me to laugh and pity to remember what I was before January 6, in such sinister Neuropsychiatric Hospital: «Dr Arthur Siegnagel, one of our better interns» –the nurses presented me, what had made the system of me! Before January 6, I had everything, from the material perspective, but I lacked clear ideals: they have brainwashed me! On the contrary, now I had nothing, comparing myself with the prestigious Dr that I had been, *I lacked material future, of predictable fate within the laws of the system; but I had clear the Hyperborean Wisdom ideal*. And with that ideal that I had now, I didn't need to possess anything else in life, and even less the determination of a *mediocre future!*

I entered the bedroom, I'd say jubilantly. How had everything changed for good! How I had changed for good! The night was starry and little fresh, perhaps announcing the beginning of autumn. In the beginning, I thought to read the book of Konrad Tarstein, but then I refrained. I was also a little tired and didn't want to lose control, I didn't want the actual joy to dominate me completely: if Uncle Kurt waited 35 years to read it. Why should I get impatient? Was I not capable of waiting just one more day? And then, after generating such fatuous thoughts, I turned off the light and disposed myself to sleep.

Oh, Gods, what a fool! I had become now that, apart of «illuminated by the Hyperborean Wisdom», that certainly had nothing to do with what happe-

ned. It was me, disproportionate pride by the effect of all what I knew in so little time and that inflated me as peafowl, the only guilty that the Disgrace, which lurked, be thrown such night upon us. Of course; I do not discard nor underestimate the awesome surveillance that the enemy maintains above the entire World, or «over many Worlds», according to the concepts that the Captain Kiev employed with Belicena Villca. No; I will not underestimate the attentive task of observation that the Demons developed trying to find Uncle Kurt; perhaps such guard would have given its fruits, and they would have found him by some manner. *But about what occurred such night I was the main responsible! A hundred times, a thousand times, it would have been preferable for me to read the book of Tarstein, as I wished «normally», instead to do what I did!!!*

As I said, I turned off the light, and I disposed myself to sleep. I saw the starry sky through the crystals, and I closed my eyes. Still very nervous, apart from tired, *I decided to go to sleep mentalizing the Kilkor svadi. And that would be the fatal mistake!*

Uncle Kurt revealed the form of the Kilkor and made demonstrations upon mental dominion that permitted to exert on the daivas dogs. I comprehended then that the «whistle» employed to throw the dogs upon me when I entered to his property furtively, it was not really an audible sound: it was my unconscious predisposition to capt the symbols of the Kilkor, from «beyond Kula and Akula», the cause of the perception of the order of Uncle Kurt. The same had happened with the whining of the Tibetan dogs that expressed their restrained desire to attack: it was all mental, extrasensorial perceptions, symbols that the ignorance of my reason translated as originated by sounds, the illusion of sounds. Of course that just Me, or someone who possessed as Me «the Origin's Sign» would have been able to hear them: any «normal» person, no matter how much training could have in his auditive sense, would have just noticed the presence of the dogs when the mortal jaws would have been closed on his members.

At last, Uncle Kurt had remained, as many things that remained unfinished, to permit that I employ it according to his indications; but the occasion never came, and I didn't reach to effectuate any kind of practice on the dogs. Such night, missing fifteen or twenty minutes for the 12, I amused myself a while fixing the image of the Kilkor in mind and then, without reflecting on it, I emitted an order. It means that I composed the word of order without imagining that this one would be fulfilled relentlessly. It was a simple directive; «*bark*» I thought which in some mode permitted to suppose what would happen.

Instantly, the dogs emitted a wolfish howl, heartrending, and they started to howl in duet, without *stopping*. The roars that they released were deafening, and very intense, so I entered the bed, cold of threat and desperate. «They will wake up Uncle Kurt» I foolishly thought, and I concentrated in the Yantra again, trying to form a word to stop the canine concert. I imagined that the word would be «*silence*» but, How it is said *silence* in Sanskrit or Tibetan, unique languages in which the concept with the key of the Kilkor Svadi could be translated? «Uncle Kurt had said it to me», I assured myself, while I tried to remember vainly. And it was then when was produced the first series of a disastrous phenomenon that would happen during that infernal night.

It occurred as if my consciousness would have been unlimitedly expanded all of a sudden: I perceived *the entire room with just one glance*, but without looking, as if a more powerful Will than mine obeyed me to do so. Then I looked at the exterior of the house, property, *everything at once*; and the city of Santa María, and the path of Salta, and my own Property in Cerrillos. I saw Dad, Mom, Katalina, Enrique and Frederick, my cousins, and even the dog Canuto. As mesmerized, I saw everything, and I could stop seeing. Impromptu from the bottom of my vision field, just in front of me, and as emerging from behind the Obispo' Peaks, a point started to grow at a portentous velocity occupying my entire attention. I'll never forget it! Taking the words that Princess Isa said unto Nimrod, I'd affirm that it was treating about «*the most hideous and abominable monster that imaginable in an eternity of madness*», one «*which cannot be described by any mortal without losing the sanity*». And what saved me from that Presence of Hell? Undoubtedly the Virgin of Agartha, the Seed of Stone that She deposited on January 21 into a human and mortal heart; the Seed that, nevertheless, had germinated and made of me what I am now.

Because the past would have died right there, in front of the Demon who contemplated me for a moment with such hate, I never believed possible to be experienced. But now I had enough forces to face him and get him away from me. Yes; it disappeared, and the vision was dissipated. I found myself again in the room of Santa María, seated in the bed and hearing how the dogs howled ceaselessly. I understood in an instant that my mind, at trying to hush the daivas dogs, it «neglected», offered a weak flank, and was «symphonized», capted, by a Demon of the White Fraternity, a representative of the Potencies of Matter, perhaps the Immortal Bera, perhaps Ridgen Djapo, perhaps the own Enlil-Jehovah-Satan.

Evidently, I was not completely decentralized because I heard, or believed to hear, the voice of Uncle Kurt thundering the words «*Nischala miravâta svadi*» directly in the interior of the psyche, with which the dogs stopped to bark immediately. The truth was that one instant later, Uncle Kurt really irrupted in my room, screaming «Arthur! Arthur!»

–Arthur! Are you ok, thanks to the Gods! –He exclaimed at turning on the light and verifying that I was still alive–. What have you done, Arthur? The Demon Bera has localized you! I felt him for a moment as that time in the glen of La Brea, in the Tibet!

I referred him to the imprudent use that I made of the Yantra.

–Oh, Arthur, –He was impressed– you have been extraordinarily strong to liberate yourself from Him. But I don't think that's enough. I fear a lot that Druids have discovered this house. We will have to leave here as soon as possible.

I didn't know what to say, Irrationally, I took the wristwatch from the table of light, and I inquired the hour: «the 0:10 hrs» –I said– and I turned the head towards Uncle Kurt, who was looking at me with extortionate eyes.

I didn't delay understanding the motive of his horror: *it was the buzz, the unmistakable buzz of the honeybee.* In reality, such euphonic sound of the Dordje was only adverted when its complementary effects were already occurring. In the

beginning, I didn't notice it, but then, naturally after that Uncle Kurt perceived it, I heard it clearly, filling the ambience with the sensation of the arrival of an innumerable swarm. But at that height was impossible to react because the pressure over the heart not admitted distractions. I left myself to fall backwards until my head hit the pillow, and I relaxed myself the best I could. Unconsciously I covered my ears with the hands, but the mortal sound still penetrated, at each instant with more intensity; and the heart, completely out of control, seemed to go out from my chest. And the worst had not come yet.

I experienced a growing paralysis in all the body, and I reasoned, at the end of the psychical resistance, that the better mental tactic to fight against the powerful Force of the Demons' Will would consist into concentrate the thought in an idea far from the terrible reality of the Dordje. To think about another thing, but on what? Oh Gods, how much greedy of ideas can turn a dreamy imagination as mine in such a limit situation, when the animal life is in danger! And how much greedier can turn if, as the Hyperborean Wisdom assures, the Created Soul is willing to betray us due to its substance is part of the Creator, participant of his Archetype and image and likeness! There I verified it without doubts: the Soul would always betray the Spirit, the Self, to favour the Demons' Will, which belong to the White Hierarchy in which the Creator-One splits and incarcerates! Because suddenly came to me a savior idea at last: was a remembrance of university my student days, when I assisted to classes of Biology. And I didn't let myself to be carried away by the memory, and it seemed that I liberated myself for a moment from the pressure of the Dordje. Yes; the Soul, owner of the memory and remembrances, had finally obeyed the will of the Self and was taking me out from such deadly reality. It was a biology class, I remembered it perfectly; I was surrounded by tens of classmates; upon what treated the class? Oh, yes! Physiology of insects! Now Professor Jacob Cañás was entering the Magistral Classroom and started to develop the class. Theme:

«the *common bee*»; also classified with the name of *Apis mellifica* by Linneo; *Apis doméstica* by Reaumur; *Apis cerifera* by Scopoli; *Apis gregaria* by Geoffroy; and many other names with which Great Naturists have designed the same insect.

I lacked strength to go out from the remembrance. Some inside of me, the same that was trying to sink me in the Abyss the night of the Salta' seism, have betrayed me once again. Of, if I would have ascended for the Virgin of Agartha succor; as then, if I would have been rapted by her Divine Grace! With security, such rapture of the Absolute Woman was what the kâulikas called the Kula. The Kula would have converted me in Akula, in living Shiva, and the Spirit would have been situated «beyond the Kula and Akula». With security, then, that was the real path of salvation to go out from fence of the Demons, which I didn't know to find at the first instance for manifested lack of faith in myself, for the distrust in the fact that the Goddess of the Eternal Liberation could really love my Spirit.

Instead, I remained in the class of the Professor Jacob Cañás: «the buzz of the *hymenopterans* is generally a combination of three different tones, generated in different Organs. The most intense is one of the wings, although is of the

minor frequency: for the same exemplar of *Apis mellifica*, varies statistically between an *A* of 440 cycles per second and an E of the same octave of 330 cycles per second; the first tone corresponds to the rested bee – at the moment to leave from the hive; the last one, to the tired bee, at the end of its working day». I perceived precisely those tones; I heard the sound of wings beating clearly; the *hymenopterans* were flying towards me. «The second tone that composes the characteristic buzz is produced by the vibration of the stigmas that guides the air to the pulmonary tracheas: it is commonly treated that if a B of 594 cycles per second, appreciably higher pitch than one of the wings, but less intense». I heard now the buzz of a bee; the buzz of a swarm; the buzz saturated my senses, paralyzed my body, and invaded my mind. The buzz seized from the beats of my heart and synchronized them with its frequency! The buzz was killing me!

«The third tone, very weak, proceeds from the movement of the abdominal rings»… I'd never end to remember the class of Professor Jacob Cañás. In the paroxysm of the heart crisis, I suffered a sensation of insupportable heat, terrible, as if my body would have been thrown suddenly to an incandescent oven. But no; during the instant that the thermic convulsion lasted, I noticed that the Fire was not outside but inside me; which impregnated my whole body with a flamed liquid decomposed in sizzling gases. And such liquid that was burning was my blood.

One instant lasted the calorific impulse, which shuddered me at the buzzing rhythm, but I, naturally, believed to die: as a last agonic vision I contemplated the Countenance of Mom, Katalina, of my cousins, and many other unknown relatives until then but whose kinship was clear. But all the other countenances were similar to each other, not in virtue of their genetic likeness, but for the common expression that they manifested, probably identical the one that I had in that instant: *all were agonic countenances, countenances of human beings that were dying amid great sorrow; their expressions reproduced the Expression of Death.* And then all ended.

Chapter III

In other words, I want to say that then concluded the phenomenon; that is, that the buzz and the pressure upon the heart stopped. Little by little, the pulse went normalizing, and I could move at will. Still stunned, I reacted and reincorporated at remembering Uncle Kurt: I feared the worst.

However, he was also recovering himself on those moments; and I verified that he had fallen on his knees, as also occurred to him in La Brea' Tibetan glen, more than 40 years before. I remained some minutes stationary, ordering the ideas until I suddenly remembered the last instant of the phenomenon, when I lived my own agony and of all my relatives. *And then I comprehended. Then I knew that it was real, that something irretrievable had happened to my family.* Decomposed of panic, I interrogated with Uncle Kurt's gaze: *in the horror that*

I read in his eyes, I knew that I was right.

Finally, I achieved to articulate the words, and I screamed:

–Mom, Katalina! Oh, Uncle Kurt: something terrible has happened to the family!

What has happened, Uncle Kurt, what has happened?

–I think that something horrifying, Arthur. I don't want to alarm you, but it seems that the Demon Bera didn't reach to find out your whereabouts, and mine, but I fear that he saw in you psyche was enough to find the property of Beatriz in Cerrillos. If it is thus, our family has run into grave danger. We must go to Salta immediately, Arthur! Ask for a telephonic conversation while I prepare the *Jeep*!

«To Salta, thirty minutes of delay», was the laconic answer of the operator. I requested the communication with urgent character likewise, and I begged her to activate it every ten minutes. She notified me than the hour in which my request was settled: was just the 0:30 hrs. In fifteen or twenty minutes has occurred everything. Could it be? Could the Demons act in so little time? That doubt, inconsistent, gave me a little hope. But that was only until Uncle Kurt returned from the garage, and I communicated to him my inquietude.

He shook his head in a negative and discouraging gesture, and said to me:

–I'd like to confirm your hope, but I don't want to deceit you. We mustn't be an optimist in any way: the Immortals dominate the Time and Space, they are Masters in the art to travel through the uncountable Worlds of the Illusion of Maya. They cannot find us, as they couldn't do it with Belicena and Noyo Villca, because Our Initiated Spirits are really isolated from Time and Space by the Runes of Wotan; or by the Navutan Runes, if you prefer. They don't know our reality or the World that the Spirit affirms from the Origin, and that disconcerts them, avoid them to localize us; *but once obtained the real reference of a determined World, to it they can go and arrive in any Time and Space.*

I don't know why I was asking if I knew that it was thus. But I got excited for a moment trusting that my reasoning was valuable, vainly awaiting that reason prevailed over the irrationality that was seizing from my life. The bell of the telephone took me out of such bitter reflections.

–«Your call with Salta» –Anticipated the operator laconically.

For ten large minutes, I heard the call tones through the telephone, without any response in Cerillos. That was absolutely abnormal! Even being the 1:00 AM someone should attend in much less time: a thousand times I had done similar calls from Salta, and they always responded to me in three or four minutes!

«They don't respond in your number», interrupted the operator. «Do we repeat the call later?» I didn't know what to say. I looked askance at my Uncle Kurt and observed that he was doing an obvious signal with the jeep's keys.

–No Ms., I cancel it now. Surely there's no one there –I suggested with bitterness.

Chapter IV

Fifteen minutes later I was for the second time in my life rolling through the street Esquiú: we were Uncle Kurt, Me and the daivas dogs. «It is precise to take them for the doubts that they can ambush us», he explained to me; «But those Demons are proud, and they suppose that they will never miss a hit; they may be already in Chang Shambhala; or complying another of their macabre missions». He remained thoughtful for a moment, and he added with lugubrious tone:

–Heavens, Arthur: where do you suppose that they would go then, if as we fear they have already passed through Cerrillos?

–To Tucumán, to Tafí del Valle, to the Chakra of Belicena Villca –I responded unhesitatingly.

That probability, and what could have happened in Cerrillos, took us away from the desires to talk during the rest of the journey. Exhausting journey, if it is considered the nocturnal horary, the bad roads, the fact that we had a day without sleeping, and the recent physical effort caused by the Demons' attack.

The chains of the church of Cerrillos called to the eight's mass when we passed in front of it. And a hundred meters before arriving at the palisade of property, we already knew that something really terrible had happened: the rotative lights in the ceiling of the policial patrols confirmed our suspicions and fears tragically. Ignoring the policemen that guarded the entrance, Uncle Kurt turned the jeep and took the city's path at great speed. Evidently now nothing mattered to him: neither his strategic coverture, nor the possible persecutions if he was discovered, nor that according to his new identity nothing linked him with the Siegnagel-von Sübermann. Poor Uncle Kurt! In thirty-five years never dared to cross that palisade to visit his only sister, and now he had to do it for the funeral!

Because everyone had died, even my Mother, that's to say, his sister Beatriz! And in the most terrible way!

Parked next to the palisade, behind the taheebos where I received my mother's hands the fatidical letter of Belicena Villca, were four cars: two police patrols and two ambulances. At one side of the taheebo, my favourite, beneath its blessed shadow I studied my university careers and meditated about the mystery of man and his miserable terrestrial existence, was Lifeless body of Canuto, covered by some bloodied newspapers. How much had changed such place in just two months! The happiness of the family had turned in death and bereavement! Damn Letter of Belicena Villca! If just I would not have read it! I tortured myself pointlessly. As I said at the beginning: *«But in Life of some persons there are traps carefully placed: it is enough to touch a spring to unchain irreversible mechanisms».*

At feeling the motor of the jeep, many men went out of the house. One of them was the police Commissar of Cerrillos, who knew me since I was a child.

–Jesus, Arthur Siegnagel! Just in time! –He said without thinking, because then he regretted, looked down, and put over my shoulder one hand he spoke to me cautiously. It means, all delicately that a police officer can say faced to a hallucinative multiple homicides. Uncle Kurt remained stood beside me.

–Excuse me, Arthur. The truth is that *you have not arrived on time*. I just said it thinking about the investigation because we ignored where to find you. I don't know how to say it, understand that I am a cop, not a priest, but you must know that all your family has been murdered in a *strange mode.*

I feinted to the interior of the house, due to no body had been uploaded on the ambulances, but the Commissar stopped me. «Wait a second, Arthur, but it is my duty to interrogate you» Did you know that something had happened here? From where do you come now?

–Oh, yes! –I affirmed hastily– I knew that something wrong was happening because no one answered the phone of property this morning. It was for that reason that we left immediately here.

–But where you did the call, where were you? –He wanted to know without excuses.

–Well, in property of this friend present here, Mr. Cerino Sanguedolce, who is candy maker in Santa María de Catamarca and with whom I was adjusting a business to sell him our leftover wort. Since some days ago that I was there.

–Ok, Arthur, I'll verify it. You are the Medic, and it is supposed that must possess «cold blood», but this is different: he, or the killers, are without doubts *psychopaths*, perhaps the escaped from the hospital where you work. They have committed the crimes with savagery never seen here. You better enter prepared.

In the interior, the disorder was total, after the pass of the unknown cops that executed their even more unknown expertise. In the dining room, the edges of two tables had been leaned, and upon them were deposited the five corpses. Prudent bedsheets covered the exposition of the bodies. Uncle Kurt tightened one of my arms with his steal hand, and he discovered the same corpse by himself.

–Beatriz! –He screamed.

–Mom, Oh, Mom! What have they done to you! –I screamed desperate, at verifying that sweet countenance of my mother, tensed now by a grimace of indescribable horror, appeared beheaded from ear to ear.

–Do you see? –Commented the Commissar amiss–. It is about the most aberrant criminal act that I have seen in my life, incomprehensible, undoubtedly product of a sick mind.

The next bodies corresponded to my sister Katalina and her two sons, Enrique and Federico; They didn't show a signal of any violence.

–We thought that they were poisoned, and we were going to move them to the local morgue to practice the autopsy when you arrived. Now that you have seen them, I will give the order to charge them in the ambulances. To the others, there will be no necessity to charge because their death is obvious and the medi-

cal examiner has already determined it: your mother was beheaded, according to what you have verified, and your father died by skull flattening, surely resisting the attack: Do you have something to object about this diagnostic?

I moved the head negatively, and I uncovered my Dad's body: the strike *came from above*, discharged with a blunt object skillfully utilized, because it just sank two centimeters of the cranial vault, at the height of the brain.

Uncle Kurt was absentminded before the lifeless body of Katalina and her sister. The ambulances had already taken Katalina and her sons. And the cops started to leave. I invited the Commissar to a coup, and I signalized his many boxes of our best *Suavignon*, indicating him to distribute them to his men, forbidden act of courtesy by the police regulations but that would be taken as an inhospitable gesture if it is not offered. The Commissar didn't delay charging the boxes of wine and reunite with me in the kitchen. Cold *Chablis* and crude ham were consumed in quantity, while the tongue of the cop loosened. Then Uncle Kurt joined us.

–Who gave the new? –I asked.

–The personal enters at 5:00 –He replied–. It seems that a creole called «Jorge Luna» was the first who arrived. He was surprised at noticing that all the house lights were turned on «as in a party night», according to what he declared; then he approached to kitchen, where his father was always drinking mate from the 4:30 hrs, but he didn't see anyone. So, he began to walk around the house thinking that his father would be outside. The first signal that something bad had occurred was finding the dog, literally split into two pieces, near the taheebos. Some meters from there, was the corpse of Mr. Siegnagel, with a shattered skull.

At first sight and speculating a little –Continued the Commissar– I'd tell you that at least two accomplices have intervened, maybe three. Two are indispensable to reconstruct the fact with a certain logic, because it results evident that your father went out from the house requested by your mother, perhaps responding to an appalling scream of her, and he was surprised by the murderer strike at the door. Once he peered, he received the strike that, according to the forensic, produced him Death in the act. There Jorge Luna found him and ran with his bicycle to the Commissariat to search for help, while he warned the rest of the operators that arrived not to approach the property. Ms. Beatriz was found by us next to the winepress.

Presumably, from there your father called him, before being murdered, and we believe that she was taken out with deceits: were some minutes past 0:00 hrs when the crime occurred, improper hour to go out voluntarily at the exterior of the house in people accustomed to waking up at 5 in the morning. Of course, it is all about conjectures. Until no more elements are reunited and the results of the expertise, we cannot evaluate the facts very precisely –He interrupted himself, as every professional cop does when don't want to compromise his opinion.

I encouraged the Commissar to continue with describing what occurred, while the ham slices and the coups of Chablis circulated.

–Forgive me God; you ask me this, and I will have to respond to you crudely, Arthur. The madman, who seized from your mother, dragged her until the winepress, perhaps gagged, and from there, he permitted her to scream to attract Mr. Siegnagel to the trap that his accomplice tended him. Once your father was dead, both gathered to kill Ms. Beatriz. You'll wonder how I can be so sure? Well because, *as the forensic medic deducted, to kill in that way, four hands are necessary, i.e., two to subject the victim and two to practice such a perfect gash from ear to ear.* For hands would not have been necessary if the victim was unconscious, but this is not the case, because none hit on the head or signs of narcotics were found –We must wait for the analysis to be secure– and the most concrete, there are footprints, which reveal the existence of a desperate resistance until exhale the last breath.

I felt like fainting, that all turned around me, that nausea gained my stomach, the throat… I hesitated in the chair, about to vomit.

–Drink a coup, Arthur! Come on, drink! You need it! –The Commissar insisted, giving me the coup filled with white wine.

I drank it in one drink, and with faith that I never felt so good one of our strains.

–It was foreseeable that you would decompose, it was too much hideous and repugnant what has happened this night in your house. Are you sure that you want to know it all now? You could rest some hours and know it later when you be calmer.

–No! No! Please, Commissar! –I begged–. It has been just am ephemeral dizziness. Tell me everything now, the sooner, the better.

–And here comes the worst, Arthur: Ms. Beatriz was fastened in such manner, that at being beheaded, the murderers achieved that the blood fell entirely in the winepress; until the last drop!

The Commissar was looking us perplexed. He wanted to surprise us with that macabre event, but we didn't change our countenances, because we imagined ritual maneuvers of Bera and Birsha and we discounted that its objective would be to use the precious Pure Blood of von Sübermann to try to exterminate the entire Lineage, as they did in the XIII century with House Tharsis.

–On the other hand –said the Commissar– I'd like you to explain to me something that intrigued us all.

–Anything you want to know, Commissar.

–Is about the winepress; which is its capacity?

–Well… if I remember correctly, some 20.000 liters –I replied.

–And can I know for *why the hell they filled it with tar?*

Chapter V

I was seated on the couch of the living room, sleeping. I had drunk 3 mg. of a tranquilizer and I had the immune system very sedated. It would be the ten at night, and I heard Kurt speaking in Arab and German within dreams. But it was not about a dream: at noon, Uncle Kurt requested an international call, and they have just communicated it. Minutes later it reached to me and shook me without contemplations.

–Everyone has died, Arthur! Everyone! You and I are the only von Südermann alive!

–My uncles and cousins of Egypt, even some far cousins who lived and studied in Europe, all died this morning at the 0:15 hrs!

Uncle Kurt didn't raise his voice, but his gestures were eloquent: he was out of his mind. I tried to calm him, to transmit to him my pharmacological tranquility, but I just achieved to get nervous again; Uncle Kurt's fury was contagious!

At a few steps from a distance, in the dining room where I saw my dead parents, were two coffins upon pairs of easels; crowns, palms of flowers, candelabrums with burning candles, and crosses, completed the ceremonial elements of the catholic funeral. My father was known in that population since his childhood and Mom since 1938, so the mode of the neighbors and friends who wanted to give him the last goodbye was incessant. Many belonging to the humblest peoples. But with whom we always counted for the rude fieldwork, would stay the night.

Someone contracted some professional maudlins of La Merced, famous for the sentimentalism and fervor that they imposed on their laments, who were dedicated at that moment to represent their function.

A terrible moment that, of impotence, at noticing how our enemies attacked us and to not be capable of responding in the same measure. Something surprising, the harsh Uncle Kurt had seated, finally, on the other couch and for the moment he cried with affliction. According to the traditional mores, I had to receive the condolence of the visitors, who before leaving left their names annotated in a card, which assured them to receive more afterwards, in a term of no more than ten days, the postal gratitude. Since immemorial times, more habits in practice, from which I could not escape without causing a great scandal.

At noon the house was crowded with people. Some gentle neighbors were in charge to prepare the coffee and attend the people. Diverse groups of friends formed huddles to comment on the horrible crimes, and most unusual rumors circulated from mouth to mouth in the superstitious Indian and mestizo neighbourhood. Uncle Kurt and I tried vainly that the police gave us the corpses of Katalina and the children, fearing that in a few hours be corrupted as occurred with House Tharsis members. But our management was worthless. The autopsy would not be revealed till the next day. And, even if the police did not admit it, we knew the reason for that delay: the forensic Medics didn't achieve to establish the cause of Deaths. My sister and nephews were found in their rooms, on the house's superior floor, and presumably, they died without knowing the gruesome murders that were being committed outside. They

would have died, as not Initiated members of House Tharsis, at the moment in which the Dordje of Bera turned the blood of the winepress into Tar, i.e., at the 0:15 hrs. And obviously, the forensic Medics didn't know this.

We were resigned then, to only veil my parents, although we commissioned the enterprise of funereal services to insist periodically in the morgue and reclaim the missing corpses. A car stopped, and a known person descended, but to whom I would not have imagined seeing there: the officer Maidana, the cop that intervened in the case of Belicena Villca! He approached me hasty at seeing me, and he presented me «his deepest condolences», as was the rigor. And then he explained the motives that had made him decide to come to the funeral, speaking in his particular style, simple and honest.

–Dr Siegnagel, this case, as you will imagine, has moved the entire Province: all would want to apprehend the mad murderers of your family. But this matter is beyond my jurisdiction: now I am Commissar of the Investigations Department, but not the Division's leader. I want to assure you that I have not came here as a cop but as a friend with this clarification. Do you comprehend me Dr?

I assented unknowing where he wanted to reach. Uncle Kurt was beside me and was looking at Commissar Maidana with curiosity.

Then I will come to the point: Are you in a hurry? Do you need some kind of help? Whatever it could be, do not doubt to trust in me. I've friends, brave and loyal; men proved in the anti-subversive struggle, which would be disposed to act, let say out from the regulations, to adjust accounts with the Jews or whoever be chasing you.

Uncle Kurt frowned and for a moment I feared that was going to release one of his thunderous horselaughs, but I was too bereaved for it and instead he smiled with clemency. By my part, I was irritated and dumbfounded; irritated, not for the offer of Maidana, that I appreciated due to, even absurd, was sincere, but for having to live all that hallucinative situation, including the funeral. I was also dumbfounded because I did not imagine how the officer had concluded that I needed that kind of help.

–Don't you respond to me? –He said consternated– Or is that you don't trust in me? But I know that you were chased, even if you deny it. It is my profession to discover these things. Since yesterday, I know it when I received in the Department of Investigations the report about what happened in Cerrillos. Then I remembered you and the case of the sick Belicena Villca. Making a parenthesis, I will confess you now that you were right in what you affirmed that in such crime there was an obscure point: that point was never clarified, but it is also the truth that nobody was interested in clarifying it, and that the Police have urgencies more important to attend with the money of the contributors. I know it! That doesn't matter to you; you want to see the Justice triumphing; you're very interested in the case of Belicena Villca because you felt the case close. But we have to attend certain cases, and that was just one more, one that, I repeat, nobody was interested. I tell you this because I give you in some manner reason to you Dr, Take it in that way! In reality, I wanted to bury the case because it lacked importance. *But now I know that it is not thus!*

–What do you want to say? –I asked to my regret.

–Well, closing the parenthesis that I opened to excuse me with you, it happened this morning I tried to localize you in the Neuropsychiatric Hospital where I *worked*, and there they informed me that you revoked two months ago, during your vacations. All my acts were strange coming from someone so… normal?... as you. In mid-morning, I was then that I decided to take a free day and dedicated myself to realize a little investigation on my own. Thus I verified, that you sold your department of Cerro San Bernardo without communicating anyone your address; and that your friends obtained from their parents the new that you «was investigating by your own an archeological site in Catamarca». Everything was too vague, Dr Siegnagel, Closed bank accounts, domicile change, abandon of work, of the studies, friendships: *it could be said that are the steps of someone who wants to erase his steps, of someone that flees*. But you're not a criminal; you had no motives neither enemies who obeyed you to flee two months ago. Or is that *then* appeared the mysterious enemies?

Yes, Dr Siegnagel. I yielded a little in my position and linked your strange behavior with the Neuropsychiatric Hospital crime. «It could be said that there was something else, that forced you Dr to flee», I said to myself, and I gave myself to read the files about the murderer of Belicena Villca again. And what I discovered? Well, that we didn't give any attention to the *Jewish* medals that the mortal rope had on its extremes. As soon as possible, I wanted to know what said the inscriptions and, without respecting the nap, I went to the University and inquired in a labyrinthine section, I think that it was called Department of Philology until I encountered an incredible character called «Professor Ramirez». And what do you say about Dr Ramirez? Well, the poor man went out fleeing knowing that I was a cop and seeing the pictures of the medals. I had to convince him for hours to talk. It resulted at last that he knew you very well. That you have consulted him three months ago about the same inscriptions, but not mentioning the crime (you did well, because at knowing he automatically his mouth was shut). And that behind this there is an awesome story in which are, *as I said to Dr Siegnagel,* the damn Jews.

Yes; yes. I know what you think. That I don't know how to distinguish Druids from the Jews, nor even capable of understanding the Universal Synarchy. You, as every German, believe that we are idiots. (Druids it is said? I think that Professor Ramirez called them in that manner). Look, it is possible that I don't know what a Druid is. But I advance you that I am just coming after six or seven hours with Professor Ramirez in which he was dedicated to demonstrating that a Druid is the same as a Jew if I not misunderstood his final synthesis. Therefore, the case is the same, intellectual quibbling. I was right: Belicena Villca was liquidated by the Jews, special Jews but Jews at last. And you were also right when you told me about the form of the murder, the *modus operandi*, was masonic. Yes, you were right, and I didn't believe you.

But I will not commit the same mistake now because I have been thinking. I've reflected on that happened three months ago, the steps after you, and what has happened here yesterday. And do you know you what conclusion I have reached?

–I do not dare to imagine it–I said to him with honesty.

–Well that the murder of your family *constitutes a Ritual murder.*

–I can't deny it –I accepted because the policeman deserved the confirmation to his conclusions.

–*And of the same type Belicena Villca, perhaps committed by the same killers?*

–I could not prove it, but I am sure that the answer is affirmative –I conceded.

–That is better Dr Siegnagel! I already told you that I am not here as a cop but as a friend. I understand that for some reason you cannot denounce the truth and for this reason, I come to offer you my help, mine and of my nationalists' Comrades. I have a group of tasks prepared to enter operations at any moment! –He said, lowering the tone of the voice till an inaudible level.

Even if it seems incredible, I didn't understand yet what the officer Maidana proposed to me.

–And what is what you want to do? –I asked without dissimulation.

–And you ask it, Dr? To help you against your enemies, that without doubts are our enemies, and enemies of the country! We offer you concrete help, men, weapons, equipment! You just have to give us the names of the killers, a clue, reveal to us which is their organization. Don't you want to revenge on your family? We'll do it for you, or with you.

I contemplated Maidana discouraged. How could I explain to him the reality of Bera and Birsha? Undoubtedly in the head of the policeman, not even the possibility fit that behind the murders be a supernatural cause. He didn't recognize real existence to the magic; and in his judgement, the esoteric would be just a method of intelligence, destined to achieve «psychological action» and «cultural penetration». In sum, the officer Maidana, an as good war veteran of the nationalist *conspiracy*, just conceived foes of flesh and bones, Jews, Marxists, Masons, Zionists, or whatever, but permeable foes to the artillery of varied caliber and trotyl.

–I appreciate your offer Maidana. I appreciate it profoundly because I know that it is honest and disinterested. But you cannot help us, and I cannot give you any information. Believe that it is better to leave things thus. Now it is not a mere intern of the madhouse: it is about my family, Maidana; *of all my family*. If you could help me, how could I not accept? However, now I am who wants to leave things as they are. I know what I am saying.

–How is that we cannot help you? – protested Maidana. Do you know what I think?: that you are afraid! I don't know who has committed the crimes. But it is evident that you know, and you don't want to share the secret. And why would I do such a thing? Well, because you suppose that the enemy is too «powerful» for us, the awkward South Americans. I comprehend you; you are German, and you have a prejudice against the Argentinian Nationalism, and perhaps you are right because an entire fauna of imbeciles and traitors have discredited us; I can't respond to those charges. But you are wrong if you think that it will always be the same! We are in another Age, and there are other men: to our generation, Dr Siegnagel, *they will not be able to stop materially* –He affirmed with firmness–. We are too many, we have ideals, and we are tired of

corruption and materialism; the day in which we will lunge the synarchic forces to a great national lesson is near. Trust in us, and you will not repent! No enemy is too strong in the pure homeland to stop us to given an unforgettable strike. Perhaps we will not win War, but we can punish them partially, hurt their pride, break their arrogance, avoid that they taste the triumph of their crimes! What do you tell me, Dr? Is it Mossad? The English MI5? The C.I.A.?

What answer could I give to the Commissar Maidana?

–I will just tell this and is the only thing: –I said– *that if the Enemy is human, I am sure that your enemy would be effective.* Yes, Maidana: if the enemy is human, I assure you that I would count on your support. That must be enough for you.

–But, what do you say? –He asked mockingly–. It surprises me that you, a person that I respect for your honesty, demonstrate to me that you resort to simple escapism to avoid the killers' threat. You're afraid, and you don't want to face the fact that you will be attacked by the killers sooner or later! *Because if it's not, if you were in your head, you would comprehend that the killers are very humans.*

–How? –I exclaimed involuntarily.

–Yes, Dr; react –requested Maidana–. The killers would be human beings: *if they were not. Why would they use knives and batons?* –He asked with irrefutable policial logic.

It was a simple conclusion, absurd and elementally simple. But such reason I could not accept it, I denied him; and for it, and the future of Maidana, just a policeman of Salta.

–No! No! –I denied stubbornly– You don't comprehend Nature of the Enemy. You cannot help us.

I had locked myself in a lamentable infantile attitude when the intervention of Uncle Kurt surprised us.

–Yes, you can help us! –He assured.

We looked at him half mouthed.

–Perhaps I can achieve that they give us back the corpses of Katalina and the children –

He suggested.

–Oh! –Suspired Maidana–. It is about a bureaucratic formality. It is another kind of help that I have come to offer you, but don't believe that I will defraud you if you ask me for a favour.

He observed his wristwatch, and he added:

–2:15 are a bad hour to do demarches. Nevertheless, I'll go to the local Commissariat to inquire what happens with those corpses and then I will come back. Do not forget what I said to you, Dr! Meanwhile, consider my offer.

Chapter VI

The Commissar Maidana car climbed the exit path's slope, and two hundred meters ahead he went into the provincial route. Two fat women that awaited patiently approached and embraced, both at the same time: were the «mothers of milk» of Katalina and Me. There it was very important that to be a «mother of milk», «son of milk», or «brother of milk»; all started when to a good mother «was soured» for her baby, or not produced it in enough quantity: then was resorted to another mother, a stronger mother, that would have calved her son on a near date and was required her help to breast-feed both babies. Even if she was the strongest, the mother of milk was also the poorest because she was usually a creole or Indian, perhaps already a mother of many sons, who willingly rendered her collaboration. And, of course, was paid for such services. But the retribution was another thing; generally, gifts for their own children, clothes, and food, and other quite different was Love of the mother: that could not be paid with anything, and for that reason, superior ties than the simple commercial transaction were generated: the «kinship of the milk». In fact, the mother of milk usually became in «midwife» of the real mother and enjoyed of some friendship or preference in respect to the other women of the calchaquí valley. Those were centennial customs of the Mores, which came from the Spaniards' Age, or perhaps of the Indians.

From those two women that embraced me, one was «mother of milk», and the other had been of Katalina. «I have nothing, told me the first, neither look like Ms. Beatriz, but all what mine is yours, Arturito, all my love». I tightened with force such creole that had seen me born, and I kissed her on the cheeks. «Thanks, Ms. Isabel, thanks you very much» I said her moved, while the maudlins of La Merced were making a choir with their painful lamentations.

I left the midwives, crossing themselves beside the coffins, and I went away to a far corner, accompanied by Uncle Kurt. Since Commissar Maidana left, a growing overdrive went seizing from me. I had an idea; an idea emerged from the policeman's rational conclusion, which I wanted to communicate to Uncle Kurt without delay. Naturally, if I didn't want to accept the proposals of Maidana, Uncle Kurt would have not even heard them. So, I repeated him:

–Uncle Kurt! Uncle Kurt! –I startled him–. Reflect on the words of the cop: they are as a syllogism. He affirmed «the killers are human»; why? «because they use knives and batons, it means, material weapons», I deducted. At that moment, I denied that possibility completely, but now I consider that the deduction of Commissar Maidana is great.

–Are you mad, neffe, out of your mind! –Uncle Kurt disqualified me from opining– They are Immortals! Bera and Birsha are Immortals! If they employed a knife doesn't mean anything: it was necessary for the Sacrifice's ritual.

–For all the Gods, Uncle Kurt, don't treat me like an idiot! –I defended myself–. I know that they are immortals: but, *as Belicena Villca said in the story of Nimrod, only while they are not killed, «while not be exerted any kind of physical violence against Them». «These Immortals can die too».*

–Are you mad! –He repeated, more closed yet–. Didn't you verify the power of the Demon Bera last night? We can't do anything against them. You have

done very well discouraging the policeman!

–Oh, *mein Gott*! –I swear– No, Uncle Kurt! I am not mad! You are the one that sins of Obstinate! But you are going to hear from me. And you will let me expose my idea; *die prüfen?*

–Yea, yea –he promised without conviction.

–Then behold. My concept is that there are two irreducible planes, which now, by an erroneous and subjective appreciation of reality, have been interfered with or mixed. Such planes are *the Plane of the Spirit's reality* and *the Plane of Human Reality*. Between both planes cannot be relations or connections, but senseless: every nexus or reason is illusory, not real. But it exists, also, a law, which is the reason for the *unreason*, which protects and affirms the absolute reality of the planes. And this law, that sustains *reason for the unreason* between such planes, is the unique reference not to lose reason and lose the mind. This law of the sanity demands: *to not transgress the planes. Not move to the plane of the Spirit's reality own entities of the plane of human Reality,* and reciprocally: *to not project to the plane of human Reality the ideas own of the Spirit's reality.*

In this devilish issue of Bera and Birsha, my dear uncle Kurt, it seems to me that you have confused the planes, that we don't know anymore which it is the plane threatened by the Immortals. But I'll tell it to you, Uncle Kurt. I will tell it to you so clearly that you will not repeat that I am mad, but you will have to accept that I am too sane. This is: let's see first the plane of the Spirit's reality: there *the truth* is the Origin, the Origin's Symbol; for that truth, for not been able to resist the weight of that truth, for denying or not bear the presence of that truth, the Immortals are obeyed to manifest for *modanic-archetypal*, as the one that you saw in La Brea. The form of the monad, the unity of Light, allows them to exist powerfully *out from the plane of human reality* and avoid facing the Origin's Truth, with the Origin's Symbol. That powerful form is, with security, the most dangerous that someone can imagine; I agree that such danger is also real.

However, let's go now to the plane of human Reality: there *the truth* is the Self, i.e., the psychic and volitional manifestation of the chained Spirit to Matter. And the lie, the illusion of Man, but also his animic motor, is the *Pain*. The Creator God feeds from a force called *human pain*, and Man produces pain and *suffering* to feed the Great Deceit's Creator. The common man produces little pain because to suffer the illusion of the pain, the wounded nobility of the Spirit is necessary. Thence that Great Men, Great Incarnated Spirits, can generate Great sufferings, Great pains, Great afflictions, and Great anguishes: *the hunger of God, of Jehovah-God, demands the contribution of the pain of Great Men. And those men capable of the greater suffering have to be also capable to offer the major sacrifice: their pain must be sacred for God, for Jehovah-God. For it are required the representatives of Jehovah-God, the Priests of Jehovah-God, and those with the power to consecrate the Great pain, for example, Bera and Birsha.* Because it will always be necessary that in the plane of human Reality exist Priests of God to consecrate the Great Pain of the Great Man, to the unity of God, of Jehovah-God. Thus, it will only be possible to *sacrifice* the Great Man make that his Great consecrated pain feeds the unity of The One, the Creator God Jehovah-God.

In synthesis, Uncle Kurt, one thing is the Immortals faced to the plane of the Spirit's reality, where they have no other choice than to manifest themselves monadically, as the unity of Light, to avoid the Origin's Truth: just as happened to Bera with you, he had no other choice than *to dress with the clothes of The One*, it means, *with his Monad of Light.* You will object to me saying that such manifestation also occurred in the plane of human Reality, but I will repeat to you that you are the atypical case, and you know it. *You are as a wounded man, to whom an unusual wound left exposed one of his most intimate bones; those who contemplate it to remain profoundly impressed to receive a close reality, which usually escapes to every consideration: in a similar manner, those who have contemplated the Origin's Sign that you exhibit involuntarily, have remained profoundly impressed because they have sensed in the discovery the revelation of other Reality, close and strange.* In sum, Uncle Kurt, your experience has no general value, is own of someone capable to exhibit in the plane of the reality of Man signs of ideas originated in the Spirit's World, own of a Shivatulku, perhaps.

But in the field of the common human beings, as the not Initiated members of House Tharsis, as Mom and Katalina and Me, the things occur according to the aforementioned law: *the pain must be consecrated and sacrificed to Jehovah-God, and for that are necessary Priest of flesh and bones.* Thence that in all her letter, Belicena Villca always describes the Immortals as *Diabolic Priests.* Do you understand me now, Kurt?: *for the Sacrifice of the Pain ritual of Death must be officiated; and, to officiate ritual of Death, are necessary sacrifice Priests!*

–Where are you aiming to? Or, better said, where do you think that your arguments will guide me to? –Asked Uncle Kurt, suspecting that I intended to make him fall into a dialectic trap.

–Very simple: *my conclusion is, and I think that I've demonstrated it, that to effectuate Ritual murders like the ones that they executed yesterday, the Immortals must present themselves in priestly human form.* In a word, I think that the Commissar Maidana was right: the killers of my parents were human beings, Priests of the Crime that must use the knife and physical force to reduce their victims.

–… Although it seems mad, I must admit that it doesn't lack sense. Well, neffe; let's suppose that it is thus: and what would we gain with it? Where would be the difference in the situation?

–Ahhh…. –I breathed triumphantly –. Your question obeys the fact that you do not consider either remotely the possibility to attack. Is that?

–Attack? I think that you have gone mad –He prejudged.

–Yes! Attack, attack the Demons! What happens to you uncle? Have the thirty-five years of forced vacations softened you?

–But how, Arthur, how we would do that. Where would we find them? –I had left Uncle Kurt, virtually disconcerted, without knowing what argument oppose against my crazy idea–. And, even supposing that we could do it. For what it would be useful, for what would be useful the Strategy of the Siddhas? Don't we agreed, already, that the best would be to follow the trace of Noyo Villca, comply with the request of Belicena Villca?

–*Shhhhh* –I blew, putting the index finger on my mouth in a signal of silen-

ce–. *Still! You'll find all these answers when you know the plan.*

–*What plan?* –Interrogated Uncle Kurt with fear.

–My plan! The plan that I have to end with the Demons! But I will not talk about it now until the funeral does not end. Then I will explain it to you, and we will discuss it.

Not convinced, Uncle Kurt moved his head with funny preoccupation. If we were not in such tragic circumstances, I would have laughed of Good mood of his gestures, with which he pretended to express that he was a serious person who had fallen in the hands of a madman.

Chapter VII

At the 5:30 hrs arrived two funereal cars that transported Katalina and her children. The three coffins were immediately disposed of next to my parents' ones, which inspired the maudlins to renew the litanies' singular pathos. Fifteen minutes later appeared the Commissar Maidana, the author of such incredible bureaucratic feat.

–How had you achieved it, Commissar? –I inquired.

–Well, it was not too difficult, considering that the forensic informs were ready already, although not signed: no one likes to sign a report unprovided of diagnostic. Because that is what they had: *nothing.* It means that they ignored what your sister and nephews died. My unique merit was to convince the medics, who arrived just at the 5:00 hrs, that I had confidential information that a superior order would bury the case. Even thus, I had to awaken the respectable judge to obtain the verbal approval that would permit the Commissar to give the corpses. However, there was no impediment to end the formality and the Judge acceded to receive them in the morning and sign the authorization being ready the forensic reports. And here are the unfortunate relatives, Dr; and do you know the diaGnosis? Heart attack. It is foolish because we all agree in that treats about a multiple homicide, but these medics didn't achieve to determine the cause of Death. I instead would have requested a profound study in the University of Salta, but as you are too hurried to put an end to the funeral, things must remain thus.

–Indeed, Commissar Maidana. In that manner will remain; for good –I assured– Anyhow, the killers will pay for what they have done to my parents.

–Of that, I wanted to talk to you, Siegnagel! –Said Maidana euphorically, changing his attitude completely.

Excuse me if I sin of optimism –He apologized– but *I love to win* discussions or bets, especially when a rival is a respectable person as you: *that fills me with pride*– He confessed naively.

–And what have you gained? –I asked perplexed.

–Perhaps for you it is not particularly important, but I made you an offe-

ring before leaving –he remembered–. And I still have in mind your unusual words, suggesting absurdly that «*the killers would not be human*». «If they were human, he said, you would accept my help». You said it!

–Stay calm, Maidana, which I am not going to contradict myself! Indeed, I didn't believe it so, although after that I have modified my opinion and now, I practically agree with you in that the killer would not be humans, perverse or infamous human beings.

–Good, Dr Siegnagel! I am pleased that you have changed your opinion; now, it will be easiest to admit that I was right. New elements have emerged in this case, Dr!

–What elements?

–*Witnesses, Dr Siegnagel. Two witnesses who saw perfectly the killers came.* – Informed with professional tone–. At this moment, they are presenting declaration and providing the description that will allow reconstructing the countenances of criminals: once made-up the identity, thousands of them will be distributed through the whole Province, and the rest of the country and a trace operative will be initiated to detect their movements.

Uncle Kurt had become livid. I, on the contrary, evaluated that that news beneficiated my plans.

–Who are the witnesses? –I wanted to know.

–I'll tell you with complete reserve because the case was under the judicial summary's secret. It was two janitors of the Tobacco Enterprise, who had to enter at 0:00 hrs, at 300 meters from here, and they passed in front of the entrance' palisade almost at that hour. As they are neighborhoods, they always cover the journey accompanied, each one with a bicycle. And like almost all the dawning, the one of yesterday also seemed tranquil: *until they arrived here, they saw a car.*

–The car! –We screamed in duet, Uncle Kurt, and Me– What car?

–Hahaha –ironized Maidana– Are you seeing how your killers are very humans? *so much that they even circulate in an imported car.*

–Could you give us more details? –I reclaimed frantically.

–Be patient, the Dr and I'll tell you all what I know, which is not too much. At the 11:59 or 0:00, approximately, the two men started to roll their bicycles before this Property. Very soon, they noticed that ahead circulated an enormous black car slowly; it was going slowly, as if it would be searching a determined house, and the cyclists didn't advance for mere curiosity. Thus, they continued in the caravan until, at arriving in the palisade, the car turned and went out from the route, parking at the entrance. Then they could see very well the occupants *were two men of «Asian aspect»*, dressed immaculately in a black suit; even one of them descended to open the palisade and was clearly observed by both of them.

The witnesses are retained since yesterday at noon, just that they didn't inform you about the inquest's march. Through the computer monitor, the important is that the janitors identified the second character as a kind of «Turk»

or person natal from the Middle East. What did I tell you Dr? I was not too mistaken when I suggested to you that they could be members of the Mossad.

No, Bera and Birsha were not members of the Israeli Mossad, but undoubtedly, they could be the Leaders of that sinister «Intelligence Service», or Jewish «Squadron of Death»: they were utterly trained for that. They were, actually, natal from the Middle East, who had awakened him too, at the 3:00 of the morning.

–Hello Arthur. Good day, Mr. Sanguedolce. How are you, Maidana? –He saluted. I ignored that he was a friend of Arthur. I've brought what you have asked but remember that all is maintained in reserve as you are friends. The Judge is trying to give light in a matter that has also become strange, and only in the morning will emit the orders that will allow us to act. Until then, the summary is secret.

He gave a pocket to Maidana, which he hurried to open. It contained two identikits of the killers and many draws that represented the scenes seen by witnesses.

The portraitures showed two countenances of undoubtedly Asian aspect: round, marked cheekbones, sparse eyebrows, eyes slightly torn, and thick lips. They were neatly shaved and lacked, it seems, of hair. This last could be assured with certainty *because, unusually, criminals wore hats as «mushrooms», very helmeted.*

–Some things don't fit, what is not agreed with the Criminology's general patterns, commented on Cerrillos' Commissar with contrariness. We're looking for two ferocious killers, author of the massacre of an inoffensive family. Two witnesses, see them, at the hour of the crime, entering the house. There all went right, all «normal». We requested then to the witnesses to describe to us the alleged evildoers. They accede; and there ends the typological normality: the case escapes to any general framing; not even the casuistry criminology, neither the records nor the accumulated experience, serve to comprehend the fact. In principle was suspected from the witnesses, but then their capacity to witness was verified: two unblemished persons, who never drinks a drop of alcohol, because they perform a surveillance position, and they are also ex-policemen, i.e., retired policemen, trained to watch facts and accustomed to giving details. But their history was too much incredible. –Look that image, where the companion has descended to open the palisade and Driver is seated at the steering wheel of the black car –What have seen the witnesses? Not two «normal» criminals, who will kill a family furtively, but two *gentlemen* are stylishly dressed, who enter as if they be as visits in property of the Siegnagel's. In fact, the Judge ordered that they be examined by the psychiatrists, yesterday afternoon, but the report is positive: they're in perfect mental conditions. They even facilitated an interrogatory under hypnosis, that also thrown positive results: concretely, *they tell the truth*; whatever they have seen, they believe in what they say.

I looked askance at the Commissar Maidana, because from all that emerged the whiff known during the murder of Belicena Villca. But he not undeterred; evidently, he also had a rational explanation for the curious attire of the «agents of the Mossad».

Look at this, Gentlemen! –Insisted the Commissar of Cerrillos– Can be something more ridiculous than killers dressed in black suits of three pieces, black shoes, black hat, black mushroom hat! black tie and white shirt? Yes, I know that can exist murders like these: in Hong Kong, in Istanbul, in London, in New York, and a thousand more places in the world. *But here in Cerrillos?* Treating another kind of people would be even possible to accept their presence in the zone: for example, if they are executives of a transnational enterprise that come for business, to loot some of our raw materials. To this kind of criminals, it is possible to imagine without effort. But, in the case that occupies us, they easily escape to the farmer killers' general pattern.

The Commissar consulted the watch and said goodbye: –I must leave now. See you soon, Arthur; I am really sorry about this. I'll see you this afternoon in the cemetery. Forgive me for the talk but has been Maidana who came to stir the wasps' net; I'd have not bothered you *until after the funeral.* Naturally, the Judge also wants to talk with you, and he will not delay calling you; when this tragically moment passes, *naturally.*

The last words of the Commissar of Cerrillos caused me profound inquietude. What pretended the policeman? They murdered my family, and the interrogated would be me?

–Stay calm, Dr, that this is nothing –Assured Maidana–. Simple routine. The police are confused and will want to know your opinion. The same occurs with the Judge; is for this reason that he resisted giving the corpses. I could give you many hypotheses about what the Commissar told us and that has probably happened. For example, it is almost sure that they have radiated the black car's description and they didn't achieve to know its whereabouts; is a strange car and they suppose that someone should have seen it. But they don't advance because they investigate professionally. You and I know that contrarily to what the Commissar and the Judge affirm, this is a classical case: a classical case inside the Intelligence and the International Counterintelligence. Maidana was convinced of his theory, and I'd have to give him answers without dilations.

Chapter VIII

It was half past eight in the morning. I was in the kitchen of the property of Cerrillos, having breakfast with Uncle Kurt and the Commissar Maidana. I remembered with sadness that in such ambience, I had seen my parents together for last time: the hindmost image of a reality that would be repeated anymore. As a product of the journey that I undertook that morning, my parents were in the next-room, inside huge coffins. The remembrance hurt me, but according to Uncle Kurt that was *the weakness*: the Hyperborean Initiates, the ᛋᛋ Knights, he told me in Santa María, *could not have a family*; and much less love it: that would be to convert them in the target of the Enemy, expose them to secure destruction, and, what was worst, it would be our *weak*

point. In that time, I underestimated his advises, but now I comprehended fatally how much truth existed in his words: for that reason, he insisted too much: he, who knew the Enemy also knew, as I know it now, that no adviser was enough to be prevented against them. He had private himself for 35 years to see his sister regularly to protect her and me, the son, who would send her recklessly to the executioner. *It was as to go mad. But I could not lose my mind. About the death of my family, I had a certain responsibility for the committed negligence. But I should not forget that the Enemy had executed the target objectives. We were, then, in war: and in the Strategy of that War, I had to comply with a mission!*

After the breakfast, Maidana would pass a moment through the Police Leadership in Salta, and then he would go to rest. He had promised to come back at the 18 hrs, for the inhumation. However, he hurried a definition in the act about his help offering. For him, time could be waste because each minute that transcurred was an advantage that the killers took in their escape tactic. Now, he suggested, if I didn't want to catch the material killers, but I wanted to smite the instigators. We could talk on another occasion less dramatic because I assured that his nationalist group would also help me.

It'd not be necessary to wait: I had already taken a decision:

–Commissar Maidana. Would you be so gentle as to wait just thirty minutes more, and not take bad that I talk with Mr. Sanguedolce alone? –I asked.

–I've no inconvenient –He said with trust. Then, while Uncle Kurt was going to the stairs, he approached to my ear and added–. I'm deliberate calm, but don't believe that I am stupid. I have seen attentively, and I would swear that he is not Italian. Perhaps he is German or of some Nordic country. And perhaps he is your relative or one of those Nazi heroes that search for Jews to liquidate. Perhaps he is the objective of the cult of the Asian killers: a «contract» of the Mossad, but why not?...

I walked away without hearing anything else. It resulted very difficult to treat with Maidana: he was intelligent, instructed, he had intuition, but he persisted in the erroneous attitude to include all the facts in a superficial political concept. He should not think more in himself, but he would give him to Uncle Kurt in the speech.

We gathered in my room, a place saturated of painful remembrances. Uncle Kurt leaned in his bedroom, and I occupied the chair. Before he achieved to emit the first word, he made me remind his opposition. But I was prepared for his reaction, because since days ago that I had comprehended why Tarstein qualified him as *obstinate.*

–I imagine what you are going to tell me, neffe. Since the policeman, Maidana appeared, and you gave credit to the incredible idea about the «humanity» of Bera and Birsha, I have come fearing to hear «your plan». And do you know why? Because I imagine it. But don't worry; I'll hear your plan beforehand, a principle from which I will not move no matter what happens: *The Immortals cannot die*.

It is obvious, «The Immortals cannot die», and Uncle Kurt standing there stubbornly upon that principle would never coincide with my plan. Neither

with his better «goodwill». But, as I anticipated, I was prepared for his reaction, and I had already found how the future don't remain free to its «goodwill»: I admired Uncle Kurt, but I didn't believe him very capable as to wait another 35 years before to undertake an action. I released my speech:

–My Dear Uncle Kurt: we are in front of two perspectives; and to be able to move, one of them must prevail over the other. However, none of us will yield in our position; and *it is not convenient for us to do so* because, even if you are obstinate for the rest, you possess powers that nobody has and an Initiatic knowledge that must be respected. Oh tautology, can be right or can be wrong, no one knows, neither you. For some reason I was convoked now by the Gods, for some reason I received the Letter of Belicena Villca, for some reason, I am a von Sübermann, for some reason I suffer this pain, the attack of the Demons against my family; for some reason will be all these things, but they are not enough by themselves as to decide if I am right or wrong. You tend to believe that all that happens to me is for you, but I have a different idea of myself, and I think that I also exist; and that if I exist is for something: for that something that we don't know what is but perhaps be to be right in my plan, what would suppose that I will also be right in my plan, what would mean that I will also be bright at fulfilling the request of Belicena Villca, that I will find his son, Noyo of the Wise Sword.

How to know which is true? How to know it, if after what has occurred to my family and verify that Bera and Birsha have reincarnated to attack, I will never accept that the future steps be decided by «goodwill» and that I will decide by myself neither? I'll explain to you *how we will know it*. And forgive me if I have to be harsh with you, Uncle Kurt. You have left settled your principle from which you will not move. Well, I will expose you mine, from which I won't move either: *I will just accept, and only accept, the Will of the Gods*! Let them decide!

Logically, I do not propose a «Proof of God», an Ordeal, to find out the Will of the Gods. Because if there's something in what I am disposed to trust; and it is in your honor, in honor of your Eternal Spirit. *And you can talk with the Gods through the faculty of Scrota Krâm*, although I am sure that that for obstinate you never employed it since the Third Reich fell. Talk with the Gods, with Captain Kiev, and consult about our future and ask concretely which steps we must make! Whatever be answer that they offer to you I will accept it. And I will accept it from you: *I will believe what you will tell me.*

In reality, I trusted that the Honor of Uncle Kurt would impede him to deceit me. And if, after all, he deceived me, there: the Führer, who was who communicated him the Scrota Krâm, would be in charge of it. More than to persuade him by the eloquence, with my speech I wanted to put Uncle Kurt in a dialectic trap that would obey him to opt between to carry out the attack of the Demons or betray the Strategy of the Führer. What if my plan was correct, *I would never know it.* Logically, I was so sure that my plan was as good as him that the conversation with the Commissar Maidana had deranged my reason.

By the moment, Uncle Kurt went silent. I took him out of the absorption because I needed to count on his approval before explaining him the plan. To

not fail, I went to a smite of dramatic effect.

–What are you saying, Uncle Kurt? Will you talk with Captain Kiev and receive his message? Do you want me to beg you? It doesn't ashamed to beg you: do it for me. Remember that when I went to Santa María, and you almost killed me with the daivas dogs, you assured that if I'd have died, you would have committed suicide: what can be worse than that? Or what occurred to us later, when the Demons exterminated our Lineage? Yes, Uncle Kurt, I beg you: *for one time in your life relax a little your stubbornness!*

–Wait a moment –He interrupted me– that is not for too much. You mustn't exaggerate. Your proposition seems fair to me, and I accept it in good grade. I will make use of the Scrotra Krâm again, that certainly I never used since the Second War, and I will procure to inquire the Will of the Gods. It is just that it is difficult to conceive the utility of your plan: *the Immortals cannot die.* But perhaps you're right, overall, and that it is real to realize your *insane* idea. Now, can you confirm with me with details what my intuition has already shown me, to despoil any doubts about what I have to consult?

I had convinced him! The bird was in the bag! The goat had fallen in the lasso! I shuddered with happiness, but I did not make any gesture that revealed my animic state, which was comparable to the one of Cicero when he convinced the Senate that Rome had to fight with Carthage. If he captured my thoughts it was something, that I could not prevent, but I would try that nothing could offend him. However, he didn't lose the opportunity to signalize me that my plan could only proceed from a madman.

–Strategically –I explained– my plan was based on the principle of the two Realities that I mentioned before. To be clearer, I affirm that the Demons, to attack us, have decided *to descend* to the plane of human Reality and have turned them vulnerable *in such a plan*. It is not too much. But, what else can we ask for? The Hyperborean Wisdom teaches that Nature of fear is essentially animal, it means, animic, human, and own of the Immortal Soul; contrarily, the Eternal Spirit is pure courage, *it doesn't know fear, which is essentially strange to it.* Well now: Bera and Birsha are two Immortal Souls highly evolved, *but Nature of fear is not strange to them;* on the contrary, they must be capable of feeling fear, and a lot; When? When they are surpassed *by force*. That is because, as every aninic essence, they only understand one language: *one of the force*. Of course, They conscious about their own force, and for that reason they don't fear an enemy that they know that is inferior *in force,* as the Spirits Chained to Matter are, as the spiritual men are. For that, they are right not to fear men *if they are supermen*, and it indeed represents a madness to try to attack Bera and Birsha *out from the plane of human Reality*. But now the case is different because they have situated themselves in the Plane of human reality becoming momentarily human beings, offering a weak point in their Strategy. *Now we can attack them in their human weakness as they attacked us.*

What would we gain if, as you say, finally «*the Immortals cannot die*»? Seen it thus, as you resolve it, it means *from the principles* that we would just achieve to disincarnate their Immortal Souls in the case to take them away from

their human lives. This is: we would not achieve anything. But I think that it is not thus as has to be responded to the problem because at clinging to a unique principle; other principles are left away, as important as that of the Soul immortality, that even if they are considered *can give us a relative strategic advantage*. Concretely, I am referring to the *principle of fear,* already exposed, and *the «avalanche effect» that has placed in the terrific territory, it means, the panic*: as professional of the psychic phenomenon, I know very well that the sensation of fear grows following an exponential curve, which is inverse to the volatile curve; in a determined point, both curves crosses and then fear dominates the will, or what is the same, the will is debilitated before the instinctive force, and overcomes the panic, during which the animic remains out from the rational control, it becomes rational.

My theory is the next: Normally, we would not have enough forces to attack the Immortal Souls Bera and Birsha and cause them to fear to put them to flee. Abnormally, they have situated themselves in the plane of human Reality, they have incarnated in human beings, and they have become Priests: diabolic Priests but human beings at last, with their limited vision by reason and f*or the instinct of fear*. Against human beings, no matter how diabolic they are, we have weapons to fight; *and enough force to cause them a great fear; such fear that will turn into terror; such terror that will break their satanic pride, their magical security that human beings cannot defeat them, and infuse them panic; such panic that will leave the Immortal Souls Bera and Birsha instantly out of control: as in an avalanche, a small initial force will be amplified in a great final force; as in a cosmic panic, a small initial fear, human, will be amplified in a great final terror, at the level of the Immortal Souls.*

You know what time is, Kurt: a mere illusion. In the plane of the Creator of Time, the only Reality of Time is the Beginning and End of Time, which are identical. And you know is the security for the Magician: the source of power; the Magician can't doubt not even one time because his magical power is cut; *the magician must always believe that he is powerful, more powerful each time: that is the «satanic pride»*; just one instant of doubt and such belief will remain broken, «broken the satanic pride», lost the evolution reached due to the consequent metaphysical fall. And according to my theory, if we achieve that instant of panic in Bera and Birsha, *that will be equivalent to their own magical destruction and their automatic remission to the Beginning of Time due to the loss of instantaneous evolution*. I don't know if two Immortal Souls evolved as Bera and Brisha would achieve to return from such situation of total involution. But, if we accept the Hyperborean Wisdom, it must be remembered that it teaches that as the Beginning of Time, as the End, is found in the Mahapralaya, the not Manifestation or the Final Death of all the animic. At the Beginning of Time, Bera and Birsha would have two paths: *one*, stay out from the time and sink into the Mahapralaya; *and two*, enter in Time, obeyed to recover their evolution lost «in» Time, i.e., manifesting themselves monadically into the elemental Worlds and then evolving towards the archetypal Final Perfection for Aeons, reaching the Mineral Realms, animal, and human successively, in rounds of planetary chains, into mavantaras and kalpas.

Conclusion of my theory: they will not be able to attack us again. To take to practice this theory is possible through a plan, that I will explain to you now. It is quite simple, and I will start to define its objective: *to kill the «Asian assassins», it means, to the Priests Bera and Birsha, in the course of an operation command.* To reach this objective, it is necessary to comply with four conditions; I will name them, and then I will tell you how they are fulfilled: first, to dispose of blunt weapons of short-range; second, localize the killers; third, approach to Them the enough as to assure the shooting; and fourth, to count with the surprise factor.

The first condition I think I can fulfil it with the aid of the Commissar Maidana, to whom I consider since now, and even if you do not agree with my criterion, as *an envoy of the Gods*; of course, an envoy unconscious of his mission.

The second doesn't require any investigation because we both agree that from here they left towards the Chakra of Belicena Villca: there we will catch them; and where, anyway, we must go. I just ask you to *confirm* our presumption in your consult with Captain Kiev.

The third depends on you, of your ability to control and direct the daivas dogs. I count with them, which with the jump *svadi-lung* will let us reach the adequate distance to not miss the shoots on the killers.

Naturally, the fourth depends on the third and of you, of how you construct mental orders with the Kilkor svadi that the daivas dogs will obey. It is logic that if in those orders you mention, just mention, to Bera and Birsha, they will detect you as to me and they will put on advice. The surprise factor demands, then, to not refer the dogs to Bera and Brisha. How we approach then? It must be discarded the possibility to directly direct the daivas dogs into the Chakra of Belicena Villca because we run the risk to not coincide in the right moment, that's to say, *when both be inside of the house*. We mustn't forget that such moment *passed already*, that the killer *has been already in the Chakra*, and that the cans will jump not only in the Space but in the Time, returning in time to the precise moment. How will we do then, to approach to them surprisingly? Referring the daivas dogs to the *killers' car*, to the black car *empty and situated in the Chakra*. This can be obtained in many steps, the first of them consists into make that the daivas dogs identify *right here, in Cerrilos,* the trace of the black car. In that way, they will possess *in abstracts* the «idea» or «name» of the black car a priori to the final order. And the final order will be a precise mathematical construction that will implant the idea, or encrypted name, from the black car in the Chakra context. We must think to resolve the problem, Uncle Kurt! But I am sure that there will be no insurmountable difficulties because the Tantra is extremely versatile to construct every type of orders, even the most complex.

Chapter IX

Uncle Kurt demanded to stay alone in my room. I'd consult Captain Kiev immediately with his Scrota Krâm about the convenience to realize or not my *insane* plan. I had the convincement that if my theory were correct, my plan would be approved by the Gods, under Uncle Kurt's protest. On the one hand, the own Uncle Kurt seemed to have deposed in some measure his negative attitude: when I concluded the speech, he just smiled, for first time in two days, and he said:

–I was wrong, neffe. You not only look like me, as I estimated in Santa María. You also look like Konrad Tarstein. And you have reminded it now, providing me, as you have done, one of his *crazy* missions. Then, at hearing it, as I hear you now, assaulted me the conviction that I had fallen in the hands of a madman. But then all went out according to the plans, and I had to surrender before whom had «better strategical vision than me». Really, because you deserve it, I'd wish now that the same occur and that you be right. *For my part, I will always perceive that something is missing from those plans, that they are unfinished, that they cannot give good results.* And if they are carried out to a good end, *will always assault me the impression that the success not depended on the plan, of its major or minor perfection, as from the Divine intervention, the miracle that will save us in the last moment.*

At last, that was my Uncle Kurt, and no one could change it now. I went away to the contiguous room, one of the deceased Katalina, while he communicated with Gods Loyal to the Spirit of Man.

No more than seven or eight minutes had elapsed when Uncle Kurt entered. Perhaps because he accumulated too much tiredness, perhaps to not think in Katalina, who hours before occupied such room with her children until he felt that his blood turned in the fire, the truth is that once I supported the head on the pillow, I began to dream. It was a symbolic dream, strange, but very suggestive: I was unknowing how, in an edifice with many floors, communicated to each other by countless stairs; I was searching for something I went up and down the stairs without finding his whereabouts; all of a sudden, at ascending by a huge terraces of greenstone, I acceded to a squared platform without exit; I was going to undertake the return when I warned a subtle movement in own of the walls that surrounded the platform; I turned back, and at observing with carefully, I comprehended that such wall was really a mirror; at the beginning, the mirror reflected me, to my exterior aspect, and for that reason what happened then took completely unwarned: I discovered, paralyzed with terror, that an enormous and hideous black spider was observing me with the same care.

Immediately I realized that that *the spider was Myself, or something of me that was reflected outside*; overcoming the apprehension that possessed me, I extended shyly one hand towards the mirror, at the same time the spider advanced its front led thither; over the speculate surface, we rub each other; then the spider bristled, as decided to bite, and in the midst of my horror, it jumped onwards, went out from the mirror and fell upon me, inside of me, sinking into the Bottom of Myself; the terrible experience obeyed me to close the eyes, but the I opened then again, still paralyzed, and I saw the mirror again: but it didn't reflect the spider anymore but to a wonderful a beauty Sword.

I recognized it immediately, it was the Wise Sword of House Tharsis, unmistakable with its two hawks in the quillon, its Venus Stone, its spiraled ivory hilt with Unicorn horn and the legend «Honor et Mortis»; it was as animated, as provided of a life that peeked furtively behind the symbolic form; once again I took it to the mirror, noticing amazed that now it could cross the surface; I arrived then to Sword with intentions to take it, but at touching it, this was surprisingly transformed and also jumped to me, entered in me, it was transferred to the bottom of Myself; but this time it was not a spider but a Lady, the most beautiful lady that I ever conceived, only comparable to the Uncreated Beauty of the Virgin of Agartha, who reentered in Myself, and that I only saw furtively, just as She permitted that her Eternal Life be perceived under the Symbolic Clothes, Vrunic, of the Wise Sword.

In that nuptial instant, at seeing her for first and last time in life, I screamed unknowing why: «I've found you again!»; and *She kissed me at passing*, losing herself in the Infinite Blackness of Myself, and leaving me plunged in an indescribable ecstasy, colder than ever, harder than ever, more complete than ever: Stone of Ice, Man of Stone, Kâlibur Woman, Wise Sword, Kâli; O Kâli!. «O, Kâli», murmured Uncle Kurt at entering and transporting me to the bitter reality of the funeral in Cerrillos. It cost me to recover lucidity, after such a vivid dream, and as in dreams, I heard Uncle Kurt reviewing Captain Kiev's message. Of course, he didn't do it without making his personal protest.

–I spoke with Captain Kiev, neffe! As I did it 35 or 40 years ago! And you were right: *it is convenient to execute your plan, strategically convenient*! What doesn't mean necessarily that the plan is good. So, don't be too happy, because the Venus Lord mads a warning, *ambiguous, as all Warnings of the Gods.* But before talking about it, I'll tell you that *nothing has changed* after so many years, *that for me all remains equal, i.e., in the opaquest nebula*. I tired of this life in which I have the power but, at not understanding the power, at not including the Origin's Symbol that I am, I don't achieve to insert myself rationally in the Strategy, in the Great Strategy of the Loyal Siddhas and the Führer. Once again history has been repeated; when I commented to Captain Kiev that I had no faith in the effectivity of that plan and even less after Warning that he had transmitted me, he told me textually «*that I did not comprehend the situation*». Can you see neffe? –He asked with an affliction that resulted comic for me– *The Gods confirm the diagnosis of Tarstein, von Grossen, the kâulikas, and many others!* I don't understand the situation, *any situation*, it seems! I know that, and it fills my grief, but they seem to give a damn my grief: it is enough for them to give my power to realize their *unusual* plans, even if I don't understand them. And the Captain Kiev participates of this attitude: *my function is not to comprehend but to act and comply with the orders.* To comprehend the Strategies are men as Tarstein and you, the emulators of Nimrod, the Kassite King, the madmen who plan and achieve to prosecute with War in Heaven and take Heaven by assault. Of course, with our indispensable collaboration, the powerful who ignore how to apply the power, who «don't comprehend the situation», must employ all our power to save the Wisemen's bacon.

Thus, he continued protesting a while, while I attended to him with patience. Finally, he spoke of what interested us with urgency.

–In sum, neffe, that in the absence of major comprehension, I will attend to the beginning, which clearer for me: *the Immortals cannot die.* And here goes Warning of Captain Kiev. In general, he approved what you propound to do, but he told me these enigmatic words: «*at finishing the operation those who didn't contemplate it at the beginning will see it, but if, at the beginning, they had seen it, it would avoid them to end the operation*». You tell me, in whom the Gods trust, what he desired to say with that ambiguous advertence.

–Dear Uncle Kurt, I must be as sincere as you: I don't know it with security, but I presume that he is warning us about *a failure* in the plan; about something, an important detail, *that I have overlooked and that, if I consider it, perhaps would make me desist from going on*. But even thus, he advises us to act and that we will do. But I'll not stop mulling over Matter; I will meditate one and a thousand times in the plan to try to discover what is hidden to my strategic vision: it'd not like me to receive a surprise at the end, and I would not risk myself for anything in the world if I would not be convinced that we are going to win. The surprise, Uncle Kurt, shall be received by the killers! We have to dominate all the variants of the attack to avoid to be surprised at the same time! I swear to you that I will not leave any element without considering it until it acquires the operation's maximum security!

Forty-five minutes after I went up, we returned with the Commissar Maidana: he was placidly asleep on the sofa where we left him seated. At gonging down the stairs, Uncle Kurt asked me about the tactic that I would adopt to obtain the particular help that we needed from him.

–Have you thought about what you will tell him? You are not thinking to give him details of the operation, Don't you? –He captured me with his doubts–. Look, neffe: I do not trust in him, nor any person like him. They suffer great ideological confusion, and they cannot be real Comrades: they are with you today, and tomorrow you don't know to whom they'll respond.

–Slow Uncle Kurt, slow! –I tried to calm him–. Don't despise in that way who represents our unique support. Here, in Argentina, he is the best that exists: we are not in the Third Reich anymore! That already passed! The Führer *is not at sight anymore to awake the unlimited loyalty that you feel.* We are the only ones who see the Führer, the Initiates! And we cannot demand them to behave as ϟϟ Knights if they are obeyed to live in a world of the pre- Universal Synarchy: remember that even you preferred to die than to survive in this world! Then be, a little tolerant; and don't worry, *that I'll just tell him what he wants to hear*. Do you comprehend, Uncle Kurt, which I can't lie; but I cannot tell you *all the truth*. I will reveal you, then, *part of the truth, that part that he wants to know and that doesn't affect us if he knows it.*

I awakened Maidana, with a cup of tea in hand. He apologized for his «lack of control», and he recovered immediately. He was drinking the coffee like water, and in some minutes, he consumed three coups, while he heard my proposal.

–I'll talk to him as Nationalist Comrade, Commissar Maidana –I clarified–. We have coincided, with my friend, in which effectively you can fa-

cilitate us the kind of help that we need. Logically, to reach an agreement, I will have to put some cards on the table. Thus, I will start with the murder of Belicena Villca. Overall, I will signalize to him the whereabouts of *Noyo Villca,* Why? Because the young man was an Intelligence agent infiltrated in the subversive organizations.

–I knew that there was something concrete in all these! –Maidana exclaimed triumphantly. After so many madness, and a profusion of false ideas, it had to be some specific motive which was wanted to be occulted.

–Indeed –I confirmed–. And do you know for whom works Noyo Villca? Well, nothing else than for the Argentinian Army. Even more: he was an officer of the Army, a captain G2.

Mother of God! –He invoked– And why those documents don't figure in the policial expedient of Belicena Villca?

–Because a powerful synarchic organization, which worked on all the Army levels, was occupied with hiding the information. Don't forget that was the Army who locked her in the madhouse. To that organization, integrated *not only be Jews,* belongs the killers of Belicena Villca and my family. It would help if you recognized that because it will allow you to discover the nexus between both crimes, Noyo Villca is fugitive due to the Synarchy is trying to suppress him to avoid that his *ultra-confidential knowledge* is put into practice. And that to me, his mother before dying administrated me the keys to find it.

Now it is all clarified! –Believed Maidana–. I congratulate you Dr Siegnagel! You are a real man: you risked yourself alone for the national cause, and the international killers made him pay it dearly! You have done well trusting in me. From now on, we can work together against this organization and help Noyo Villca too.

–I don't know later, Mariana, that I don't see things in that way –I stopped him–. The favor that we will ask you doesn't consist in your support and your group but in another thing. In that sense, *and for the moment*, you will remain out from our action: that will be the base of the deal; no discussion: *you take it or not.* My proposal is the next: Noyo Villca belonged to a super-secret nationalist group of the Army: I know your contact, and I am disposed to reveal it to you, with which your group and one of them will be able to agree to work together. Thus, you will not remain out of the case: but, and for the moment, I repeat you, you will have to leave us to act against the killers.

–What do you want to say with *«for the moment»?* –Maidana wanted to know.

–I want to say that the restriction that I impose on you is provisory, motivated in the presumption that we have more possibilities of success if we operate alone. But the trust in you, it is demonstrated by the contact that I will give to you. And I'll also give you *my word of Honor that if our action fails, and remains another chance, we will resort without hesitation to you.*

–In principle, I accept –acceded Maidana–. Who is the contact?

–Before you must assure me that you will comply with the favor that we demand from you.

–I prevented myself.

–Well, tell me once what it treats! –He demanded irritated.

–Weapons, Commissar Maidana. We need at least two weapons as soon as possible.

–What kind of weapons? –He asked hesitating; and added– I don't know why you don't leave this in the hands of professionals, Dr you are acting out of your specialty; is as if I would be dedicated now to realize psychic healings.

–I already told you, Maidana, which were the terms of the deal: you take it or not.

–I´ve no choice, Siegnagel! Of course, I can give you weapons.

We have every kind of weapons! Tell me, just, what damn kind of weapons you want.

–We need a kind of weapon that be highly effective from close range, to destroy the body. Two riffles of repetition would be ideal –I suggested.

–I can give you two Itakas thins same afternoon. What else?

–Well… ammunitions for the riffles and… is it possible to obtain hand weapons too? –I realized that he lacked military training to ask for things with clarity. Uncle Kurt, who was a specialist in Matter, remained silent not to call attention to his knowledge.

–Hand weapons? There are hundreds of hand weapons at your disposition; but, if you let me intervene with my experience in this matter, it seems to me that the best will be that you explain to me what you think that you're going to do and let me in charge of the equipment.

I couldn't, of course, explain to him the plan. But I could show him some general details.

–It treats a command operative against the killers.

–What kind of operative?

–An ambush –I defined.

–Well then you don't need any kind of hands weapon but machine pistols. And you must also carry grenades of fragmentation. Look, Siegnagel: I prepared you two SWAT teams, adequate for this type of operation. Where are you going to operate? Can you carry a combat coat?

–Yes…I think so –I replied. Look with the shank of the eye to Uncle Kurt, and I saw that he assented–. What importance it has?

–Is that the combat coats that I'll give to you have all the necessary pockets, rings and shackles –He explained–. They will carry machine pistols, which are too small even if they shoot a thousand bullets per second, in a holster pouch, and you will resort to them only in case of necessity because you will carry the Itakas in the hands. The Itakas can be used with a leash for the shoulder or leg pouch, but I suggest the leash for the case. They have a capacity for eight cartridges, what confers them infernal firepower; with just one charge should be enough for an ambush, but, if you must sustain gunfire, you'll find more cartridges in the jacket. Likewise, in other pockets are the extra-loaders for the machine pistols and in the belt the ten grenades of fragmentation. For the doubts that you be obeyed to demolish something, I will also provide you with

two trotyl pieces of bread with electronic detonator each, which will also be subjected to the jacket. I'll complete you the team with two hill knives, which sheath is sewed in the jacket's interior part—satisfied, Dr Siegnagel?

–When can you give me such equipment? –I asked, admired.

–This same afternoon. Now give the name of the contact.

–Captain Diego Fernández. In 1978 was destined to Tucumán. He doesn't know me, and surely, he doesn't know what happened to Belicena Villca three months ago. He will not refuse to talk with you when be warned that we are trying to protect his Comrade.

Chapter X

At the 18 hrs was realized the painful inhumation. The Siegnagel possessed a wide mausoleum in the local cemetery, and there would be deposited the five coffins: the cremation would not be seen well by the priests of the population. First, according to mores, the funereal caravan passed through the church, and there was officiated a mass «for the eternal rest of their Souls», Golem formula, still in rigor. The old priest, a friend of my parents, tried to console me for the immense loss suffered and insinuated covertly that my remoteness from the Church could be connected to the actual disgrace. I promised to return to the Dominican masses, as when I was a kid, and confess myself and take the communion until Goodman remained satisfied.

Between curious and sad, a nourished crowd was reunited in the necropolis to bid farewell to the mortal rests. There were, punctually, Maidana and the Commissar of Cerillos. This last gave me the foreseen citation.

–I am sorry to bother you in these moments, Arthur, but will know to understand that we have to fulfil. Tomorrow you can come to give your declaration in the Commissariat. Is that at 11:00 hrs. The Judge will be waiting for you, who also want to interrogate you.

I promised to concur with exactitude, and the Commissar left satisfied. After the response, the priest went away too, and behind him, the crowd. It only remained Uncle Kurt, Maidana and Me.

We met again on the property. With extreme caution, Maidana put down four bags of cloth that contained the SWAT team. He made us a thousand recommendations about the prudence with which we had to manage such material, and some practical order clarification. All were committed and even more: he added boots, pants, shirts and berets, finally, all the command dress, painted with tones apt for the hill camouflage.

–I have fulfilled my part of the deal –affirmed–. And I wish you good luck in the operation. For have dedicated me in so little time, I have not been able to rest. Thus, I leave now I can't stand anymore. Oh: I investigated the officer Diego Fernández! He is in activity. Now he is Major G2, and he is destined to

the Intelligence Battalion 702, in Buenos Aires. Tomorrow or after tomorrow I'll go to talk with him personally!

–Well, Goodbye, Comrades! –He said solemnly– Oh; another thing, that I was forgetting! When you come back, Dr Siegnagel, Will you clarify to me those two obscure points about the case of Belicena Villca, those irrational facts that locked the entire investigation? I am referring to that matter of the murder inside the cell hermetically locked, and the jeweled rope used in the constriction. I know that ritual crimes exist, and that, those who practice them, are precisely members of the Synarchic organizations. But, what importance had to give Ritual form to Death of poor alienated, or the multiple killer of her family? Is what I can't understand.

I looked at him, discouraged. How to explain to him that rituals would be effective if who realized them were the Magicians of the quality of Bera and Birsha? I had to read the deception in my countenance because he raised the arms in an expression of *stop* and returned smiling to his car.

–Not now, not now, Dr, you are as tired as me, and it is not convenient to continue with the hypothesis but to go to sleep as soon as possible. *When I return,* I said to him. You will see that then you'll find a manner to explain it to me! He left immediately, and I never saw him again.

On that night, a sepulchral silence descended upon the property. Uncle Kurt was entertained for an hour examining the weapons, while I utilized that time to bury Canuto. My loyal dog had received a kind of ray in the midst of his body, perhaps a hit of the Dordje, and he was devastated: he would never wait for me in the palisade again to give me his affection, during those two hundred meters until the house that corresponded just to him. And I would never see my parents again, and my sister with her children, at the end of the path. Damn Demons Bera and Birsha! Damn Priests of the One Jehovah Satan! Damn Sacred Sacrificers! Soon, very soon, we would see our faces again, and they would be executed.

No «Bera and Brisha» due to, as Uncle Kurt repeated, «The Immortals cannot die», but the «Asian killers» of my family yes, the human manifestation of Bera and Birsha. They would now my fury; the one of Uncle Kurt; and of all House Tharsis members that they murdered, tormented and chased, and that now pretended to come in my help and encourage me. Because if I had the will strength to impose myself to Uncle Kurt and force him to accept my plan was precisely for that: because I had the certainty that to kill the Asian murderers was a matter of Honor; but above all; and I felt patent that in that yearning House Tharsis accompanied me spiritually. I saw Belicena Villca clearly; and heard her talking to me, which was referred to the last words of her letter: «Yes, Dr Siegnagel; it is a matter of honor to end with Bera and Birsha! They have committed a mistake, and you must take advantage of it; House Tharsis accompany you in your decision! Now you will demonstrate that you're a Kshatriya! And then, very soon, we will see each other during the Final Battle, or in Valhalla».

The Spirit of Belicena Villca was guiding me; I was sure about it; perhaps She was who brought so opportunely the Commissar Maidana to Cerrillos.

I finished burying Canuto at the feet of my favorite Taheebo, and I returned to the house.

Uncle Kurt had left to the superior floor, taking with him the totality of the equipment. I drank the umpteenth coffee of the day and went turning off the lights until I arrived at my room, i.e., the room that belonged to Katalina, and I submerged myself rapidly in the repairer indifference of Dream.

Chapter XI

On January 6 of 1980, Belicena Villca was murdered.

On January 21 1980, I experienced the spiritual rapture of the Virgin of Agartha.

On January 28, 1980, I knew that I had an Uncle Kurt and was leaving for Salta.

On March 1980, Uncle Kurt finished the narration of his life and, that night, I was detected by the Demon Bera.

On March 22 1980, at the 0:15 hrs. The Demons tried to exterminate the Lineage of the von Sübermann. Consequently, all members of the family died, except for Uncle Kurt and Me.

On March 22, at the 8:00 hrs. We arrived at Cerrillos and noticed a quintuple murder, according to the police version.

On March 23, at the 0:30 hrs. he came to give me his condolences and bring armed protection, the Commissar Maidana.

On March 23, at the 5:45 hrs. The Commissar Maidana informed us about the existence of two Asian killers" and their strange vehicle.

On March 23, at the 7:05 hrs. The Commissar of Cerrillos showed us the Identikits of the Asian killers. At that time, I had already conceived my plan till the last detail.

On March 23, at the 8:45 hrs. I convinced Uncle Kurt to consult my plan with captain Kiev.

On March 23, at the 10:30 hrs. we closed the contract with the Commissar Maidana: he will give us material help is we stay in the case.

On March 23, at the 20:00 hrs. The Commissar Maidana left Cerrillos after giving us the command equipment; I'd not see him again.

On March 23, at the 23:00 hrs. I rested for a while, for the first time since the fatidical night of the 21.

On March 24, at the 11 hrs. I presented myself in the Commissariat of Cerrillos and effectuated my declaration. It was not too much what I knew about the murders, and of them, they doubted, because they had verified my alibi: for it, they sent two policemen that realized the inverse path towards Santa María, they collected the testimonies about our journey from 0:30 to 8:00 hrs.,

they inquired the telephonic operator, who knew my voice because I called to Cerrillos frequently, and interrogated José Tobalaba and his wife, the stewards of Uncle Kurt. No, about my absence in the scenery of the crime they didn't doubt, neither suspected of Uncle Kurt; *what they presumed, as the police as the Judge, was that I knew the motive of the crime, which they had discarded as common crime*. Could it be a mistake? Could it be an unknown political objective? In which I was in? Which were my ideas and activities? Why had I moved away from the Church? Did my parents receive threats before? There was extortion?

Thus, filling me with similar questions, they retained me till the 5:00 hrs. of the afternoon, and they promised to call me again.

On March 24, at the 10:00 hrs. While I was preparing myself to go to the Commissariat, Uncle Kurt started to work with Ying and Yang. At returning, by the afternoon, the daivas dogs had already achieved to isolate the trace of the black car. Uncle Kurt designed it with a keyword and, affirming it mentally; he effectively demonstrated to me how the daivas dogs were going directly to the site where it parked.

Uncle Kurt dedicated the 25 of March integrally to construct the order with the Kilkor svadi. All the operation depended on that order's precision, and its meticulousness resulted comprehensibly. He just employed some hours the coordinate with me the movements that we would do before our foes. For example, we agreed that he would shoot first, and always leftwards, meanwhile, I should cover the right.

I dedicated the 25 of March integrally to leave fixed the operation of the property.

Some neighborhoods, through the participation in the product of the harvest, acceded willingly to take care of the wine yards and the future vintage; it'd not be a difficult task because Dad had the productive mechanisms properly oiled and all the work would be reduced to administrate the field and supervise the operators. We signed an improvised contract. I included clause completely uncommon: they compromised themselves to clean the winepress *and inject the 20.000 liters of Tar in one of the waterholes of property, which was dried since many years ago and which mouth was still opened with a cistern.* I did this because I could not run the risks that the Pitch could be sold or utilized energetically: *I didn't forget not for an instant that such lake of asphalt constituted an organic synthesis of our blood, which represented the Lineage von Siibermann.*

On March 25, at the 18:00 hrs. I acquired the unique element that Uncle Kurt requested to complete the tactical equipment: a Teflon carade, with a hermetic bagel, filled with five liters of sulphuric acid.

On March 26 of 1980, we were prepared to initiate the operation.

Chapter XII

We could have acted that same morning, but Uncle Kurt preferred to wait for the night and employ the day to review until the last detail of the «Boomerang Operation». We had baptized it in that way, a little in-joke and a little in earnest, considering that analogously to those Australian weapons, the hits of Bera and Birsha would return against whom sent them.

At the 19:30 we were already charging the equipment, and we were preparing ourselves to leave. At the 19:30 hrs. We went out of the house because the dying twilight would avoid that no one was amazed to see us dressing military clothing. Next to the Taheebo, the dogs were the image of the canine tranquility. We stayed calm too. And I was not thinking in anything anymore. We knew the details of what we had to do, and our only preoccupation was to act fast.

Uncle Kurt took the reins of the daivas dogs and put them alert. Both stood up abruptly and, moving with prodigious synchronicity, they tensed their muscles and moved the heads upwards, as snooping in the air the inevitable trace. I remained behind Uncle Kurt; I had on my backs, subjected with ropes, the carafe of acid, and hanging from the shoulder, ready to shoot, the impeccable Itaka. At last, we had decided to dress ourselves in the command uniform for being invaluably more practice for the action, although then it'd represent a problem if other persons saw us. But, what mattered that risk before the possibility to suppress the Asian killers? If the luck of the weapons resulted from us adversely, there would be no return; and if we triumphed, we would find another way to obtain other clothing. Or was that the killers were not disguised too, no matter what the witnesses opined?

I had, then, both hands-free, with the purpose to comply with the instructions of Uncle Kurt: –*«You must cling to my waist when I start to lift». «And once in the space, remember that you'll have to do is to concentrate your attention all the time in me: you cannot distract yourself not even for a second because you'd run the risk the separate from me and get lost in the innumerable Worlds of the Illusion that we'll cross». «Once out from the habitual context of our life, the only way that both of us can continue together, coinciding in Time and Space, is to maintain between us a volitional nexus: and that is what you'll do at maintaining me under visual and tactic contact».*

It seemed that we would leave then, and I disposed myself to take him by the waist once he moves, but he turned to me again to make me recommendations. Do you have a riffle at hand? Once you put feet in the Chacra, you must release yourself and take the weapon!

–Yes, Uncle, yes.

–Neffe Arthur? –He called me in another tone, strangely affective.

–Yes, Uncle Kurt.

–Perhaps this will be the last time we see each other. I don't want to be pessimist, but for the doubts, let's say goodbye here.

Nooo, no –I exclaimed terrified, trying to move away from the soothsayer thoughts. After all that happened to my family, I could not think without trembling in the possibility to also lose Uncle Kurt–. Nothing bad will happen to us, dear Uncle Kurt: the victory is secure! We will be as the boome-

rang that returns to the hands of whom thrown it, returns it hit and stops!

But my arguments were vain. Uncle Kurt was back and embracing me effusively.

–Goodbye neffe –he told me with nostalgia–. Life didn't give us the chance to know us better. Nevertheless, it was very good to see you in Santa María those months. You returned us the faith in the Hyperborean Wisdom at bringing in answers that I expected for 35 years. Now I will risk my last forces in the most *insane* of the missions that have been committed to me ever. And this is also necessary for the Führer's Strategy; as always, I don't understand why, but I know that it is. Goodbye neffe Arthur: we'll see each other at the end; *at the end of the Boomerang Operation or when the Final Battle outbreaks.*

It appeared a lump in my throat; I had no courage to tell him goodbye. I just embraced him with force.

However, Uncle Kurt continued as they had headed as always.

–Let's go, then –he proposed–. Just remember that, whatever occurs, I'll not move away from the only principle that I comprehend.

–Yes; I know, Uncle Kurt! For Wotan, don't repeat it anymore! «The Immortals cannot die»!

It'd be the 19:45 hrs. On the day 26 of March of 1980, and Cerrillos was very obscure. Uncle Kurt gave the first order to Ying and Yang and instantaneously started the phenomenon: the daivas dogs lifted upwards slowly and Uncle Kurt, who seemed to dispose of an effective support point under his feet. Such point of support didn't reach me, and for that reason I hurried to cling to his waist, literally remaining hanging in space, without any base, and noticing that Uncle Kurt shrugged accusing my dead weight.

The ascent was prolonged for some seconds until I lost the notion of height. In the interim, I achieve to descry with the eyehole the peaks of the Taheebos, the ceilings of property and, in a screen cut, the population of Cerrillos, artificially illuminated by the streetlamps. We were not moving evenly, but the ascent was accelerated in the measure that we gained height. In a given moment, Uncle Kurt, beyond the Kula and Akula, impressed the complex metal orders and the daivas dogs, without stopping their movement, realized the svipa-Lung. The order coming from the Eternal Spirit had whiplash effect and, not only the daivas dogs: I felt it too, and I verified the *power*, the terrible power that is capable of demonstrating a Hyperborean Initiate, a Man of God.

If I had to refer to the time, I would say that the flight through Time and Space did not last more than a second. However, such downfall into the most impenetrable blackness didn't transmit a sensation of temporality but eternity and be out of life and death.

After that instant without time, in which without any doubt I experienced the impression of a jump, a decelerated descent began, during which I distinguished the habitual objects again, skies, mountains, houses, trees, lights. The journey was composed, then, of here phases: one, the accelerated ascent, with a permanent perception of heaven and stars; the second, of the jump svadi-Lung properly said, in which I lacked every contextual vision, except

for Uncle Kurt; and the third, of decelerated descent, in which reassuringly I reencountered upon me the cosmic womb of the starry sky.

It'd be the 22 or 23 hrs. On the day March 22 of 1980, when my feet touched the ground of the Chacra of Belicena Villca, in Tafí Del Valle. I stepped on firm land and, nevertheless, my knees loosened a little, until Uncle Kurt landed, whose feet were in all moment one meter above mine: I repeat that I travelled «hanging» from his waist.

But once I recovered stability, I removed my hands from Uncle Kurt, and I wielded the Itaka. I didn't finish reorienting myself, and I obeyed his gesture that indicated to crouch. Rapidly, all went gaining a sense for me: we were barricaded behind an enormous black car. The car of the Asian killers!

Uncle Kurt communicated me with a finger upon the mouth to stay in silence, and then he signalized towards the front, beyond the car. I glimpsed for over the capot, and I saw a house at no more than thirty meters, shedding profuse light towards the exterior darkness through a row of three lateral windows. It seemed that the car was not parked parallel to the vertex of the house's angle, what permitted us to dominate, apart from the widows of one side, the door of entrance situated on the other. The door, closed, was marked over a plane of forty-five grades at the left; and we would have to arrive thitherto.

Undoubtedly, we counted with the surprise factor. The cans had tightened against the floor as serpents, commanded mentally by Uncle Kurt, and there they would stay. We were going to advance towards the door, to start the attack, when a human scream, a strident yowl of pain, nailed us in the site: they were tormenting someone inside! Then we ran towards the door as silently as possible.

And as we approached it, a penetrating and sweet smell was the first that caught our attention. It was a fragrance as sandal incense which resulted so out of place there that we looked at each other perplexed. Both recognized in the act such perfume for having perceived it before, in different and dramatic circumstances: Uncle Kurt, in the Tibetan Valley of La Brea; and myself in the cell of Belicena Villca, the night of her death. But this just lasted a moment because what came then concentrated all our attention.

Chapter XIII

It was seen that they would not be common human beings. At midway, when we didn't separate us from the plane of the door yet and were not completely visible from there, this was opened at a stroke to leave pass for two men of enormous body. One jumped outside, and the other remained in the threshold: contrasted by an inner light, we had in front of us the two Asian Gentlemen, impeccably dressed in their English suits of fine confection.

The first who went out was Bera, wielding a handgrip with two globes, the fatal Dordje. Instantaneously he lifted the weapon against Uncle Kurt when

his face was decomposed of terror. I comprehended that human Demon was not seeing Uncle Kurt but the Origin's Sign, the Absolute Truth of the Spirit that dissolved the Essential Lie of its own illusory existence.

Notwithstanding I was going to shoot the mortal ray, but Uncle Kurt was faster. On the run, almost without aiming, he pulled the trigger; and it was enough. The gunshot took Bera amid the chest, it lifted him a meter, and thrown him many meters beyond. Simultaneously, I was not precisely a professional command, stopped, aimed, and shot two times, impacting the stomach and in the chest of the Demon Birsha. The eighteen ammunition, wisely spread by such magnificent weapon, crushed Birsha against the doorframe without giving him time for anything.

–Soon! –Screamed Uncle Kurt, at seeing that nothing had remained stationary, resisting myself to believe that everything ended–. Quickly, prepare the acid, Arthur! *Hurry up, before Avalokiteshvara be manifested!*

–*Avalokitesh…?* –I asked surprised–. Gods! Avalokiteshvara, the Merciful! *That was the failure in my plan, about Captain Kiev warned us veiled! He had forgotten to Avalokiteshvara, now he was it clear, and that forgetfulness could make fail the plan, even cost our lives! The Great Mother would never permit that two of her best children be destroyed: protect her children animal-men, calm the fear of their Souls! And if she achieved to erase the fear of Bera and Birsha, just appease it, all my plan would fall as a Castle of cards! We could even suffer a counterattack of the Demons, already recovered, who then would know in which World find us!*

To evaluate these possibilities, paralyzed me. I untied the ropes laboriously, and I went down the carafe of acid of my back. Uncle Kurt displayed his extraordinary ability had already extracted the heart of Bera, replacing it with a horrible gap by which emanated abundant blood, which formed a puddle around the corpse. He put the smoky heart inside the mushroom hat, which was floating over the blood as a grotesque replica of the boat of Kharon, and rapidly he knelt upon the exanimate body of Birsha. With accurate cuts of the hill knife, sharp as a razor, went cutting the waistcoat of fine English cashmere and the not less valuable shirt of Chinese silk, he practiced a profound central incision at reaching the flesh. It would grow till expose to the extreme of the ribs and the thoracic cavity, which in those Demons was located at the right side of the body.

–*«Uncle Kurt knew it!* » –I discovered consternated–. And think that I dared to put his Honor through his places; he not only knew that we could fail: he also knew why we could fail. And nevertheless, have known it, he stayed in silence to fulfil the orders of the Venus Lord. I remembered the advice of Captain Kiev: *«At finalizing the operation you'll see what you didn't contemplate at the beginning, but I think that if you had seen at the beginning, it would prevent you from ending the operation»*. Avalokiteshvara, She was what I didn't contemplate initially because if I'd have supposed that Her Mercy would aid the Demons to overcome the panic, I'd have not started the Operation Boomerang! And Uncle Kurt had understood it then, he who complained of not comprehend anything, but he had remained in silence because he knew how much I wanted to attack the Demons. For that reason, he made me buy the sulphuric acid wi-

thout giving me more explanations: he had a theory too; he knew an alchemist manner to neutralize the protection of the Great Mother Binah; or knew how to maintain the panic of the Demons. Promptly I'd know what the answer was.

About the sulphuric acid, he had only told me «*fix the organic matter in Saturn*». «At introducing the heart, the seat of the Soul, in the sulphuric acid, we're constellating the Soul in Saturn, situating it at the beginning of the Universe and contributing to its unvolutive regression». According to the plan, to me corresponded to introduce the hearts in the carafe of acid. But now I presumed that such recommendation aimed at another objective apart from Uncle Kurt's declared.

I put the carafe in the door threshold, and I uncovered it; I took the mushroom hat, which had recently received its second heart, and I placed it beside him; and, not without certain repugnance, I disposed myself to take the diabolic organs. Was then when I stopped fascinated, and then I remained paralyzed of fright.

It is written: «*the hearts belong to Avalokiteshvara*». The heart of the animal-man, Earthen Man, receives the protection of Great Mother Binah through the *Intelligence* of YHVH; and his crepuscular *consciousness*, receive more light by means of the *Sapentia* of the Great Father Hokhmah.

Chapter XIV

As I said, I was going to take human hearts of Bera and Birsha, when I stopped fascinated: the cause was the *scintilla luminis,* sparks of light, that started to sprout from them. Thousands of sparks which jumped in all directions, either turning in circles, or spiral, or tracing brilliant curves of whimsical form, impeded me to distinguish the bottom of the hat, and even the own hat. Fascinated for the spectacle, bewitched perhaps, I remembered the definition of the Alchemist Khunrath unintentionally: are, he said, «*Scintillae Animae Mundi igneae, Luminis nimirum Naturae*», i.e., «*are igneous Sparks of the Soul of the World, Lights that are evidenced in Nature*». Those *scintillae* always accompany the stage of the Alchemy, and in that moment were present all the elements of the opus: in Nature's Gabinet, was the *raw material* of the hearts; the a*qua permanents of the Sulphur Philosophorum*; and was present in the Mercury, the great transmute Artifex, it means, Uncle Kurt Shivatulku, representative of Wotan, which is Hermes, and Mercury.

Spinning in a hypnotic whirlwind, the *scintillae luminis* went covering my view. The Golden sparks were sprouted now from everywhere and furrowed the space until turning off, as if the entire Nature would be entertained manifesting the *lumen Naturae.* I aparted the sight from the mushroom hat and the carafe of acid, invisible under the bright slope and, semi-anesthetized, I looked around: from the entire World seemed to emerge *scintillae*. From the house, from the

ground, from the tress that I didn't see before, but that were erected at ten steps, from all things emerged a golden and twinkling aura, composed by myriads of *scintillae luminis*. Or such a vision meant the sudden activity of a new sense, which made possible to perceive the Anima Mundi, a *luminusitas sensus Naturae?*

But a major luminusitas attracted my attention. Over the corpses of the Asian killers, in fact, two clouds of ectoplasmic vapor started to rise, also shining due to the emission and absorption of thousands of *scintillae;* at one meter high, such clouds were still spinning in spiral, and nourishing constantly from the milky vapor that emanated from the blood puddles. As in a painting of the impressionistic school, as in Enrique Matisse's work, I saw reality decomposed in millions of points of colors, sparks of light that were spinning with the form of the *elementum primordiale* and the *massa confusa*, of the *chaos Naturae.* With the vision saturated by the boiling of *scintillae,* I felt that inwardly, and irrationally, a voice was speaking to me; it said: *«Yod, Yod, each scintillae is Yod, an eye of Avalokiteshvara»; «and amongst all the scintillae there are two that are The One, are the scintillae ones, the Monads of Bera and Birsha that cannot die».*

Once chastened for what occurred in Santa María, I was just to hear the voices coming from the Soul, of my own Soul influenced emotionally by the Great Mother and remit myself to the Virgin of Agartha. Yes: I closed my ears as I could, because I could not prescind of the grandiose *luminositas*, and I gave myself to the rapture of the Virgin of the Child of Stone, whose spiritual aid permitted me to sustain myself in such terrible moment. According to what occurred next, I'd undoubtedly have lost reason if she did not support my Spirit from the Origin. Because in that moment, when the quantity and multiplicity of the *scintillae* had reached its higher exaltation, *all of them opened at once and showed an inexpressive eye, an eye which was the same eye dementialy repeated in all the space' points.* All Nature, all the differentiated things, all what I reached to see and perceive was boiling now of inexpressive eyes, of fisheyes that undoubtedly were looking us: *and those eyes of fishes, de oculi piscium, were the Eyes of the Merciful One which were opened to contemplate the Souls of her Beloved Children, the Souls of Bera and Birsha which were disembodying amid great terror.*

Think in the scene: in the general form of entities nothing has changed; the tree, the ground, the house, the Sky, the cloud, the bodies, all the objects continue being the same; *but now, were also overflowing of a seething life of Divine eyes, of eyes that look with natural Love.* Think in the tree, all composed by eyes, and in the house, or in the Sky, composed by eyes too, *and think that the thousands of myriads from the tree to the house and from the treehouse, and of both to the Sky. Those are the bond that binds and relegate entities and constitutes the superstructure of reality*: a structure of objects linked to each other by the Creator's Will and the Great Mother's natural love.

If you have imagined it, it must be thought that in that scene in which I was, appalled by the omnipresent eyes of Avalokiteshvara, «Who sees everything», and shaken in my emotional nature for the intense Love of the Great Mother, for her unlimited Mercy. Thus, first was the fascination for the scintillae and then the fright of the panoptic boiling; and the major fright was to verify that

millions of merciful eyes constituted my own body. And this phenomenon, terrible, demented, explains why my hand stopped before taking the hearts of the black hat's interior.

–Neffe! Arthur! –The voice of Uncle Kurt was heard at many meters of distance–. I knew that this would happen, and I know what you're seeing. Don't be afraid that all is illusion: we still can fulfil our objective. Can you hear me?

–Yes, Uncle Kurt –I replied astonished–. I hear you as if your voice be very far, and this profusion of eyes very influences me that nature manifests, for that monster in which the World had become.

–Listen to me well, Arthur: you'll do exactly what I requested to you, and you will answer my questions. You'll communicate to me about what you will see because there are no more eyes than yours: all the eyes of Avalokiteshvara are illusory, are projections of your own emotional weakness.

I made an effort, and I turned towards the direction from where the voice came. I saw millions of brilliant eyes, but where Uncle Kurt was, where his eyes should be, I just saw two empty basins, two craters of impenetrable blackness, two opened windows to Another World. I released a scream of fright and turned the gaze onwards.

–Are you with me, Arthur? –Uncle Kurt asked abnormally.

–Yes, Uncle Kurt, I responded once again.

–You'll realize the Work: I will just put, at the Beginning, the Origin's Sign upon the Fire Stone!

I remembered the words of Birsha in the Letter of Belicena Villca: «the mortal men, Earthen Men that evolved from the clay, from the Fire Stone at the Beginning which reflected a monad similar to The One would reach to be at Last individuals identical to the Stone of Fire, like Metatron, the Celestial Man, the realized Archetype, the Lamb Son of Binah; they would be thus when the Temple be ready, and each one occupies his place in the construction, according to the Messiah' symbol; would be thus in the days in which the Kingdom of YHVH be fulfilled in Earth; and King Messiah would reign; *and the Shekhinah will be manifested*»… So many eyes! Yes: such terrible manifestation of Avalokiteshvara, of the Great Mother Binah, was also the Shekhinah, as Zechariah described it: «*these optical roots of the Tree of YHVH represent Israel Shekhinah*»! At the Beginning of Time, the created man was as an earthen structure; at the end, would be as Fire Stone. To such stones, he *impressed* the Origin's Sign *irreversibly* transforming them into Cold Stone, into Uncreated Stone, according to scandalized Demons, marking them with the Abominable Sign. They engraved the Abominable Sign on the Stone of Fire upon which each Soul of Earthen Men was seated. And the Abominable Sign *cooled* the Fire Stone, *Aben Esch*, and removed it from the End. Then, Cohens, *the Stone of Fire must be cleaned with the Final lye, which is the Cold Stone which mustn't be where it is, because it was not placed at the Beginning by the Creator One».* «Damn Stone, Stone of Scandal, and Seed of Stone: They sowed it after the Beginning in the Soul of Earthen Man, and now it was in the Beginning».

–*Transmutemini de lapidibus in vivos lapides philosophicos!*[71] I heard Uncle Kurt repeating the words of the Magister Dorn–. Look into the *matrix*!

–I see golden water, an aqua aurens, agitated by uncountable sparks of light: it is the *anima panoptes*!

–Put the hearts in the *matrix*!

Without reflecting, I searched the hat haphazard; I extracted the viscous organs and introduced them into the carafe. Once they went sunk into the sulphuric acid, an emanation of toxic vapor obeyed me to move the head away: by the aperture of the *uterus philosophorum* the *rubeo* vapor emerged for a moment, giving the impression that the liquid had entered in combustion; however, soon it went calm, and a new shining started to shine in the interior of the carafe, black this time. At that moment I barely warned it because Uncle Kurt what that I don't lift the gaze from the acid and its macabre content. Still, it was evident that the general *morpho-optical* manifestation decreased substantially.

–What do you see now? –He asked from his position.

–The starry firmament!

In fact, the acid had changed of color, and now the carafe contained a *black* liquid, which represented a brilliant surface and illuminated by an infinitude of fix *scintillae*, sparks of light which were the stars of a particular microcosm.

–What do you see now? –He repeated.

–The Zodiac! –Hundreds, thousands of constellations, all the Archetypes of the Universe were in that Heaven!

–What do you see now? –Insisted.

–Two stars that outstanding! Two stars, brighter than all the others, advanced and settled down in a central place, beneath the Virgin of the Spike's feet near the Raven!

–What do you see now? –He inquired.

–The constellations seem alive than ever; the Archetypes vibrate in Heaven; animals of every kind *prepare to descend*! I see them and hear their sound!

In reality, the sound of the celestial animals had turned so real, that only when I removed the gaze for an instant from the matrix, I comprehended that certainly, some of them were present around me: I distinguished with shock three roars, and for that reason, I directed such fugacious gaze towards the environ; *were the growl of the pig, the bark of the dog, and the roar of the bear.* With growing fright, I verified then that the ectoplasmic clouds that floated upon the corpses of Bera and Birsha, had acquired the unmistakable form of the wild boar: upon the corpses of the Asian killers, two enormous wild boars were materialized, which growled threateningly and showed in their bodies a thousand eyes of Avalokiteshvara, the thousand eyes of the Anima Mundi, the thousand eyes of The One, the thousand eyes of Purusha. The daivas dogs had approached, without doubts called by Uncle Kurt, and they seemed to see them without problems because they barked with uncontainable impetus.

But the greater impression I had at observing Uncle Kurt. How to explain

[71] Let us transmute from dead stones into living Philosopher's Stones!

what I saw? Perhaps just saying that *its form changed*; for moments, he was Uncle Kurt and *for moments an enormous wrathful bear, an ursus terrificus.* But such an explanation would not be absolutely correct. Certainly, Uncle Kurt had become into *Bear-man*: was the furor of Uncle Kurt, *the Furor of Warrior*, the *berserkr gangr*, the force that transformed him. I searched Uncle Kurt with the gaze, and I discovered a *Berserk*, a Warrior of the Einherjar Order of Wotan, a Hyperborean Initiate in the Navutan Runes. And the gaze returned stampeded to the eyes, accompanied by a violent roar and the rhythmical movement, almost Ritual, of the powerful paws. But when he spoke; he was Uncle Kurt again.

–What do you see now? –He demanded.

–The two brighter stars have become in wild twin boars!

–What do you see now?

–The Wild boars flee aghast and search for the protection of their Mother, Dragon of the Universe!

–What do you see now?

–I see the Wild boars sheltered in the lap of Dragon! And I see Dragon: it has a thousand heads and thousand eyes, and in each head a Star of David, and in each head appears the Countenance of Binah, and their thousand mouths sing the Song of the Lamb. Dragon shelters the Lamb and the Wild boars, at right and left, growl without stop. And making choir to Dragon, and to the Wild boars, the three parts of the stars of Heaven sing thus:

> Avalokiteshvara.
> Great Mother Binah!
> The time hath come, hath come.
> The Final Holocaust!

–What do you see now?

–Dragon Binah sustains the Lamb with the right hand, while with the left took a coup overflowing with human lye. Now sheds the content of the coup-on Earth!

–What do you see now?

–The same stars sing:

> Avalokiteshvara,
> Great Mother Binah!
> Thy Mercy, Thy Mercy,
> Cleanest Earth with the lye of Jehovah!

–What do you see now?

–The lye falling to Earth. Two White Wild boars furrow the Sky from East to West announcing aloud: «*The Pestilence, The Pestilence*» All what the lye touches perishes: *Earth becomes in a Desert of Stones!* Only one hundred and forty-four thousand who belong to the House of Israel survive: but they flee

to the Desert and take refuge in a valley, which then will be flooded with lye. And Dragon, and the Wild boars, become enraged *because there are Stones in the Desert yet.* After all, the lye has not calcinated them and dissolved as the rest of the living beings!

–What do you see now?

–Then Dragon sends the Lamb guarded by his brothers, the Wild twin boars, to graze Earth! But Earth is sterile, and the Lamb faints between the Stones, unable to feed itself!

–What do you see now?

–Dragon, owner of terrible wrath, accurses the Stones and the Desert of Stones! And screams that will search the Lamb before the Desert causes them death!

–The lye fell from the Sky, and the grime that achieved to draw out from Earth, was drained to a valley, East of the Desert of Stones, and formed a great sea! Eden and Paradise are the names of that sea, and the Tartarus and Tharsis are the Desert of Stones' names!

–What do you see now?

–The Desert has pushed the Lamb to the shore, which is likewise the shore of the sea of lye! In Heaven, Dragon screams again that will help his son, who is between the Eden and the Tartarus!

–What do you see now?

–The thousand eyes of Dragon, shining as Suns, are concentrated upon the Desert of

Stones and the Stones suffer mortal suffocation. Most of the Stones relent and melt; the Desert becomes an enormous lake of living lavae: only the hardest Stones remain in their site, maintaining with tenacity their separated form!

–What do you see now?

–A terrible clamor rises from the Desert and ascends beyond Dragon: the Stone reclaim to the Unknowable help against the Lamb, and against the Mother of the Lamb, Dragon Binah, who has thrown the lye of Jehovah and taken away their Land, and pretends to calcinate them in the Desert *for not serve as food for the Lamb!*

–What do you see now?

–A Sign appeared in Heaven: *a Virgin, Blacker than the Night,* and with a moon beneath her feet, and wearing a Crown of Thirteen Uncreated Stars!

Is the Virgin of Agartha who came to succor the Stones, in the Name of the Unknowable!

–What do you see now?

The Virgin's descent produces as a mantle of refreshing blackness upon the Desert, which had become in lake of burning lavae and brings immediate relief to the Stones.

The Presence of the Virgin refreshes and stiffs the Stones again, because she interposes between with her blackness before the thousand blistering eyes of Dragon! And the Virgin has a spike on her hand; and goes placing the grains

upon the Desert of Stones; and the Stones that receive the grain become immune to the Fire of Heaven, they cannot be softened anymore, and remains signalized with a Mark, a unique Sign which means the Black, the hard and the cold. And the Mark of the Virgin is named «Sign of the Vril».

–What do you see now?

–Now the Lamb is lost within the Darkness and the Hardness, and the Coldness of the Stones. And calls the Mother with despair, Dragon Binah, due to the Stones threat to strangle his throat *or submerse* him in the sea of lye.

–What do you see now?

–The Virgin is pregnant and screams for the pain of birth and for the anguishes of the delivery. And other Signal appeared in Heaven: Dragon of a luminous red, which has a thousand heads and thousand eyes, and thousand stars of David on the heads. Its tail sweeps the three-quarter parts of the Stars of Heaven and cast them onto Earth; and descend upon the sea of lye commanded by the star of Thuban. And Dragon also descends to take care of the Lamb and attack the Virgin.

–What do you see now?

–Dragon stopped before the Virgin who was just to delivery, to devour his son at the birth. *And she gave birth to a Child of Stone, who is the one that shall reign all the Nations with a Trident of Vraja: Führer is the name of the Child of Stone.* But his son was protected by Dragon when he was confused amongst the Stones of the Desert. And the Virgin sheltered in the Desert, where she has a place disposed of by the Unknowable to reside for two thousand and a hundred and eighty-eight days.

–What do you see now?

–There is a battle in Heaven. Kristos-Lucifer, and the Captain Kiev, and the loyal Siddhas, rose to fight against Dragon. Dragon presented battle and its Immortal Angels too, its Wild boars and stars. But they didn't prevail nor was a place for them in Heaven. Was *precipitated* to Earth, and the Angels were *precipitated* with Dragon.

–What do you see now?

–I hear a Great Voice in Heaven that says:

> «Now the Liberation hath come
> And the Kingdom and Might of the Unknowable,
> And the Empire of his Kristos.
> Because the jailer of our Comrades
> Hath been *precipitated*,
> Who day and night signalized them before the
> Gaze of the Unknowable.
> But the Loyal Siddhas have prevailed
> With the Pure Blood,
> And for the testimony of the Courage they gave;
> Because they did not love Warm Life so much

As to shun from Death.
For this reason fear, Heavens, and who liveth therein.
Wow of Earth and the Sea!
Because the Devil hath descended unto you,
Possessed by great furor,
Knowing that his time is short».

–What do you see now?

–When Dragon was *precipitated* to Earth, chased the Virgin that has given birth to the Child of Stone. But the Virgin disposed now of the two wings of the Great Kondor, and she could fly to the Desert, to her home, where she would resist *for one cycle, and for two cycles, and for a half cycle*, far from the presence of Dragon. Dragon vomited through its mouths behind the Virgin, lye as a River, to make the River drags her. But the Desert helped the Virgin. And the Desert opened its mouth and swallowed the River of lye that Dragon vomited again; and slipped it towards the sea of lye, where the Lamb was and the one hundred and forty-four thousand. And Dragon was furious with the Virgin *and went to make war against the rest of her offspring, those who exhibit her Mark and have the Testimony of Kristos Lucifer.* And she sat upon the sea of lye.

–What do you see now?

–I see rising from the Desert a man with the Power of a Beast! Is a half man half bear being, or half man half wolf being; for moments is like a bear and for moments is like a wolf; when he must face the Bees of Israel is like a bear and when he must fight against the Lamb is like a wolf! He is the son of the Virgin of Agartha who has grown as Desert Stone; he is the Führer who has returned to outbreak War against the Lamb and the one hundred forty-four thousand! His roar thunders Earth, and at his pass, the Desert Stones raise to those who carry the Vril Sign! And Cold Stones by the Virgin of Agartha are werewolves too who howl with uncontainable fury!

I don't exaggerate if I assure that the roar that emerged I that moment from where Uncle Kurt was, asking monotically «what do you see now», *made tremble Earth*. I described what I saw over the surface of the carafe's *aqua vitae*, but my words had acquired a prophetic formality that was conformed directly in the unconscious. What is clear, was not product of my imagination, was the transmutation of Uncle Kurt and his bestial roars and howls. Not even the two ectoplasmatic wild boars that, each time clearer and patents, were materialized upon the corpses of the two Asian killers.

To the roars of the bear-man, the Wild boars responded with the damn apiarian buzz which he also knew now; but when the bear-man howled, the Wild boars trembled prey of the panic, the hair erectile of terror and roaring with despair. At perceiving what occurred around me, I was trying to maintain the sight hypnotically fixed in the *matrix* with the acid and the hearts, and contemplating some visions that, with the fantastic that they could be, were less terrible than the reality of the Chacra of Belicena Villca.

–What do you see now? –Asked the voice of Uncle Kurt clearly.

–I see an enormous Army marching formed by those who have the Virgin's Sign and are as the Beast; they are the Enemies of the Lamb. And I see that they are guided by the Führer, who is like furious wolf, and accompanied by the Virgin, who flies upon them bearing the flag of the Vril Sign and the Spike. And the Army of wolves approaches to the sea of lye! And the Lamb, and the one hundred and forty-four thousand Chosen People members, established in a White Island situated towards the center of the sea of lye, which has been formed with the peak of the Mount Zion! Celestial Jerusalem and Chang Shambhala are the names of that Island.

–What do you see now?

–The Lamb, standing upon the Mount Zion, and with him, one hundred and forty thousand who have his name and the name of their Father written on the brow. And I hear the voices of Heaven that sound with the harmony of the multiple Nature. And they sing a new song before the Throne of Jehovah, before the Ten Sephiroth, before the Elders of Israel, and the Shekhinah. No one can learn the Creation's Chant, except those one hundred and forty-four thousand who were rescued from Earth. These are those who don't know Love of the woman because they are sodomite Priests. They are who follow the Lamb wherever he goes. They constitute the Hierarchy of the Souls, which goes from Man, till Jehovah and the Lamb.

They don't know the Truth of the Creation. They are perfect animal-man.

–What do you see now?

–I see now an Age previous to the fall of Dragon: *men who already had the Vril Sign* are seen upon Earth and some Angels of Dragon that threatened them from Heaven. One of them, who flies higher in Heaven, carry the Gospel of the Lamb and announces the Fire Holocaust to the dwellers of Earth, to every Nation and Tribe, language and Population, and says with a great voice:

> «Feareth Jehovah and giveth him Glory,
> Because the time of his Judgement hath come.
> Worship to *whom created Heaven and Earth and Sea*
> And the Fountains of Water».

Another Angel, the second, followed him saying:

> *«Babylon the Great hath fallen,*
> *Who gave to drink from the wine of the*
> *Universal Empire to all the Nations».*

And another Angel, the third one, followed him, saying with great voice:

> «If anyone whorshipeth the Beast and its image
> And receiveth the Mark on the Brow or the Hand,
> *Shall drink from the wine of Jehovah's furor,*
> *Pure wine, concentrated, human lye,*
> *In the coup of his wrath.*

And shall be tormented *in Fire and Sulphur*
In the presence of the Holy Saints
And in the presence of the Lamb.
T*he smoke of its torment riseth*
For the centuries of centuries;
And have none repose nor *in day nor in night*
And those who worship the Beast and its image,
And those who receive the Mark of its Name».
«Here is the consistency of the Chosen People,
those who keep the commandments of
Jehovah and the faith in the Messiah!».

–What do you see now?

–Another Immortal Angel. He signalizes the city that is in the Mount Zion, amid the sea of lye, and says: «Behold the bride, the wife of the Lamb!». This Angel speaks for those who worship the Lamb and promise them the salvation of the werewolves hiding himself in the City of Jehovah. Thus he says.

«A City shall come from Heaven,
Upon the mount Zion,
By Jehovah.
Its blaze shall be similar to a precious stone,
As a stone of jasper that emiteth crystalline sparkles.
It shall have a great and elevated wall,
In which twelve doors shall be;
And over the doors, twelve Angels;
And names written on them, which are
The twelve Tribes of the Sons of Israel.
At the East, three doors; at the South, three doors;
And at the West, three doors.
The wall of the city shall have twelve bases;
And upon them, twelve names, of the twelve
Apostles of the Lamb».

And the Angel uses a golden reed to measure the city, its doors and wall.

«The City will be seated in quadrangular form; and its longitude will be as long as its width».

And measures the City with the reed and has twelve thousand fields. Its longitude, its width, and its height are equal. According to human measure, which is of the Angel, measures the wall and has one hundred and forty-four elbows. And the Angel says: «The material of the wall will be jasper, and the City of pure gold similar to the pure crystal. The bases of the walls of the City shall be decorated with every kind of precious stones. The first base will be jasper; the second sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, birthstone; the sixth, cornelian; the seventh, chrysolite; the eight, beryl;

the ninth, topaz; the tenth, agate; the eleventh, hyacinth; and the twelfth amethyst. The twelve doors shall be twelve pearls; each door shall be of just one pearl, as shining crystal. There shall be none sanctuary there; because its Sanctuary shall be Elohim, Jehovah Sebaoth, and the Lamb.

And the city would not need *from the Sun either the Moon to illuminate it*; because the *Sephiroth Glory of Jehovah shall illuminate* it and his lamp shall be the Lamb. *And the Nations will march towards its light, and the Kings of Earth shall take it to its Glory. Its doors will never be closed in the day,* and there will never be night there. And they shall take there the Glory and honor of the Nations. *None impure thing shall enter there, not consecrated by the Priests of Israel,* neither those who have the Abominable Sign, *but the inscribed in the book of Life* of the Lamb».

–What do you see now?

–A River of living water, from which emerges all the created things, that emerge from the Trunk *Kether* of Jehovah and the Lamb. The Angel pronounces the last words:

«*In the midst of the square, and at one side and the other of this River shall be a Tree of Life that will give twelve fruits, one each month. And the leaves of the Pomegranate Tree will serve to cure the Nations of the sin against Jehovah. And there will be no more condemnation for anyone*, and the Trunk of Jehovah and the Lamb shall be there, and their servants will officiate them Cult. They will see his Countenance and will carry His Name in the brow. And there will be none nights, *nor infinite blackness*, but *they will not need of lamp not Sunlight*; because Jehovah Elohim will illuminate them, *and they will reign for the centuries of centuries*».

What do you see now?

–I see the Final Battle. I see the Führer and his Army of werewolves taking the Isle of Zion by assault, and surprising the Celestial Jerusalem, which is Chang Shambhala, and causing huge casualties amongst their dwellers. Neither Thuban nor the three-quarter parts of Heaven, positions of the guard, achieve to stop the furious wolves! The Lamb and the one hundred and forty-four thousand Priests are cornered in the Damn City, *constructed with Dragon Body*! And they die by thousands: they prefer to die before seeing the Vril Sign of the werewolves! And Dragon-City beats and twists, without achieving to take the werewolves out of them. And the immortal eyes of Dragon shed boundless tears; tears that roll towards the quadruple Western Wall; tears of Mercy for the Sons of Israel, in the Lamb, and Dragon. And the Virgin of Agartha nails her flag in the Western Wall, which is as the Heart of Binah, the owner of all the hearts: yes; in the Heart of Avalokishvara has been planted the Vril Sign, the Mark that causes the Black, the Hard and the Cold of the Stones, and through the Western Wall falls Her tears as emerged from a miraculous waterfall. And some hard and cold mists fold down upon Zion: is the Cold Death of the Virgin; Death that snatches the heat from the Hearts of the Lamb and of the one hundred and forty-four thousand Saints of Israel; Death that releases those who see in the mists, the werewolves of Stone that form the Army of the Führer.

–What do you see now?

–The Final battle continues on Earth, but I cannot see what happens there, *because I see the White Wild boars that flee prey of the panic to hide themselves in Heaven: they are chased by a part of the Army of werewolves of Stone! But in Heaven, just the fourth part of the stars remains!*

–*The moment has come! The End is the same as the Beginning!* –Exclaimed Kurt, surprisingly.

Chapter XV

I was startled by those unexpected words of Uncle Kurt. However, he asked then:

–What do you see now?

–The Wild twin boars have risen to the starry Sky searching for Dragon. But Dragon is not in Heaven but in the Final Battle. And the Wild boars have become stars again, and have situated themselves at the feet of the Virgin, near to the Raven. And many constellations missing in the sky, as a book of images to which many pages would have been booted.

–What do you see now?

–The stars of Heaven, *all those that remained*, abandoned their positions and they turn around the two Wild boar-stars. It is *primordial chaos*, the *massa confusa!*

–*I'll project the Origin's Sign on the massa confusa!* –Uncle Kurt screamed.

I was apparently located very near to me now, at my back. I imagined his empty and black hollows, profound and infinite, peering at the alchemist recipient, which shining surface would shelter irredeemably *what he was: the Origin's Sign, the Vril Sign, the Mark of the Virgin, the Sign of Lucifer, and the Sign of Shiva.* I imagined it, because I didn't want to look it, and see as before, to the Frya Death, the Bear Man and the Werewolf.

In the *matrix*, the surface of the *Sulphur Philosophorum* showed the image of a swirl of lumen Naturae that turned around the two twin-stars, the *monads of Bera and Birsha.* When the first Rune was reflected on them, they lost a great part of their bright and began to *solidify*. And they continued thus, overshadowing and solidifying themselves, in the measure that the next Runes succeeded. And when, at last, the thirteen Runes were impressed, the two stars experienced a metamorphosis, and they became in *flowers of Stone*. Then, as if Uncle Kurt would have made me the question, I described what I say aloud:

–The stars are now two flowers of stone; are two *padmas* or lotus: Esther is the name of those Stones. And the thirteen Runes move and associate each other in incomprehensible manner. And the thirteen Runes form a Sign that disintegrates the swirl, the *chaos confusum*, and replace it for the most impenetrable shadows; only the flowers of stone have remained in the *Sulphur Philosophorum*: and now they *precipitate* to the bottom of the *matrix. Opus consumatum est!*[72]

–You possess now two *lapis philosophorum!* –Uncle Kurt said–. You've completed the Work, through the Virgin, *because you have seen the Work*! And you have received the *descensus spiritus sancti creator*! You are just like me, and I am just like you! *Naturalissimun et perfectissimun opus est generare tale quale ipsum est!*[73] Impromptu I realized that the roars had ended, howls and barks. I turned abruptly and searched Uncle Kurt with the gaze: I didn't see him anywhere. I observed instead two white stains that were moving away towards heaven. I strained my sight and believed to distinguish two Wild boars that were fleeing prey of the panic, erectile hair and howling with terror. Nature had calmed, and the ectoplasmatic clouds were not over the corpses of the Asian killers anymore. The Wild boars were the Souls of Bera and Birsha that were fleeing towards the Beginning of Time! Had the plan resulted, finally, even for the intervention of Avalokiteshvara? How did Uncle Kurt achieve it, how he obtained that the Mercy of *Dea Mater* did not appease the panic of the Immortals Bera and Birsha? Yes, now I remembered it: *with their hearts in the Sulphur Philosophorum, with their Souls in the vessel of the alchemistic projections, had taken Bera and Birsha towards the future, towards the Final Battle, when Dragon would lose his Power; And there they had experienced more terror than Death of their physical bodies by our shots.*

From all the possible Worlds, it is to expect one that corresponds to the World «*that Wotan affirms from the Origin*», the World that constitutes «*reality of the Blood of Tharsis*». To that Future, in which the Spirit will triumph over the Potencies of Matter, had been taken alchemisticaly the Souls of Bera and Birsha: to the Battle of Chang Shambhala, to the Final Battle; to the Defeat of

[72] The Work is done.
[73] The most natural and perfect Work is to create something equal to ourselves.

Chang Shambhala, to the Defeat of Zion; and the Final Terror of Chang Shambhala, the End of Zion, caused the return of Bera and Birsha to the Beginning of Time, to the point where all the possible Futures are settled and where Chang Shambhala or Zion doesn't have determined its End before the End of Time. Because the one I saw in the *matrix* is an Uncreated Future, not predicted by the Creator, only possible in the World of the Blood of Tharsis, in the World of the reality of the Führer. *Uncle Kurt had demonstrated tohave blind faith in that Uncreated Future, in which the spiritual men would raise as Beasts against the Lamb and the «one hundred and forty-four thousand» Priests of Israel.* I think that the alchemistic transmutation's success and the terror infused to the Immortals Bera and Birsha. It occurred, fundamentally, thanks to that unbreakable faith that Uncle Kurt professed for the Führer and his Future.

Although he affirmed strangely that the work was mine, I sheltered the certainty that he was who marked Warm Stones, the Souls of Bera and Birsha, monads over the Primordial Chaos, with the Origin's Sign, with the «Abominable Sign», the *lapis ignis*, and now *they should be in the Beginning. With panic, in the Beginning: the objective of the plan.* I forgot the Mercy of Avalokiteshvara, but *thanks* to Uncle Kurt the objective had been reached.

To all these, where was Uncle Kurt? When I heard his voice, he was worrying me: he came from above and sounded ironic and tranquil.

–I was right, neffe: *the Immortals cannot die*. And you were right: *their fear would make them flee towards the Beginning*. It treats about a draw. Don't you think so? Now I must go behind them, Bear against Bees, Wolf against Pigs; I must chase them to the Beginning: *only thus the End will be the same as the Beginning, the Potency will become Act, the Possible will turn real, the World will be Present between the End and the Beginning, and you will be capable of fulfilling your mission.*

I knew what would happen; Uncle Kurt had raised with the daivas dogs until he was out of my range. His decision was, then, irrevocable. I felt myself dying of sadness and desolation.

My legs loosened. A knot locked my throat. Nevertheless, I screamed with impotence:

–Uncle Kurt, don't leave! Don't let me here *alone*!

Then I heard such thunderous horselaugh that my Uncle emitted with inevitable spontaneity: it didn't constitute a jape, but the expression of his animic state.

–And you were who questioned my *obstination*, when I resisted staying *alone* in this Hell, after the Second World War? –He asked, laughing. Go, be brave neffe Arthur! Or I will have to ask you as Belicena Villca if you are capable of being a Kshatriya? But I know that you understand why I do it: *is part of the Strategy of the Führer. Thousands of werewolves-of-Stone will imitate the hunting that has begun. I will have the honor to determine the End of the Wild boar and the Bee Age, as the Spike of the Virgin will destroy the Age of the Dove.* You are like me and I am like you. If I am, you are: that was *the Strategy of the von Sübermann's Lineage*, which we couldn't know until now; *the Secret of the Tulkus.*

Today, the Origin's Sign is in you, *in the lobe of your ear; and those who have*

Pure Blood will see it. For that reason, the *lapis philosophorum* adopted the form of the *flowers of stone*: because *such lotuses are the ornament of Avalokiteshvara, the earrings that the Mercifulness One puts on the ears of the signalized with the Origin's Sign, to cover the Origin's Sign.* You have obtained them in the projections' *matrix* because your own Origin's Sign *has remained uncovered: Its tops have fallen! And that is the Great Work! You are now the Origin's Sign, and you are, in the Origin of the Eternal and Uncreated Spirit, just as me!* I never saw the Origin's Sign. Do you remember?; but *both of us see it today: you in me, and me in you, in the projection upon Warm Stone.* Separated, we would have never seen it. For that reason, it is good to be with you, neffe; because together we will fulfil the mission of our Lineage: *we'll do it for the Honor, because we saw the Origin, and we have the Origin, and we can return whenever we want to the Origin.* You don't need me anymore; nor do you need anything of anyone. Goodbye, neffe; we will see us again during the Final Battle. Heil Hitler!

–Heil Hitler! –I replied mechanically, while the roar of an indescribable Beast thundered the space and a supernatural blow, cold, was hitting me as whiplash and agitated the trees and raised clouds of dust.

I directed the gaze in the direction in which the Wild boars had fled, this is, towards the South, and I swear that I saw Uncle Kurt for the last time. Or at least that impression I received. Because I saw, of believed to see, contrasted by the starry sky, a Beast that was running behind two shining stars that were moving away with fear: either it seemed a Bear, or a Wolf, and his roars and howls went decreasing until they turned off completely. *I felt healthy: it was The Pestilence that was fading away.*

Pensive, still looking at the Southern Cross, I recalled the Letter of Belicena Villca, the part in which Rabbi Benjamin referred to Bera the Mystery of the weakness of the Chosen People: «Jehovah adverted to the People of Israel about four kind of ills, before which they would be *weak*: Beware of the Sword, because She can slay; Beware of the Dogs, because They can tear; Beware of the Fowls of Heaven, because they can devour you; Beware of the Beasts of Earth, because They will destroy you *{Jer. 15}*». There in the ground of the Chacra, they were lying Lifeless bodies of Bera and Birsha: they had been *weak*, strategically *weak*. And in their case, the symbols warned by Jehovah had intervened, the four of them, at once:

Sword: the Wise Sword of House Tharsis.

Dogs: the daivas dogs.

Fowls: the Virgin of Agartha, and every Kâlibur Lady, who's Infinite Blackness *devour* the light of the Souls.

Beasts: the *Berserk* and the *Ulfhednar*, i.e., the Bear-Men and the Werewolves, of Stone Frya.

And of nothing served them in this opportunity, the «remedies» proposed by Bera: the Peace of gold: the Illusion of Rage; the Illusion of Earth; and the Illusion of Heaven.

We had won the struggle against the Demons, but never again, until today, I saw Uncle Kurt again.

Chapter XVI

Then occurred the phenomenon that I have decided to expose apart, due to I didn't find a convincing explanation for it yet. As I said, I was still looking at Heaven, towards the Southern Cross and thinking in the things that I mentioned, trying to dominate the nostalgia for Uncle Kurt's departure, trying to overcome the nervous depression.

The hit was violent, overwhelming, in the center of the skull, some centimeters above the place where Uncle Kurt applied me his accurate kickback. I felt fulminated to the floor, seeing stars which were not precisely the product of an alchemistic process, *but conscious that something had fallen from Heaven upon my head, something of small size and considerable weight.* I incorporated, still astonished, and began to search around with the aid of lantern. I didn't delay finding the projectile, cause of the bump which painful effects lasted many days and which scar I conserve: as is easy to imagine, it was a stone.

But such was a stone artistically carved, and resulted evident that belonged to a major set, from which fractured. *It was the hand of a child of Stone, mutilated at the height of the wrist which expressed the Bala*[74] *Mudra*[75]*, the Inner Salute of House Tharsis: the index and thumb fingers were stretched forming the straight angle; and the middle ring and pinkie finger, were flexed over the palm of the hand.*

When I found the hand of stone, I remembered the Thirty-third Day of the Letter of Belicena Villca instantaneously, and then I verified rereading such paragraph once and again: in that day Belicena narrated extermination of her Lineage realized by Bera and Birsha, at transmuting the not Initiated members of House Tharsis, like the ones of the family, in *bitumen of Judea*. Was then when Noyo, Noyo de Tharsis, arrived at the church of the Virgin of the Grotto, in Turdes, to rescue the image of the widespread pillage of Lugo de Braga.

And it was at fulfilling this mission when he verified that to the Child of Stone had been amputated the hand that expressed the Vrune Bala. *But such disappearance occurred in the XIII century, seven hundred years before when at least it seemed adventurous, to not say absurd, to relate this fact with it.* And nevertheless, against all the logical arguments, for me the accident seemed suggestive. And I have not changed my opinion: I made beset in a silver *manacle*, I added the chain, and I hang it to the neck. How it fell upon my head, or from where? I don't know; if it is the same hand of the XIII century, I don't know either; and what meant that it fell upon my head at that moment, it is something that belongs to the field of the most obscure enigmas. But I like the piece, and I will take it with me until the End.

[74] Force

[75] Expresion

Chapter XVII

It is very little what is missing to add to this Epilogue, or Prologue.

Once passed the shock that undoubtedly, the departure of Uncle Kurt produced to me, evidential in the abnormal serenity with which I was reflecting about the symbols of the Sword, Dogs, Fowls and Beasts, and surpassed the painful effect of the hit on the head, I started to take consciousness of reality and my nervous system entered in violent crisis. I felt that I was crumbling inside; I tried to maintain myself armed from outside, screaming a thousand insults and oaths against all our foes. Belicena Villca, her son Noyo, the Captain Kiev, the Loyal Siddhas, the Führer, and even the Unknowable, resulted included by my irreproducible blasphemies. I'll not justify myself, because the known events explain this irrational action. How they would not break my will, if in the term of four days my family was outrageously murdered, all my family, the close and far relatives, and the only survivor apart of me, was Uncle Kurt, had just left never to return?

I went mad. I uttered insults and kicked with impotence the corpses of the Asian killers. With irrational aggressiveness, I was just to clear out on those diabolic corpses the useless pistol machine's charges, when some whimpers coming from the interior brought me providentially to reality. I was not alone! I remembered all of sudden that during the attack, we had heard some screams of sorrow.

With the countenance still decomposed by the fury, some insane brightness in the eyes, and with the guns in my hand, I entered decidedly in the house, causing the consequent alarm of the handcuffed person over the table of the dining room. He was Segundo, the Indian descendant of the Moon People, that Belicena Villca mentioned in her Letter, and to whom I saw some two times as visitor of the Neuropsychiatric Hospital of Salta.

He looked awful because Bera and Birsha had boosted his nails form the hands and feet. However, he had to be grateful to the Gods and the Boomerang Operation, because the Demons lacked time to cut his tongue and ears, clear out his eyes, and finally flay or behead him. When I untied him, I asked him if there was a medical kit, the Indian recovered the speech.

–And the two men? –He asked with caution.

–They were not men –I replied in a bad manner– but the Demons Bera and Birsha. Both are dead, outside: we killed them with the shots that you heard. And now my Uncle is chasing him until the Bottom of the Central Abyss of the Universe, until an infernal place from which they may never come back.

Now I understand that such answer was unbecoming and absurd as to offer it to an unknown Indian who possibly would not even have the minor idea of what I was saying. But I suffered the effects of a crisis shock, and I didn't stop to think about what I was saying. Rather he accused me permanently for all my mistakes: for being the cause that the Demons would have discovered the World and the

domicile where my family lived; because in the planned attack I forgot to consider the merciful action that produced me the farewell of Uncle Kurt in Cerrillos, before flying with the daivas dogs: *Uncle Kurt knew what was going to happen, that we were going to be proved by the Maternal Passion of Avalokishtevara, who would defend the Immortals mercifully, and that with all possibility should leave in the persecution of the Demons, to maintain his fear awakened; and for that reason, he wished to bid farewell before entering in operations!* And I was the imbecile who followed with the plan till the end, without a stop in anything, underestimating Uncle Kurt's capacity! Now I was alone, more alone of what Uncle Kurt was in his exile, although he affirmed the opposite to console me and give me courage!

Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind when I replied to the Indian of the referred manner. Fortunately, I was not completely alone: the Indian repeated, with even more caution.

–Beraj and Birchaj?

It is possible that just at this moment, I realized that the Indian was real.

–Beraj…? –I repeated, trying to remember where I had heard before that pronunciation. Then I remembered the Letter of Belicena Villca and the story of the Moon People. You indeed know them too! Those Sons of the Bitch exterminated your family, just as House Tharsis and my own Lineage! –I exclaimed with exaggerated euphoria.

–And how do you know it? –The Indian interrogated in the top of the amazement–. Are you not from the Army?

–Hahaha –I laughed with desire, at discovering the impression that the command uniform caused–. No, man, no. I do not belong to the Army. Who was a member of the Army was Noyo Villca, as you know it well. Is that you don't remember me? I am Arthur Siegnagel, the Psychiatrist that attended Belicena Villca in Salta. She told me everything in an extensive letter: for example, I know that you descend from the Moon People, who lived Isle Koaty in the Lake Titicaca, and that your remote ancestors resided in Scandinavia, in the country of King Kollman, from the Lineage of Skiold.

–Oh, the Medic. Yes, I remember you. I was aware that Ms. Belicena would write a letter with information about House Tharsis, but I ignored who would be the receiver.

–And you say –He added– that those torturers are the same Beraj and Birchaj who guided malones of Diaguite-Hebrew Indians, at the command of the Cacique Cari, in the invasion to the Island of the Sun?

–They –I corrected him–. Indeed, were the same, although they may be employed other bodies; I don't know that with exactitude. But what is true is that three months ago they

murdered Belicena Villca in the Hospital, and in just four days that they ended with all my family; by these damn Demons, we just remained three survivors of three spiritual Lineages: Noyo Villca, from House Tharsis; Segundo, from the Skiold House; and Arthur Siegnagel, from the House von Sübermann. Belicena Villca requests me in her Letter to search for her Noyo Villca in Córdoba, and she assures me that you will help me. Moreover, she

recommends me to be very careful with Bera and Birsha, who were powerful Demons; but you see: even for the hits they gave us, and thanks to the help of the Gods, we could end with them for the moment. There will be another Demon that will chase us undoubtedly, and thousand unknown dangers, but it is little probable that Bera and Birsha return to the World of the Blood of Tharsis. Nevertheless, *in the other Worlds of Illusion, they will continue existing; And woe of those spiritual men that don't find the World of House Tharsis soon!* What do you think, Segundo, will you help me?

–Of course, I will! Dr Siegnagel, she was for those of my Race a Queen: her desires are orders for me. She asked me to not go to Hospital of Salta again because she was watched and suspected that she was going to be killed: and I fulfilled her orders to the letter; I never went to Salta again, and I not responded to the correspondence of the Hospital, of the Judge, of the Police, etc. *And no one came here because this house is very difficult to find.* Very powerful must be your powers to have arrived here, by surprise, and achieve to *expulse* the Demons. You have saved my life, and surely you have avoided me previous terrible suffering! But I don't know till what point give thanks to you, due to, as you'll understand, I am tired to live.

I comprehended it perfectly because I was tired to live too; and if I continued, as such Germanic Indian, would be exclusively for Honor, because was an Honor to stay and comply with the mission that the Gods that commanded the Essential War had assigned, and because after the Final Battle, once adjusted the accounts with the Potencies of Matter, we would return definitively to the Origin of the Uncreated Spirit. I saw the face of Segundo decomposed with pain and I ran to a contiguous warehouse to search the medical kit which was in the glove compartment of a pick-up. With patience, I disinfected the twenty fingers, and I went bandaging them one by one. I brought the sedative draggers with me and gave him two to swallow: four milligrams that would put him to sleep until the noon.

Before concluding the cure, I was already nodding sleepy, so I took him to his room, making him to tread with the heels, and I left him lying in his humble carob tree bed.

I heated coffee, and I drank it more tranquil seated on a chair of the kitchen. The Segundo meeting had calmed me a lot, and now I was meditating on the next steps to be followed. Over the table, I deposited the carafe, transmuted as a very black liquid but of light density. To recover the roses of stone, the earrings of Avalokiteshvara, I'd shed such useless substance into the pool, and I would neutralize the residual acidity with a powerful concentrated detergent that I discovered in a closet. One minute later, the earrings of Esther were in my pocket, already empty of weapons. Certainly, we exaggerated the artillery, and now they rested over the table, the Itaka, fifty loaders, the ten grenades of fragmentation, the boms of trotyl, and the hill knife. With the body lighter, I assured with the discretion of the profound Dream of Segundo, and I decided to eliminate the rests of the Asian killers. Provided with a powerful lantern of twelve unities, I explored the surroundings of the Chacra.

I verified then that, indeed, the edification of the house followed the chart

of the ancient Pucará of Tharsis, and that the perpetual fortress was reduced to low rammed earth, of no more than a meter, to dissimulate its function to shelter a liberated area. On its interior still existed the ancient cromlech, which stones formed an enormous circle, in which area fitted the plant of the Chacra. But I was intrigued for menhir of Tharsis, the one that the White Atlanteans planted to establish the Blood Pact with the Lineage of Tharsis and determine their familiar mission. Taking the diameters of the Cromlech, I searched on its intersection in the center. I verified with intrigue that such a central site was falling in the interior of the Chacra. At last, I had no doubts that the central site was located inside an enormous platform hermetically closed. I cut the chains and padlocks with adequate tweezers, and I opened the doors of the platform: incredibly, after centuries and millenniums, menhir of Tharsis was still in its original place. It was of greenstone and showed on its base the millenary apacheta of Vultan: *purihuaca voltan guanancha unanchan huañuy*. Over the apacheta the Wise Sword of House Tharsis was for four hundred and forty-three years, guarded as in Huelva by indefatigable Noyos and Vrayas descendants of Lito de Tharsis. In front of such an attitude of respect and trust in the Loyal Gods, assumed in millenniums of patient guard, what meant my actual anxieties, my selfish anguishes? The impressive Menhir, and its rustic altar of stone, had the virtue to ashamed me of myself, my human weakness, and strengthen my will to continue till the End.

Considering all the useless and cruel efforts realized in the past by the Demons Bera and Birsha, it is not strange the hate that would awake in them such Chacra in which they lived out from the range of members of House Tharsis conserving the Venus Stone of the Wise Sword. Bu they arrived late, they always arrived late to America: they didn't achieve to exterminate the lineage of Skiold with the Hebrew-Diaguites, neither with the Spaniards of Diego de Almagro, of Diego de Rojas, and many others; nor the murder of Belicena Villca served him at all because She misled them wisely; nor extermination of the von Sübermann's permitted to end with Uncle Kurt. America had resulted in them fatal! They didn't know where Noyo Villca with the Wise Sword was. They wanted to take revenge on the Indian Seguro and sacrifice him through horrible torture before leaving from the unpredictable World of House Tharsis. And they had been attacked and dead when they least expected it. Like a Boomerang, their own hits returned against them; *as in a hit of Jujutsu*, their enemies took advantage of their own movements and returned their forces against them.

In the warehouse that guarded the pick-up existed every kind of tools. I went there and took a wide shovel, and I started to search for an adequate place to excavate the sepultures. At fifty meters from the House grew a bushy reedbed of guaduas which seemed to me that would be an ideal place: it'd cost to penetrate the coat of roots, but after some days no one could discover the minor trace of the removal. I returned two times to house, and I charged the damn corpses in a wheelbarrow to facilitate the transport; in the last journey, I also brought a machete to open the dive. I looked at the house's clock and verified that it signalized the 3 hours of the day of April 23. The mine, instead, exhibited the 1:30 hrs. Of April 26. Logically, I synchronized my watch

with local quadrant.

Thus, at the 6 hrs. Three hours later, I finished the macabre task to sepulture the destroyed corpses of the Asian killers. It was dawning, and I felt exhausted, psychic and physically exhausted. And many were still missing, ineludible issues that admitted no dilation. One of them was to consummate the destruction of the black car of the killers, with the purpose to avoid the police tracking: but, for it, I needed to count with the help of Segundo.

I drank a new coffee cup, and then I dedicated myself to throw soapy buckets of water in the garden, eliminate the traces of blood, caution that more than avoiding the police investigations aimed to frustrate them even more terrible action of the Tucuman flies. With the light of the day, I discovered beside a tree, at fifteen steps of distance from the door of the house, the jacket and all Uncle Kurt's weapons: evidently, he had abandoned them before leaving, when he called the daivas dogs silently. At that moment, I thought that my will would break again. But I recovered and united those objects with the rest of my equipment.

I could not continue dressed as command, especially if I would have to go out from the Chacra, so I dedicated myself to realizing a prolix investigation of the house's interior. I discarded the clothes of the Indian, for his appreciably minor size, and I trusted in that Noyo Villca would have more contexture and would preserve his clothes. Finally, I encountered his room, after passing through the deceased Belicena, I found, in fact, an assorted closet: I found a cowboy pant, more or less of my size, and a similar shirt. I decided to stay with the boots of Maidana, and I made two huge packets with the weapons and combat clothing: I just left the four bombs of trotyl without envelope.

In box of shoes, of the vilest felt paper, I deposited the disastrous Dordje, the Scepter of Power that Ridgen Djapo gave to the Demons Bera and Birsha, jointly to the padmas of stone, the earrings Esther of Avalokiteshvara.

And then, when I concluded those minor tasks, I went to the black car to calm the comprehensible curiosity that the same awakened since the moment in which I knew its existence.

Seen it from far away, there were no doubts that it was about a classical North-American limousine. But, at inspect closer, emerged the confusion for not establishing the nor the model nor the brand , as the policemen of Salta confirmed; because it had brand; and very visible: «*Aviant*». But, who knew that brand? To which country it belonged? Immediately, assaulted me the suspicion that the car was not from this World, which it came from a parallel Reality to ours, where the «Gentlemen» as Bera and Birsha moved in cars «*Aviant*». Anyhow, was it really a car? Yes, it was. An authentic and excellent luxury car, apparently recently fresh off the fabric. I raised the hood and observed a powerful engine of eight cylinders in «*V*». The keys were put; I started it, and I worked without problems. It was useless to check the interior because the Demons didn't have anything with them, neither documents nor equipment. Nothing indicated that it didn't enter in their plans the possibility to be stopped or interrogated in the paths; *or that it didn't circulate in any manner through the path and routes of human civilization.*

At 8:30 hrs. I leaned on an armchair of the dining room and slept for a without frights till the 13:30 hrs. He was admired to know that I worked all night and that there were no traces left of the assassins' death. While I was drinking a coffee, I checked the wounds; I was especially interested on their feet that were very swollen:

–Do you think that you will be able to drive the pick-up? –I asked.

–I'll do all the necessary –said bravely–. It doesn't matter the pain.

–It will be at night –I explained to him–. You'll have to drive some fifteen or twenty kilometers to get rid of the car of the killers. But before I bring you medicines sedatives: just tell me where the nearest pharmacy is.

It was in Tafí Del Valle, at five kilometers of distance. At the 15 hrs. After roasting a chicken and eat it together, we went to the Pharmacy in the pick-up, and I bought the antitetanus vaccine, syringes, anti-inflammatories, and sedatives.

At 19:00 hrs. We went out from the Chacra. Segundo would go ahead, in the pick-up, and I'd follow him in the *Aviant*. We would take through secondary roads, normally trackless, due to Manoeuvre's success would depend on that the black car be not seen by anyone, no one that could denounce it to the police; and even less the police, because would have its description.

But everything went well. Segundo, with the bandaged fingers, and barefoot, because he could only wear one espadrille, was driving with skillfully towards the Mountain Range of Aconquija. We crossed the River Tafí del Valle, the White River, and we entered in a path almost trackless that ascended up to the peak of the Hill La Ovejería. I had to do processes with the enormous limousine to turn through the sharp bends of the path of cornice. Finally, a few kilometers before the peak, we encountered the ideal place: the edge of an abyss of a thousand meters or more of profundity. There I parked the black car, while Segundo moved backwards many meters: the pathway was so narrow that we would have to move hundreds of meters backwards, until finding an extension that would allow us to bend.

The return of Segundo was necessary to prevent a possible collapse of the path, which would leave the pick-up isolated and impossibilities to descend from the Hill. Because I was planning to dynamite the *Aviant*, it was very probable to occur, as it really occurred.

I shed the content of a jerry can of ten liters of gasoline inside the car; I programmed the electric detonators with a time of five minutes; and I put a bomb upon the engine block, another in the cabin interior, another in the trunk, and another beneath the chassis. Thereupon I closed the bonnet, the doors and the trunk, and I ran towards the pick-up, which was waiting for me a hundred meters behind.

The explosion of the four kilograms of trotyl was amazing on those mountains' generators of prolonged echoes. The car would be never found, because only remained the disseminated rests on hundreds of meters of an inaccessible precipice. When the explosion ceased, we approached a little, and we assured that it would happen in that way, because where I parked the car, the path had

disappeared and the avalanche of stones had dragged the rest of the greatest till the bottom of the throat, burying them forever.

I stayed ten days in the Chacra of Belicena Villca, during which I talked a lot with Segundo, and we agreed about the future steps.

I referred to him the last parts of the Letter of Belicena Villca. I explained to him that I had some indications about the possible residence of Noyo Villca: all consisted of localising the mysterious Order of Tyrodal Knights and its Pontiff, Nimrod de Rosario. Due to a chapter had been closed in my life and there would be no turning back, it just remained to continue with the adventure and initiate the quest in the Province of Córdoba's Order. Segundo manifested himself decided to accompany me on that mission. Apart from being a Hyperborean Initiate too, a disciple of Belicena Villca, and possess a logic, spiritual interest in the matter, the Indian, who reckoned fifty years old, knew Noyo Villca since was a child and he'd do all possible to see him again or help him.

Thus, we designed, a simple plan destined to resolve the last missing problems to move ourselves finally to Córdoba. In the Chacra existed a fortune in Inga gold, which Belicena Villca mentioned in her Letter. Segundo showed me the secret hideout, nearby menhir, where 250 kg. Of gold ingots subsided: originally, the Indian explained to me, gold constituted the faince of the Princess Quilla, because the Ingas didn't give any monetary value to such metal; once in Tucumán, and to prevent possible surprises, the offspring of Lito de Tharsis melted all the utensils in the XVII century and occulted the ingots where they still were. The family never had the necessity of such reserve, but we could take whatever we wanted because such was the will of Belicena Villca.

However, as far as I know, such wealth belonged to Noyo de Tharsis, and it was not convenient to touch it for the moment. It resulted paramountly, then, to assure the care of the Chacra, even if we were absent for a long time. Segundo was occupied of it, bringing from Tafí Del Valle a nourished kin that on another occasion had already cohabited in that place: they would live in the home service and would watch the place.

Once arranged this, we left on May 4 towards Santa María, in the pick-up of Segundo. I never thought to come back to Salta; but I had to cancel Uncle Kurt's business indefectibly. Apart from that in the Ranch of my Uncle was waiting for me the two most beloved things that were left for me in my life: Manuscript of Belicena Villca, reproduced in this book, and Manuscript of Konrad Tarstein, of his unpublished book «Secret History of the Thulegesellschaft», that I wish to publish in the future.

The Ranch of Santa María was impossible to sell because Uncle Kurt was not dead but «disappeared» His testimony at my favor lacked value in this case. But if I could rent it and that was what I did, agreeing on a contract with the Toloba's, who for many years accompanied my Uncle Kurt: they would be in charge of the small candy factory, and to guard the belongings of my Uncle. They would just pay a moderate annual rent. Of course, that in future, if I'd need to reduce that property to spot money, I'd appeal to the known expedient to falsify Death certificate of «Cerino Sanguedolce» and I would make valid

the testament. But the future is still in the hands of the Gods.

I was able to sell the Ranch of Cerrillos, which I not wanted to conserve anymore. Thus, I wrote to my lawyers of Salta to put it in sell immediately and liquidate it as soon as possible. Six months later, in Córdoba, I signed the transaction's definitive documents and I received an appreciable sum of money. And the last day that I was in Santa María, I sent per parcel the two packs to Maidana, communicating to him in a brief note that the command operation resulted in a success. That would be worthless to search the «Asian Killers» anymore. And not recovered from the pain of death of my family, I undertook a rest journey and at the return I'd gather with him. A «white lie», it is clear. What else I could say to Maidana? Perhaps in the future, perhaps if the Gods decide in the future.

Chapter XVIII

And here we are in Córdoba, trying to find the blessed Order.

Today is May 30 1981. One year ago I bought the department in the center, where I live with Segundo. I've just finished this book, in the chapter XVII of the Epilogue, or Prologue, and many will wonder how and why I wrote it. The answer is simple: this book is the product of a reflection, of a written recapitulation about my extraordinary experience with the Hyperborean Wisdom. I had to do it by failing all the attempts to find the Order of Tyrodal Knights. Months ago, before the null results of the quest, I asked myself if I was the cause of the non-coincidence with the Order, if it is not, it would be missing to me to reach a *previous* conclusion. And I decided to put things clear for myself. And I said to myself. «What could be better than to write them?». Thus, I began to redact my remembrances, starting from the murder of Belicena Villca, which was when all started.

And now, at finishing, I comprehend that it was accurate, *that it was missing for me to assume a great part of all what I assimilated in so little time and that maintained my Spirit shocked yet*. It'd not be possible that I would be permitted to find the Order with such mental order. But writing this book has helped me, and for that reason I've decided to make it known: *…for others, as me now, find the World of the Blood of Tharsis.*

Córdoba

Buenos Aires

Santa Fe

San Luis

Hyper epilogue

To the reader of this book:

I intended to conclude «The Mystery of the Hyperborean Wisdom» on the previous page. At that moment, I had nothing else to say. But today, one week later, has occurred something that brought new light about the problem that occupied me, this is, the localization of the Order of Tyrodal Knights: *I think I have obtained, at last, a secure clue.* And I think that it is my duty of Honor to share it with the reader, give him the same opportunity that I have now.

But, before offering such information, I will expose in succinct mode what happened to me yesterday. I was searching for inner enlightenment because the exterior search took me nowhere. Hence, I wrote the present book; and was at its end that, much more serene then, I decided to try a way that I had not tried. Yesterday at the afternoon, without any advice, I went to Oskar Feil's house, the deceased friend of Uncle Kurt, and who had found the Order of Tyrodal Knights first. As I supposed, his wife, a nice and sympathetic Italian woman, ignored all about the location of the Tyrodal Order. She assured me that Oskar died naturally, but very happy for the spiritual satisfaction that received in the last years.

She knew about the Order's existence and much more about the story of Uncle Kurt, and she felt surprised because he didn't mention it. I explained to him that with Uncle Kurt we didn't have much time to talk and that he had left many unfinished themes to which he would never give me an answer:

–But what has happened with Kurt? –She asked–. Did he die? If it is thus, I will tell you all what I know, which is not too much, and much less what to search for. Look, I know about you: I know that you're a nephew of Salta, son of his sister and an Argentinian-German. And do you know how I know it? Not by Uncle Kurt, who would never say anything, but for Good Oskar, who loved him a brother and shared with me his entire story. For that reason, I will tell you what he didn't tell you: I am Italian, which is obvious; what is not so obvious is that I was a novice of the Monastery where von Grossen and Oskar Feil took refuge for two years, after 1945, with the posterior company of his Uncle Kurt. Well, Oskar and I fell in love, and when he came to Argentina, I didn't delay following him and marry him in this country, where we have been happy: we had a couple of two children that now are going to the University. For that reason, strangely, he didn't mention me, because you're Uncle knew me almost as much as Oskar. And what has happened to him? Tell me with trust; he had to flee from those terrible enemies that, according to Oskar, would not stop to search you will see your death?

–No Lady –I clarified–. Fortunately, Uncle Kurt has not died, nevertheless if it is true what you suppose: those «terrible enemies» found him finally, and exterminated all his family, which was mine too. It means, all my

family, my parents, my sister, nephews, and far relatives, were murdered one year ago; but the killers didn't reach to end with us. And for that reason, Uncle Kurt left more than one year ago, assuring that he would never return. It is just me, with the mission to find the Tyrodal Knights.

–I am so sorry for what happened, I knew how much he loved his sister Beatriz!

Precisely, I avoided the meetings with her for fear to involve her and cause any involuntary harm.

I bit my lips at hearing that truth: Uncle Kurt protected her for 35 years, and I gave her in an instant in the hands of her executioners. The news Ms. Feil were not, otherwise, very encouraging regarding the Order:

–I fear that I could not do anything for you, because is very little of what Oskar revealed to me about the Order of Tyrodal Knights. Of course, she didn't give me any information about its members or meeting places.

I looked at her without being able to dissimulate the deception. My expression resulted funny, because she smiled and encouraged me to have hoped: existed one possibility.

–We'll do something, Dr Siegnagel; is the only thing that is in my hands and beg to your Gods for it success. Oskar had a safety box in his desk where he had the things of the Order. He recommended to me many times that if «something» occurred to him, and someone of the Order came to reclaim his belongings, I had to give back without discussion the content of that coffer. But until now nobody, except you have requested information about the Order, so I had never opened his safety box. What we will do, then, will be to examine the content of the box and try to find any clue.

We went immediately to the deceased Oskar study room and, with growing anxiety, I waited for Ms Feil to digitate the combination of the lock. At last, it was opened, and the reserved objects remained at sight. The skinny esoteric heritage of Oskar Feil consisted in two objects: a book and a vulgar magazine.

It would be difficult that someone achieves to feel my perplexity at that moment. The book was an exemplar of the «Fundamentals of the Hyperborean Wisdom», by Nimrod de Rosario, exactly equal to the one that Uncle Kurt gave me to read in Santa María, and that now I had in my power. And the magazine, it was several *Spot's,* with three years of antiquity.

Ms. Feil ended sharing my preoccupation and, unknowing how to conform me, or wishing that the interview ends as soon as possible; she gave me the two publications. She was convinced, she said, that Oskar Feil would approve her behavior because I was the nephew of her most beloved Comrade, to whom nothing could deny him.

It is worthless to clarify that I inspected the book letter by letter, searching some secret indication, some cryptographic message, some hidden hint, and some key just destined to be interpreted by the Hyperborean Initiates. Very soon, I had to discard that the book offered such a possibility.

And it is worthless to explain that I read and studied all the magazine articles, searching there a clue of the Order of Tyrodal Knights. Very soon, I

arrived at the same results that with the book: nothing; no indication. This last one is the disagreeable task because *Spot's* is a sensationalist magazine of the lowest intellectual or moral level.

Crudely officials on its political general line lack defined editorial criterion due to its articles are redacted with the evident purpose to cause the low hit or the scandal, effects that, naturally, are pleasant to its more than 2.000.000 of readers. The ethic limits of the development of the themes, as is to be supposed, are only determined by the juridical protections with which the victims achieve to defend themselves if they are attacked or by the amount of the bribes paid by the «friends» of the cheap publicity. Logically, such magazine cannot belong to anyone: its owner-editor is the famous yellow periodic, not for being «Asian» precisely, Samuel Isaacson, exponent of the most rancid Hebrew ancestry, and declared Zionist.

By the exemplar that had arrived at my hands, I knew about the details of eight separations of not very united actors and actress couples; I knew the reclaims of the Movement of National Liberation of Homosexuals. I read two different articles about UFOs, in which, great «Professors of Parapsychology», assured that its members are going to save Humanity. I internalized in the details of five murders, three violations and a rape; I acceded to the crimes of National Socialism, thanks to a biography of Ana Frank and an abbreviated narration of her «diary» apocryphal. I saw five critical notes, which in reality contained sly publicity, about movies of leftist publicity, and other five notes about ecology and pacifism; etc.; etc. In reality, there was no matter in the magazine that not ventured with its habitual and repugnant vulgarity.

Mein Gott! What sewer was such publication! For what the hell Oskar Feil conserved that exemplar? There had to be some reason. And this possibility was my only hope.

But, which reason? I had read it many times: seventy, or more, articles and notes with the signalized synarchic tone. And even that I didn't mention the incredible and varied series of publicity notes about objects of porno-shop's and Afro-Brazilian sorcery; and the endless roster of *pais*, masters, gurus, magicians, tarots, etc., which offered every kind of «spiritual help», from «solution to couple problems» or «impotence», till complex «psychological» breakouts. Of course, I didn't give the same attention as the periodistic articles: hundreds of them!

And there was the solution to the enigma! So obvious that it seemed a joke: a practical joke of Nimrod de Rosario!

In the most unthinkable place, impromptu covered a sheet covered with cartels offering the «services» of diverse esoteric schools and masters, on a sheet that I had seen many times without seeing anything, there stood out the phrase «Hyperborean Wisdom».

Dr. Arthur Siegnagel
Córdoba, September 4, 1987